

*Children's and Household Tales*  
collected by the

Brothers  
Grimm



\* IN-HOUSE ADVERTISING \*

# THE GRAND BIBLE

An Encyclopaedic Compilation Of The Original And Complete Contents  
Of Religious And Affiliated Texts From East And West In English

Most people think that holy texts are about spirituality, beliefs, or gods. Are you aware that most of them are texts of law and ideology? Do you know that most of those laws and ideologies are still in place, in one form or another? All modern laws have their origin here. There is a very good reason to publish the Grand Bible in only one volume. Many texts are available online but it is hard to find all of them. The Grand Bible is one of the most unique books in history. It is a compilation of the most important canonical and non-canonical documents of Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Jainism, Buddhism, Daoism, Confucianism, Stoicism, Christianity, Islam, Yazidi Faith, Sikhism, Baha'i Faith, Mormon Faith. The Grand Bible contains also texts from ancient Mesopotamia, Egypt, and China; discoveries from Qumran and Nag Hammadi, and many other documents that explain the past. A simple invention—known as PDF—made it possible that you can examine almost any holy text of significance for the very first time, even those texts you probably have never heard of before. It has taken us more than eight years to find all these texts, as some documents and authors have several different names. The Grand Bible has become an encyclopaedic compilation that gives you quick access to hundreds of texts just by looking into its massive Table of Contents or by using the search field of your pdf-reader. — Lord Henfield, Chief Editor, 2023.

The Grand Bible contains:

12 engraved frontispieces,  
circa 1,000 documents with  
more than 21,725,000 words  
and 120,500,000 characters  
in circa 336,000 paragraphs  
and over 2,240,000 lines on  
8,054 pages. Size c.240 MB.

Each single document is introduced by:

Name and alternative names,  
Source and Author if known,  
Version of the translation,  
Estimated Range of dating.

A concise introduction on history,  
discovery, author, or other facts.

Right after the Grand Bible's detailed 10-page Table of Contents, you will find 60 Illustration Plates with:

4 photos of excavation sites,  
38 Photos of the original texts,  
2 language charts,  
4 script identification charts,  
36 historic portraits,  
160 coins with description,  
2 family trees, 4 maps.

Towards the conclusion of the Grand Bible,  
there are 4 large Appendices:

**Appendix A: 26 maps, 2 family trees, 1 timeline**

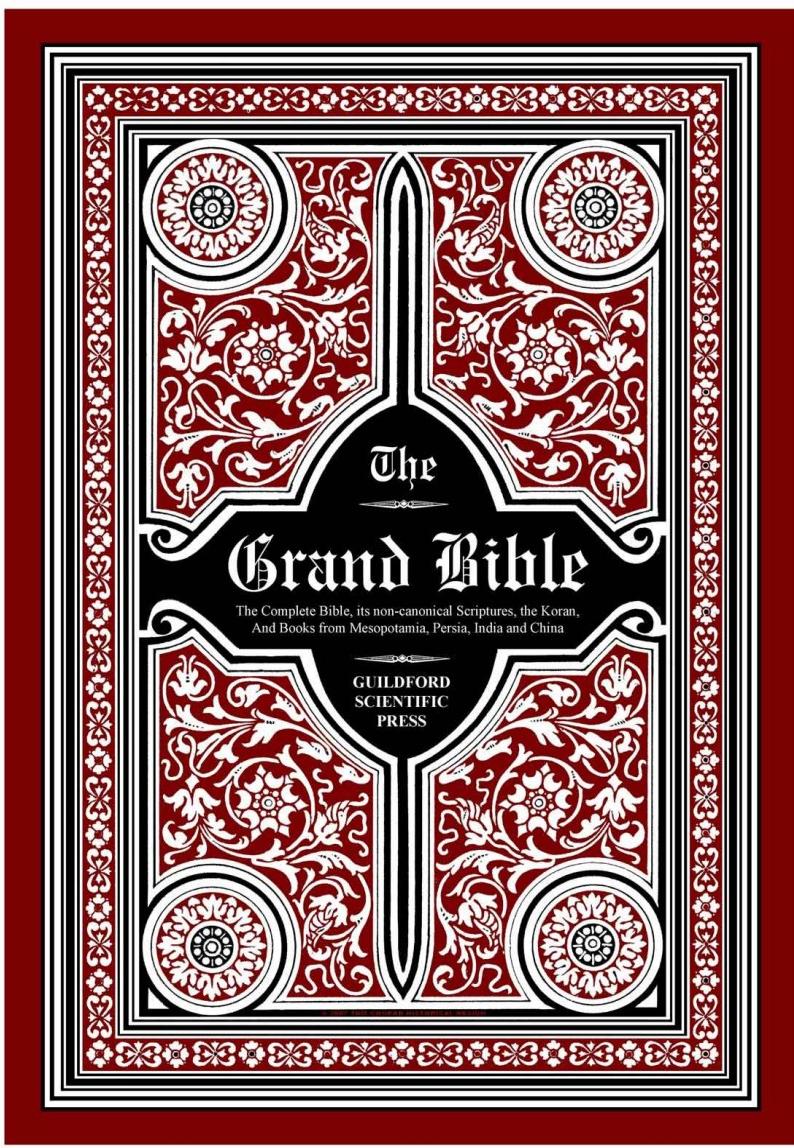
**Appendix B: 34 images**

**Appendix C: 15 translations**

**Appendix D: 34 Bibliographies**

This collection of documents is updated regularly.

Latest Update: 2023-03-06





## IN MEMORIAM

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED TO ALL THOSE  
WHO HAVE DONE LITERARY RESEARCH AND TRANSLATED  
COUNTLESS OF WORKS INTO THEIR VERY OWN LANGUAGE.  
NUMEROUS ADVOCATES FOR THEIR NATIVE LANGUAGE  
ENDURED HARSHSHIP OR EVEN DIED FOR THEIR COURSE.  
OTHERS FOSTERED EDUCATION AND SO THEY CREATED  
THE WORLD OF LANGUAGE WE LIVE IN NOW.  
AMONG THEM, WE FIND ILLUSTRIOS NAMES SUCH AS  
JOHN WYCLIFFE, GEOFFREY CHAUCER, JOHAN SCUTKEN,  
JOHANNES GUTENBERG, MARTIN LUTHER, WILLIAM TYNDALE,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, JANE AUSTEN, THE BROTHERS GRIMM.  
WE OWE THEM ALL A PRETTY HONEST VOTE OF THANKS.

DIT WERK IS OPGEDRAGEN AAN AL DIEGENEN  
DIE LITERAIR ONDERZOEK HEBBEN GEDAAN EN TALLOZE WERKEN  
IN HUN EIGEN TAAL HEBBEN VERTAALD.  
TALLOZE VERDEDIGERS VAN HUN MOEDERTAAL MOESTEN  
ONTBERINGEN DOORSTAAN OF STIERVEN ZELFS VOOR HUN KOERS.  
ANDEREN BEVORDERDEN HET ONDERWIJS  
EN ZO CREËERDEN ZE DE TAALWERELD WAARIN WE NU LEVEN.  
ONDER HEN VINDEN WE ILLUSTERE NAMEN ZOALS  
JOHN WYCLIFFE, GEOFFREY CHAUCER, JOHAN SCUTKEN,  
JOHANNES GUTENBERG, MARTIN LUTHER, WILLIAM TYNDALE,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, JANE AUSTEN, DE GEBROEDERS GRIMM.  
WE ZIJN HEN ALLEMAAL ONZE OPRECHTE DANK VERSCHULDIGD.

DIESSES WERK IST ALL JENEN GEWIDMET,  
DIE LITERARISCH RECHERCHIERT UND UNZÄHLIGE WERKE  
IN IHRE EIGENE SPRACHE ÜBERSETZT HABEN.  
ZAHLREICHE VERFECHTER IHRER MUTTERSPRACHE  
ERLITTEN NOT FÜR IHREN KURS ODER STARBN SOGAR DAFÜR.  
ANDERE FÖRDERTEN DIE BILDUNG UND SCHUFEN SO  
DIE WELT DER SPRACHE, IN DER WIR HEUTE LEBEN.  
UNTER IHNNEN FINDEN WIR ILLUSTRE NAMEN WIE  
JOHN WYCLIFFE, GEOFFREY CHAUCER, JOHAN SCUTKEN,  
JOHANNES GUTENBERG, MARTIN LUTHER, WILLIAM TYNDALE,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, JANE AUSTEN, DIE BRÜDER GRIMM.  
WIR SCHULDEN IHNEN ALLEN UNSEREN AUFRICHTIGEN DANK.

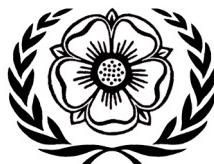
LORD  
HENFIELD

# CHILDREN'S AND HOUSEHOLD TALES

COLLECTED  
BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM



ALL 250 STORIES IN ENGLISH  
INTRODUCTIONS, NOTES, DESIGN, AND ADDITIONAL  
TRANSLATIONS BY LORD HENFIELD



GUILDFORD SCIENTIFIC PRESS  
LONDON - AMSTERDAM - BERLIN  
2022

## TO AUNT FREEDA

THIS DOCUMENT BY LORD HENFIELD CONTAINS ALL 250 FAIRY TALES AND FRAGMENTS  
IN ENGLISH THAT HAVE EVER BEEN PUBLISHED BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM!  
DOCUMENT FORMAT: SEARCHABLE AND PRINTABLE PDF.

**YOU MAY SHARE THIS WORK WITH ANYONE.  
HOWEVER, ANY COMMERCIAL DISTRIBUTION OF  
THIS WORK, OR PARTS OF IT, IS PROHIBITED.**

**The two red frontispieces were designed by Robert Anning Bell (1862–1933)  
for Grimm's Household Tales, trans. Marian Edwardes, New York 1912  
Book cover: Lith. Emrik & Binger for Snakerijen van Tyl Uilenspiegel,  
B. Theod. Bom. Amsterdam, 1873; all re-designed by Lord Henfield, 2022**

Short English title:  
**Grimm's Fairy Tales**

Full English title:  
**All 250 Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm,  
Editor Lord Henfield 2022**

This English version  
is a complete excerpt of all English parts  
from the original trilingual work "Grimm's Fairy Tales,  
**All 250 Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm, in English, Dutch, German,  
Editor Lord Henfield, 2022**"

Translation of the 211 official Grimm fairy tales: Margaret Hunt, 1882  
(The trilingual work contains the original texts in Low German, and Upper  
German translated into Standard German, Dutch, Afrikaans and Frisian.)

MANAGING EDITOR  
**Lord Henfield**

CONSULTANT EDITOR  
**Aurelia Koning**

FIRST EDITION  
Copyright © 2022 by Lord Henfield  
Copyright © 2022 by Guildford Scientific Press  
All rights reserved.  
<http://www.Internet Archive.org>  
email to: GSP.UK@protonmail.com

Notice that many of the newer translations in the Grimm's Fairy Tales are subject to copyright. As all translations in the Grimm's Fairy Tales are available in the internet for free, Lord Henfield's Fairy Tales too is a non-profit publication. The translators have done an important work. Showing their translations supports their culturally and historically valuable work. You may share this work with anyone. However, any commercial distribution of this work is prohibited.

MADE IN ENGLAND

**TABLE  
OF  
CONTENTS**

# ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

The code "KHM" stands for Kinder- und Hausmärchen, "Children and Household Tales," denoting within the title that there are two different tales to be found in this publication. The titles are those as of 1857. Some titles in 1812 were different. All editions from 1812 until 1857 split the stories into two volumes. One could say that from a modern point of view, the Grimms had missed the opportunity to re-arrange the tales into one volume digestable for smaller children and to reserve the second volume only to be read by adults. However, we must recognise that in the mindset of earlier generations, violence and death was viewed as a normal part of life; a point we modern and sophisticated and always political correct humans need to reflect on for some time to come. Already the Buddha figured out that suffering and death belongs to a human's life as birth and happiness. Advice: Read the tales before you decide to share them with your children. Grimm's title "Children and House Tales" suggests already that some of the tales are for children but others are for "the House," meaning adults, to consume.

This book is designed as computer-readable pdf from which you easily can copy parts and paste them into an MS-Word document in order to print them separately according to your needs. Similar to the Grand Bible, here also, you will find a couple of image plates right after this Table of Contents. Name and a short introduction gives you information on the contents of each single tale.

The official Parts (volumes) 1 and 2 of The Children and Household Tales contain 201 listings, as "KHM 1" to "KHM 200" in numerical sequence, plus the inserted "KHM 151a", plus 10 Children's Legends marked as KL ##.

Lord Henfield's Children and House Tales contain an additional section called "Part 3," 'Fairy Tales Removed From Earlier Editions.' It contains 40 listings that once were banned from the official Grimm's Collection. They are numbered such as "1812 KHM ###." Therefore, the usual or official collection of just 211 items has increased to 251.

## INHALT / INHOUD / CONTENTS

TITLE	Page	
<b>DOUBLE FRONTISPICE</b>	4-5	
Robert Anning Bell (1862–1933), 1912		
<b>TABLE OF CONTENTS</b>	7	
<b>THE IMAGE PLATES</b>	12	
Walter Crane (1845–1915) double frontispiece	16	
Carl Offterdinger (1829–1889)	28	
Henry Justice Ford (1860–1941)	47	
Elenore Plaisted Abbott (1875–1935)	51	
Alexander Zick (1845–1907)	52	
<b>FOREWORD</b>	63	
<b>INTRODUCTION</b>	63	
		<b>PART 1</b>
		<b>Page</b>
		ORIGINAL DOUBLE FRONTISPICE
		72
		Ludwig Emil Grimm (1790–1863), 1819
		• KHM 1. The Frog King, or Iron Heinrich (Iron Henry)
		75
		• KHM 2. Cat and Mouse in Partnership
		76
		• KHM 3. Mary's Child
		77
		• KHM 4. The Story of the Youth Who Went Forth to Learn What Fear Was
		78
		• KHM 5. The Wolf and the Seven Young Kids
		81
		• KHM 6. Faithful John or Trusty John
		83
		• KHM 7. The Good Bargain
		85
		• KHM 8. The Wonderly Musician or The Strange Musician
		87
		• KHM 9. The Twelve Brothers
		88
		• KHM 10. The Pack of Ragamuffins
		90
		• KHM 11. Little Brother and Little Sister
		90
		• KHM 12. Rapunzel
		93
		• KHM 13. The Three Little Men in the Woods
		94
		• KHM 14. The Three Spinning Women
		96
		• KHM 15. Hansel and Gretel
		97
		• KHM 16. The Three Snake-Leaves
		100
		• KHM 17. The White Snake
		101
		• KHM 18. The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean
		102
		• KHM 19. The Fisherman and His Wife
		103
		• KHM 20. The Brave Little Tailor or The Valiant Little Tailor or The Gallant Tailor
		105
		• KHM 21. Cinderella
		108
		• KHM 22. The Riddle
		110
		• KHM 23. The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage
		112
		• KHM 24. Mother Holle or Mother Hulda or Old Mother Frost
		112
		• KHM 25. The Seven Ravens
		113
		• KHM 26. Little Red Riding Hood or Little Red Cap
		114
		• KHM 27. The Bremen Town Musicians
		116
		• KHM 28. The Singing Bone
		117
		• KHM 29. The Devil With the Three Golden Hairs
		118
		• KHM 30. The Louse and the Flea
		120
		• KHM 31. The Girl Without Hands or The Handless Maiden
		120
		• KHM 32. Clever Hans
		122
		• KHM 33. The Three Languages
		123
		• KHM 34. Clever Elsie or Clever Elsa
		124
		• KHM 35. The Tailor in Heaven
		125
		• KHM 36. The Wishing-Table, the Gold-Ass, and the Cudgel in the Sack
		126
		• KHM 37. Thumbling or Tom Thumb
		129
		• KHM 38. The Wedding of Mrs. Fox
		131
		• KHM 39. The Elves and the Shoemaker
		132
		• KHM 40. The Robber Bridegroom
		133

## ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

	Page		
• KHM 41. Herr Korbes	134	PART 2	Page
• KHM 42. The Godfather	135		196
• KHM 43. Frau Trude	135	DOUBLE FRONTISPICE	
• KHM 44. Godfather Death	136	Hermann Wilhelm Vogel, 1910	
• KHM 45. Thumbling's Travels or Tom Thumb's Travels	137	Ludwig Emil Grimm (1790–1863), 1819	
• KHM 46. Fitcher's Bird	138	• KHM 87. The Poor Man and the Rich Man	199
• KHM 47. The Juniper Tree (or The Gin Tree, not: The Almond Tree)	139	• KHM 88. The Singing, Springing Lark	200
• KHM 48. Old Sultan	142	• KHM 89. The Goose Girl	202
• KHM 49. The Six Swans	143	• KHM 90. The Young Giant	204
• KHM 50. Little Briar Rose or Sleeping Beauty	144	• KHM 91. The Elves or The Gnome	206
• KHM 51. Bird-Foundling	146	• KHM 92. The King of the Gold Mountain	208
• KHM 52. King Thrushbeard	146	• KHM 93. The Raven	210
• KHM 53. Little Snow White	148	• KHM 94. The Peasant's Wise Daughter	211
• KHM 54. The Knapsack, the Hat, and the Horn	151	• KHM 95. Old Hildebrand	212
• KHM 55. Rumpelstiltskin	153	• KHM 96. The Three Little Birds	214
• KHM 56. Sweetheart Roland	154	• KHM 97. The Water of Life	215
• KHM 57. The Golden Bird	155	• KHM 98. Doctor Know-all	217
• KHM 58. The Dog and the Sparrow	158	• KHM 99. The Spirit in the Bottle	217
• KHM 59. Frederick and Catherine	159	• KHM 100. The Devil's Sooty Brother	219
• KHM 60. The Two Brothers	161	• KHM 101. Bearskin	220
• KHM 61. The Little Peasant	167	• KHM 102. The Willow Wren and the Bear	222
• KHM 62. The Queen Bee	169	• KHM 103. Sweet Porridge	222
• KHM 63. The Three Feathers	170	• KHM 104. Wise Folks	223
• KHM 64. The Golden Goose	171	• KHM 105. Tales of the Paddock	224
• KHM 65. Allerleirauh or All-Kinds-of-Fur or Cat-Skin	172	• KHM 106. The Poor Miller's Boy and the Cat	225
• KHM 66. The Hare's Bride	174	• KHM 107. The Two Travellers	226
• KHM 67. The Twelve Huntsmen	175	• KHM 108. Hans My Hedgehog	229
• KHM 68. The Thief and His Master	176	• KHM 109. The Shroud	230
• KHM 69. Jorinde and Joringel	176	• KHM 110. The Jew Among Thorns	231
• KHM 70. The Three Sons of Fortune	177	• KHM 111. The Skillful Huntsman	232
• KHM 71. How Six Men got on in the World	178	• KHM 112. The Flail from Heaven	234
• KHM 72. The Wolf and the Man	180	• KHM 113. The Two Kings' Children	235
• KHM 73. The Wolf and the Fox	180	• KHM 114. The Cunning Little Tailor or The Story of a Clever Tailor	237
• KHM 74. Gossip Wolf and the Fox	181	• KHM 115. The Bright Sun Brings it to Light	238
• KHM 75. The Fox and the Cat	181	• KHM 116. The Blue Light	239
• KHM 76. The Pink	182	• KHM 117. The Willful Child	240
• KHM 77. Clever Gretel	183	• KHM 118. The Three Army Surgeons	240
• KHM 78. The Old Man and his Grandson	184	• KHM 119. The Seven Swabians	241
• KHM 79. The Water Nixie	184	• KHM 120. The Three Apprentices	242
• KHM 80. The Death of the Little Hen	185	• KHM 121. The King's Son Who Feared Nothing	243
• KHM 81. Brother Lustig	185	• KHM 122. Donkey Cabbages	245
• KHM 82. Gambling Hansel	188	• KHM 123. The Old Woman in the Wood	247
• KHM 83. Hans in Luck	189	• KHM 124. The Three Brothers	248
• KHM 84. Hans Married	191	• KHM 125. The Devil and His Grandmother	248
• KHM 85. The Gold-Children	191	• KHM 126. Ferdinand the Faithful and Ferdinand the Unfaithful	249
• KHM 86. The Fox and the Geese	193	• KHM 127. The Iron Stove	251
		• KHM 128. The Lazy Spinner	252
		• KHM 129. The Four Skillful Brothers	253
		• KHM 130. One-Eye, Two-Eyes, and Three-Eyes	254

## ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• KHM 131. Fair Katrinelje and Pif-Paf-Poltrie</li> <li>• KHM 132. The Fox and the Horse</li> <li>• KHM 133. The Shoes that were Danced to Pieces</li> <li>• KHM 134. The Six Servants</li> <li>• KHM 135. The White and the Black Bride</li> <li>• KHM 136. Iron John</li> <li>• KHM 137. The Three Black Princesses</li> <li>• KHM 138. Knoist and his Three Sons</li> <li>• KHM 139. The Maid of Brakel</li> <li>• KHM 140. My Household</li> <li>• KHM 141. The Lambkin and the Little Fish</li> <li>• KHM 142. Simeli Mountain</li> <li>• KHM 143. Going a Traveling</li> <li>• KHM 144. The Donkey or The Little Donkey</li> <li>• KHM 145. The Ungrateful Son</li> <li>• KHM 146. The Turnip</li> <li>• KHM 147. The Old Man Made Young Again</li> <li>• KHM 148. The Lord's and the Devil's Animals</li> <li>• KHM 149. The Beam</li> <li>• KHM 150. The Old Beggar Woman</li> <li>• KHM 151. The Three Sluggards</li> <li>• KHM 151a. The Twelve Idle Servants</li> <li>• KHM 152. The Shepherd Boy</li> <li>• KHM 153. The Star Money</li> <li>• KHM 154. The Stolen Farthings</li> <li>• KHM 155. Looking for a Bride</li> <li>• KHM 156. Odds and Ends or The Hurds</li> <li>• KHM 157. The Sparrow and His Four Children</li> <li>• KHM 158. The Story of Schlauffen Land</li> <li>• KHM 159. The Ditmarsch Tale of Lies</li> <li>• KHM 160. A Riddling Tale</li> <li>• KHM 161. Snow-White and Rose-Red</li> <li>• KHM 162. The Wise Servant</li> <li>• KHM 163. The Glass Coffin</li> <li>• KHM 164. Lazy Harry or Lazy Henry</li> <li>• KHM 165. The Griffin</li> <li>• KHM 166. Strong Hans</li> <li>• KHM 167. The Peasant in Heaven</li> <li>• KHM 168. Lean Lisa</li> <li>• KHM 169. The Hut in the Forest</li> <li>• KHM 170. Sharing Joy and Sorrow</li> <li>• KHM 171. The Willow Wren</li> <li>• KHM 172. The Sole</li> <li>• KHM 173. The Bittern and the Hoopoe</li> <li>• KHM 174. The Owl</li> <li>• KHM 175. The Moon</li> <li>• KHM 176. The Duration of Life</li> <li>• KHM 177. Death's Messengers</li> <li>• KHM 178. Master Pfriem</li> <li>• KHM 179. The Goose-Girl at the Well</li> <li>• KHM 180. Eve's Various Children</li> <li>• KHM 181. The Nixie of the Mill-Pond</li> <li>• KHM 182. The Gifts of the Little People or The</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: right;">257      Little Folks' Presents</p> <p style="text-align: right;">257      • KHM 183. The Giant and the Tailor      300</p> <p style="text-align: right;">258      • KHM 184. The Nail      300</p> <p style="text-align: right;">259      • KHM 185. The Poor Boy in the Grave      301</p> <p style="text-align: right;">261      • KHM 186. The True Bride      302</p> <p style="text-align: right;">262      • KHM 187. The Hare and the Hedgehog      304</p> <p style="text-align: right;">265      • KHM 188. Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle      305</p> <p style="text-align: right;">266      • KHM 189. The Peasant and the Devil      306</p> <p style="text-align: right;">266      • KHM 190. The Crumbs on the Table      306</p> <p style="text-align: right;">266      • KHM 191. The Sea-Hare      307</p> <p style="text-align: right;">266      • KHM 192. The Master Thief      308</p> <p style="text-align: right;">267      • KHM 193. The Drummer      310</p> <p style="text-align: right;">268      • KHM 194. The Ear of Corn      313</p> <p style="text-align: right;">268      • KHM 195. The Grave Mound      313</p> <p style="text-align: right;">269      • KHM 196. Old Rinkrank      315</p> <p style="text-align: right;">270      • KHM 197. The Crystal Ball      315</p> <p style="text-align: right;">270      • KHM 198. Maid Maleen      316</p> <p style="text-align: right;">271      • KHM 199. The Boots of Buffalo Leather      318</p> <p style="text-align: right;">271      • KHM 200. The Golden Key      319</p> <p style="text-align: right;">272      CHILDREN'S LEGENDS      321</p> <p style="text-align: right;">273      [First appeared in the G. Reimer 1819 edition at the end of volume 2.]</p> <p style="text-align: right;">274      • KL 1. oder KHM 201. Saint Joseph in the Forest      321</p> <p style="text-align: right;">274      • KL 2. oder KHM 202. The Twelve Apostles      322</p> <p style="text-align: right;">275      • KL 3. oder KHM 203. The Rose      322</p> <p style="text-align: right;">275      • KL 4. oder KHM 204. Poverty and Humility Lead to Heaven      322</p> <p style="text-align: right;">276      • KL 5. oder KHM 205. God's Food      323</p> <p style="text-align: right;">276      • KL 6. oder KHM 206. The Three Green Twigs      323</p> <p style="text-align: right;">279      • KL 7. oder KHM 207. The Blessed Virgin's Little Glass or Our Lady's Little Glass      324</p> <p style="text-align: right;">279      • KL 8. oder KHM 208. The Little Old Lady or The Aged Mother      324</p> <p style="text-align: right;">281      • KL 9. oder KHM 209. The Heavenly Marriage or The Heavenly Wedding      324</p> <p style="text-align: right;">282      • KL 10. oder KHM 210. The Hazel Branch      325</p> <p style="text-align: right;">288      PART 3      Page</p> <p style="text-align: right;">289      (Fairy tales removed from earlier editions)</p> <p style="text-align: right;">290      DOUBLE FRONTISPICE      328</p> <p style="text-align: right;">291      Münchener Bilderbogen No 48, c.1855</p> <p style="text-align: right;">291      Ludwig Emil Grimm (1790–1863), 1819</p> <p style="text-align: right;">293      • 1812 KHM 6. Of The Nightingale And The Blindworm (Deaf Adder, Slow Worm; Limbless Lizard)      331</p> <p style="text-align: right;">294      • 1812 KHM 8. The Hand With The Knife      331</p>
---	---

## ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

• 1812 KHM 16. Herr Fix-Und-Fertig (Herr "fixed and ready")	331
• 1812 KHM 22. The Children Who Played Slaughtering Together	332
• 1812 KHM 27. Death And The Goose Keeper	333
• 1812 KHM 33. Puss In Boots	333
• 1812 KHM 37. Of The Napkin, The Knapsack, The Cannon Shell (correctly: Hat, Shako) And The Horn	335
• 1812 KHM 43. The Gruesome Meal	336
• 1812 KHM 54. Hans Dumb or Foolish Hans	336
• 1812 KHM 59. The Swan Prince	337
• 1812 KHM 60. The Golden Egg	338
• 1812 KHM 61. Of The Tailor Who Soon Got Rich	338
• 1812 KHM 62. Bluebeard	339
• 1812 KHM 64. Of the Simpler or Of the Fool	340
• 1812 KHM 66. Hurleburlebutz	343
• 1812 KHM 68. Of The Summer And Winter Garden	343
• 1812 KHM 70. The Okerlo	344
• 1812 KHM 71. Princess Mouse Skin	345
• 1812 KHM 72. The Little Pear Will Not Fall	346
• 1812 KHM 73. The Murder Castle	347
• 1812 KHM 74. Of John Wassersprung and Caspar Wassersprung	348
• 1812 KHM 75. The Phoenix Bird	349
• 1812 KHM 77. Of The Carpenter and Turner	349
• 1812 KHM 81. The Smith and the Devil	350
• 1812 KHM 82. The Three Sisters	350
• 1812 KHM 84. The Mother-in-Law (Fragment)	353
• 1812 KHM 85. Fragments	354
• 1815 KHM 99. The Frog Prince (Prince Frog)	356
• 1815 KHM 104. The Faithful Animals	356
• 1815 KHM 107. The Crows	357
• 1815 KHM 119. The Sluggard and the Diligent	358
• 1815 KHM 122. The Long Nose	359
• 1815 KHM 129. The Lion and the Frog	360
• 1815 KHM 130. The Soldier and the Carpenter	361
• 1815 KHM 136. The Wild Man	362
• 1815 KHM 143. The Starving Children	364
• 1815 KHM 152. The Holy Woman Kummernis	364
• 1840 KHM 175. The Accident	364
• 1843 KHM 182. Princess and the Pea (H. C. Andersen)	364
• 1843 KHM 191. The Robber and His Sons	365
• 1856 FRAGMENTS (from the Annotations, i.e.	367
Part 3 [Volume 3]; 1822 or 1856)	
Bibliography	369
The Author	372
In-House Advertising	

## PICTORIAL DOCUMENTATION

# THE IMAGE PLATES

1. FRONTISPIECES BY LUDWIG EMIL GRIMM  
(First frontispiece and the title wreaths)
2. IMAGES BY WALTER CRANE  
(12 large scale monochrome engravings)
3. IMAGES BY CARL OFFTERDINGER  
(18 large scale chromolithographs)
4. IMAGES BY HENRY JUSTICE FORD  
(3 large scale monochrome engravings;  
the 4th engraving is by Elenore Abbott)
5. IMAGES BY ALEXANDER ZICK  
(8 large scale chromolithographs)

## THE IMAGE PLATES

Most fairy tales, as interesting as they may be, became world famous largely due to their suspenseful illustrations. Beside Ludwig Emil Grimm, younger brother of Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm and the earliest illustrator of Grimm's Fairy Tales, there are five others who captivated the fantasy of Victorian readers:

- **Carl Offterdinger** (1829–1889) was a German genre painter and illustrator from Stuttgart. He was a student of Heinrich von Rustige and he is particularly known for his paintings of literary works such as The Nutcracker and the Mouse King by E.T.A. Hoffmann, Till Eulenspiegel, Robinson Crusoe, the Leatherstocking Tales, Gulliver's Travels and fairy tales from the Brothers Grimm. Together with Heinrich Leutemann, Carl Offterdinger illustrated a German fairytale collection called "Mein erstes Märchenbuch" (My first Fairytale Book), published in 1895. Some of his illustrations are now included in the Boston Harbor Museum.
- **Walter Crane** (1845–1915) was an English artist and book illustrator. Son of Thomas Crane, a wellknown English portrait painter, he is considered to be the most influential, and among the most prolific, children's book creators of his generation. He was part of the Arts and Crafts movement and produced an array of paintings, illustrations, children's books, ceramic tiles, wallpapers and other decorative arts. His sister Lucy Crane (1842–1882) a gifted writer and musician, translated Grimm's fairy tales. It was one of those projects, they worked on together.
- **Alexander Zick** (1845–1907) was a German portraitist, genre painter and illustrator. Alexander was the greatgrandson of the painter and architect Januarius Zick, the son of fresco artist Johannes Zick. Initially, he studied sculpture at the Royal Prussian Art Academy in Düsseldorf, later he switched to painting and became a student of Eduard Bendemann and of Alexandre Cabanel in Paris. Although active as a history painter, he was soon known primarily as an illustrator and he made drawings for fairy tales, for magazines such as "Die Gartenlaube", but also for an edition of Goethe's Faust.
- **Henry Justice Ford** (1860–1941) was a prolific and successful English artist and illustrator, active from 1886 through to the late 1920s. He was a student of Cambridge University as well as of German-born painter Hubert von Herkomer. Sometimes known as H. J. Ford or Henry J. Ford, he came to public attention when he provided the numerous beautiful illustrations for Andrew Lang's massive 12-volume Fairy Books, which captured the imagination of generations of British children and were sold worldwide in the 1880s and 1890s.
- **Elenore Plaisted Abbott** (1875–1935) was an American book illustrator, set designer, and painter. Abbott was educated at three art schools in Philadelphia and Paris and influenced by Howard Pyle. She was among a group of New Women who sought educational and professional opportunities for women, including creating professional art associations like The Plastic Club to promote their work. She illustrated Robinson Crusoe, Kidnapped, and some editions of Grimm's Fairy Tales from the early 20th century.

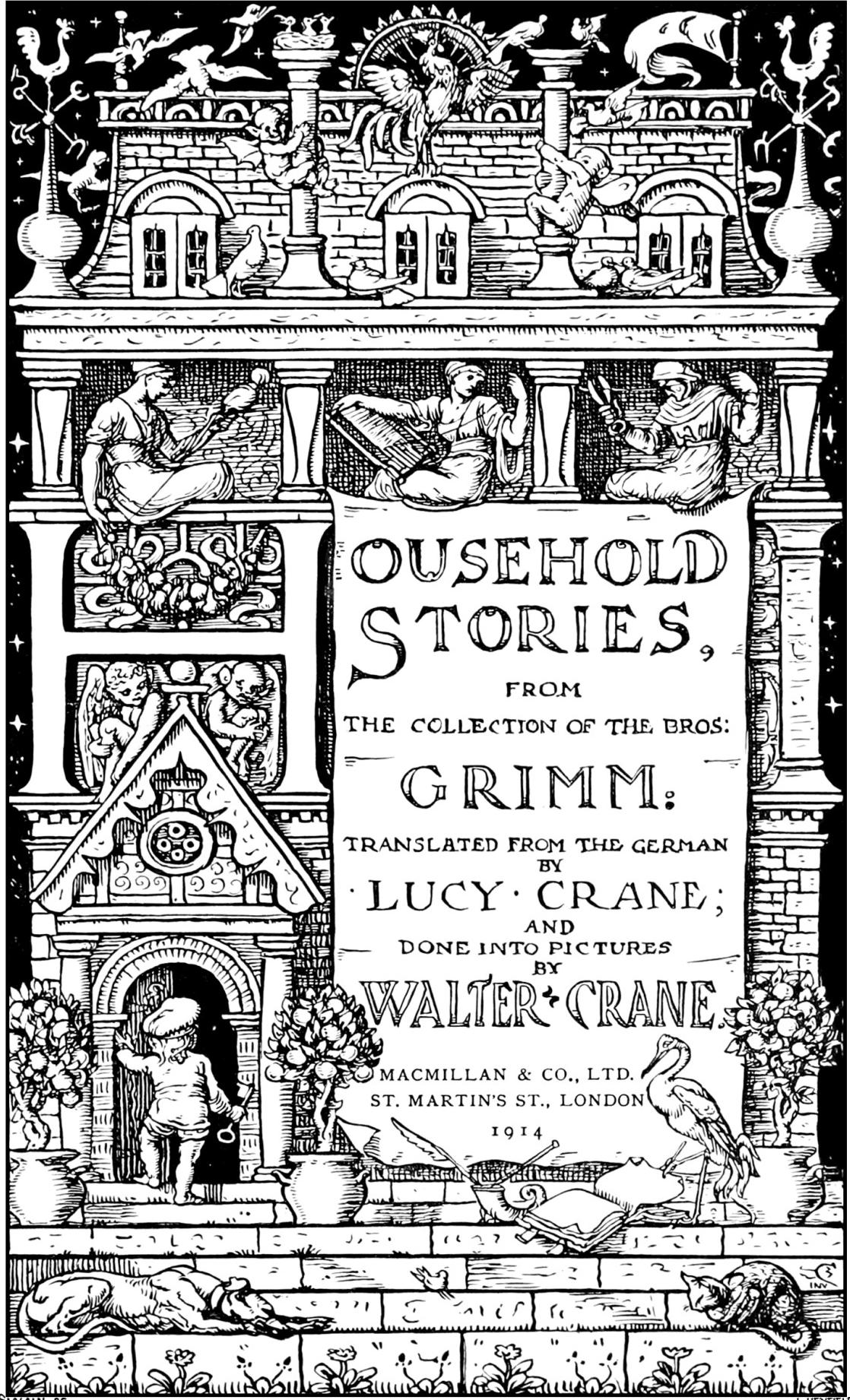
**ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM**

IMAGES BY WALTER CRANE  
(12 large scale monochrome engravings)

# THE SLEEPING BEAUTY



"AT LAST HE 'CAME' TO 'THE'  
'TOWER' & OPENED 'THE' 'DOOR'  
'OF 'THE' 'LITTLE' 'ROOM' WHERE'  
'ROSAMOND' 'LAY.' "



# HOUSEHOLD STORIES,

FROM

THE COLLECTION OF THE BROS:

GRIMM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY  
LUCY CRANE;

AND  
DONE INTO PICTURES  
BY

WALTER CRANE.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.  
ST. MARTIN'S ST., LONDON

1914



# FAITHFUL JOHN



IT HAPPENED, AS THEY WERE STILL JOURNEYING ON THE OPEN SEA, THAT FAITHFUL JOHN, AS HE SAT IN THE FORE PART OF THE SHIP, & MADE MUSIC, CAUGHT SIGHT OF THREE RAVENS FLYING OVERHEAD. THEN HE STOPPED PLAYING & LISTENED TO WHAT THEY SAID TO ONE ANOTHER.

# RAPUNZEL



"O RAPUNZEL, RAPUNZEL!  
LET DOWN THINE HAIR."

THE  
WHITE SNAKE



"THEY DIVIDED THE APPLE OF  
LIFE AND ATE IT TOGETHER."

# MOTHER HULDAS



"THEN THE GIRL WENT BACK AGAIN  
TO THE WELL NOT KNOWING WHAT  
TO DO, AND IN THE DESPAIR OF HER  
HEART SHE JUMPED DOWN INTO  
THE WELL THE SAME WAY THE  
SPINDLE HAD GONE."

# THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM



"TURN BACK, TURN BACK, THOU PRETTY  
BRIDE,  
WITHIN THIS HOUSE THOU MUST NOT  
SIDE,  
FOR HERE DO EVIL THINGS BETIDE."

THE  
ALMOND TREE



"KYWITT, KYWITT, KYWITT, I CRY,  
OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BIRD AM I!"

THE  
SIX SWANS



"THE SWANS CAME CLOSE UP TO HER WITH RUSHING WINGS; & STOOPED ROUND HER; SO THAT SHE COULD THROW THE SHIRTS OVER THEM: "

# SNOW-WHITE



"QUEEN THOU ART OF BEAUTY RARE,  
BUT SNOW-WHITE LIVING IN THE  
GLEN,  
WITH THE SEVEN LITTLE MEN,  
IS A THOUSAND TIMES MORE  
FAIR."

THE  
GOLDEN-BIRD



"— THE FOX SAID, *now what will you give me for my reward?*"

IMAGES BY CARL OFFTERDINGER  
(18 large scale chromolithographs)



AARDIGE SPROOKJES (PLEASANT FAIRY TALES)  
German-made book cover  
of a Dutch fairy tale collection  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 5. DER WOLF UND DIE SIEBEN JUNGEN GEISSElein  
DE WOLF EN DE ZEVEN GEITJES  
THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN YOUNG KIDS  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 5. DER WOLF UND DIE SIEBEN JUNGEN GEISSLEIN  
DE WOLF EN DE ZEVEN GEITJES  
THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN YOUNG KIDS  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 11. BRÜDERCHEN UND SCHWESTERCHEN  
BROERTJE EN ZUSJE (BROEDERTJE EN ZUSTERTJE)  
LITTLE BROTHER AND LITTLE SISTER  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 11. BRÜDERCHEN UND SCHWESTERCHEN  
BROERTJE EN ZUSJE (BROEDERTJE EN ZUSTERTJE)  
LITTLE BROTHER AND LITTLE SISTER  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 15. HÄNSEL UND GRETEL  
HANS EN GRIETJE  
HANSEL AND GRETEL  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 20. DAS TAPFERE SCHNEIDERLEIN  
HET DAPPERE SNIJDERTJE  
THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 20. DAS TAPFERE SCHNEIDERLEIN  
HET DAPPERE SNIJDERTJE  
THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR

(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 21. ASCHENPUTTEL (ASCHENBRÖDEL)  
ASSEPOESTER  
CINDERELLA

(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 21. ASCHENPUTTEL  
ASSEPOESTER  
CINDERELLA

(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 26. ROTKÄPPCHEN  
ROODKAPJE  
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 26. ROTKÄPPCHEN  
ROODKAPJE  
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (LITTLE RED CAP)  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 26. ROTKÄPPCHEN  
ROODKAPJE  
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 50. DORNRÖSCHEN  
DOORNROOSJE  
BRIAR ROSE (SLEEPING BEAUTY)  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 53. SNEEWITTCHEN (SCHNEEWITTCHEN)  
SNEEUWWITJE  
SNOW WHITE

(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 53. SNEEWITTCHEN (SCHNEEWITTCHEN)

53. SNEEUWWITJE

53. SNOW WHITE

(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



KHM 187. DE HAS UN DE EGEL (DER HASE UND DER IGEL)  
DE HAAS EN DE EGEL  
THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG  
(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)



1812 KHM 33. DER GESTIEFELTE KATER  
DE GELAARSDE KAT  
PUSS IN BOOTS

(Lithographic illustration by Carl Offterdinger, circa 1890)

IMAGES BY HENRY JUSTICE FORD  
(3 large scale monochrome engravings;  
the 4th engraving is by Elenore Abbott)



KHM 6. Der treue Johannes; De trouwe Johannes; Faithful John or Trusty John  
Also known as The Faithful Servant. Image: Henry Justice Ford, The Crimson Fairy Book, Andrew Lang, England 1903



KHM 60. Die zwei Brüder; De twee broers; The Two Brothers

Scene: The princess and the dragon, illustration by Henry Justice Ford, The Pink Fairy Book, Andrew Lang, England 1897



KHM 192. Der Meisterdieb; De meesterdief; The Master Thief  
Illustration by Henry Justice Ford, The Red Fairy Book, Andrew Lang, England 1890

## THEY DANCED TILL THEIR SHOES WORE OUT



When any of the princesses had a cup of wine set by her, the invisible soldier, who danced like the others, drank it all up. At this the youngest sister was terribly frightened, but the eldest sister always silenced her.

IMAGES BY ALEXANDER ZICK  
(8 large scale chromolithographs)



KHM 53. SCHNEEWITTCHEN  
SNEEUWWITJE  
SNOW WHITE

(Illustration by Alexander Zick, circa 1899)



KHM 15. HÄNSEL UND GRETEL  
HANS EN GRIETJE  
HANSEL AND GRETEL  
(Illustration by Alexander Zick, circa 1899)



KHM 20. DAS TAPFERE SCHNEIDERLEIN  
HET DAPPERE SNIJDERTJE  
THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR OR THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR  
(Illustration by Alexander Zick, circa 1899)



KHM 36. TISCHLEIN DECK DICH, GOLDESEL UND KNÜPPEL AUS DEM SACK  
TAFELTJE DEK JE, EZELTJE STREK JE EN KNUPPEL UIT DE ZAK  
THE MAGIC TABLE, THE GOLD-DONKEY, AND THE CLUB IN THE SACK  
(Illustration by Alexander Zick, circa 1899)



KHM 50. DORNRÖSCHEN  
DOORNROOSJE  
BRIAR ROSE OR SLEEPING BEAUTY  
(Illustration by Alexander Zick, circa 1899)



KHM 53. SCHNEEWITTCHEN  
SNEEUWWITJE  
SNOW WHITE

(Illustration by Alexander Zick, circa 1899)



KHM 161. SCHNEEWEISSCHEN UND ROSENROT  
SNEEUWWITJE EN ROZEROOD  
SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED  
(Illustration by Alexander Zick, circa 1899)



1812 KHM 82. DIE DREI SCHWESTERN  
DE DRIE ZUSTERS  
THE THREE SISTERS  
(Illustration by Alexander Zick, circa 1899)



ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

## FOREWORD

The oral tradition of the fairy tale came long before writing. Tales were told or enacted dramatically, rather than writing them down. They were handed down from generation to generation by mouth. Because of this, the history of their development is necessarily obscure and blurred. Fairy tales appear, now and again, in written literature throughout literate cultures. The first famous Western fairy tales are those of "Aesop" (6th century BC) in ancient Greece. In China, Daoist philosophers such as Liezi and Zhuangzi, recounted fairy tales in their philosophical works. And Magical tales, such as "Bel and the Dragon" found their way even into the Bible. (See: The Grand Bible, Internet Archive.)

The fairy tale itself resurfaced in Western literature in the 16th and 17th centuries, with Edmund Spenser's "The Faerie Queene", William Shakespeare's "King Lear," "The Facetious Nights of Straparola" by Giovanni Francesco Straparola (Italy, 1550 and 1553) and the "Neapolitan Tales" of Giambattista Basile (Naples, 1634–36), which are all fairy tales. Pu Songling (1640–1715), in China, included many fairy tales in his collection, "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio" (published posthumously in 1766). The fairy tale itself became popular among upper-class people in France (1690–1710), and among the tales told in that time were the ones of Jean de la Fontaine (1621–1695) and the "Contes" of Charles Perrault (1697), who fixed the forms of "Sleeping Beauty" and "Cinderella." Although Straparola's, Basile's and Perrault's collections contain the oldest known forms of various fairy tales, modern writers rewrote the tales for literary effect. The Grimm brothers were among the first modern compilers to try to preserve the features of oral tales. They recorded lots of them from ordinary folks. We should be glad that they did as nowadays there is no one who passes stories on by mouth nor is there anyone who can tell a story. Folktales have been transformed to film and computer games.

Andrew Lang (1844–1912), one of the greatest tale collectors, formulated the value of fairy tales: "In the old stories, despite the impossibility of the incidents, the interest is always real and human. The princes and princesses fall in love and marry. Nothing could be more human than that. Their lives and loves are crossed by human sorrows. The hero and heroine are persecuted or separated by cruel stepmothers or enchanters; they have wanderings and sorrows to suffer; they have adventures to achieve and difficulties to overcome; they must display courage, loyalty and address, courtesy, gentleness and gratitude. Thus they are living in a real human world, though it wears a mythical face, though there are giants and lions in the way. The old fairy tales which a silly sort of people disparage as too wicked and ferocious for the nursery, are really 'full of matter,' and unobtrusively teach the true lessons of our wayfaring in a world of perplexities and obstacles."

One of the reasons for the success of Grimm's Fairy Tales was the simplicity of their language. In 1946, George Orwell wrote about the importance of a short, precise and clear language because it shapes the way we think. As professional linguists, the Grimms understood that much earlier. The tales of the Brothers Grimm remain a treasure not only for linguists and folklorists but for everyone who loves to read in order to dive into a world of fantasy and fairy dreams.

Lord Henfield, 2022.

## INTRODUCTION

## WORD ORIGIN AND MEANING

The usual English title "Children's and Household Tales" is partially wrong as these tales have nothing to do with a "household" in its meaning "the staff of the house." The German title "Kinder- Und Hausmärchen" means "Children's and Home Tales" or more precisely "Children's and Homeland Tales." This is how Dutch, Afrikaans, Frisian, and German speakers understand this title still to this very day. In this sense, "homeland" refers to the ordinary people of earlier times.

The English word "fairy tale" derives from the Late Middle English "faerie," meaning "fairyland." It became "fairy" or just "fay" in Early Modern English. A fairy is an imaginary supernatural being, usually represented in diminutive human form. It has to do with "fate" and derives via Old French "feie" from the Latin noun "fatum" and its verb "fari" meaning "oracular utterance," an "inevitable fortune" that befalls a person or thing. This word has survived in Portuguese as "falar," in Italian as "parlare," and French as "parler." It has also survived in our modern word "parliament" for "talking edifice."

The word "tale" is of Germanic origin and is related to the English verb "to tell," the Dutch noun "taal" (language, speech) and its verb "vertellen" (to tell), the German noun "Erzählung" (story, narration) and its verb "erzählen" (to tell).

The Standard German noun "das Märchen" or "die Mär" derives via Middle High German "daz maere" or "diu maere" from Old High German "mari" and denotes "message, news, rumour." The German suffix "-chen" transforms the noun into a diminutive. So, "das Märchen" is a little "Mär."

## ABOUT FAIRY TALES

Fairy tales are an important and very old text genre in oral tradition and occur in all cultures. Fairy tales are prose texts that tell of wondrous events. In contrast to the oral and anonymous folk tale, there is the form of the artificial fairy tale, the author of which is well-known, such as Hans Christian Andersen. In contrast to saga and legend, a fairy tale is fictitious and its plot is not fixed in either time or place. The demarcation between mythological legends and fairy tales is blurred, both genres are closely related. A well-known example of this is the fairy tale The Sleeping Beauty, which seems to be a very simplified version of the Nibelungen saga.

Despite, or even because of, the storytellers' inventiveness, almost all of their stories contain a core of truth intended to captivate children and other listeners; and these contents deal with laziness and diligence, with complacency and drive, with cleverness and stupidity, with love and hate, with success and failure, with justice and injustice, with virtue and vice, with faithfulness and unfaithfulness, with truth and lies, with desire and displeasure, of good and evil. Only those who understand these positive and negative commandments have a chance of a good life. It was so in the past, it is so today, and it will be so in the future. Those who tell us that all their troubles stem solely from their origins are lying not only to us, but to themselves. In their fairy tales, the Brothers Grimm displayed all these factors before our very eyes.

In German-speaking countries, the term fairy tale was coined in particular by the collection of the Brothers Grimm. Misery, exploitation, poverty, hunger, greed and the explosive growth of cities showed them where the journey might lead. In their youth, they experienced the effects of the Industrial Revolution as a shock. The loss of life from famine, the French Revolution, and the Napoleonic Wars were certainly some of the points that made the

Brothers Grimm want to preserve the ancient tales of the common people.

Fairy tales are characterised, among other things, by the appearance of fantastic elements in the form of animals that speak and act like humans, sorcery with the help of witches or magicians, giants and dwarfs, ghosts and mythical creatures (unicorns, dragons, etc.). All of these figures represent one or another variant of virtue and vice. Many fairy tales have social-realistic or social-utopian traits and can say a lot about social conditions such as domination, servitude, poverty and hunger or even family structures in the distant past. The blatant depiction of vice and brutality on the one hand, and that of virtue and beneficence on the other, lead readers or listeners of fairy tales into the abyss of the human psyche, but also offer a solution as to how one can pull oneself out of this misery. Man is not ruled by his consciousness but - and the Buddha and Sigmund Freud already recognised this - by his subconscious or "unconscious". And this unconsciousness is reduced to the two opposing basic attitudes: "desire and displeasure."

The elitist representatives of modern affluent society do not like to hear it: laziness and wanting to play the role of victimhood will not get anyone anywhere; they cannot present happiness to anyone on the silver platter. Greed and benevolence are two other opposing basic attitudes in the same category as desire and displeasure, which also appear again and again in fairy tales. Diligence and perseverance can offer a way out for which no state social network can really offer a substitute. Another, but related, theme in fairy tales is the dangers that may threaten one. Proper education has nothing to do with the indoctrination of ideologies but with the training of one's own powers of judgement.

### SHORT BIOGRAPHY ON THE GRIMM BROTHERS

If we ever want to understand history, we have to have some basic information of the persons and their biography. This includes in particular the person's: first language, religion or philosophical background, the teachers, the family, the geography, the relationships, as well as the long string of events that forms a person's personality and character.

The German Grimm Brothers are famous for their classic collections of folk songs and folktales. Jacob Ludwig Carl Grimm (b. Jan. 4, 1785, Hanau, Hesse-Kassel [Germany]—d. Sept. 20, 1863, Berlin) and Wilhelm Carl Grimm (b. Feb. 24, 1786, Hanau, Hesse-Kassel [Germany]—d. Dec. 16, 1859, Berlin) were best known for *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (1812–22; also called Grimm's Fairy Tales), which led to the birth of the science of folklore. Jacob especially did important work in historical linguistics and Germanic philology.

### Beginnings and Kassel Period

Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm were the oldest in a family of five brothers and one sister. Their father, Philipp Wilhelm, a lawyer, was town clerk in Hanau and later justiciary in Steinau, another small Hessian town, where his father and grandfather had been ministers of the Calvinistic Reformed Church. The father's death in 1796 brought social hardships to the family; the death of the mother in 1808 left 23-year-old Jacob with the responsibility of four brothers and one sister. Jacob, a scholarly type, was small and slender with sharply cut features, while Wilhelm was taller, had a softer face, and was sociable and fond of all the arts.

After attending the high school in Kassel, the brothers followed their father's footsteps and studied law at the University of Marburg (1802–06) with the intention of entering civil service.

At Marburg they came under the influence of Clemens Brentano, who awakened in both a love of folk poetry, and Friedrich Karl von Savigny, co-founder of the historical school of jurisprudence, who taught them a method of antiquarian investigation that formed the real basis of all their later work. Others, too, strongly influenced the Grimms, particularly the philosopher Johann Gottfried Herder (1744–1803), with his ideas on folk poetry. Essentially, they remained individuals, creating their work according to their own principles.

In 1805 Jacob Grimm accompanied Friedrich Karl von Savigny to Paris in order to do research on legal manuscripts of the Middle Ages; the following year he became secretary to the war office in Kassel. Because of his health, Wilhelm remained without regular employment until 1814. After the French entered in 1806, Jacob became private librarian to King Jérôme of Westphalia in 1808 and a year later auditeur of the Conseil d'État but returned to Hessian service in 1813 after Napoleon's defeat. As secretary to the legation, he went twice to Paris (1814–15), to recover precious books and paintings taken by the French from Hesse and Prussia. He also took part in the Congress of Vienna (September 1814–June 1815). Meantime, Wilhelm had become secretary at the Elector's library in Kassel (1814), and Jacob joined him there in 1816.

By that time the brothers had definitely given up thoughts of a legal career in favour of purely literary research. In the years to follow they lived frugally and worked steadily, laying the foundations for their lifelong interests. Their whole thinking was rooted in the social and political changes of their time and the challenge these changes held. Jacob and Wilhelm had nothing in common with the fashionable "Gothic" Romanticism of the 18th and 19th centuries. Their state of mind made them more Realists than Romantics. They investigated the distant past and saw in antiquity the foundation of all social institutions of their days. But their efforts to preserve these foundations did not mean that they wanted to return to the past. From the beginning, the Grimms sought to include material from beyond their own frontiers—from the literary traditions of Scandinavia, Spain, The Netherlands, Ireland, Scotland, England, Serbia, and Finland.

They first collected folk songs and tales for their friends Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, who had collaborated on an influential collection of folk lyrics in 1805, and the brothers examined in some critical essays the essential difference between folk literature and other writing. To them, folk poetry was the only true poetry, expressing the eternal joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of mankind.

### "The German Grammar"

During this creative period in Kassel, Jacob Grimm worked on the German grammar. The title is misleading because it is not a dry, schematic description of the structure of contemporary language. Rather, Jacob Grimm wanted "to conjure up a historical life with all the flow of joyful development in it". The extensive work refers to all Germanic languages, their connections and their historical development. The first volume initially dealt with inflection, the second with word formation. Jacob Grimm did not complete a complete manuscript, but had sheet after sheet printed once he had written the required amount of text. With a period of 14 months from January 1818 to the summer of 1819, the printing of the first volume corresponded exactly to the period in which Jacob Grimm worked on the work. By 1822 he had completely revised the first volume so that it was now more concerned with the formation of sounds. As with the first volume,

he again wrote and printed sheet after sheet and continued this principle until 1826 with the now officially second volume of the *Deutsche Grammatik*.

In this groundbreaking work, Jacob Grimm was the first to follow the development of languages (today called "Indo-European" or "Indo-European") and the laws of sound change in vowels and consonants. In doing so, he laid the foundation for modern etymology, research into the origin of words and word components, taking into account word formation, inflection, sound change and change of meaning in various (related) languages. Jacob Grimm himself wrote: "Scientific word research could not thrive in the Greeks and Romans, let alone in our Middle Ages ... Such helpless and uneasy wandering on the surging sea of words was finally controlled by the advancement of the hitherto unexplored Sanskrit language and the entry of the German, Slavic, Lithuanian and other European idioms entered the scientific circle of investigations." It was also clear to him that the representatives of classical philology (Latin, Greek and Hebrew) had no interest in studying other languages more closely, since they regarded them as barbaric look at

However, Jacob Grimm had forerunners: in 1787, William Jones in Bengal compared Sanskrit with the old Persian, Greek, Latin, Gothic and Celtic languages on the basis of the structure and word roots - but not yet systematically. The young Dane Rasmus Christian Rask – following a request from Wilhelm von Humboldt – had just tackled this. Jacob Grimm knew (and discussed) his writing and began to compare word formation and sound development in Old Norse with those in Slavic and Greek. In the German grammar, the earliest, then the later and finally the most recent stages of development of the languages under consideration were treated comparatively. In the second edition, he presented the insight that the phonetic correspondences uncovered by Rask were not (accidental) individual phenomena, but followed a law. This rule is still called Grimm's law by Anglo-Saxon researchers today. He also realised that there had been not one, but two such shifts. These are now referred to as "Germanic" and "High German sound shift" (or "first" or "second sound shift").

#### THE TALES AND STUDIES IN LANGUAGE

Encouraged by Ludwig Achim von Arnim, they published their collected tales as the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, implying in the title that the stories were meant for adults and children alike. In contrast to the extravagant fantasy of the Romantic school's poetical fairy tales, the 200 stories of this collection (mostly taken from oral sources, though a few were from printed sources) aimed at conveying the soul, imagination, and beliefs of people through the centuries—or at a genuine reproduction of the teller's words and ways. The great merit of Wilhelm Grimm is that he gave the fairy tales a readable form without changing their folkloric character. The results were threefold: the collection enjoyed wide distribution in Germany and eventually in all parts of the globe (there are now translations in 70 languages); it became and remains a model for the collecting of folktales everywhere; and the Grimm's notes to the tales, along with other investigations, formed the basis for the science of the folk narrative and even of folklore. To this day the tales remain the earliest "scientific" collection of folktales.

The *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* was followed by a collection of historical and local legends of Germany, *Deutsche Sagen* (1816–18), which never gained wide popular appeal, though it influenced both literature and the study of the folk narrative. The brothers then published (in 1826) a translation of Thomas Crofton

Croker's *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, prefacing the edition with a lengthy introduction of their own on fairy lore. At the same time, the Grimms gave their attention to the written documents of early literature, bringing out new editions of ancient texts, from both the Germanic and other languages. Wilhelm's outstanding contribution was *Die deutsche Heldensage* ("The German Heroic Tale"), a collection of themes and names from heroic legends mentioned in literature and art from the 6th to the 16th centuries, together with essays on the art of the saga.

While collaborating on these subjects for two decades (1806–26), Jacob also turned to the study of philology with an extensive work on grammar, the *Deutsche Grammatik* (1819–37). The word *deutsch* in the title does not mean strictly "German," but it rather refers to the etymological meaning of "common," thus being used to apply to all of the Germanic languages, the historical development of which is traced for the first time. He represented the natural laws of sound change (both vowels and consonants) in various languages and thus created bases for a method of scientific etymology; i.e., research into relationships between languages and development of meaning. In what was to become known as Grimm's law, Jacob demonstrated the principle of the regularity of correspondence among consonants in genetically related languages, a principle previously observed by the Dane Rasmus Rask. Jacob's work on grammar exercised an enormous influence on the contemporary study of linguistics, Germanic, Romance, and Slavic, and it remains of value and in use even now. In 1824 Jacob Grimm translated a Serbian grammar by his friend Vuk Stefanović Karadžić, writing an erudite introduction on Slavic languages and literature.

He extended his investigations into the Germanic folk-culture with a study of ancient law practices and beliefs published as *Deutsche Rechtsaltertümer* (1828), providing systematic source material but excluding actual laws. The work stimulated other publications in France, The Netherlands, Russia, and the southern Slavic countries and has not yet been superseded.

#### The German Dictionary, "Das Deutsche Wörterbuch"

Although the Grimm Brothers became famous for their collected fairy tales, their main interest lied in linguistics and etymology. In fact, their entire career and work rested on these three pillars: the studies of linguistics, etymology, history as well as sources, the grammar, the people's speech, the people's legends, fairy tales, idioms, and all the other language traditions in speaking and writing. The "Deutsches Wörterbuch" (English: German Dictionary), in 30 volumes, is the first German dictionary conceived on scientific lines; initiated by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. The dictionary was designed to give the etymology and history, illustrated by quotations, of all the words in the (New) High German literary language from the time of Martin Luther (c. 1500) to that of J.W. von Goethe (d. 1832), as well as significant dialectical words and forms; pronunciations were to be omitted. The Grimm brothers completed four volumes of the massive projected work, Jacob being responsible for volumes I (published at Leipzig in 1852), III, and IV up to the word *Frucht* ("fruit") and Wilhelm for volume II. Other German philologists, essentially agreeing with the aims and principles established by the Grimms, continued to labour on the dictionary after the death of the brothers. Cooperation between scholars from East and West Germany expedited its completion (1960).

Several modern one-volume dictionaries for personal use are based on etymology and date of first appearance of a word. This is fundamental information for any language learner as it opens the

door to language understanding in general. In this connexion we need to mention by name: Das Grosse Deutsche Wörterbuch, Gerhard Wahrig, 1967; The Collins Concise Dictionary of the English Language, T. William McLeod, 1982; Van Dale, Groot Woordenboek van de Nederlandse Taal, G. Geerts en H. Heestermans, 1992 (3 Vols).

### Some Basics On Linguistics

The West Germanic languages constitute the largest of the three branches of the Germanic family of languages (the others being the North Germanic and the extinct East Germanic languages like Gothic.). Within Europe, the three most prevalent West Germanic languages are English, German, and Dutch. The language family also includes Afrikaans (which is a daughter language of Dutch), Yiddish, Luxembourgish, Frisian and Scots (which constitutes the last remnant of Middle English.). Additionally, several creoles, patois, and pidgins are based on Dutch, English, and German, as they were each languages of colonial empires. English is by far the most-spoken West Germanic language, with more than 400 million native speakers and another 1,000 million users of English as second language worldwide; this number is uncertain depending if we just include only fluent speakers or also users of any kind of basic English, which could increase the number considerably.

### Early Written Testimonies

(West) Germanic names of tribes, gods and people are handed down in Latinised form as early as in ancient writings, such as Tacitus' Germania, along with a few words such as urus (aurochs), glesum (amber), ganta (goose), and sapo (make-up). The earliest autochthonous written testimony of West Germanic is the Frienstedt comb with a runic inscription from the 3rd century AD, which, however, is largely isolated. About 80 other runic inscriptions from West Germanic areas are known from the period up to the 7th century, when the runic tradition then ended with Christianization.

A scarcely denser tradition of West Germanic language material in fragmentary written evidence begins from the 6th century. The Lex Salica, for example, dates from this period, a Latin text that originated in the western part of the Frankish Empire and contains individual words of Germanic origin that come from the old Franconian language, which later became extinct.

The transmission of entire texts begins in the 8th century. Old English texts have been documented for the first time in this century, although the best-known Old English source, the heroic poem Beowulf, has only survived in a manuscript from around 1000. Also documented from the 8th century are texts in Old Bavarian, Old Alemannic and Old Upper Franconian, those West Germanic variants that are also summarised under the term Old High German. From the 9th century, texts in Old Saxon, the predecessor of Low German, have also been handed down, in particular Genesis and Heliand. Old Frisian has only been documented in written sources since the 13th century.

### Classification

The usual classification of the West Germanic languages divides them into an Anglo-Frisian and a Continental Germanic branch. The Anglo-Frisian languages are further subdivided into Anglican languages (with English as the main representative) and Frisian languages. On the other hand, there are the continental West Germanic languages with the High German (with the Upper and Central German dialects as well as Yiddish), Low German

(including Low Saxon) language forms and Dutch. However, many phonetic, grammatical, and idiomatic features cannot be clearly delimited, which is why the majority of linguists are skeptical about absolutist delimitations.

In their collection of fairy tales, the Brothers Grimm provide wonderful examples of German dialect differences. We have added translations into Dutch, Afrikaans, Frisian and English so this collection offers a good cross-section of all West Germanic languages in use today.

### THE GÖTTINGEN YEARS

The quiet contentment of the years at Kassel ended in 1829, when the brothers suffered a snub—perhaps motivated politically—from the Elector of Hessen-Kassel: they were not given advancement following the death of a senior colleague. Consequently, they moved to the nearby University of Göttingen, where they were appointed librarians and professors. Jacob Grimm's Deutsche Mythologie, written during this period, was to be of far-reaching influence. From poetry, fairy tales, and folkloristic elements, he traced the pre-Christian faith and superstitions of the Germanic people, contrasting the beliefs to those of classical mythology and Christianity. The Mythologie had many successors all over Europe, but often disciples were not as careful in their judgments as Jacob had been. Wilhelm published here his outstanding edition of Freidank's epigrams. But again fate overtook them. When Ernest Augustus, duke of Cumberland, became king of Hanover, he high-handedly repealed the constitution of 1833, which he considered too liberal. Two weeks after the King's declaration, the Grimms, together with five other professors (the "Göttingen Seven"), sent a protest to the King, explaining that they felt themselves bound by oath to the old constitution. As a result they were dismissed, and three professors, including Jacob, were ordered to leave the kingdom of Hanover at once. Through their part in this protest directed against despotic authority, they clearly demonstrated the academic's sense of civil responsibilities, manifesting their own liberal convictions at the same time. During three years of exile in Kassel, institutions in Germany and beyond (Hamburg, Marburg, Rostock, Weimar, Belgium, France, The Netherlands, and Switzerland) tried to obtain the brothers' services.

### THE BERLIN PERIOD

In 1840 they accepted an invitation from the king of Prussia, Frederick William IV, to go to Berlin, where as members of the Royal Academy of Sciences they lectured at the university. There they began work in earnest on their most ambitious enterprise, the Deutsches Wörterbuch, a large German dictionary intended as a guide for the user of the written and spoken word as well as a scholarly reference work. In the dictionary, all German words found in the literature of the three centuries "from Luther to Goethe" were given with their historical variants, their etymology, and their semantic development; their usage in specialised and everyday language was illustrated by quoting idioms and proverbs. Begun as a source of income in 1838 for the brothers after their dismissal from Göttingen, the work required generations of successors to bring the gigantic task to an end more than a hundred years later. Jacob lived to see the work proceed to the letter F, while Wilhelm finished only the letter D. The dictionary became an example for similar publications in other countries: Britain, France, The Netherlands, Sweden, and Switzerland. Jacob's philological research later led to a history of the German language, Geschichte der deutschen Sprache, in which he

attempted to combine the historical study of language with the study of early history. Research into names and dialects was stimulated by Jacob Grimm's work, as were ways of writing and spelling—for example, he used roman type and advocated spelling German nouns without capital letters.

For some 20 years they worked in Prussia's capital, respected and free from financial worries. Much of importance can be found in the brothers' lectures and essays, the prefaces and reviews (*Kleinere Schriften*) they wrote in this period. In Berlin they witnessed the Revolution of 1848 and took an active part in the political strife of the succeeding years. In spite of close and even emotional ties to their homeland, the Grimms were not nationalists in the narrow sense. They maintained genuine—even political—friendships with colleagues at home and abroad, among them the jurists Savigny and Eichhorn; the historians F.C. Dahlmann, G.G. Gervinus, and Jules Michelet; and the philologists Karl Lachmann, John Mitchell Kemble, Jan Frans Willems, Vuk Karadžić, and Pavel Josef Šafařík. Nearly all academies in Europe were proud to count Jacob and Wilhelm among their members. The more robust Jacob undertook many journeys for scientific investigations, visiting France, The Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Denmark, and Sweden. Jacob remained a bachelor; Wilhelm married Dorothea Wild from Kassel, with whom he had four children.

### THE TALES - CONTRIBUTORS

#### The Grimm Family

The Grimm family lived in Hanau. The great-grandfather, Friedrich Grimm the Elder (1672–1748), and the grandfather, Friedrich Grimm the Younger (1707–1777), were clergymen of the Reformed creed. The parents Dorothea, née Zimmer, and Philipp Wilhelm Grimm had nine children in their marriage, three of whom died in infancy. In addition to Jacob and Wilhelm, the younger brother Ludwig Emil gained importance as a painter, while the brother Ferdinand Philipp Grimm, who also collected legends and fairy tales, fell into oblivion. The birthplace of the Brothers Grimm was on the old Paradeplatz in Hanau. They spent their youth in Steinau an der Straße, where their father worked as a bailiff. Family members:

- Philipp Wilhelm Grimm (died 1796) was a German lawyer and father to nine Grimm siblings; three died in infancy, six survived. He was husband of Dorothea Grimm of whom almost nothing is known.
- Jacob Ludwig Karl Grimm (1785–1863), also known as Ludwig Karl, was a German linguist, philologist, jurist, and folklorist. He is known as the discoverer of Grimm's law of linguistics, the co-author of the monumental *Deutsches Wörterbuch* in 30 volumes, the author of *Deutsche Mythologie*, and the editor of Grimm's Fairy Tales. He was the older brother of Wilhelm Grimm, of the literary duo the Brothers Grimm.
- Wilhelm Carl Grimm (1786–1859) was a German author and anthropologist, and the younger brother of Jacob Grimm, of the literary duo the Brothers Grimm.
- Carl Friedrich Grimm (1787–1852) was the third of the Grimm brothers. He is almost unknown.
- Ferdinand (Philipp) Grimm (1788–1845) was the fourth of the Grimm brothers and he is known as the "unknown brother" of the Brothers Grimm. He too was a German legend collector. In 1810 there was a major argument with his siblings, the cause of which was perhaps a dispute about Dorothea Henriette Wild, Wilhelm

Grimm's later wife. When Ferdinand Grimm was dying, Jacob visited him, while Wilhelm had broken off contact for good.

- Ludwig Emil Grimm (1790–1863) was the fifth and youngest of the Grimm Brothers. He was a German painter, art professor, etcher and copper engraver. Most of the known pictures of the family members are from him.

- Charlotte Amalie Grimm (1793–1833; also called Lotte or Malchen), was the only sister of all five Grimm brothers and wife of the Hessian Minister of State Ludwig Hassenpflug.

- Herman Grimm (1828–1901), son of Wilhelm Grimm, was a German academic and writer.

#### The Hassenpflug Family

The Hassenpflug family (Johannes Hassenpflug) was one of the earliest and most prolific sources for the Grimm Brothers' collection of Children's and Household Tales (KHM). The Grimm and Hassenpflug families were linked by marriage. The contributions came mainly from the daughters of the family from before their marriage. In Grimm's notes you have the note "from Hesse", "from the Main areas" or also "from Hanau", since the daughters of the family had moved from Hanau to Kassel when they were children. The family's French roots explain that some lyrics go back to Charles Perrault. Significant Family Members:

- Charlotte Amalie Hassenpflug, née Grimm (1793–1833), sister of the Brothers Grimm, wife of Ludwig Hassenpflug, mother of Karl Hassenpflug

- Ludwig Hassenpflug (1794–1862), married Charlotte Amalie Grimm, the only sister of the Brothers Grimm, and he was therefore the Brothers Grimm's brother-in-law. He was Minister of the Interior and Justice in the Electorate of Hesse, in the Principality of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen and in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg

- Marie Hassenpflug (1788–1856), sister-in-law of the Brothers Grimm, collector of fairy tales

- Johannes Hassenpflug (1755–1834), father-in-law of the Brothers Grimm, administrative officer in the Landgraviate and later the Electorate of Hesse

- Karl Hassenpflug (1824–1890), nephew of the Brothers Grimm, German sculptor, son of Ludwig Hassenpflug,

- Amalie Hassenpflug (1800–1871), German writer, friend and sister-in-law of the Brothers Grimm and Annette von Droste-Hülshoff.

- Walter Hassenpflug (1855–1921), curator of the Philipps University of Marburg, member of the provincial parliament

#### The Hassenpflugs' Contributions Formed The Basis Of Grimm's Fairy Tales:

- By Amalie Hassenpflug (1800–1871) came KHM 13 The three little men in the forest, KHM 42 The gentleman, perhaps also KHM 43a The whimsical hospitality.

- From Johanna (Jeanette) Hassenpflug (1791–1860) came KHM 14 The three spinners, KHM 26 Little Red Riding Hood, KHM 36 Set the table, gold donkey and stick out of the sack, KHM 41 Mr. Korbes, KHM 67 The twelve hunters, KHM 33a Der Puss in Boots, KHM 66a Hurleburlebutz, KHM 70a The Okerlo, KHM 71a Princess Mouse Skin.

- From Marie Hassenpflug (1788–1856) came KHM 11 Little Brothers and Sisters, KHM 26 Little Red Riding Hood, KHM 31 The Girl Without Hands, KHM 40 The Robber Bridegroom, KHM 45 Thumb's Wanderings, KHM 50 The Sleeping Beauty, KHM 79 The Water Mermaid, KHM 200 The Golden One Key, KHM 75a Phoenix Bird, KHM 81a The Blacksmith and the Devil,

KHM 99a The Frog Prince, the text fragment Princess with the Louse, perhaps also KHM 53 Snow White.[2]

Also from the Hassenpflug family came KHM 5 The wolf and the seven young kids, KHM 17 The white snake, KHM 20 The brave little tailor, KHM 25 The seven ravens, KHM 32 Clever Hans, KHM 52 King Drosselbart, KHM 55 Rumpelstiltskin, KHM 64 The golden goose, KHM 54a Hans Dumm, KHM 62a Bluebeard, KHM 76a The carnation, KHM 84a The mother-in-law, perhaps also KHM 61a About the tailor who soon became rich and the text fragment The good rag.

### The Wild Family

- Henriette Dorothea (Dortchen) Wild (1793–1867) became Wilhelm Grimm's wife in 1825. Along with the Hassenpflug family, the Wild family was one of the earliest and most prolific sources for the Grimm Brothers' collection of Children's and Household Tales (KHM). This family also had Huguenot roots. The family ran the Sonnenapotheke in the house at Marktstraße 21 in Kassel, which was destroyed in 1943 and was only two houses away from the first residential building of the Brothers Grimm in Kassel, the house at Wildemannsgasse 24 / corner of Marktstraße.

- From Wilhelm Grimm's wife, Henriette Dorothea Wild, came: KHM 13 The three little men in the forest, KHM 24 Frau Holle, KHM 28 The singing bone, KHM 36 Set the table, gold donkey and stick from the Sack (in the version of the 1st edition), KHM 39 The Elves, KHM 46 Fitcher's Bird, KHM 49 The Six Swans, KHM 52 King Thrushbeard, KHM 55 Rumpelstiltskin (with Lisette Wild, 1782–1858), KHM 56 The Dearest Roland, KHM 65 Allerleirauh, KHM 88 The singing jumping little lion, KHM 103 The sweet porridge, KHM 104 The clever people, KHM 105 Fairy tale about the toad (with Lisette Wild), maybe also KHM 60a The golden egg.

- Two contributions by Wilhelm Grimm's mother-in-law, the pharmacist's wife Dorothea Catharina Wild (1752–1813), are documented: KHM 18 Straw, Charcoal and Beans and KHM 30 Little Lice and Fleas. As in other cases, the rest came exclusively from the unmarried daughters of the family.

- From Wilhelm Grimm's older sister-in-law, Marie Elisabeth Wild (1794–1858): KHM 44 The Grim Reaper. KHM 1 The Frog King or Iron Henry probably also came from the Wild family.

- From Wilhelm Grimm's younger sister-in-law, Margarete Marianne (Gretchen) Wild (1787–1819): KHM 2 Cat and Mouse in Company, KHM 3 Mary's Child, KHM 58 The Dog and the Sparrow, KHM 154 The Stolen Heller, 1812 KHM 64 The White Dove in The Dumpling, maybe also KHM 59a Prince Swan.

### Frau Dorothea Viehmann

In 1813, Frau Viehmann met the Brothers Grimm and told them more than 40 fairy tales and fairy tale variations on at least 36 fairy tales by the Brothers Grimm. Wilhelm Grimm wrote about her: "But it was one of those good coincidences that we got to know a peasant woman from the village of Nieder-Zwehrn near Cassel, who told us most of the most beautiful fairy tales in the second volume. This woman, named Viehmännin, was still vigorous and not much over fifty years old. .... She kept the old legends firmly in her memory". The Brothers Grimm were particularly impressed by the fact that they always knew how to tell the fairy tales using the same choice of words.

The pose of a peasant woman was largely a fiction influenced by the romantic mood of the Grimms, which symbolised a certain authenticity of the fairy tales. Dorothea Viehmann was by no means a simple peasant woman, but an educated woman. Johann

Wolfgang von Goethe was Dorothea Viehmann's fifth cousin; both go back to the common progenitor Valentin Schröder.

Dorothea Viehmann (born Katharina Dorothea Pierson, 1755–1815) was one of the most important sources for Grimm's fairy tales. The Brothers Grimm published Dorothea Viehmann's stories mainly in the second volume of their Children's and Household Tales (KHM).

Dorothea Viehmann was born Katharina Dorothea Pierson in Rengershausen, the daughter of an innkeeper. The paternal ancestors had come to Hesse-Kassel as persecuted Huguenots after the Edict of Nantes was lifted. Due to this French origin, a number of French fairy tale variations about Dorothea Viehmann found expression in the collection of fairy tales by the Brothers Grimm. In 1777 Dorothea Pierson married the tailor Nikolaus Viehmann and moved with him to Niederzwehrn (today a district of Kassel) in 1787. After the death of her husband, she supported herself and their seven children by selling produce from her garden at the market.

In her father's inn, she also heard many stories, sagas and fairy tales from merchants, craftsmen and carters passing through, which she later passed on to her brothers. Your collection of fairy tales appears to be a mixture of new texts, artificial fairy tales and folk tales, some of which have been edited and modified.

**Fairy Tales Based On Frau Viehmann:** One of the fairy tales told by Dorothea Viehmann to the Brothers Grimm is the fairy tale KHM 106 The poor miller's boy and the kitten. The Huguenot descent of Dorothea Viehmann is particularly clear here, because it bears a great deal of similarity to the French fairy tale The White Cat (*La chatte blanche*) by Madame d'Aulnoy. The final version of the fairy tale KHM 29 The Devil with the Three Golden Hairs, published by the Brothers Grimm in 1819, also goes back to Dorothea Viehmann. Texts going back to Dorothea Viehmann always have the reference "from Zwehrn" in the annotations of the Brothers Grimm. Here is a selection (KHM No.): 6, 9, 34, 61, 63, 71, 76, 89, 94, 98, 100, 102, 108, 111, 115, 118, 125, 127, 128. KHM 176 Die Lifetime, could also be hers. In addition, versions by Dorothea Viehmann were included in other fairy tales or are reproduced as variants in the notes.

### Sergeant Krause

Johann Friedrich Krause (1747–1828) was a cavalry soldier (dragoon sergeant, sergeant-major) and son of the schoolmaster, descendant of pastors and teachers. Along with Dorothea Viehmann, he was one of the most important sources for the collection of fairy tales by the Brothers Grimm; in their comments they always called him "Sergeant Krause". In 1811, Krause wrote down various fairy tales, purrs and farces from the Hoof spinning rooms in a notebook. He gave this booklet to the Brothers Grimm in Kassel, whom he knew personally. Krause wrote KHM 16 The Three Snake Leaves, KHM 48 The Old Sultan and KHM 54 The Satchel, the Little Hat and the Little Horn (at least in the version of the 1st edition) and KHM 16a Mr. Fix and Ready (only 1st edition). For KHM 111 The Skilled Hunter, he provided a comparative version in Grimm's annotation. The origin of KHM 92 The King of the Golden Mountain (Grimm's note: based on a soldier's tale) cannot be ascertained.

### RECEPTION

After the Second World War, the prevailing opinion in West Germany was that the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm were partly responsible for the atrocities committed by the Nazis. In

1947, British Major T. J. Leonard examined school textbooks from the Wilhelmine era and, in his work *First Steps in Cruelty*, published that same year, concluded that Grimm's fairy tales created an unconscious tendency towards cruelty in German children. In the American zone of occupation, children's and household tales were sorted out of schools and libraries and shipped overseas, and in the British zone of occupation no license was issued for reprinting for a time. Although opposing opinions were also expressed, voices critical of fairy tales dominated the discourse until the 1970s.

The publication "Children need fairy tales" (1976) by Bruno Bettelheim, who was interned as a Jew in the Dachau and Buchenwald concentration camps in 1938, brought about a gradual change, but was then able to emigrate to America in 1939. From a psychoanalytic point of view, fairy tales have a comforting and empowering effect on children. As Bettelheim points out, Sigmund Freud assumed that the "true human being" is largely made up of unconscious parts and that the influence of the environment is negligible. Through his experiences in the concentration camp, he had to realise that this idea was no longer tenable. Here in the concentration camp, the influence of the environment on the individual was so strong that the character of the individual had completely changed within a very short time. He concluded that the methods of psychoanalysis remain reduced to the special environment of a therapeutic practice, but that no general statement can be made about the true human being.

The statements he made on the subject of the integration of the individual into mass society related in their most extreme form to the experiences in the concentration camp. Bettelheim emphasises several times that the necessary insight into the inner nature of man can only be understood if one is still exposed to the same challenges as the Germans in the Third Reich after National Socialism and the concentration camps as a Veain society that has been overcome. In this respect, he was not concerned with settling accounts with the criminal methods of the SS and the Gestapo, but with revealing the natural connections between social coercion and the individual's striving for autonomy.

Bettelheim explains that in mass society the individual has to operate between the two poles of compulsion and needs. If the adaptations in the direction of coercion become too strong, the individual can no longer perceive his needs and therefore can no longer integrate them. If adjustment is made too much in the direction of needs, then society will break up into individuals. In any case, however, the adjustment service is a measure specifically tailored to the situation, in which the individual has to weigh up what best meets his or her needs.

In order to create this mental balance, however, the individual must first be aware of their needs (not desires). Here Bettelheim sees his central demand when he writes that we should no longer be satisfied with a life in which the needs of our feelings are alien to reason. He urgently warns not to explain the development with the overcoming of evil when coming to terms with the Nazi rule. Rather, the inhuman development of the Third Reich is the natural consequence of the systematic de-individualisation of an entire society. Even if there were no longer a Gestapo or a concentration camp, the tension between the mass state and the individual would remain unchanged.

In other words, one could say: Humans are still closely related biologically to the other primates (bonobos, chimpanzees, gorillas) who have exactly the same conflicts. After parting from them a few million years ago, we still have the same feelings as them. And that will hardly change in the foreseeable future, despite all utopian (or

dystopian) ideologues. Every time such ideologues propagate a mass society, unrestricted immigration, restrictions on free speech, and the deliberate uniformisation of the individual, we are faced with all the dire effects that we have seen from Nazi rule, communist regimes, and other dictatorships. Tolerance of any form of dictatorship inevitably always leads to the same disastrous result. And in this context, the ancient zeitgeist of a few fairy tales hardly plays a role. A much larger role is played here by the evil ideologies of Rousseau, Robespierre, Hegel, Marx, Engels, Foucault, Mohammed, Hitler, Lenin, Mao, Stalin, Xi and Dugin; to name just a few.

The Brothers Grimm themselves only ever saw their collection as a book of education. However, this was not aimed at conveying norms, but rather at a certain understanding of the world that fitted into pedagogical ideas of Enlightenment and Romanticism. We must never condemn the people and their works from the past simply because each of us follows a certain ideology. How will people judge us in 200 or 500 years? With a little historical sense it is not difficult to imagine what people will think and say about us in the future; and this affects both our traditionalists and the so-called progressives. Nobody will do well with this. Fairy tales have their critics and their friends, and that's a good thing. That's why I deliberately reunited and republished all the fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm here. Read them and discuss what caused their content and how we could deal with it. Education has nothing to do with norms and their ignorance but with an open mind!

#### Attention

One does not really like to talk about it, but: Children have always been at risk. That was the case centuries ago and it is still the case today. Children should learn skepticism and healthy distrust. Children and women need protection. Never leave your children unattended. Inform yourself. False shame can be deadly. We recommend taking the following legal terms seriously and talking to the children about them as early as possible: sexual abuse of children and wards and other persons unable to resist, neglect of children, rape, human trafficking, forced prostitution, forced labour, kidnapping, abduction of minors, child trafficking, female genital mutilation, forced marriage, honor killing, incest, extortion kidnapping, hostage-taking, blackmail. According to estimates, tens of thousands of children are murdered worldwide and every year, hundreds of thousands are raped and around half a million children are trafficked across national borders; including children and young people from Western countries. Prevention is better than a lifetime of guilt!

Lord Henfield, 2022.

**ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM**





Restoration: Lord Henfield. 2019.

Ludwig Emil Grimm fec. Cassel. 1819.

## BROTHER AND SISTER

Engraving by Ludwig Emil Grimm, 1819



Restoration: Lord Henfield. 2019.

Ludwig Emil Grimm fec. Cassel. 1819.

**FIRST PART (EERSTE DEEL)**  
Engraving by Ludwig Emil Grimm 1819



## 1.—THE FROG-KING, OR IRON HENRY.

(*"The Frog Prince; or, Iron Henry"* (German: *Der Froschkönig oder der eiserne Heinrich*, literally "The Frog King or the Iron Henry") is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm and published in 1812 in Grimm's Fairy Tales (KHM 1). Traditionally, it is the first story in their folktale collection. It apparently comes from an oral tradition of Dortchen Wild's family in Kassel. The volume 2 of the first edition of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, published in 1815, included a variation of this story entitled *Der Froschprinz* (The Frog Prince), published as tale no. 13. As this version was not included in later editions, it has since remained relatively unknown.

*Contents: In the tale, a spoiled princess reluctantly befriends the Frog Prince, whom she met after dropping a golden ball into a pond under a linden tree, and he retrieves it for her in exchange for her friendship. The Frog Prince, who is under a wicked fairy's spell, magically transforms back into a handsome prince. In the original Grimm version of the story, the frog's spell was broken when the princess threw the frog against the wall, at which he transformed back into a prince, while in modern versions the transformation is triggered by the princess kissing the frog. In other early versions, it was sufficient for the frog to spend the night on the princess' pillow. The frog prince also has a loyal servant named Henry (or Harry) who had three iron bands affixed around his heart to prevent it from breaking in his sadness when his master got under a spell. When the frog prince reverts to his human form, Henry's overwhelming happiness causes all three bands to break, freeing his heart from its bonds.)*

In old times when wishing still helped one, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which has seen so much, was astonished whenever it shone in her face. Close by the King's castle lay a great dark forest, and under an old lime-tree in the forest was a well, and when the day was very warm, the King's child went out into the forest and sat down by the side of the cool fountain, and when she was dull she took a golden ball, and threw it up on high and caught it, and this ball was her favourite plaything.

Now it so happened that on one occasion the princess' golden ball did not fall into the little hand which she was holding up for it, but on to the ground beyond, and rolled straight into the water. The King's daughter followed it with her eyes, but it vanished, and the well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not be seen. On this she began to cry, and cried louder and louder, and could not be comforted. And as she thus lamented, some one said to her, "What ails thee, King's daughter? Thou weepest so that even a stone would show pity." She looked round to the side from whence the voice came, and saw a frog stretching forth its thick, ugly head from the water. "Ah! old water-splasher, is it thou?" said she; "I am weeping for my golden ball, which has fallen into the well."

"Be quiet, and do not weep," answered the frog. "I can help thee, but what wilt thou give me if I bring thy plaything up again?" "Whatever thou wilt have, dear frog," said she—"my clothes, my pearls and jewels, and even the golden crown which I am wearing."

The frog answered, "I do not care for thy clothes, thy pearls and jewels, or thy golden crown, but if thou wilt love me and let me be thy companion and play-fellow, and sit by thee at thy little table,

and eat off thy little golden plate, and drink out of thy little cup, and sleep in thy little bed—if thou wilt promise me this I will go down below, and bring thee thy golden ball up again."

"Oh, yes," said she, "I promise thee all thou wishest, if thou wilt but bring me my ball back again." She, however, thought, "How silly the frog does talk! He lives in the water with the other frogs and croaks, and can be no companion to any human being!"

But the frog when he had received this promise, put his head into the water and sank down, and in a short time came swimming up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The King's daughter was delighted to see her pretty plaything once more, and picked it up, and ran away with it. "Wait, wait," said the frog. "Take me with thee. I can't run as thou canst." But what did it avail him to scream his croak, croak, after her, as loudly as he could? She did not listen to it, but ran home and soon forgot the poor frog, who was forced to go back into his well again.

The next day when she had seated herself at table with the King and all the courtiers, and was eating from her little golden plate, something came creeping splash splash, splash splash, up the marble staircase, and when it had got to the top, it knocked at the door and cried, "Princess, youngest princess, open the door for me." She ran to see who was outside, but when she opened the door, there sat the frog in front of it. Then she slammed the door to, in great haste, sat down to dinner again, and was quite frightened. The King saw plainly that her heart was beating violently, and said, "My child, what art thou so afraid of? Is there perchance a giant outside who wants to carry thee away?" "Ah, no," replied she, "it is no giant, but a disgusting frog."

"What does the frog want with thee?" "Ah, dear father, yesterday when I was in the forest sitting by the well, playing, my golden ball fell into the water. And because I cried so the frog brought it out again for me, and because he insisted so on it, I promised him he should be my companion, but I never thought he would be able to come out of his water! And now he is outside there, and wants to come in to me."

In the meantime it knocked a second time, and cried,

"Princess! youngest princess!

Open the door for me!

Dost thou not know what thou saidst to me

Yesterday by the cool waters of the fountain?

Princess, youngest princess!

Open the door for me!"

Then said the King, "That which thou hast promised, must thou perform. Go and let him in." She went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in and followed her, step by step, to her chair. There he sat still and cried, "Lift me up beside thee." She delayed, until at last the King commanded her to do it. When the frog was once on the chair he wanted to be on the table, and when he was on the table he said, "Now, push thy little golden plate nearer to me that we may eat together." She did this, but it was easy to see that she did not do it willingly. The frog enjoyed what he ate, but almost every mouthful she took choked her. At length he said, "I have eaten and am satisfied; now I am tired, carry me into thy little room and make thy little silken bed ready, and we will both lie down and go to sleep."

The King's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold frog which she did not like to touch, and which was now to sleep in her pretty, clean little bed. But the King grew angry and said, "He who helped thee when thou wert in trouble ought not afterwards to be despised by thee." So she took hold of the frog with two fingers, carried him upstairs, and put him in a corner. But when she was in bed he crept to her and said, "I am tired, I

want to sleep as well as thou, lift me up or I will tell thy father." Then she was terribly angry, and took him up and threw him with all her might against the wall. "Now, thou wilt be quiet, odious frog," said she. But when he fell down he was no frog but a king's son with beautiful, kind eyes. He by her father's will was now her dear companion and husband. Then he told her how he had been bewitched by a wicked witch, and how no one could have delivered him from the well but herself, and that to-morrow they would go together into his kingdom. Then they went to sleep, and next morning when the sun awoke them, a carriage came driving up with eight white horses, which had white ostrich feathers on their heads, and were harnessed with golden chains, and behind stood the young King's servant, faithful Henry. Faithful Henry had been so unhappy when his master was changed into a frog, that he had caused three iron bands to be laid round his heart, lest it should burst with grief and sadness. The carriage was to conduct the young King into his kingdom. Faithful Henry helped them both in, and placed himself behind again, and was full of joy because of this deliverance. And when they had driven a part of the way, the King's son heard a cracking behind him as if something had broken. So he turned round and cried, "Henry, the carriage is breaking."

"No, master, it is not the carriage. It is a band from my heart, which was put there in my great pain when you were a frog and imprisoned in the well." Again and once again while they were on their way something cracked, and each time the King's son thought the carriage was breaking; but it was only the bands which were springing from the heart of faithful Henry because his master was set free and was happy.

## 2.—CAT AND MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP.

*("Cat and Mouse in Partnership" is a fairy tale based upon an oral tradition communicated by Gretchen Wild (1787–1819) in Kassel.*

*Contents: A cat and a mouse, contrary to the custom of their kinds, become friends, such good friends that they decide to share a home. That they might have something to fall back on in time of need, they buy a pot of fat and hide it away in a nook of a church for safekeeping. After a short time, the cat tells her housemate that one of her relations has given birth and that the mouse's friend has been asked to be godmother. Instead of going to a christening, though, the cat goes to the nook of the church and eats the top layer of the fat in the pot. When the cat returns home, the mouse asks the name of the kitten. The cat replies, "Top-off." The mouse remarks that she has never heard such a name. Soon thereafter, the cat announces that she again has been invited to a christening. On the cat's return, the mouse asks what name was given to this kitten. "Half-done," answers the cat. Again the mouse wonders aloud at the oddness of the name. The cat goes a third time to the church, this time finishing off the fat. When the cat returns, the mouse asks the name given at this christening. "All-gone," answers the cat. Again the mouse shakes her head. Winter arrives, and with it the lean times the friends had anticipated. The mouse proposes a trip to the church to retrieve the provisions stored there. When she beholds the empty pot, enlightenment dawns on the mouse: "First 'Top-off,'" she murmurs, "then 'Half-done,' and then ..." The cat warns her to say no more, but the mouse persists. The cat pounces on the mouse and eats her up. "And that is the way of the world," the story closes.)*

A certain cat had made the acquaintance of a mouse, and had said so much to her about the great love and friendship she felt for her, that at length the mouse agreed that they should live and keep house together. "But we must make a provision for winter, or else we shall suffer from hunger," said the cat, "and you, little mouse, cannot venture everywhere, or you will be caught in a trap some day." The good advice was followed, and a pot of fat was bought, but they did not know where to put it. At length, after much consideration, the cat said, "I know no place where it will be better stored up than in the church, for no one dares take anything away from there. We will set it beneath the altar, and not touch it until we are really in need of it." So the pot was placed in safety, but it was not long before the cat had a great longing for it, and said to the mouse, "I want to tell you something, little mouse; my cousin has brought a little son into the world, and has asked me to be godmother; he is white with brown spots, and I am to hold him at the christening. Let me go out to-day, and you look after the house by yourself." "Yes, yes," answered the mouse, "by all means go, and if you get anything very good, think of me, I should like a drop of sweet red christening wine too." All this, however, was untrue; the cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to be godmother. She went straight to the church, stole to the pot of fat, began to lick at it, and licked the top of the fat off. Then she took a walk upon the roofs of the town, looked out for opportunities, and then stretched herself in the sun, and licked her lips whenever she thought of the pot of fat, and not until it was evening did she return home. "Well, here you are again," said the mouse, "no doubt you have had a merry day." "All went off well," answered the cat. "What name did they give the child?" "Top off!" said the cat quite coolly. "Top off!" cried the mouse, "that is a very odd and uncommon name, is it a usual one in your family?" "What does it signify," said the cat, "it is no worse than Crumb-stealer, as your god-children are called."

Before long the cat was seized by another fit of longing. She said to the mouse, "You must do me a favour, and once more manage the house for a day alone. I am again asked to be godmother, and, as the child has a white ring round its neck, I cannot refuse." The good mouse consented, but the cat crept behind the town walls to the church, and devoured half the pot of fat. "Nothing ever seems so good as what one keeps to oneself," said she, and was quite satisfied with her day's work. When she went home the mouse inquired, "And what was this child christened?" "Half-done," answered the cat. "Half-done! What are you saying? I never heard the name in my life, I'll wager anything it is not in the calendar!"

The cat's mouth soon began to water for some more licking. "All good things go in threes," said she, "I am asked to stand godmother again. The child is quite black, only it has white paws, but with that exception, it has not a single white hair on its whole body; this only happens once every few years, you will let me go, won't you?" "Top-off! Half-done!" answered the mouse, "they are such odd names, they make me very thoughtful." "You sit at home," said the cat, "in your dark-grey fur coat and long tail, and are filled with fancies, that's because you do not go out in the daytime." During the cat's absence the mouse cleaned the house, and put it in order but the greedy cat entirely emptied the pot of fat. "When everything is eaten up one has some peace," said she to herself, and well filled and fat she did not return home till night. The mouse at once asked what name had been given to the third child. "It will not please you more than the others," said the cat. "He is called All-gone." "All-gone," cried the mouse, "that is the most suspicious name of all! I have never seen it in print. All-gone;

what can that mean?" and she shook her head, curled herself up, and lay down to sleep.

From this time forth no one invited the cat to be god-mother, but when the winter had come and there was no longer anything to be found outside, the mouse thought of their provision, and said, "Come cat, we will go to our pot of fat which we have stored up for ourselves—we shall enjoy that." "Yes," answered the cat, "you will enjoy it as much as you would enjoy sticking that dainty tongue of yours out of the window." They set out on their way, but when they arrived, the pot of fat certainly was still in its place, but it was empty. "Alas!" said the mouse, "now I see what has happened, now it comes to light! You are a true friend! You have devoured all when you were standing godmother. First top off, then half done, then—" "Will you hold your tongue," cried the cat, "one word more, and I will eat you too." "All gone" was already on the poor mouse's lips; scarcely had she spoken it before the cat sprang on her, seized her, and swallowed her down. Verily, that is the way of the world.

### 3.—OUR LADY'S CHILD / MARY'S CHILD.

(*"Mary's Child"* (also *"Our Lady's Child"*, *"A Child of Saint Mary"* or *"The Virgin Mary's Child"*) is a fairy tale communicated to the Grimms by Gretchen Wild.

*Contents: A poor woodcutter and his wife had a three-year-old daughter that they could not feed. The Virgin Mary appeared to the woodcutter and promised to take care of the child, so they gave her the child. She grew up happily in Heaven. One day the Virgin had to go on a journey and gave the girl keys, telling her she could open twelve doors but not the thirteenth. She opened the first twelve and found the Apostles behind them. Then she opened the thirteenth door. Behind it was the Trinity, and her finger was stained with gold. She tried to hide it, lying three times, and the Virgin Mary said she could no longer remain for her disobedience and lying. She fell asleep and woke to find herself in a forest. Lamenting her misfortune, she lived in a hollow tree, ate wild plants, and tore all her clothing until she was naked. One day, a king found her looking beautiful but incapable of speech. He took her home and married her. A year later, she had a son. The Virgin Mary appeared and demanded that she confess to having opened the door. She lied again, the Virgin took her son, and the people whispered that she had killed and eaten the child. In another year, she had another son, and it went as before. The third year, she had a daughter, and the Virgin Mary took her to heaven and showed her her sons, but she would not confess. This time, the king could not restrain his councilors, and the queen was condemned to death. When she was brought to the stake, she relented and wished she could confess before she died. The Virgin Mary brought back her children, restored her the power of speech, and gave her happiness the rest of her life.)*

Hard by a great forest dwelt a wood-cutter with his wife, who had an only child, a little girl of three years old. They were, however, so poor that they no longer had daily bread, and did not know how to get food for her. One morning the wood-cutter went out sorrowfully to his work in the forest, and while he was cutting wood, suddenly there stood before him a tall and beautiful woman with a crown of shining stars on her head, who said to him, "I am the Virgin Mary, mother of the child Jesus. Thou art poor and needy, bring thy child to me, I will take her with me and be her mother, and care for her." The wood-cutter obeyed, brought his

child, and gave her to the Virgin Mary, who took her up to heaven with her. There the child fared well, ate sugar-cakes, and drank sweet milk, and her clothes were of gold, and the little angels played with her. And when she was fourteen years of age, the Virgin Mary called her one day and said, "Dear child, I am about to make a long journey, so take into thy keeping the keys of the thirteen doors of heaven. Twelve of these thou mayest open, and behold the glory which is within them, but the thirteenth, to which this little key belongs, is forbidden thee. Beware of opening it, or thou wilt bring misery on thyself." The girl promised to be obedient, and when the Virgin Mary was gone, she began to examine the dwellings of the kingdom of heaven. Each day she opened one of them, until she had made the round of the twelve. In each of them sat one of the Apostles in the midst of a great light, and she rejoiced in all the magnificence and splendour, and the little angels who always accompanied her rejoiced with her. Then the forbidden door alone remained, and she felt a great desire to know what could be hidden behind it, and said to the angels, "I will not quite open it, and I will not go inside it, but I will unlock it so that we can just see a little through the opening." "Oh no," said the little angels, "that would be a sin. The Virgin Mary has forbidden it, and it might easily cause thy unhappiness." Then she was silent, but the desire in her heart was not stilled, but gnawed there and tormented her, and let her have no rest. And once when the angels had all gone out, she thought, "Now I am quite alone, and I could peep in. If I do it, no one will ever know." She sought out the key, and when she had got it in her hand, she put it in the lock, and when she had put it in, she turned it round as well. Then the door sprang open, and she saw there the Trinity sitting in fire and splendour. She stayed there awhile, and looked at everything in amazement; then she touched the light a little with her finger, and her finger became quite golden. Immediately a great fear fell on her. She shut the door violently, and ran away. Her terror too would not quit her, let her do what she might, and her heart beat continually and would not be still; the gold too stayed on her finger, and would not go away, let her rub it and wash it never so much.

It was not long before the Virgin Mary came back from her journey. She called the girl before her, and asked to have the keys of heaven back. When the maiden gave her the bunch, the Virgin looked into her eyes and said, "Hast thou not opened the thirteenth door also?" "No," she replied. Then she laid her hand on the girl's heart, and felt how it beat and beat, and saw right well that she had disobeyed her order and had opened the door. Then she said once again, "Art thou certain that thou hast not done it?" "Yes," said the girl, for the second time. Then she perceived the finger which had become golden from touching the fire of heaven, and saw well that the child had sinned, and said for the third time, "Hast thou not done it?" "No," said the girl for the third time. Then said the Virgin Mary, "Thou hast not obeyed me, and besides that thou hast lied, thou art no longer worthy to be in heaven."

Then the girl fell into a deep sleep, and when she awoke she lay on the earth below, and in the midst of a wilderness. She wanted to cry out, but she could bring forth no sound. She sprang up and wanted to run away, but whithersoever she turned herself, she was continually held back by thick hedges of thorns through which she could not break. In the desert, in which she was imprisoned, there stood an old hollow tree, and this had to be her dwelling-place. Into this she crept when night came, and here she slept. Here, too, she found a shelter from storm and rain, but it was a miserable life, and bitterly did she weep when she remembered how happy she

had been in heaven, and how the angels had played with her. Roots and wild berries were her only food, and for these she sought as far as she could go. In the autumn she picked up the fallen nuts and leaves, and carried them into the hole. The nuts were her food in winter, and when snow and ice came, she crept amongst the leaves like a poor little animal that she might not freeze. Before long her clothes were all torn, and one bit of them after another fell off her. As soon, however, as the sun shone warm again, she went out and sat in front of the tree, and her long hair covered her on all sides like a mantle. Thus she sat year after year, and felt the pain and the misery of the world. One day, when the trees were once more clothed in fresh green, the King of the country was hunting in the forest, and followed a roe, and as it had fled into the thicket which shut in this bit of the forest, he got off his horse, tore the bushes asunder, and cut himself a path with his sword. When he had at last forced his way through, he saw a wonderfully beautiful maiden sitting under the tree; and she sat there and was entirely covered with her golden hair down to her very feet. He stood still and looked at her full of surprise, then he spoke to her and said, "Who art thou? Why art thou sitting here in the wilderness?" But she gave no answer, for she could not open her mouth. The King continued, "Wilt thou go with me to my castle?" Then she just nodded her head a little. The King took her in his arms, carried her to his horse, and rode home with her, and when he reached the royal castle he caused her to be dressed in beautiful garments, and gave her all things in abundance. Although she could not speak, she was still so beautiful and charming that he began to love her with all his heart, and it was not long before he married her.

After a year or so had passed, the Queen brought a son into the world. Thereupon the Virgin Mary appeared to her in the night when she lay in her bed alone, and said, "If thou wilt tell the truth and confess that thou didst unlock the forbidden door, I will open thy mouth and give thee back thy speech, but if thou perseverest in thy sin, and deniest obstinately, I will take thy new-born child away with me." Then the queen was permitted to answer, but she remained hard, and said, "No, I did not open the forbidden door;" and the Virgin Mary took the new-born child from her arms, and vanished with it. Next morning, when the child was not to be found, it was whispered among the people that the Queen was a man-eater, and had killed her own child. She heard all this and could say nothing to the contrary, but the King would not believe it, for he loved her so much.

When a year had gone by the Queen again bore a son, and in the night the Virgin Mary again came to her, and said, "If thou wilt confess that thou openedst the forbidden door, I will give thee thy child back and untie thy tongue; but if you continuest in sin and deniest it, I will take away with me this new child also." Then the Queen again said, "No, I did not open the forbidden door;" and the Virgin took the child out of her arms, and away with her to heaven. Next morning, when this child also had disappeared, the people declared quite loudly that the Queen had devoured it, and the King's councillors demanded that she should be brought to justice. The King, however, loved her so dearly that he would not believe it, and commanded the councillors under pain of death not to say any more about it.

The following year the Queen gave birth to a beautiful little daughter, and for the third time the Virgin Mary appeared to her in the night and said, "Follow me." She took the Queen by the hand and led her to heaven, and showed her there her two eldest children, who smiled at her, and were playing with the ball of the world. When the Queen rejoiced thereat, the Virgin Mary said, "Is

thy heart not yet softened? If thou wilt own that thou openedst the forbidden door, I will give thee back thy two little sons." But for the third time the Queen answered, "No, I did not open the forbidden door." Then the Virgin let her sink down to earth once more, and took from her likewise her third child.

Next morning, when the loss was reported abroad, all the people cried loudly, "The Queen is a man-eater! She must be judged," and the King was no longer able to restrain his councillors. Thereupon a trial was held, and as she could not answer, and defend herself, she was condemned to be burnt alive. The wood was got together, and when she was fast bound to the stake, and the fire began to burn round about her, the hard ice of pride melted, her heart was moved by repentance, and she thought, "If I could but confess before my death that I opened the door." Then her voice came back to her, and she cried out loudly, "Yes, Mary, I did it;" and straightway rain fell from the sky and extinguished the flames of fire, and a light broke forth above her, and the Virgin Mary descended with the two little sons by her side, and the new-born daughter in her arms. She spoke kindly to her, and said, "He who repents his sin and acknowledges it, is forgiven." Then she gave her the three children, untied her tongue, and granted her happiness for her whole life.

#### 4.—THE STORY OF THE YOUTH WHO WENT FORTH TO LEARN WHAT FEAR WAS.

(*"The fairy tale of someone who went out to learn what fear was"* is a fairy tale that was called "*Gut Kegel- und Kartenspiel*" from the 1st edition to the 3rd edition. It is based on a version "in the Schwalm area" (from Ferdinand Siebert), a "Meklenburg story" and one "from Zwehrn" (probably by Dorothea Viehmann). The 1st edition version of 1812 *Gut Kegel und Kartenspiel* contained only the episode in the castle. The Story is heavily influenced by the medieval adventure of Sir Lancelot du Lac called *Les Merveilles de Rigomer* in which he spends a night in a haunted castle and undergoes almost the same ordeals as the youth.

*Contents: A father had two sons. The dimwitted younger son, when asked by his father what he would like to learn to support himself, said he would like to learn how to shudder (as in, learn to have fear). A sexton told the father that he could teach the boy. After teaching him to ring the church bell, he sent him one midnight to ring it and came after him, dressed as a ghost. The boy demanded an explanation. When the sexton did not answer, the boy, unafraid, pushed him down the stairs, breaking his leg. His horrified father turned him out of house, so the boy set out to learn how to shudder. He complained whenever he could, "If only I could shudder!" One man advised him to stay the night beneath the gallows, where seven hanged men were still hanging. He did so, and set a fire for the night. When the hanged bodies shook in the wind, he thought they must be cold. He cut them down and sat them close to his fire, but they did not stir even when their clothing caught on fire. The boy, annoyed at their carelessness, hung them back up in the gallows. After the incident at the gallows, he began traveling with a waggoner. When one night they arrived at an inn, the inn-keeper told him that if he wanted to know how to shudder, he should visit the haunted castle nearby. If he could manage to stay there for three nights in a row, he could learn how to shudder, as well as win the king's daughter and all of the rich treasures of the castle. Many men had tried, but none had succeeded. The boy accepted the challenge and went to the king. The king agreed, and told him that he may bring with him three*

*non-living things into the castle. The boy asked for a fire, a lathe, and a cutting board with a knife. The first night, as the boy sat in his room, two voices from the corner of the room moaned into the night, complaining about the cold. The boy, unafraid, claimed that the owners of the voices were stupid not to warm themselves with the fire. Suddenly, two black cats jumped out of the corner and, seeing the calm boy, proposed a card game. The boy tricked the cats and trapped them with the cutting board and knife. Black cats and dogs emerged from every patch of darkness in the room, and the boy fought and killed each of them with his knife. Then, from the darkness, a bed appeared. He lay down on it, preparing for sleep, but it began walking all over the castle. Still unafraid, the boy urged it to go faster. The bed turned upside down on him, but the boy, unfazed, just tossed the bed aside and slept next to the fire until morning. As the boy settled in for his second night in the castle, half of a man fell down the chimney. The boy, again unafraid, shouted up the chimney that the other half was needed. The other half, hearing the boy, fell from the chimney and reunited with the rest. More men followed with human skulls and dead men's legs with which to play nine-pins. The amused boy shaped the skulls into better balls with his lathe and joined the men until midnight, when they vanished into thin air. On his third and final night in the castle, the boy heard a strange noise. Six men entered his room, carrying a coffin. The boy, unafraid but distraught, believed the body to be his own dead cousin. As he tried to warm the body, it came back to life, and, confusedly, threatened to strangle him. The boy, angry at his ingratititude, closed the coffin on top of the man again. An old man hearing the noise came to see the boy. He visited with him, bragging that he could knock an anvil straight to the ground. The old man brought him to the basement and, while showing the boy his trick, the boy split the anvil and trapped the old man's beard in it, and then proceeded to beat the man with an iron rod. The man, desperate for mercy, showed the boy all of the treasures in the castle. The following morning, the king told the boy that he could win his lovely daughter. The boy agreed, though upset that he had still not learned how to shudder. After their wedding, the boy's continuing complaints "If only I could shudder!" annoyed his wife to no end. Reaching her wits' end, she sent for a bucketful of stream water, complete with gudgeons. She tossed the freezing water onto her husband while he was asleep. As he awoke, shuddering, he exclaimed that while he had finally learned to shudder, he still did not know what true fear was.)*

A certain father had two sons, the elder of whom was smart and sensible, and could do everything, but the younger was stupid and could neither learn nor understand anything, and when people saw him they said, "There's a fellow who will give his father some trouble!" When anything had to be done, it was always the elder who was forced to do it; but if his father bade him fetch anything when it was late, or in the night-time, and the way led through the churchyard, or any other dismal place, he answered, "Oh, no, father, I'll not go there, it makes me shudder!" for he was afraid. Or when stories were told by the fire at night which made the flesh creep, the listeners often said, "Oh, it makes us shudder!" The younger sat in a corner and listened with the rest of them, and could not imagine what they could mean. "They are always saying, 'it makes me shudder, it makes me shudder!' It does not make me shudder," thought he. That, too, must be an art of which I understand nothing!"

Now it came to pass that his father said to him one day, "Hearken to me, thou fellow in the corner there, thou art growing

tall and strong, and thou too must learn something by which thou canst earn thy living. Look how thy brother works, but thou dost not even earn thy salt." "Well, father," he replied, "I am quite willing to learn something—indeed, if it could but be managed, I should like to learn how to shudder. I don't understand that at all yet." The elder brother smiled when he heard that, and thought to himself, "Good God, what a blockhead that brother of mine is! He will never be good for anything as long as he lives! He who wants to be a sickle must bend himself betimes."

The father sighed, and answered him. "Thou shalt soon learn what it is to shudder, but thou wilt not earn thy living by that."

Soon after this the sexton came to the house on a visit, and the father bewailed his trouble, and told him how his younger son was so backward in every respect that he knew nothing and learnt nothing. "Just think," said he, "when I asked him how he was going to earn his bread, he actually wanted to learn to shudder." "If that be all," replied the sexton, "he can learn that with me. Send him to me, and I will soon polish him." The father was glad to do it, for he thought, "It will train the boy a little." The sexton therefore took him into his house, and he had to ring the bell. After a day or two, the sexton awoke him at midnight, and bade him arise and go up into the church tower and ring the bell. "Thou shalt soon learn what shuddering is," thought he, and secretly went there before him; and when the boy was at the top of the tower and turned round, and was just going to take hold of the bell rope, he saw a white figure standing on the stairs opposite the sounding hole. "Who is there?" cried he, but the figure made no reply, and did not move or stir. "Give an answer," cried the boy, "or take thy self off, thou hast no business here at night."

The sexton, however, remained standing motionless that the boy might think he was a ghost. The boy cried a second time, "What dost thou want here?—speak if thou art an honest fellow, or I will throw thee down the steps!" The sexton thought, "he can't intend to be as bad as his words," uttered no sound and stood as if he were made of stone. Then the boy called to him for the third time, and as that was also to no purpose, he ran against him and pushed the ghost down the stairs, so that it fell down ten steps and remained lying there in a corner. Thereupon he rang the bell, went home, and without saying a word went to bed, and fell asleep. The sexton's wife waited a long time for her husband, but he did not come back. At length she became uneasy, and wakened the boy, and asked, "Dost thou not know where my husband is? He climbed up the tower before thou didst." "No, I don't know," replied the boy, "but some one was standing by the sounding hole on the other side of the steps, and as he would neither give an answer nor go away, I took him for a scoundrel, and threw him downstairs, just go there and you will see if it was he. I should be sorry if it were." The woman ran away and found her husband, who was lying moaning in the corner, and had broken his leg.

She carried him down, and then with loud screams she hastened to the boy's father. "Your boy," cried she, "has been the cause of a great misfortune! He has thrown my husband down the steps and made him break his leg. Take the good-for-nothing fellow away from our house." The father was terrified, and ran thither and scolded the boy. "What wicked tricks are these?" said he, "the devil must have put this into thy head." "Father," he replied, "do listen to me. I am quite innocent. He was standing there by night like one who is intending to do some evil. I did not know who it was, and I entreated him three times either to speak or to go away." "Ah," said the father, "I have nothing but unhappiness with thee. Go out of my sight. I will see thee no more."

"Yes, father, right willingly, wait only until it is day. Then will I go forth and learn how to shudder, and then I shall, at any rate, understand one art which will support me." "Learn what thou wilt," spake the father, "it is all the same to me. Here are fifty thalers for thee. Take these and go into the wide world, and tell no one from whence thou comest, and who is thy father, for I have reason to be ashamed of thee." "Yes, father, it shall be as you will. If you desire nothing more than that, I can easily keep it in mind."

When day dawned, therefore, the boy put his fifty thalers into his pocket, and went forth on the great highway, and continually said to himself, "If I could but shudder! If I could but shudder!" Then a man approached who heard this conversation which the youth was holding with himself, and when they had walked a little farther to where they could see the gallows, the man said to him, "Look, there is the tree where seven men have married the ropemaker's daughter, and are now learning how to fly. Sit down below it, and wait till night comes, and thou wilt soon learn how to shudder." "If that is all that is wanted," answered the youth, "it is easily done; but if I learn how to shudder as fast as that, thou shalt have my fifty thalers. Just come back to me early in the morning." Then the youth went to the gallows, sat down below it, and waited till evening came. And as he was cold, he lighted himself a fire, but at midnight the wind blew so sharply that in spite of his fire, he could not get warm. And as the wind knocked the hanged men against each other, and they moved backwards and forwards, he thought to himself, "Thou shiverest below by the fire, but how those up above must freeze and suffer!" And as he felt pity for them, he raised the ladder, and climbed up, unbound one of them after the other, and brought down all seven. Then he stirred the fire, blew it, and set them all round it to warm themselves. But they sat there and did not stir, and the fire caught their clothes. So he said, "Take care, or I will hang you up again." The dead men, however, did not hear, but were quite silent, and let their rags go on burning. On this he grew angry, and said, "If you will not take care, I cannot help you, I will not be burnt with you," and he hung them up again each in his turn. Then he sat down by his fire and fell asleep, and the next morning the man came to him and wanted to have the fifty thalers, and said, "Well, dost thou know how to shudder?" "No," answered he, "how was I to get to know? Those fellows up there did not open their mouths, and were so stupid that they let the few old rags which they had on their bodies get burnt." Then the man saw that he would not get the fifty thalers that day, and went away saying, "One of this kind has never come my way before."

The youth likewise went his way, and once more began to mutter to himself, "Ah, if I could but shudder! Ah, if I could but shudder!" A waggoner who was striding behind him heard that and asked, "Who art thou?" "I don't know," answered the youth. Then the waggoner asked, "From whence comest thou?" "I know not." "Who is thy father?" "That I may not tell thee." "What is it that thou art always muttering between thy teeth?" "Ah," replied the youth, "I do so wish I could shudder, but no one can teach me how to do it." "Give up thy foolish chatter," said the waggoner. "Come, go with me, I will see about a place for thee." The youth went with the waggoner, and in the evening they arrived at an inn where they wished to pass the night. Then at the entrance of the room the youth again said quite loudly, "If I could but shudder! If I could but shudder!" The host who heard this, laughed and said, "If that is your desire, there ought to be a good opportunity for you here." "Ah, be silent," said the hostess, "so many inquisitive persons have already lost their lives, it would be a pity and a

shame if such beautiful eyes as these should never see the daylight again."

But the youth said, "However difficult it may be, I will learn it, and for this purpose indeed have I journeyed forth." He let the host have no rest, until the latter told him, that not far from thence stood a haunted castle where any one could very easily learn what shuddering was, if he would but watch in it for three nights. The King had promised that he who would venture should have his daughter to wife, and she was the most beautiful maiden the sun shone on. Great treasures likewise lay in the castle, which were guarded by evil spirits, and these treasures would then be freed, and would make a poor man rich enough. Already many men had gone into the castle, but as yet none had come out again. Then the youth went next morning to the King and said that if he were allowed he would watch three nights in the enchanted castle. The King looked at him, and as the youth pleased him, he said, "Thou mayest ask for three things to take into the castle with thee, but they must be things without life." Then he answered, "Then I ask for a fire, a turning lathe, and a cutting-board with the knife." The King had these things carried into the castle for him during the day. When night was drawing near, the youth went up and made himself a bright fire in one of the rooms, placed the cutting-board and knife beside it, and seated himself by the turning-lathe. "Ah, if I could but shudder!" said he, "but I shall not learn it here either." Towards midnight he was about to poke his fire, and as he was blowing it, something cried suddenly from one corner, "Au, miau! how cold we are!" "You simpletons!" cried he, "what are you crying about? If you are cold, come and take a seat by the fire and warm yourselves." And when he had said that, two great black cats came with one tremendous leap and sat down on each side of him, and looked savagely at him with their fiery eyes. After a short time, when they had warmed themselves, they said, "Comrade, shall we have a game at cards?" "Why not?" he replied, "but just show me your paws." Then they stretched out their claws. "Oh," said he, "what long nails you have! Wait, I must first cut them a little for you." Thereupon he seized them by the throats, put them on the cutting-board and screwed their feet fast. "I have looked at your fingers," said he, "and my fancy for card-playing has gone," and he struck them dead and threw them out into the water. But when he had made away with these two, and was about to sit down again by his fire, out from every hole and corner came black cats and black dogs with red-hot chains, and more and more of them came until he could no longer stir, and they yelled horribly, and got on his fire, pulled it to pieces, and wanted to put it out. He watched them for a while quietly, but at last when they were going too far, he seized his cutting-knife, and cried, "Away with ye, vermin," and began to cut them down. Part of them ran away, the others he killed, and threw out into the fish-pond. When he came back he blew up the embers of his fire again and warmed himself. And as he thus sat, his eyes would keep open no longer, and he felt a desire to sleep. Then he looked round and saw a great bed in the corner. "That is the very thing for me," said he, and got into it. When he was just going to shut his eyes, however, the bed began to move of its own accord, and went over the whole of the castle. "That's right," said he, "but go faster." Then the bed rolled on as if six horses were harnessed to it, up and down, over thresholds and steps, but suddenly hop, hop, it turned over upside down, and lay on him like a mountain. But he threw quilts and pillows up in the air, got out and said, "Now any one who likes, may drive," and lay down by his fire, and slept till it was day. In the morning the King came, and when he saw him lying there on the ground, he thought the evil spirits had killed him and he was dead. Then said

he, "After all it is a pity,—he is a handsome man." The youth heard it, got up, and said, "It has not come to that yet." Then the King was astonished, but very glad, and asked how he had fared. "Very well indeed," answered he; "one night is over, the two others will get over likewise." Then he went to the innkeeper, who opened his eyes very wide, and said, "I never expected to see thee alive again! Hast thou learnt how to shudder yet?" "No," said he, "it is all in vain. If some one would but tell me!"

The second night he again went up into the old castle, sat down by the fire, and once more began his old song, "If I could but shudder!" When midnight came, an uproar and noise of tumbling about was heard; at first it was low, but it grew louder and louder. Then it was quiet for awhile, and at length with a loud scream, half a man came down the chimney and fell before him. "Hollo!" cried he, "another half belongs to this. This is too little!" Then the uproar began again, there was a roaring and howling, and the other half fell down likewise. "Wait," said he, "I will just blow up the fire a little for thee." When he had done that and looked round again, the two pieces were joined together, and a frightful man was sitting in his place. "That is no part of our bargain," said the youth, "the bench is mine." The man wanted to push him away; the youth, however, would not allow that, but thrust him off with all his strength, and seated himself again in his own place. Then still more men fell down, one after the other; they brought nine dead men's legs and two skulls, and set them up and played at nine-pins with them. The youth also wanted to play and said "Hark you, can I join you?" "Yes, if thou hast any money." "Money enough," replied he, "but your balls are not quite round." Then he took the skulls and put them in the lathe and turned them till they were round. "There, now, they will roll better!" said he. "Hurrah! now it goes merrily!" He played with them and lost some of his money, but when it struck twelve, everything vanished from his sight. He lay down and quietly fell asleep. Next morning the King came to enquire after him. "How has it fared with thee this time?" asked he. "I have been playing at nine-pins," he answered, "and have lost a couple of farthings." "Hast thou not shuddered then?" "Eh, what?" said he, "I have made merry. If I did but know what it was to shudder!"

The third night he sat down again on his bench and said quite sadly, "If I could but shudder." When it grew late, six tall men came in and brought a coffin. Then said he, "Ha, ha, that is certainly my little cousin, who died only a few days ago," and he beckoned with his finger, and cried "Come, little cousin, come." They placed the coffin on the ground, but he went to it and took the lid off, and a dead man lay therein. He felt his face, but it was cold as ice. "Stop," said he, "I will warm thee a little," and went to the fire and warmed his hand and laid it on the dead man's face, but he remained cold. Then he took him out, and sat down by the fire and laid him on his breast and rubbed his arms that the blood might circulate again. As this also did no good, he thought to himself, "When two people lie in bed together, they warm each other," and carried him to the bed, covered him over and lay down by him. After a short time the dead man became warm too, and began to move. Then said the youth, "See, little cousin, have I not warmed thee?" The dead man, however, got up and cried, "Now will I strangle thee."

"What!" said he, "is that the way thou thankest me? Thou shalt at once go into thy coffin again," and he took him up, threw him into it, and shut the lid. Then came the six men and carried him away again. "I cannot manage to shudder," said he. "I shall never learn it here as long as I live."

Then a man entered who was taller than all others, and looked terrible. He was old, however, and had a long white beard. "Thou wretch," cried he, "thou shalt soon learn what it is to shudder, for thou shalt die." "Not so fast," replied the youth. "If I am to die, I shall have to have a say in it." "I will soon seize thee," said the fiend. "Softly, softly, do not talk so big. I am as strong as thou art, and perhaps even stronger." "We shall see," said the old man. "If thou art stronger, I will let thee go—come, we will try." Then he led him by dark passages to a smith's forge, took an axe, and with one blow struck an anvil into the ground. "I can do that better still," said the youth, and went to the other anvil. The old man placed himself near and wanted to look on, and his white beard hung down. Then the youth seized the axe, split the anvil with one blow, and struck the old man's beard in with it. "Now I have thee," said the youth. "Now it is thou who wilt have to die." Then he seized an iron bar and beat the old man till he moaned and entreated him to stop, and he would give him great riches. The youth drew out the axe and let him go. The old man led him back into the castle, and in a cellar showed him three chests full of gold. "Of these," said he, "one part is for the poor, the other is for the king, the third is thine." In the meantime it struck twelve, and the spirit disappeared; the youth, therefore, was left in darkness. "I shall still be able to find my way out," said he, and felt about, found the way into the room, and slept there by his fire. Next morning the King came and said "Now thou must have learnt what shuddering is?" "No," he answered; "what can it be? My dead cousin was here, and a bearded man came and showed me a great deal of money down below, but no one told me what it was to shudder." "Then," said the King, "thou hast delivered the castle, and shalt marry my daughter." "That is all very well," said he, "but still I do not know what it is to shudder!"

Then the gold was brought up and the wedding celebrated; but howsoever much the young King loved his wife, and however happy he was, he still said always "If I could but shudder—if I could but shudder." And at last she was angry at this. Her waiting-maid said, "I will find a cure for him; he shall soon learn what it is to shudder." She went out to the stream which flowed through the garden, and had a whole bucketful of gudgeons brought to her. At night when the young King was sleeping, his wife was to draw the clothes off him and empty the bucketful of cold water with the gudgeons in it over him, so that the little fishes would sprawl about him. When this was done, he woke up and cried "Oh, what makes me shudder so?—what makes me shudder so, dear wife? Ah! now I know what it is to shudder!"

## 5.—THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN LITTLE KIDS.

(*"The Wolf and the Seven Young Goats"* (German: *Der Wolf und die sieben jungen Geißlein*) is a fairy tale that has obvious resemblance to "The Three Little Pigs" and other type 124 folktales. The rescue of the kids from the wolf's belly and his punishment by filling him with stones can also be compared to the rescue and revenge of Little Red Cap (Little Red Riding Hood) against the wolf. The story was published by the Brothers Grimm in the first edition of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* in 1812. Their source was the Hassenpflug family from Hanau. A similar tale, "The Wolf and the Kids," has been told in the Middle East and parts of Europe, and probably originated in the first century.

*Contents:* A mother goat leaves her seven children at home while she ventures into the forest to find food. Before she leaves, she warns her young about the wolf who will try to sneak into the

*house and gobble them up. He will pretend to be their mother and convince the kids to open the door. The young children will be able to recognise their true mother by her white feet and sweet voice. The mother goat leaves and the seven kids stay in the house. Before long, they hear a voice at the door that says "Let me in children, your mother has something for each and every one of you." It was the wolf, whose gruff voice betrays him and the kids do not let him in. The wolf goes to a marketplace, store, or pharmacy and steals some honey, medicine or chalk, to soften his voice. A little while later, the kids hear another voice at the door: "Let me in children, your mother has something for each and every one of you." This time the voice is high and sweet like their mother's. They are about to let him in when the youngest kid looks under the crack in the door and notices the wolf's big, black feet. They refuse to open the door, and the wolf goes away again. The wolf goes to the bakery or mill and steals some flour, smearing it all over his coat, turning his black feet white. He returns to the children's house, and says "Let me in children, your mother has something for each and every one of you." The kids see his white feet and hear his sweet voice, so they open the door. The wolf jumps into the house and gobbles up six of the kids. The youngest child hides from the wolf in the grandfather clock and does not get eaten. Later that day, the mother goat returns home from the forest. She is distraught to find the door wide open and all but one of her children missing. She looks around and sees the wolf, fast asleep under a tree. He has eaten so much, he cannot move. The mother goat calls to her youngest child to quickly get her a pair of scissors, a needle and some thread. She cuts open the wolf's belly and the six children spring out miraculously unharmed. They fill the wolf's belly with rocks, and the mother sews it back up again. When the wolf wakes up, he is very thirsty. He goes to the river to drink, but being so heavy he falls in and drowns under the weight of the rocks. All the children feel great to find themselves safe. The family lives happily ever after.)*

There was once upon a time an old goat who had seven little kids, and loved them with all the love of a mother for her children. One day she wanted to go into the forest and fetch some food. So she called all seven to her and said, "Dear children, I have to go into the forest, be on your guard against the wolf; if he come in, he will devour you all-skin, hair, and all. The wretch often disguises himself, but you will know him at once by his rough voice and his black feet." The kids said, "Dear mother, we will take good care of ourselves; you may go away without any anxiety." Then the old one bleated, and went on her way with an easy mind.

It was not long before some one knocked at the house-door and cried, "Open the door, dear children; your mother is here, and has brought something back with her for each of you." But the little kids knew that it was the wolf, by the rough voice; "We will not open the door," cried they, "thou art not our mother. She has a soft, pleasant voice, but thy voice is rough; thou art the wolf!" Then the wolf went away to a shopkeeper and bought himself a great lump of chalk, ate this and made his voice soft with it. The he came back, knocked at the door of the house, and cried, "Open the door, dear children, your mother is here and has brought something back with her for each of you." But the wolf had laid his black paws against the window, and the children saw them and cried, "We will not open the door, our mother has not black feet like thee; thou art the wolf!" Then the wolf ran to a baker and said, "I have hurt my feet, rub some dough over them for me." And when the baker had rubbed his feet over, he ran to the miller and said, "Strew some white meal over my feet for me." The miller

thought to himself, "The wolf wants to deceive someone," and refused; but the wolf said, "If thou wilt not do it, I will devour thee." Then the miller was afraid, and made his paws white for him. Truly men are like that.

So now the wretch went for the third time to the house-door, knocked at it and said, "Open the door for me, children, your dear little mother has come home, and has brought every one of you something back from the forest with her." The little kids cried, "First show us thy paws that we may know if thou art our dear little mother." Then he put his paws in through the window, and when the kids saw that they were white, they believed that all he said was true, and opened the door. But who should come in but the wolf! They were terrified and wanted to hide themselves. One sprang under the table, the second into the bed, the third into the stove, the fourth into the kitchen, the fifth into the cupboard, the sixth under the washing-bowl, and the seventh into the clockcase. But the wolf found them all, and used no great ceremony; one after the other he swallowed them down his throat. The youngest, in the clock-case, was the only one he did not find. When the wolf had satisfied his appetite he took himself off, laid himself down under a tree in the green meadow outside, and began to sleep. Soon afterwards the old goat came home again from the forest. Ah! what a sight she saw there! The house-door stood wide open. The table, chairs, and benches were thrown down, the washing-bowl lay broken to pieces, and the quilts and pillows were pulled off the bed. She sought her children, but they were nowhere to be found. She called them one after another by name, but no one answered. At last, when she came to the youngest, a soft voice cried, "Dear mother, I am in the clock-case." She took the kid out, and it told her that the wolf had come and had eaten all the others. Then you may imagine how she wept over her poor children.

At length in her grief she went out, and the youngest kid ran with her. When they came to the meadow, there lay the wolf by the tree and snored so loud that the branches shook. She looked at him on every side and saw that something was moving and struggling in his gorged body. "Ah, heavens," said she, "is it possible that my poor children whom he has swallowed down for his supper, can be still alive?" Then the kid had to run home and fetch scissors, and a needle and thread, and the goat cut open the monster's stomach, and hardly had she made one cut, than one little kid thrust its head out, and when she had cut farther, all six sprang out one after another, and were all still alive, and had suffered no injury whatever, for in his greediness the monster had swallowed them down whole. What rejoicing there was! Then they embraced their dear mother, and jumped like a tailor at his wedding. The mother, however, said, "Now go and look for some big stones, and we will fill the wicked beast's stomach with them while he is still asleep." Then the seven kids dragged the stones thither with all speed, and put as many of them into his stomach as they could get in; and the mother sewed him up again in the greatest haste, so that he was not aware of anything and never once stirred.

When the wolf at length had had his sleep out, he got on his legs, and as the stones in his stomach made him very thirsty, he wanted to go to a well to drink. But when he began to walk and move about, the stones in his stomach knocked against each other and rattled. Then cried he,

"What rumbles and tumbles  
Against my poor bones?  
I thought 't was six kids,  
But it's naught but big stones."

And when he got to the well and stooped over the water and was just about to drink, the heavy stones made him fall in, and there was no help, but he had to drown miserably. When the seven kids saw that, they came running to the spot and cried aloud, "The wolf is dead! The wolf is dead!" and danced for joy round about the well with their mother.

## 6.—FAITHFUL JOHN.

(*"Trusty John"*, *"Faithful John"*, *"Faithful Johannes"*, or *"John the True"* (German: *Der treue Johannes*) is a fairy tale told to the Grimms by the German storyteller Dorothea Viehmann, from the village of Niederzwehren near Kassel. Andrew Lang called it *"The Faithful Servant"* in his *Fairy Books*.

*Contents: A king on his deathbed orders his servant, Trusty John, not to let his son see a certain room, which holds a portrait of a princess. When the new king comes to power, he forces his way into the room. Instantly, he falls in love with the princess. The king does not know how to win her. Trusty John tells him to prepare a ship with all manner of rich treasure, and then either sails with it himself, or has the king sail with him, to her country. The princess is lured aboard by the goods, and the ship sets sail, carrying her off. She is shocked when she notices the betrayal, but is reconciled when the king's son reveals himself and his love. Faithful Johannes listens to three ravens at the bow. They speak of a chestnut horse that will carry the king away unless someone else jumps up and shoots him first, a bridal dress made of sulfur and pitch that will burn him to the bone unless someone with gloves throws it into the fire, and that the bride will fall dead as she dances and die unless someone draws three drops of blood from her breast and spits it out again. But whoever tells the king that will turn to stone. When faithful John silently forestalls the king and takes care of the horse and the robe, he still defends him in front of the other servants. But when he saves the bride by drawing blood from her breast, he has him led to the gallows. There, faithful John explains why he is unjustly condemned and is turned to stone. The king repents and has the stone image set up next to his bed. One day it tells him that he can save his faithful servant if he cuts off the heads of his two little sons and smears them with their blood. The father does it with a heavy heart, whereupon Johannes comes to life and also revives the little sons. After the queen proves she would have done the same, they live happily ever after.)*

There was once on a time an old king who was ill, and thought to himself, "I am lying on what must be my death-bed." Then said he, "Tell Faithful John to come to me." Faithful John was his favourite servant, and was so called, because he had for his whole life long been so true to him. When therefore he came beside the bed, the King said to him, "Most faithful John, I feel my end approaching, and have no anxiety except about my son. He is still of tender age, and cannot always know how to guide himself. If thou dost not promise me to teach him everything that he ought to know, and to be his foster-father, I cannot close my eyes in peace." Then answered Faithful John, "I will not forsake him, and will serve him with fidelity, even if it should cost me my life." On this, the old King said, "Now I die in comfort and peace." Then he added, "After my death, thou shalt show him the whole castle: all the chambers, halls, and vaults, and all the treasures which lie therein, but the last chamber in the long gallery, in which is the picture of the princess of the Golden Dwelling, shalt thou not

show. If he sees that picture, he will fall violently in love with her, and will drop down in a swoon, and go through great danger for her sake, therefore thou must preserve him from that." And when Faithful John had once more given his promise to the old King about this, the King said no more, but laid his head on his pillow, and died.

When the old King had been carried to his grave, Faithful John told the young King all that he had promised his father on his deathbed, and said, "This will I assuredly perform, and will be faithful to thee as I have been faithful to him, even if it should cost me my life." When the mourning was over, Faithful John said to him, "It is now time that thou shouldst see thine inheritance. I will show thee thy father's palace." Then he took him about everywhere, up and down, and let him see all the riches, and the magnificent apartments, only there was one room which he did not open, that in which hung the dangerous picture. The picture was, however, so placed that when the door was opened you looked straight on it, and it was so admirably painted that it seemed to breathe and live, and there was nothing more charming or more beautiful in the whole world. The young king, however, plainly remarked that Faithful John always walked past this one door, and said, "Why dost thou never open this one for me?" "There is something within it," he replied, "which would terrify thee." But the King answered, "I have seen all the palace, and I will know what is in this room also," and he went and tried to break open the door by force. Then Faithful John held him back and said, "I promised thy father before his death that thou shouldst not see that which is in this chamber, it might bring the greatest misfortune on thee and on me." "Ah, no," replied the young King, "if I do not go in, it will be my certain destruction. I should have no rest day or night until I had seen it with my own eyes. I shall not leave the place now until thou hast unlocked the door."

Then Faithful John saw that there was no help for it now, and with a heavy heart and many sighs, sought out the key from the great bunch. When he had opened the door, he went in first, and thought by standing before him he could hide the portrait so that the King should not see it in front of him, but what availed that? The King stood on tip-toe and saw it over his shoulder. And when he saw the portrait of the maiden, which was so magnificent and shone with gold and precious stones, he fell fainting on the ground. Faithful John took him up, carried him to his bed, and sorrowfully thought, "The misfortune has befallen us, Lord God, what will be the end of it?" Then he strengthened him with wine, until he came to himself again. The first words the King said were, "Ah, the beautiful portrait! whose it is?" "That is the princess of the Golden Dwelling," answered Faithful John. Then the King continued, "My love for her is so great, that if all the leaves on all the trees were tongues, they could not declare it. I will give my life to win her. Thou art my most Faithful John, thou must help me."

The faithful servant considered within himself for a long time how to set about the matter, for it was difficult even to obtain a sight of the King's daughter. At length he thought of a way, and said to the King, "Everything which she has about her is of gold -- tables, chairs, dishes, glasses, bowls, and household furniture. Among thy treasures are five tons of gold; let one of the goldsmiths of the kingdom work these up into all manner of vessels and utensils, into all kinds of birds, wild beasts and strange animals, such as may please her, and we will go there with them and try our luck."

The King ordered all the goldsmiths to be brought to him, and they had to work night and day until at last the most splendid

things were prepared. When everything was stowed on board a ship, Faithful John put on the dress of a merchant, and the King was forced to do the same in order to make himself quite unrecognisable. Then they sailed across the sea, and sailed on until they came to the town wherein dwelt the princess of the Golden Dwelling.

Faithful John bade the King stay behind on the ship, and wait for him. "Perhaps I shall bring the princess with me," said he, "therefore see that everything is in order; have the golden vessels set out and the whole ship decorated." Then he gathered together in his apron all kinds of gold things, went on shore and walked straight to the royal palace. When he entered the courtyard of the palace, a beautiful girl was standing there by the well with two golden buckets in her hand, drawing water with them. And when she was just turning round to carry away the sparkling water she saw the stranger, and asked who he was. So he answered, "I am a merchant," and opened his apron, and let her look in. Then she cried, "Oh, what beautiful gold things!" and put her pails down and looked at the golden wares one after the other. Then said the girl, "The princess must see these, she has such great pleasure in golden things, that she will buy all you have." She took him by the hand and led him upstairs, for she was the waiting-maid. When the King's daughter saw the wares, she was quite delighted and said, "They are so beautifully worked, that I will buy them all of thee." But Faithful John said, "I am only the servant of a rich merchant. The things I have here are not to be compared with those my master has in his ship. They are the most beautiful and valuable things that have ever been made in gold." She wanted to have everything brought to her there, but he said, "There are so many of them that it would take a great many days to do that, and so many rooms would be required to exhibit them, that your house is not big enough." Then her curiosity and longing were still more excited, until at last she said, "Conduct me to the ship, I will go there myself, and behold the treasures of thy master."

On this Faithful John was quite delighted, and led her to the ship, and when the King saw her, he perceived that her beauty was even greater than the picture had represented it to be, and thought no other than that his heart would burst in twain. Then she got into the ship, and the King led her within. Faithful John, however, remained behind with the pilot, and ordered the ship to be pushed off, saying, "Set all sail, till it fly like a bird in air." Within, however, the King showed her the golden vessels, every one of them, also the wild beasts and strange animals. Many hours went by whilst she was seeing everything, and in her delight she did not observe that the ship was sailing away. After she had looked at the last, she thanked the merchant and wanted to go home, but when she came to the side of the ship, she saw that it was on the deep sea far from land, and hurrying onwards with all sail set. "Ah," cried she in her alarm, "I am betrayed! I am carried away and have fallen into the power of a merchant--I would die rather!" The King, however, seized her hand, and said, "I am not a merchant. I am a king, and of no meaner origin than thou art, and if I have carried thee away with subtlety, that has come to pass because of my exceeding great love for thee. The first time that I looked on thy portrait, I fell fainting to the ground." When the princess of the Golden Dwelling heard that, she was comforted, and her heart was inclined unto him, so that she willingly consented to be his wife.

It happened, however, while they were sailing onwards over the deep sea, that Faithful John, who was sitting on the fore part of the vessel, making music, saw three ravens in the air, which came flying towards them. On this he stopped playing and listened to what they were saying to each other, for that he well understood.

One cried, "Oh, there he is carrying home the princess of the Golden Dwelling." "Yes," replied the second, "but he has not got her yet." Said the third, "But he has got her, she is sitting beside him in the ship." Then the first began again, and cried, "What good will that do him? When they reach land a chestnut horse will leap forward to meet him, and the prince will want to mount it, but if he does that, it will run away with him, and rise up into the air with him, and he will never see his maiden more." Spake the second, "But is there no escape?"

"Oh, yes, if any one else gets on it swiftly, and takes out the pistol which must be in its holster, and shoots the horse dead with it, the young King is saved. But who knows that? And whosoever does know it, and tells it to him, will be turned to stone from the toe to the knee." Then said the second, "I know more than that; even if the horse be killed, the young King will still not keep his bride. When they go into the castle together, a wrought bridal garment will be lying there in a dish, and looking as if it were woven of gold and silver; it is, however, nothing but sulphur and pitch, and if he put it on, it will burn him to the very bone and marrow." Said the third, "Is there no escape at all?"

"Oh, yes," replied the second, "if any one with gloves on seizes the garment and throws it into the fire and burns it, the young King will be saved. But what avails that? Whosoever knows it and tells it to him, half his body will become stone from the knee to the heart."

Then said the third, "I know still more; even if the bridal garment be burnt, the young King will still not have his bride. After the wedding, when the dancing begins and the young Queen is dancing, she will suddenly turn pale and fall down as if dead, and if some one does not lift her up and draw three drops of blood from her right breast and spit them out again, she will die. But if any one who knows that were to declare it, he would become stone from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot." When the ravens had spoken of this together, they flew onwards, and Faithful John had well understood everything, but from that time forth he became quiet and sad, for if he concealed what he had heard from his master, the latter would be unfortunate, and if he discovered it to him, he himself must sacrifice his life. At length, however, he said to himself, "I will save my master, even if it bring destruction on myself."

When therefore they came to shore, all happened as had been foretold by the ravens, and a magnificent chestnut horse sprang forward. "Good," said the King, "he shall carry me to my palace," and was about to mount it when Faithful John got before him, jumped quickly on it, drew the pistol out of the holster, and shot the horse. Then the other attendants of the King, who after all were not very fond of Faithful John, cried, "How shameful to kill the beautiful animal, that was to have carried the King to his palace!" But the King said, "Hold your peace and leave him alone, he is my most faithful John, who knows what may be the good of that!" They went into the palace, and in the hall there stood a dish, and therein lay the bridal garment looking no otherwise than as if it were made of gold and silver. The young king went towards it and was about to take hold of it, but Faithful John pushed him away, seized it with gloves on, carried it quickly to the fire and burnt it. The other attendants again began to murmur, and said, "Behold, now he is even burning the King's bridal garment!" But the young King said, "Who knows what good he may have done, leave him alone, he is my most faithful John."

And now the wedding was solemnised: the dance began, and the bride also took part in it; then Faithful John was watchful and looked into her face, and suddenly she turned pale and fell to the

ground, as if she were dead. On this he ran hastily to her, lifted her up and bore her into a chamber--then he laid her down, and knelt and sucked the three drops of blood from her right breast, and spat them out. Immediately she breathed again and recovered herself, but the young King had seen this, and being ignorant why Faithful John had done it, was angry and cried, "Throw him into a dungeon." Next morning Faithful John was condemned, and led to the gallows, and when he stood on high, and was about to be executed, he said, "Every one who has to die is permitted before his end to make one last speech; may I too claim the right?" "Yes," answered the King, "it shall be granted unto thee." Then said Faithful John, "I am unjustly condemned, and have always been true to thee," and he related how he had hearkened to the conversation of the ravens when on the sea, and how he had been obliged to do all these things in order to save his master. Then cried the King, "Oh, my most Faithful John. Pardon, pardon--bring him down." But as Faithful John spoke the last word he had fallen down lifeless and become a stone.

Thereupon the King and the Queen suffered great anguish, and the King said, "Ah, how ill I have requited great fidelity!" and ordered the stone figure to be taken up and placed in his bedroom beside his bed. And as often as he looked on it he wept and said, "Ah, if I could bring thee to life again, my most faithful John." Some time passed and the Queen bore twins, two sons who grew fast and were her delight. Once when the Queen was at church and the two children were sitting playing beside their father, the latter full of grief again looked at the stone figure, sighed and said, "Ah, if I could but bring thee to life again, my most faithful John." Then the stone began to speak and said, "Thou canst bring me to life again if thou wilt use for that purpose what is dearest to thee." Then cried the King, "I will give everything I have in the world for thee." The stone continued, "If thou wilt cut off the heads of thy two children with thine own hand, and sprinkle me with their blood, I shall be restored to life."

The King was terrified when he heard that he himself must kill his dearest children, but he thought of faithful John's great fidelity, and how he had died for him, drew his sword, and with his own hand cut off the children's heads. And when he had smeared the stone with their blood, life returned to it, and Faithful John stood once more safe and healthy before him. He said to the King, "Thy truth shall not go unrewarded," and took the heads of the children, put them on again, and rubbed the wounds with their blood, on which they became whole again immediately, and jumped about, and went on playing as if nothing had happened. Then the King was full of joy, and when he saw the Queen coming he hid Faithful John and the two children in a great cupboard. When she entered, he said to her, "Hast thou been praying in the church?" "Yes," answered she, "but I have constantly been thinking of Faithful John and what misfortune has befallen him through us." Then said he, "Dear wife, we can give him his life again, but it will cost us our two little sons, whom we must sacrifice." The Queen turned pale, and her heart was full of terror, but she said, "We owe it to him, for his great fidelity." Then the King was rejoiced that she thought as he had thought, and went and opened the cupboard, and brought forth Faithful John and the children, and said, "God be praised, he is delivered, and we have our little sons again also," and told her how everything had occurred. Then they dwelt together in much happiness until their death.

## 7.—THE GOOD BARGAIN.

*("The Good Bargain" is a farce [a trivial folk tale] published in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm and from the 2nd edition of 1819 took place 7 (KHM 7) where in the 1st edition was "The Stolen Heller" (renumbered as KHM 154). The Grimms state "from Paderborn" (from the Haxthausen family). This antisemitic fairytale was added to the Grimm's collection with the second edition of 1819. A similar anti-Semitic tale collected by the Grimms is "The Jew Among Thorns." Of the 211 folk tales collected and published by the Brothers Grimm in the final edition of 1857, three have central Jewish characters: The Good Bargain, The Jew Among Thorns (KHM 110) and The Bright Sun Brings It to Light (KHM 115), with the first two being overtly antisemitic while the third is more ambiguous in the way in which it depicts the Jewish characters. Whether these tales reflect the views of the Grimm Brothers or just those of the population is unknown.)*

*Antisemitic views of Christians and Muslims have their origin in the earliest texts of the New Testament, the epistles of the Roman citizen Shaul ha Tarsi (Saul of Tarsos), better known as Paul the Apostle. His letters, and consequently all other New Testament texts, are definitely anti-Jewish reflecting the political events of the time. Paul was a member of the Pharisees, one of the two main Jewish movements in the 1st century AD. The other group were the Messianist Jews of the Holy Land who launched the First Roman-Jewish War. Paul was a Roman official who, according to his own letters, was persecuting all sorts of Messianists ("For ye have heard of my conversation in time past in the Jews' religion, how that beyond measure I persecuted the church of God [meaning the Messianists in the Holy Land, first led by James the brother of Jesus], and wasted it;" Galatians 1:13). The conflict was about law and politics. On order of Emperor Nero, the general and later emperor Titus Flavius Vespasianus crushed the separatistic Messianists in a massive war with over a million deaths. The mainly peaceful Pharisees survived and became the reformed "Roman Jews" or "Rabbinic Jews," as we call them today. The big war however, tarnished the reputation of the peaceful Jews and the early Jewish Christians; Vespasian's adoptive son Titus Flavius Josephus reported in his book "The Jewish Wars" on those events extensively. (See the Introduction to the New Testament, the Letters of Paul the Apostle, the Babylonian Talmud, the "Recognitions" and "Homilies" by Titus Flavius Clemens, and the Dead Sea Scrolls of Qumran [which represent the only surviving texts of the Messianists]; all in the Grand Bible, Internet Archive.)*

*Contents: A farmer sells his cow for seven thalers. On the way home, frogs croak "ak, ak, ak, ak." He thinks they mean "eight" thalers, wants to lecture them and throws the money into the pond. As he brings the meat of the next cow to town, a dog barks "what, what, what, what." The farmer thinks he wants "what" and lets the pack eat everything. The butcher who owns the dog is supposed to pay him back after three days, but he beats him out. He complains to the king, and his daughter laughs for the first time in her life. He should marry her for that, but his wife is enough for him. The angry king promises him "five hundred". The gatekeeper asks for 200 of these as a gift, and a Jew exchanges the rest for bad pennies and whines when it turns out to be a beating. The king laughs and the farmer can help himself from the treasury. In the inn he counts the money and scolds the king for not giving it to him himself. The Jew reports him for this, is supposed to bring him to the king and lends him his coat. The farmer accuses him of lying, gets money again and keeps the coat.)*

There was once a peasant who had driven his cow to the fair, and sold her for seven thalers. On the way home he had to pass a pond, and already from afar he heard the frogs crying, "Aik, aik, aik, aik." "Well," said he to himself, "they are talking without rhyme or reason, it is seven that I have received, not eight." When he got to the water, he cried to them, "Stupid animals that you are! Don't you know better than that? It is seven thalers and not eight." The frogs, however, stood to their, "aik, aik, aik, aik." "Come, then, if you won't believe it, I can count it out to you," and he got his money out of his pocket and counted out the seven thalers, always reckoning four and twenty groschen to a thaler. The frogs, however, would not pay any attention to his reckoning, but still cried, "aik, aik, aik, aik." "What," cried the peasant quite angry, "since you are determined to know better than I, count it yourselves," and threw all the money into the water to them. He stood still and wanted to wait until they were done and had brought him his own again, but the frogs maintained their opinion and cried continually, "aik, aik, aik, aik," and besides that, did not throw the money out again. He still waited a long while until evening came on and he was forced to go home. Then he abused the frogs and cried, "You water-splashes, you thick-heads, you goggle-eyes, you have great mouths and can screech till you hurt one's ears, but you cannot count seven thalers! Do you think I'm going to stand here till you get done?" And with that he went away, but the frogs still cried, "aik, aik, aik, aik," after him till he went home quite angry.

After a while he bought another cow, which he killed, and he made the calculation that if he sold the meat well he might gain as much as the two cows were worth, and have the skin into the bargain. When therefore he got to the town with the meat, a great troop of dogs were gathered together in front of the gate, with a large greyhound at the head of them, which jumped at the meat, snuffed at it, and barked, "Wow, wow, wow." As there was no stopping him, the peasant said to him, "Yes, yes, I know quite well that thou art saying, 'wow, wow, wow,' because thou wantest some of the meat; but I should fare badly if I were to give it to thee." The dog, however, answered nothing but "wow, wow." "Wilt thou promise not to devour it all then, and wilt thou go bail for thy companions?" "Wow, wow, wow," said the dog. "Well, if thou insistest on it, I will leave it for thee; I know thee well, and know who is thy master; but this I tell thee, I must have my money in three days or else it will go ill with thee; thou must just bring it out to me." Thereupon he unloaded the meat and turned back again, the dogs fell upon it and loudly barked, "wow, wow."

The countryman, who heard them from afar, said to himself, "Hark, now they all want some, but the big one is responsible to me for it."

When three days had passed, the countryman thought, "To-night my money will be in my pocket," and was quite delighted. But no one would come and pay it. "There is no trusting any one now," said he; and at last he lost patience, and went into the town to the butcher and demanded his money. The butcher thought it was a joke, but the peasant said, "Jesting apart, I will have my money! Did not the great dog bring you the whole of the slaughtered cow three days ago?" Then the butcher grew angry, snatched a broom-stick and drove him out. "Wait a while," said the peasant, "there is still some justice in the world!" and went to the royal palace and begged for an audience. He was led before the King, who sat there with his daughter, and asked him what injury he had suffered. "Alas!" said he, "the frogs and the dogs have taken from me what is mine, and the butcher has paid me for it with the stick," and he related at full length all that had happened.

Thereupon the King's daughter began to laugh heartily, and the King said to him, "I cannot give you justice in this, but you shall have my daughter to wife for it,—in her whole life she has never yet laughed as she has just done at thee, and I have promised her to him who could make her laugh. Thou mayst thank God for thy good fortune!"

"Oh," answered the peasant, "I will not have her, I have a wife already, and she is one too many for me; when I go home, it is just as bad as if I had a wife standing in every corner." Then the King grew angry, and said, "Thou art a boor." "Ah, Lord King," replied the peasant, "what can you expect from an ox, but beef?" "Stop," answered the King, "thou shalt have another reward. Be off now, but come back in three days, and then thou shalt have five hundred counted out in full."

When the peasant went out by the gate, the sentry said, "Thou hast made the King's daughter laugh, so thou wilt certainly receive something good." "Yes, that is what I think," answered the peasant; "five hundred are to be counted out to me." "Hark thee," said the soldier, "give me some of it. What canst thou do with all that money?" "As it is thou," said the peasant, "thou shalt have two hundred; present thyself in three days' time before the King, and let it be paid to thee." A Jew, who was standing by and had heard the conversation, ran after the peasant, held him by the coat, and said, "Oh, wonder! what a luck-child thou art! I will change it for thee, I will change it for thee into small coins, what dost thou want with the great thalers?" "Jew," said the countryman, "three hundred canst thou still have; give it to me at once in coin, in three days from this, thou wilt be paid for it by the King." The Jew was delighted with the profit, and brought the sum in bad groschen, three of which were worth two good ones. After three days had passed, according to the King's command, the peasant went before the King. "Pull his coat off," said the latter, "and he shall have his five hundred." "Ah!" said the peasant, "they no longer belong to me; I presented two hundred of them to the sentinel, and three hundred the Jew has changed for me, so by right nothing at all belongs to me." In the meantime the soldier and the Jew entered and claimed what they had gained from the peasant, and they received the blows strictly counted out. The soldier bore it patiently and knew already how it tasted; but the Jew said sorrowfully, "Alas, alas, are these the heavy thalers?" The King could not help laughing at the peasant, and as all his anger was gone, he said, "As thou hast already lost thy reward before it fell to thy lot, I will give thee something in the place of it. Go into my treasure chamber and get some money for thyself, as much as thou wilt." The peasant did not need to be told twice, and stuffed into his big pockets whatsoever would go in. Afterwards he went to an inn and counted over his money. The Jew had crept after him and heard how he muttered to himself, "That rogue of a King has cheated me after all, why could he not have given me the money himself, and then I should have known what I had? How can I tell now if what I have had the luck to put in my pockets is right or not?" "Good heavens!" said the Jew to himself, "that man is speaking disrespectfully of our lord the King, I will run and inform, and then I shall get a reward, and he will be punished as well."

When the King heard of the peasant's words he fell into a passion, and commanded the Jew to go and bring the offender to him. The Jew ran to the peasant, "You are to go at once to the lord King in the very clothes you have on." "I know what's right better than that," answered the peasant, "I shall have a new coat made first. Dost thou think that a man with so much money in his pocket is to go there in his ragged old coat?" The Jew, as he saw that the

peasant would not stir without another coat, and as he feared that if the King's anger cooled, he himself would lose his reward, and the peasant his punishment, said, "I will out of pure friendship lend thee a coat for the short time. What will people not do for love!" The peasant was contented with this, put the Jew's coat on, and went off with him.

The King reproached the countryman because of the evil speaking of which the Jew had informed him. "Ah," said the peasant, "what a Jew says is always false--no true word ever comes out of his mouth! That rascal there is capable of maintaining that I have his coat on."

"What is that?" shrieked the Jew. "Is the coat not mine? Have I not lent it to thee out of pure friendship, in order that thou might appear before the lord King?" When the King heard that, he said, "The Jew has assuredly deceived one or the other of us, either myself or the peasant," and again he ordered something to be counted out to him in hard thalers. The peasant, however, went home in the good coat, with the good money in his pocket, and said to himself, "This time I have hit it!"

#### 8.—THE WONDERFUL MUSICIAN.

(*"The Wonderful Musician"* or *"The whimsical minstrel"* is a fairy tale that is in place 8 in Grimm's *"Children's and Household Tales"* from the 2nd edition of 1819 (instead of *"The hand with the knife"* from the 1st edition, which we find here in part 3) The Grimm's annotations mentioned *"From Lorsch bei Worms"*, comparing *Orpheus* and *"a similar fairy tale among the Saxons in Transylvania, Romania. The minstrel's ruthless behaviour towards the animals could synonymously stand for "Do not trust any stranger."*

*Contents: A violinist wanders through the forest. Out of boredom he wants to fiddle with a friend. But he doesn't want the wolf that comes to learn how to play from him. He makes him put his paws in a hollow tree and weighs them down with a stone. He makes him wait and moves on. Similarly, a fox whose paws are tied to two crowns of hazelnut bushes, and a bunny which he makes hop around an aspen tree with a string around its neck until it is stuck. The wolf gets loose and frees the others. They want to tear up the minstrel. But in the meantime he has found a woodcutter who listens enchantedly and defends him from the animals with an axe. The minstrel was looking for a person. He plays again in thanks and moves on.)*

There was once a wonderful musician, who went quite alone through a forest and thought of all manner of things, and when nothing was left for him to think about, he said to himself, "Time is beginning to pass heavily with me here in the forest, I will fetch hither a good companion for myself." Then he took his fiddle from his back, and played so that it echoed through the trees. It was not long before a wolf came trotting through the thicket towards him. "Ah, here is a wolf coming! I have no desire for him!" said the musician; but the wolf came nearer and said to him, "Ah, dear musician, how beautifully thou dost play! I should like to learn that, too." "It is soon learnt," the musician replied, "thou hast only to do all that I bid thee." "Oh, musician," said the wolf, "I will obey thee as a scholar obeys his master." The musician bade him follow, and when they had gone part of the way together, they came to an old oak-tree which was hollow inside, and cleft in the middle. "Look," said the musician, "if thou wilt learn to fiddle, put thy fore paws into this crevice." The wolf obeyed, but the

musician quickly picked up a stone and with one blow wedged his two paws so fast that he was forced to stay there like a prisoner. "Stay there until I come back again," said the musician, and went his way.

After a while he again said to himself, "Time is beginning to pass heavily with me here in the forest, I will fetch hither another companion," and took his fiddle and again played in the forest. It was not long before a fox came creeping through the trees towards him. "Ah, there's a fox coming!" said the musician. "I have no desire for him." The fox came up to him and said, "Oh, dear musician, how beautifully thou dost play! I should like to learn that too." "That is soon learnt," said the musician. "Thou hast only to do everything that I bid thee." "Oh, musician," then said the fox, "I will obey thee as a scholar obeys his master." "Follow me," said the musician; and when they had walked a part of the way, they came to a footpath, with high bushes on both sides of it. There the musician stood still, and from one side bent a young hazel-bush down to the ground, and put his foot on the top of it, then he bent down a young tree from the other side as well, and said, "Now little fox, if thou wilt learn something, give me thy left front paw." The fox obeyed, and the musician fastened his paw to the left bough. "Little fox," said he, "now reach me thy right paw" and he tied it to the right bough. When he had examined whether they were firm enough, he let go, and the bushes sprang up again, and jerked up the little fox, so that it hung struggling in the air. "Wait there till I come back again," said the musician, and went his way.

Again he said to himself, "Time is beginning to pass heavily with me here in the forest, I will fetch hither another companion," so he took his fiddle, and the sound echoed through the forest. Then a little hare came springing towards him. "Why, a hare is coming," said the musician, "I do not want him." "Ah, dear musician," said the hare, "how beautifully thou dost fiddle; I too, should like to learn that." "That is soon learnt," said the musician, "thou hast only to do everything that I bid thee."

"Oh, musician," replied the little hare, "I will obey thee as a scholar obeys his master." They went a part of the way together until they came to an open space in the forest, where stood an aspen tree. The musician tied a long string round the little hare's neck, the other end of which he fastened to the tree. "Now briskly, little hare, run twenty times round the tree!" cried the musician, and the little hare obeyed, and when it had run round twenty times, it had twisted the string twenty times round the trunk of the tree, and the little hare was caught, and let it pull and tug as it liked, it only made the string cut into its tender neck. "Wait there till I come back," said the musician, and went onwards.

The wolf, in the meantime, had pushed and pulled and bitten at the stone, and had worked so long that he had set his feet at liberty and had drawn them once more out of the cleft. Full of anger and rage he hurried after the musician and wanted to tear him to pieces. When the fox saw him running, he began to lament, and cried with all his might, "Brother wolf, come to my help, the musician has betrayed me!" The wolf drew down the little tree, bit the cord in two, and freed the fox, who went with him to take revenge on the musician. They found the tied-up hare, whom likewise they delivered, and then they all sought the enemy together.

The musician had once more played his fiddle as he went on his way, and this time he had been more fortunate. The sound reached the ears of a poor wood-cutter, who instantly, whether he would or no, gave up his work and came with his hatchet under his arm to listen to the music. "At last comes the right companion," said the musician, "for I was seeking a human being, and no wild

beast." And he began and played so beautifully and delightfully that the poor man stood there as if bewitched, and his heart leaped with gladness. And as he thus stood, the wolf, the fox, and the hare came up, and he saw well that they had some evil design. So he raised his glittering axe and placed himself before the musician, as if to say, "Whoso wishes to touch him let him beware, for he will have to do with me!" Then the beasts were terrified and ran back into the forest. The musician, however, played once more to the man out of gratitude, and then went onwards.

## 9.—THE TWELVE BROTHERS.

*("The twelve brothers" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm at position 9 (KHM 9). According to his notes, Jacob Grimm had the fairy tale orally from Niederzwehren (in Hesse, near Kassel). It probably came from Dorothea Viehmann, from whom he received it through the French pastor's daughters Julia and Charlotte Ramus in Kassel.)*

The phrases "the twelve sons" and "the youngest son Benjamin" are allusions to "the twelve tribes of Israel" in the Old Testament. Benjamin (Hebrew-Aramaic: *Binyamin*; meaning "Son of the right", "The Righteous Son" or "The Son of Light" as the Hebrew Messianists said, in contrast to "The Son of Darkness", all non-Jews but in particular all Greeks and Romans as they were considered unclean conquerors of the Holy Land) was the last of the two sons of Jacob and Rachel (Jacob's thirteenth child and twelfth and youngest son) in Jewish and Christian tradition. He was also the progenitor of the Israelite Tribe of Benjamin. The name Benjamin goes 4,000 years back where the name is first mentioned in letters from King Sin-*kāšid* of Uruk (1801–1771 BC), who called himself "King of Amnanum" and was a member of the Amorite (Canaanite-Phoenician-Hebrew) tribal group the "Binu-Jamina" (single name "Birjamin"; Akkadian "Mar-Jamin"). The name means "Son[s] of the South" and is linguistically related as a forerunner to the Old Testament name "Benjamin". It was the same group that included the dynasty of King Hammurabi of Babylon. The name means "sons of the south" and is linguistically related as a forerunner of the Old Testament name "Benjamin". According to the Hebrew Bible (Old Testament), Benjamin's name came about when Jacob intentionally changed the name "Benoni", Benjamin's original name, as "Benoni" was an allusion to Rachel's death shortly after her birth, as it means "son of my sorrow". Textual scholars consider these two names to be fragments of name narratives drawn from different sources - one being the Yahwist and the other the Elohist. (Linguistic note: *ben*, *bin*, *bar*, *bene*, *benu*, *binu*, etc. refers to the Semitic word "son", i.e. Barabbas = son of the father, Bene Israel = sons of Israel, Bar Matityahu = son of Matthew, etc. See Grand Bible, Internet Archive.)

In the Grimm's story, the death of the sons is expressed first in the coffins, then in their disappearance, and finally in the plucking of the lilies. In order to redeem her, the sister has to risk her own death by remaining silent. Sigmund Freud saw both in being unable to be found and in silence as a dream symbol for death (cf. KHM 179 *The Goose Lady at the Well*). At the same time, the sister, who through no fault of her own feels guilty of the death of her brothers, indirectly makes herself the accused of murder through her silence.

*Contents: The king wants to kill his twelve sons if the thirteenth child is a girl so that she alone inherits the kingdom. The queen tells this to the youngest son, Benjamin, and that she will signal them with a flag. A white flag means the child is a boy and they*

*will live, a red flag means the birth of a daughter and her imminent death. The sons wait twelve days in the forest before a red flag tells them to die. They swear bloody revenge on every girl and move into an enchanted cottage deep in the forest, where they feed on animals. There she finds her sister, who finds out about them ten years later, whereby Benjamin first hides her from the others as a precaution. They live in harmony. But when, out of ignorance, she breaks off twelve white lilies, her brothers become ravens and fly away. At the behest of an old woman, she decides not to speak or laugh for seven years in order to redeem her brothers. A hunting king finds her and marries her. But his mother slanders the silent woman and persuades him to have her burned. The redeemed brothers save her from the flames, and all live happily together. The wicked mother-in-law is executed.)*

There were once on a time a king and a queen who lived happily together and had twelve children, but they were all boys. Then the King said to his wife, "If the thirteenth child which thou art about to bring into the world, is a girl, the twelve boys shall die, in order that her possessions may be great, and that the kingdom may fall to her alone." He caused likewise twelve coffins to be made, which were already filled with shavings, and in each lay the little pillow for the dead, and he had them taken into a locked-up room, and then he gave the Queen the key of it, and bade her not to speak of this to any one.

The mother, however, now sat and lamented all day long, until the youngest son, who was always with her, and whom she had named Benjamin, from the Bible, said to her, "Dear mother, why art thou so sad?"

"Dearest child," she answered, "I may not tell thee." But he let her have no rest until she went and unlocked the room, and showed him the twelve coffins ready filled with shavings. Then she said, "My dearest Benjamin, thy father has had these coffins made for thee and for thy eleven brothers, for if I bring a little girl into the world, you are all to be killed and buried in them." And as she wept while she was saying this, the son comforted her and said, "Weep not, dear mother, we will save ourselves, and go hence." But she said, "Go forth into the forest with thy eleven brothers, and let one sit constantly on the highest tree which can be found, and keep watch, looking towards the tower here in the castle. If I give birth to a little son, I will put up a white flag, and then you may venture to come back, but if I bear a daughter, I will hoist a red flag, and then fly hence as quickly as you are able, and may the good God protect you. And every night I will rise up and pray for you—in winter that you may be able to warm yourself at a fire, and in summer that you may not faint away in the heat."

After she had blessed her sons therefore, they went forth into the forest. They each kept watch in turn, and sat on the highest oak and looked towards the tower. When eleven days had passed and the turn came to Benjamin, he saw that a flag was being raised. It was, however, not the white, but the blood-red flag which announced that they were all to die. When the brothers heard that, they were very angry and said, "Are we all to suffer death for the sake of a girl? We swear that we will avenge ourselves!—wheresoever we find a girl, her red blood shall flow."

Thereupon they went deeper into the forest, and in the midst of it, where it was the darkest, they found a little bewitched hut, which was standing empty. Then said they, "Here we will dwell, and thou Benjamin, who art the youngest and weakest, thou shalt stay at home and keep house, we others will go out and get food." Then they went into the forest and shot hares, wild deer, birds and pigeons, and whatsoever there was to eat; this they took to

Benjamin, who had to dress it for them in order that they might appease their hunger. They lived together ten years in the little hut, and the time did not appear long to them.

The little daughter which their mother the Queen had given birth to, was now grown up; she was good of heart, and fair of face, and had a golden star on her forehead. Once, when it was the great washing, she saw twelve men's shirts among the things, and asked her mother, "To whom do these twelve shirts belong, for they are far too small for father?" Then the Queen answered with a heavy heart, "Dear child, these belong to thy twelve brothers." Said the maiden, "Where are my twelve brothers, I have never yet heard of them?" She replied, "God knows where they are, they are wandering about the world." Then she took the maiden and opened the chamber for her, and showed her the twelve coffins with the shavings, and pillows for the head. "These coffins," said she, "were destined for thy brothers, but they went away secretly before thou wert born," and she related to her how everything had happened; then said the maiden, "Dear mother, weep not, I will go and seek my brothers."

So she took the twelve shirts and went forth, and straight into the great forest. She walked the whole day, and in the evening she came to the bewitched hut. Then she entered it and found a young boy, who asked, "From whence comest thou, and whither art thou bound?" and was astonished that she was so beautiful, and wore royal garments, and had a star on her forehead. And she answered, "I am a king's daughter, and am seeking my twelve brothers, and I will walk as far as the sky is blue until I find them." She likewise showed him the twelve shirts which belonged to them. Then Benjamin saw that she was his sister, and said, "I am Benjamin, thy youngest brother." And she began to weep for joy, and Benjamin wept also, and they kissed and embraced each other with the greatest love. But after this he said, "Dear sister, there is still one difficulty. We have agreed that every maiden whom we meet shall die, because we have been obliged to leave our kingdom on account of a girl." Then said she, "I will willingly die, if by so doing I can deliver my twelve brothers."

"No," answered he, "thou shalt not die, seat thyself beneath this tub until our eleven brothers come, and then I will soon come to an agreement with them."

She did so, and when it was night the others came from hunting, and their dinner was ready. And as they were sitting at table, and eating, they asked, "What news is there?" Said Benjamin, "Don't you know anything?" "No," they answered. He continued, "You have been in the forest and I have stayed at home, and yet I know more than you do." "Tell us then," they cried. He answered, "But promise me that the first maiden who meets us shall not be killed." "Yes," they all cried, "she shall have mercy, only do tell us."

Then said he, "Our sister is here," and he lifted up the tub, and the King's daughter came forth in her royal garments with the golden star on her forehead, and she was beautiful, delicate, and fair. Then they were all rejoiced, and fell on her neck, and kissed and loved her with all their hearts.

Now she stayed at home with Benjamin and helped him with the work. The eleven went into the forest and caught game, and deer, and birds, and wood-pigeons that they might have food, and the little sister and Benjamin took care to make it ready for them. She sought for the wood for cooking and herbs for vegetables, and put the pans on the fire so that the dinner was always ready when the eleven came. She likewise kept order in the little house, and put beautifully white clean coverings on the little beds, and the brothers were always contented and lived in great harmony with her.

Once on a time the two at home had prepared a beautiful entertainment, and when they were all together, they sat down and ate and drank and were full of gladness. There was, however, a little garden belonging to the bewitched house wherein stood twelve lily flowers, which are likewise called students.[1] She wished to give her brothers pleasure, and plucked the twelve flowers, and thought she would present each brother with one while at dinner. But at the self-same moment that she plucked the flowers the twelve brothers were changed into twelve ravens, and flew away over the forest, and the house and garden vanished likewise. And now the poor maiden was alone in the wild forest, and when she looked around, an old woman was standing near her who said, "My child, what hast thou done? Why didst thou not leave the twelve white flowers growing? They were thy brothers, who are now for evermore changed into ravens." The maiden said weeping, "Is there no way of delivering them?"

"No," said the woman, "there is but one in the whole world, and that is so hard that thou wilt not deliver them by it, for thou must be dumb for seven years, and mayst not speak or laugh, and if thou speakest one single word, and only an hour of the seven years is wanting, all is in vain, and thy brothers will be killed by the one word."

Then said the maiden in her heart, "I know with certainty that I shall set my brothers free," and went and sought a high tree and seated herself in it and span, and neither spoke nor laughed. Now it so happened that a king was hunting in the forest, who had a great greyhound which ran to the tree on which the maiden was sitting, and sprang about it, whining, and barking at her. Then the King came by and saw the beautiful King's daughter with the golden star on her brow, and was so charmed with her beauty that he called to ask her if she would be his wife. She made no answer, but nodded a little with her head. So he climbed up the tree himself, carried her down, placed her on his horse, and bore her home. Then the wedding was solemnised with great magnificence and rejoicing, but the bride neither spoke nor smiled. When they had lived happily together for a few years, the King's mother, who was a wicked woman, began to slander the young Queen, and said to the King, "This is a common beggar girl whom thou hast brought back with thee. Who knows what impious tricks she practises secretly! Even if she be dumb, and not able to speak, she still might laugh for once; but those who do not laugh have bad consciences." At first the King would not believe it, but the old woman urged this so long, and accused her of so many evil things, that at last the King let himself be persuaded and sentenced her to death.

And now a great fire was lighted in the courtyard in which she was to be burnt, and the King stood above at the window and looked on with tearful eyes, because he still loved her so much. And when she was bound fast to the stake, and the fire was licking at her clothes with its red tongue, the last instant of the seven years expired. Then a whirring sound was heard in the air, and twelve ravens came flying towards the place, and sank downwards, and when they touched the earth they were her twelve brothers, whom she had delivered. They tore the fire asunder, extinguished the flames, set their dear sister free, and kissed and embraced her. And now as she dared to open her mouth and speak, she told the King why she had been dumb, and had never laughed. The King rejoiced when he heard that she was innocent, and they all lived in great unity until their death. The wicked step-mother was taken before the judge, and put into a barrel filled with boiling oil and venomous snakes, and died an evil death.

## 10.—THE PACK OF RAGAMUFFINS.

*("The Pack of Ragamuffins" is a farce [a trivial folk tale] in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm. The fairy tale comes from Paderborn. The farce is in the Children's and Household Tales from the 1st edition of 1812 as No. 10. Grimm's annotation reads "from dem Paderbörnische" (probably 1812 by August von Haxthausen). In this fairy tale, in addition to people and animals, inanimate things are also characters. Another fairy tale of this kind is "Herr Korbes". The title has been variously translated into English, as in "The Adventures of Chanticleer and Partlet: How They Went to the Mountains to Eat Nuts", "The Pack of Ragamuffins", "The Vulgar Crew", "A Pack of No-goods", "Rifraff", and "The Pack of Scoundrels".)*

*Contents: A rooster and a chicken go to the mountains to eat walnuts, but they are too lazy to walk back home. They build a wagon out of walnut shells. As they argue about who should pull the wagon, a duck walks by. The duck is angry that the rooster and chicken ate the walnuts without permission. The duck wants to punish her for stealing the nuts, and a fight ensues. The duck loses and is forced to pull the cart as punishment. Along the way, they take a pin and a sewing needle as passengers. They stop at an innkeeper by promising him an egg and the duck. The innkeeper is reluctant to let her stay the night, but agrees to the deal. They eat and drink heavily and go to bed. The next morning, the rooster and chicken wake up early, pierce the egg, drink its contents and throw away the shell. Then put the sewing needle in the armchair and the pin in the host's towel and escape. The duck wakes up a while later and runs away too. A few hours later the innkeeper wakes up. He washes his face. But when he tries to dry himself with the towel, he scratches his face with the needle stuck in it. When he goes to the stove in the kitchen to light his tobacco pipe, eggshells fly into the landlord's eyes. He is angry and wants to sit down in his chair, but the sewing needle sticks him in the buttocks. The innkeeper swears never again to take in such a scoundrel who eats and drinks so much but doesn't pay his bill.)*

The cock once said to the hen, "It is now the time when the nuts are ripe, so let us go to the hill together and for once eat our fill before the squirrel takes them all away." "Yes," replied the hen, "come, we will have some pleasure together." Then they went away to the hill, and as it was a bright day they stayed till evening. Now I do not know whether it was that they had eaten till they were too fat, or whether they had become proud, but they would not go home on foot, and the cock had to build a little carriage of nut-shells. When it was ready, the little hen seated herself in it and said to the cock, "Thou canst just harness thyself to it." "I like that!" said the cock, "I would rather go home on foot than let myself be harnessed to it; no, that is not our bargain. I do not mind being coachman and sitting on the box, but drag it myself I will not."

As they were thus disputing, a duck quacked to them, "You thieving folks, who bade you go to my nut-hill? Wait, you shall suffer for it!" and ran with open beak at the cock. But the cock also was not idle, and fell boldly on the duck, and at last wounded her so with his spurs that she begged for mercy, and willingly let herself be harnessed to the carriage as a punishment. The little cock now seated himself on the box and was coachman, and thereupon they went off in a gallop, with "Duck, go as fast as thou canst." When they had driven a part of the way they met two foot-passengers, a pin and a needle. They cried "Stop! stop!" and said that it would soon be as dark as pitch, and then they could not go

a step further, and that it was so dirty on the road, and asked if they could not get into the carriage for a while. They had been at the tailor's public-house by the gate, and had stayed too long over the beer. As they were thin people, who did not take up much room, the cock let them both get in, but they had to promise him and his little hen not to step on their feet. Late in the evening they came to an inn, and as they did not like to go further by night, and as the duck also was not strong on her feet, and fell from one side to the other, they went in. The host at first made many objections, his house was already full, besides he thought they could not be very distinguished persons; but at last, as they made pleasant speeches, and told him that he should have the egg which the little hen had laid on the way, and should likewise keep the duck, which laid one every day, he at length said that they might stay the night. And now they had themselves well served, and feasted and rioted. Early in the morning, when day was breaking, and every one was asleep, the cock awoke the hen, brought the egg, pecked it open, and they ate it together, but they threw the shell on the hearth. Then they went to the needle which was still asleep, took it by the head and stuck it into the cushion of the landlord's chair, and put the pin in his towel, and at last without more ado they flew away over the heath. The duck who liked to sleep in the open air and had stayed in the yard, heard them going away, made herself merry and found a stream, down which she swam, which was a much quicker way of travelling than being harnessed to a carriage. The host did not get out of bed for two hours after this; he washed himself and wanted to dry himself, then the pin went over his face and made a red streak from one ear to the other. After this he went into the kitchen and wanted to light a pipe, but when he came to the hearth the egg-shell darted into his eyes. "This morning everything attacks my head," said he, and angrily sat down on his grandfather's chair, but he quickly started up again and cried, "Woe is me," for the needle had pricked him still worse than the pin, and not in the head. Now he was thoroughly angry, and suspected the guests who had come so late the night before, and when he went and looked about for them, they were gone. Then he made a vow to take no more ragamuffins into his house, for they consume much, pay for nothing, and play mischievous tricks into the bargain by way of gratitude.

## 11.—BROTHER AND SISTER

*("Brother and Sister" (also "Little Sister and Little Brother" is a fairy tale which was written down by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 11). A shorter version of the tale was published by the Brothers Grimm in the first edition of Kinder- und Hausmärchen in 1812, then substantially expanded and revised in the second edition (1819). Their version is based on the account of the German storyteller Marie Hassenpflug (1788–1856). The first recorded appearance of Brother and Sister is in Giambattista Basile's Pentamerone around the 17th century. It was written down as the tale of Ninnillo and Nennella. Since then it has circulated in a number of European countries under varying titles but with most of the main story intact. In Russia the story was more commonly known as Sister Alionushka, Brother Ivanushka, and collected by Alexander Afanasyev in his Narodnye russkie skazki. At times, "Brother and Sister" has been confused with "Hansel and Gretel," which has in English also been known under the alternate title of "Little Brother and Little Sister, causing confusion for readers. However, the Grimms never called "Hansel and Gretel" by any other name.)*

In this story, children are made aware that humans are not always nice and straight forward with each other; plotting intrigues against one another is a fact of human life. According to Bruno Bettelheim, children learn here how their soul develops different aspects that need to be reunited. Dangers and pain are overcome, reference is also made to the two life crises of leaving the family of origin and founding one's own family.

*Contents: The siblings brother and sister have had a difficult time since the death of their biological mother. They are beaten by their stepmother every day and all they eat is hard crusts of bread. Tired of the cruel mistreatment they endure from their wicked stepmother, who is also a witch, a brother and sister run away from home, wander off into the countryside, and spend the night in the woods. By morning, the boy is thirsty, so the children go looking for a spring of clear water. However, their stepmother has already discovered their escape and has bewitched all the springs in the forest. The boy is about to drink from one, when his sister hears how its rushing sound says "Whoever drinks from me will become a tiger". Desperately, the girl begs her brother not to drink from the spring, lest he transformed into a tiger and attacked her. So they continue on their way, but when they come to the second spring, the girl hears it say, "Whoever drinks from me will become a wolf". Again, she desperately tries to prevent her brother from drinking from it. Reluctantly, he eventually agrees to her pleas but insists he drink from the next spring they encounter. And so they arrive at the third spring, and the girl overhears the rushing water cry, "Whoever drinks from me will become a deer". But before she could stop her brother, he has already drunk from it, and turned into a deer. As the initial feeling of despair passes, the children decide to live in the woods forever. The girl takes care of her brother, and ties her gold chain around his neck. They go to live in a little house deep within the woods and live there happily for some years, until they are disturbed one day by a hunting party and the king himself who has followed the strange deer home. Upon seeing the beautiful girl, he immediately asks her to marry him and she accepts. Thus she becomes queen and they all live happily in the king's castle. Time passes and the queen gives birth to a son. Their stepmother, however, soon discovers that they are still alive, and plots against them. One night, she kills the queen and replaces her with her own disfigured daughter, whom she has transformed to a physical copy of her. When the queen's ghost secretly visits her baby's bedside for three consecutive nights, the king catches on and her stepmother's evil plan is exposed. The queen comes back to life when the king embraces her, and her stepfamily are tried for their crimes. The daughter is banished into the woods where she is eaten by wild animals, and the stepmother is burned at the stake. At the exact moment of her death, the deer becomes human again, and at long last the family is reunited, and they lived happily ever after.)*

Little brother took his little sister by the hand and said, "Since our mother died we have had no happiness; our step-mother beats us every day, and if we come near her she kicks us away with her foot. Our meals are the hard crusts of bread that are left over; and the little dog under the table is better off, for she often throws it a nice bit. May Heaven pity us. If our mother only knew! Come, we will go forth together into the wide world."

They walked the whole day over meadows, fields, and stony places; and when it rained the little sister said, "Heaven and our hearts are weeping together." In the evening they came to a large forest, and they were so weary with sorrow and hunger and the long walk, that they lay down in a hollow tree and fell asleep.

The next day when they awoke, the sun was already high in the sky, and shone down hot into the tree. Then the brother said, "Sister, I am thirsty; if I knew of a little brook I would go and just take a drink; I think I hear one running." The brother got up and took the little sister by the hand, and they set off to find the brook.

But the wicked step-mother was a witch, and had seen how the two children had gone away, and had crept after them privily, as witches do creep, and had bewitched all the brooks in the forest.

Now when they found a little brook leaping brightly over the stones, the brother was going to drink out of it, but the sister heard how it said as it ran, "Who drinks of me will be a tiger; who drinks of me will be a tiger." Then the sister cried, "Pray, dear brother, do not drink, or you will become a wild beast, and tear me to pieces." The brother did not drink, although he was so thirsty, but said, "I will wait for the next spring."

When they came to the next brook the sister heard this also say, "Who drinks of me will be a wolf; who drinks of me will be a wolf." Then the sister cried out, "Pray, dear brother, do not drink, or you will become a wolf, and devour me." The brother did not drink, and said, "I will wait until we come to the next spring, but then I must drink, say what you like; for my thirst is too great."

And when they came to the third brook the sister heard how it said as it ran, "Who drinks of me will be a roebuck; who drinks of me will be a roebuck." The sister said, "Oh, I pray you, dear brother, do not drink, or you will become a roebuck, and run away from me." But the brother had knelt down at once by the brook, and had bent down and drunk some of the water, and as soon as the first drops touched his lips he lay there a young roebuck.

And now the sister wept over her poor bewitched brother, and the little roe wept also, and sat sorrowfully near to her. But at last the girl said, "Be quiet, dear little roe, I will never, never leave you."

Then she untied her golden garter and put it round the roebuck's neck, and she plucked rushes and wove them into a soft cord. With this she tied the little beast and led it on, and she walked deeper and deeper into the forest.

And when they had gone a very long way they came at last to a little house, and the girl looked in; and as it was empty, she thought, "We can stay here and live." Then she sought for leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the roe; and every morning she went out and gathered roots and berries and nuts for herself, and brought tender grass for the roe, who ate out of her hand, and was content and played round about her. In the evening, when the sister was tired, and had said her prayer, she laid her head upon the roebuck's back: that was her pillow, and she slept softly on it. And if only the brother had had his human form it would have been a delightful life.

For some time they were alone like this in the wilderness. But it happened that the King of the country held a great hunt in the forest. Then the blasts of the horns, the barking of dogs, and the merry shouts of the huntsmen rang through the trees, and the roebuck heard all, and was only too anxious to be there. "Oh," said he to his sister, "let me be off to the hunt, I cannot bear it any longer;" and he begged so much that at last she agreed. "But," said she to him, "come back to me in the evening; I must shut my door for fear of the rough huntsmen, so knock and say, 'My little sister, let me in!' that I may know you; and if you do not say that, I shall not open the door." Then the young roebuck sprang away; so happy was he and so merry in the open air.

The King and the huntsmen saw the pretty creature, and started after him, but they could not catch him, and when they thought

that they surely had him, away he sprang through the bushes and could not be seen. When it was dark he ran to the cottage, knocked, and said, "My little sister, let me in." Then the door was opened for him, and he jumped in, and rested himself the whole night through upon his soft bed.

The next day the hunt went on afresh, and when the roebuck again heard the bugle-horn, and the ho! ho! of the huntsmen, he had no peace, but said, "Sister, let me out, I must be off." His sister opened the door for him, and said, "But you must be here again in the evening and say your pass-word."

When the King and his huntsmen again saw the young roebuck with the golden collar, they all chased him, but he was too quick and nimble for them. This went on for the whole day, but at last by the evening the huntsmen had surrounded him, and one of them wounded him a little in the foot, so that he limped and ran slowly. Then a hunter crept after him to the cottage and heard how he said, "My little sister, let me in," and saw that the door was opened for him, and was shut again at once. The huntsman took notice of it all, and went to the King and told him what he had seen and heard. Then the King said, "To-morrow we will hunt once more."

The little sister, however, was dreadfully frightened when she saw that her fawn was hurt. She washed the blood off him, laid herbs on the wound, and said, "Go to your bed, dear roe, that you may get well again." But the wound was so slight that the roebuck, next morning, did not feel it any more. And when he again heard the sport outside, he said, "I cannot bear it, I must be there; they shall not find it so easy to catch me." The sister cried, and said, "This time they will kill you, and here am I alone in the forest and forsaken by all the world. I will not let you out." "Then you will have me die of grief," answered the roe; "when I hear the bugle-horns I feel as if I must jump out of my skin." Then the sister could not do otherwise, but opened the door for him with a heavy heart, and the roebuck, full of health and joy, bounded into the forest.

When the King saw him, he said to his huntsman, "Now chase him all day long till night-fall, but take care that no one does him any harm."

As soon as the sun had set, the King said to the huntsmen, "Now come and show me the cottage in the wood;" and when he was at the door, he knocked and called out, "Dear little sister, let me in." Then the door opened, and the King walked in, and there stood a maiden more lovely than any he had ever seen. The maiden was frightened when she saw, not her little roe, but a man come in who wore a golden crown upon his head. But the King looked kindly at her, stretched out his hand, and said, "Will you go with me to my palace and be my dear wife?" "Yes, indeed," answered the maiden, "but the little roe must go with me, I cannot leave him." The King said, "It shall stay with you as long as you live, and shall want nothing." Just then he came running in, and the sister again tied him with the cord of rushes, took it in her own hand, and went away with the King from the cottage.

The King took the lovely maiden upon his horse and carried her to his palace, where the wedding was held with great pomp. She was now the Queen, and they lived for a long time happily together; the roebuck was tended and cherished, and ran about in the palace-garden.

But the wicked step-mother, because of whom the children had gone out into the world, thought all the time that the sister had been torn to pieces by the wild beasts in the wood, and that the brother had been shot for a roebuck by the huntsmen. Now when she heard that they were so happy, and so well off, envy and hatred rose in her heart and left her no peace, and she thought of nothing but how she could bring them again to misfortune. Her own

daughter, who was as ugly as night, and had only one eye, grumbled at her and said, "A Queen! that ought to have been my luck." "Only be quiet," answered the old woman, and comforted her by saying, "when the time comes I shall be ready."

As time went on, the Queen had a pretty little boy, and it happened that the King was out hunting; so the old witch took the form of the chamber-maid, went into the room where the Queen lay, and said to her, "Come, the bath is ready; it will do you good, and give you fresh strength; make haste before it gets cold."

The daughter also was close by; so they carried the weakly Queen into the bath-room, and put her into the bath; then they shut the door and ran away. But in the bath-room they had made a fire of such deadly heat that the beautiful young Queen was soon suffocated.

When this was done the old woman took her daughter, put a nightcap on her head, and laid her in bed in place of the Queen. She gave her too the shape and the look of the Queen, only she could not make good the lost eye. But in order that the King might not see it, she was to lie on the side on which she had no eye.

In the evening when he came home and heard that he had a son he was heartily glad, and was going to the bed of his dear wife to see how she was. But the old woman quickly called out, "For your life leave the curtains closed; the Queen ought not to see the light yet, and must have rest." The King went away, and did not find out that a false Queen was lying in the bed.

But at midnight, when all slept, the nurse, who was sitting in the nursery by the cradle, and who was the only person awake, saw the door open and the true Queen walk in. She took the child out of the cradle, laid it on her arm, and suckled it. Then she shook up its pillow, laid the child down again, and covered it with the little quilt. And she did not forget the roebuck, but went into the corner where it lay, and stroked its back. Then she went quite silently out of the door again. The next morning the nurse asked the guards whether any one had come into the palace during the night, but they answered, "No, we have seen no one."

She came thus many nights and never spoke a word: the nurse always saw her, but she did not dare to tell any one about it.

When some time had passed in this manner, the Queen began to speak in the night, and said—

"How fares my child, how fares my roe?  
Twice shall I come, then never more."

The nurse did not answer, but when the Queen had gone again, went to the King and told him all. The King said, "Ah, heavens! what is this? To-morrow night I will watch by the child." In the evening he went into the nursery, and at midnight the Queen again appeared and said—

"How fares my child, how fares my roe?  
Once will I come, then never more."

And she nursed the child as she was wont to do before she disappeared. The King dared not speak to her, but on the next night he watched again. Then she said—

"How fares my child, how fares my roe?  
This time I come, then never more."

Then the King could not restrain himself; he sprang towards her, and said, "You can be none other than my dear wife." She answered, "Yes, I am your dear wife," and at the same moment she received life again, and by God's grace became fresh, rosy, and full of health.

Then she told the King the evil deed which the wicked witch and her daughter had been guilty of towards her. The King ordered both to be led before the judge, and judgment was delivered against them. The daughter was taken into the forest where she

was torn to pieces by wild beasts, but the witch was cast into the fire and miserably burnt. And as soon as she was burnt the roebuck changed his shape, and received his human form again, so the sister and brother lived happily together all their lives.

## 12.—RAPUNZEL\*.

*("Rapunzel" is a fairy tale in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales at position 12 (KHM 12). [\*A possible origin of the name Rapunzel: *Campanula rapunculus* (rampion), a congener of the common harebell. It has a long white spindle-shaped root which is eaten raw like a radish, and has a pleasant sweet flavour. Its leaves and young shoots are also used in salads—and so are the roots, sliced.—Tr] The fairy tale goes back indirectly to Petrosinella in Basile's Pentameron II,1. Charlotte-Rose de Caumont de la Force's Persinette from 1697 moves it to courtly aristocratic milieu. Marie-Catherine d'Aulnoy wrote *La Chatte Blanche* in New Fairy Tales or The Contemporary Fairies (1698). Such collections of French fairy tales also became known in Germany in the 18th century. The earliest known mention of a female character showing her long hair offering as a ladder for her male lover is found in Persian mythology, in the epic of the Shahnameh The Princess of Kabul, Rudabeh, offers the warrior from Zabulistan, Zāl, her long hair to climb the tower, unlike Rapunzel however, Zal declines this offer, lest Rudabeh injure himself, and instead asks her to find a rope to climb up.*

*Contents: During her pregnancy, Rapunzel's mother is unable to curb her pregnancy-related cravings for the Rapunzels growing in the neighbour's garden. (This is either lamb's lettuce or the Rapunzel bellflower, which was also formerly grown as a salad plant.) However, her husband is not strong enough to oppose her. When he repeatedly tries to steal the salad for his wife from a sorceress's garden, he is caught by her and has to promise her his child as punishment (and out of fear and to avoid her spell or exposure as a thief). Immediately after birth, she takes the newborn baby, names it Rapunzel, and when the girl is twelve years old (at the beginning of puberty, before she "develops into a woman"), she locks her in a secluded, doorless tower. The only way to get inside is for Rapunzel to let down her long hair from the skylight so the sorceress can climb up and provide her with food. A king's son, attracted by Rapunzel's beautiful singing, overhears her, imitates the sorceress' call formula ("Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!"), pulls himself up to the beautiful girl and wins her love. When Rapunzel then babbled on to the sorceress she called "Frau Gothel", the witch cut off her hair and banished her to a desert. Then the sorceress hides in the tower, waits for the king's son, lets him climb up Rapunzel's braid and frightens and taunts the prince so much that in his desperation he jumps off the tower, injures both his eyes in a thorn bush and goes blind. Lamenting, he now wanders through the world until he accidentally finds Rapunzel's prison and recognises the girl by her singing. As her tears wet his eyes, he is cured of his blindness and brings Rapunzel happily home to his kingdom.)*

There were once a man and a woman who had long in vain wished for a child. At length the woman hoped that God was about to grant her desire. These people had a little window at the back of their house from which a splendid garden could be seen, which was full of the most beautiful flowers and herbs. It was, however, surrounded by a high wall, and no one dared to go into it because it belonged to an enchantress, who had great power and

was dreaded by all the world. One day the woman was standing by this window and looking down into the garden, when she saw a bed which was planted with the most beautiful rampion (rapunzel), and it looked so fresh and green that she longed for it, and had the greatest desire to eat some. This desire increased every day, and as she knew that she could not get any of it, she quite pined away, and looked pale and miserable. Then her husband was alarmed, and asked, "What aileth thee, dear wife?" "Ah," she replied, "if I can't get some of the rampion, which is in the garden behind our house, to eat, I shall die." The man, who loved her, thought, "Sooner than let thy wife die, bring her some of the rampion thyself, let it cost thee what it will." In the twilight of evening, he clambered down over the wall into the garden of the enchantress, hastily clutched a handful of rampion, and took it to his wife. She at once made herself a salad of it, and ate it with much relish. She, however, liked it so much—so very much, that the next day she longed for it three times as much as before. If he was to have any rest, her husband must once more descend into the garden. In the gloom of evening, therefore, he let himself down again; but when he had clambered down the wall he was terribly afraid, for he saw the enchantress standing before him. "How canst thou dare," said she with angry look, "to descend into my garden and steal my rampion like a thief? Thou shalt suffer for it!" "Ah," answered he, "let mercy take the place of justice, I only made up my mind to do it out of necessity. My wife saw your rampion from the window, and felt such a longing for it that she would have died if she had not got some to eat." Then the enchantress allowed her anger to be softened, and said to him, "If the case be as thou sayest, I will allow thee to take away with thee as much rampion as thou wilt, only I make one condition, thou must give me the child which thy wife will bring into the world; it shall be well treated, and I will care for it like a mother." The man in his terror consented to everything, and when the woman was brought to bed, the enchantress appeared at once, gave the child the name of Rapunzel, and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew into the most beautiful child beneath the sun. When she was twelve years old, the enchantress shut her into a tower, which lay in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, but quite at the top was a little window. When the enchantress wanted to go in, she placed herself beneath this, and cried,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,  
Let down thy hair to me."

Rapunzel had magnificent long hair, fine as spun gold, and when she heard the voice of the enchantress she unfastened her braided tresses, wound them round one of the hooks of the window above, and then the hair fell twenty ells down, and the enchantress climbed up by it.

After a year or two, it came to pass that the King's son rode through the forest and went by the tower. Then he heard a song, which was so charming that he stood still and listened. This was Rapunzel, who in her solitude passed her time in letting her sweet voice resound. The King's son wanted to climb up to her, and looked for the door of the tower, but none was to be found. He rode home, but the singing had so deeply touched his heart, that every day he went out into the forest and listened to it. Once when he was thus standing behind a tree, he saw that an enchantress came there, and he heard how she cried,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,  
Let down thy hair."

Then Rapunzel let down the braids of her hair, and the enchantress climbed up to her. "If that is the ladder by which one

mounts, I will for once try my fortune," said he, and the next day when it began to grow dark, he went to the tower and cried,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,  
Let down thy hair."

Immediately the hair fell down and the King's son climbed up.

At first Rapunzel was terribly frightened when a man such as her eyes had never yet beheld, came to her; but the King's son began to talk to her quite like a friend, and told her that his heart had been so stirred that it had let him have no rest, and he had been forced to see her. Then Rapunzel lost her fear, and when he asked her if she would take him for her husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought, "He will love me more than old Dame Gothen does;" and she said yes, and laid her hand in his. She said, "I will willingly go away with thee, but I do not know how to get down. Bring with thee a skein of silk every time that thou comest, and I will weave a ladder with it, and when that is ready I will descend, and thou wilt take me on thy horse." They agreed that until that time he should come to her every evening, for the old woman came by day. The enchantress remarked nothing of this, until once Rapunzel said to her, "Tell me, Dame Gothen, how it happens that you are so much heavier for me to draw up than the young King's son—he is with me in a moment." "Ah! thou wicked child," cried the enchantress, "What do I hear thee say! I thought I had separated thee from all the world, and yet thou hast deceived me!" In her anger she clutched Rapunzel's beautiful tresses, wrapped them twice round her left hand, seized a pair of scissors with the right, and snip, snap, they were cut off, and the lovely braids lay on the ground. And she was so pitiless that she took poor Rapunzel into a desert where she had to live in great grief and misery.

On the same day, however, that she cast out Rapunzel, the enchantress in the evening fastened the braids of hair which she had cut off to the hook of the window, and when the King's son came and cried,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,  
Let down thy hair."

she let the hair down. The King's son ascended, but he did not find his dearest Rapunzel above, but the enchantress, who gazed at him with wicked and venomous looks. "Aha!" she cried mockingly, "Thou wouldest fetch thy dearest, but the beautiful bird sits no longer singing in the nest; the cat has got it, and will scratch out thy eyes as well. Rapunzel is lost to thee; thou wilt never see her more." The King's son was beside himself with pain, and in his despair he leapt down from the tower. He escaped with his life, but the thorns into which he fell, pierced his eyes. Then he wandered quite blind about the forest, ate nothing but roots and berries, and did nothing but lament and weep over the loss of his dearest wife. Thus he roamed about in misery for some years, and at length came to the desert where Rapunzel, with the twins to which she had given birth, a boy and a girl, lived in wretchedness. He heard a voice, and it seemed so familiar to him that he went towards it, and when he approached, Rapunzel knew him and fell on his neck and wept. Two of her tears wetted his eyes and they grew clear again, and he could see with them as before. He led her to his kingdom where he was joyfully received, and they lived for a long time afterwards, happy and contented.

### 13.—THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD.

("*The three little men in the forest*" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm (KHM 13). [In the original *Haulemännchen* or *Höhlen-Waldmännlein*. They are so called because they live in caves in the forests. They are little dwarfs with large heads, and are supposed to steal unbaptised children.] The text of the 1st edition from 1812 (after *Dortchen Wild*) describes the boot episode, the strawberries in winter and briefly that Drowning and the transformation of the duck. The rest was added from 1819 after *Dorothea Viehmann* (only the toads out of the mouth after *Amalie Hassenpflug*. *Haulemannchen* are cave men who steal unbaptised children. The fairy tale deals with the decision between right and wrong.)

*Contents:* A woman offers her hand in marriage to a widower: in return, her daughter would wash and drink water, and the man's daughter would wash with milk and drink wine. After performing a test to determine his choice, he marries the woman, who keeps her word. However, by the second day of marriage, both daughters bathe and wash with water. By the third, the man's daughter washes with and drinks water, while the woman's daughter drinks wine and washes with milk. It remains this way afterwards, because the woman secretly hates her step-daughter due to her being prettier than her own. One day during winter, the step-mother makes her step-daughter put on a paper dress and go out to find strawberries. The girl is horrified by this, as no fruit can be found in winter and the dress will not protect her from the cold. The step-mother forces her to go out, forbidding her return until strawberries are brought. In reality, this is a plot to get rid of the girl due to the step-mother's immense hatred of her. The girl soon finds a small house with three little men inside. She shows great kindness towards them as a houseguest, offers them her coarse food given by the step-mother, and cleans house for them also. The men, feeling sorry for her circumstances, decide to give her three gifts: she will grow prettier every day, gold will fall from her mouth at every word, and she will one day marry a king. The girl eventually finds strawberries near the back of their house and makes her way home happily. The girl returns home, but faces the envy of her step-sister, who wants the same rewards. Her mother initially doesn't let her search for strawberries, but the step-sister begs until she is allowed. She is given a warm coat and good food, and soon finds the house with the three little men. However, she acts rudely towards them and refuses to clean. When she realises she won't be given anything, she takes her leave. The three men decide to punish her for her behavior: the girl will grow uglier every day, toads will jump out from her mouth at every word, and she will die a horrible death. The step-sister returns home unhappily, and her mother is disgusted by the toads that come out of her mouth. The step-mother's hatred for her step-daughter increases day by day due to her becoming more beautiful. She dips yarn into boiling water and gives the girl an axe to cut a hole in an iced river to rinse it. During the time she is doing so, a king arrives in his coach and is infatuated with her beauty. He takes her along to his castle and marries her as the three men had foretold. Soon after, she has a baby boy. However, the step-mother hears of this and arrives with her daughter, pretending to visit. When they are alone, they both seize the queen and toss her out the window, where she falls into a stream and drowns. The woman's daughter is immediately given the place of the queen, and the king is told she is sick, so toads now come from her mouth instead of gold. During the night, the kitchen-boy witnesses a duck swim up the gutter and ask for the statuses of the king and baby. The boy answers they

*sleep quietly. The duck temporarily turns into the queen to care for her baby and swims off as a duck through the gutter. This happens again two more times: on the third, she tells the kitchen-boy to tell the king to brandish his sword over her three times. The boy tells the king, who does so, and the duck turns back into the queen, who comes back to life. The king hides his wife during his child's baptism to confront the step-mother and false queen. He asks the step-mother what the punishment should be for someone who drags another from bed and drowns them: the woman foolishly answers that they should be placed in a cask with nails inside and rolled down a hill into the water. The king then exclaims she has just spoken her own sentence, so the step-mother and false queen are then put inside said cask and rolled down a hill into a nearby river.)*

There was once a man whose wife died, and a woman whose husband died, and the man had a daughter, and the woman also had a daughter. The girls were acquainted with each other, and went out walking together, and afterwards came to the woman in her house. Then said she to the man's daughter, "Listen, tell thy father that I would like to marry him, and then thou shalt wash thyself in milk every morning, and drink wine, but my own daughter shall wash herself in water and drink water." The girl went home, and told her father what the woman had said. The man said, "What shall I do? Marriage is a joy and also a torment." At length as he could come to no decision, he pulled off his boot, and said, "Take this boot, it has a hole in the sole of it. Go with it up to the loft, hang it on the big nail, and then pour water into it. If it hold the water, then I will again take a wife, but if it run through, I will not." The girl did as she was ordered, but the water drew the hole together, and the boot became full to the top. She informed her father how it had turned out. Then he himself went up, and when he saw that she was right, he went to the widow and wooed her, and the wedding was celebrated.

The next morning, when the two girls got up, there stood before the man's daughter, milk for her to wash in and wine for her to drink, but before the woman's daughter stood water to wash herself with and water for drinking. On the second morning, stood water for washing and water for drinking before the man's daughter as well as before the woman's daughter. And on the third morning; stood water for washing; and water for drinking before the man's daughter, and milk for washing and wine for drinking, before the woman's daughter, and so it continued. The woman became bitterly unkind to her step-daughter, and day by day did her best to treat her still worse. She was envious too because her step daughter was beautiful and lovable, and her own daughter ugly and repulsive.

Once, in winter, when everything was frozen as hard as a stone, and hill and vale lay covered with snow, the woman made a frock of paper, called her step-daughter, and said, "Here, put on this dress and go out into the wood, and fetch me a little basketful of strawberries,—I have a fancy for some." "Good heavens!" said the girl, "no strawberries grow in winter! The ground is frozen, and besides the snow has covered everything. And why am I to go in this paper frock? It is so cold outside that one's very breath freezes! The wind will blow through the frock, and the thorns will tear it off my body." "Wilt thou contradict me again?" said the stepmother, "See that thou goest, and do not show thy face again until thou hast the basketful of strawberries!" Then she gave her a little piece of hard bread, and said, "This will last thee the day," and thought, "Thou wilt die of cold and hunger outside, and wilt never be seen again by me."

Then the maiden was obedient, and put on the paper frock, and went out with the basket. Far and wide there was nothing but snow, and not a green blade to be seen. When she got into the wood she saw a small house out of which peeped three little dwarfs. She wished them good day, and knocked modestly at the door. They cried, "Come in," and she entered the room and seated herself on the bench by the stove, where she began to warm herself and eat her breakfast. The elves said, "Give us, too, some of it." "Willingly," said she, and divided her bit of bread in two, and gave them the half. They asked, "What dost thou here in the forest in the winter time, in thy thin dress?" "Ah," she answered, "I am to look for a basketful of strawberries, and am not to go home until I can take them with me." When she had eaten her bread, they gave her a broom and said, "Sweep away the snow at the back door with it." But when she was outside, the three little men said to each other, "What shall we give her as she is so good, and has shared her bread with us?" Then said the first, "My gift is, that she shall every day grow more beautiful." The second said, "My gift is, that gold pieces shall fall out of her mouth every time she speaks." The third said, "My gift is, that a king shall come and take her to wife."

The girl, however, did as the little men had bidden her, swept away the snow behind the little house with the broom, and what did she find but real ripe strawberries, which came up quite dark-red out of the snow! In her joy she hastily gathered her basket full, thanked the little men, shook hands with each of them, and ran home to take her step-mother what she had longed for so much. When she went in and said good-evening, a piece of gold at once fell out of her mouth. Thereupon she related what had happened to her in the wood, but with every word she spoke, gold pieces fell from her mouth, until very soon the whole room was covered with them. "Now look at her arrogance," cried the step-sister, "to throw about gold in that way!" but she was secretly envious of it, and wanted to go into the forest also to seek strawberries. The mother said, "No, my dear little daughter, it is too cold, thou mightest die of cold." However, as her daughter let her have no peace, the mother at last yielded, made her a magnificent dress of fur, which she was obliged to put on, and gave her bread-and-butter and cake with her.

The girl went into the forest and straight up to the little house. The three little elves peeped out again, but she did not greet them, and without looking round at them and without speaking to them, she went awkwardly into the room, seated herself by the stove, and began to eat her bread-and-butter and cake. "Give us some of it," cried the little men; but she replied, "There is not enough for myself, so how can I give it away to other people?" When she had done eating, they said, "There is a broom for thee, sweep all clean for us outside by the back-door." "Humph! Sweep for yourselves," she answered, "I am not your servant." When she saw that they were not going to give her anything, she went out by the door. Then the little men said to each other, "What shall we give her as she is so naughty, and has a wicked envious heart, that will never let her do a good turn to any one?" The first said, "I grant that she may grow uglier every day." The second said, "I grant that at every word she says, a toad shall spring out of her mouth." The third said, "I grant that she may die a miserable death." The maiden looked for strawberries outside, but as she found none, she went angrily home. And when she opened her mouth, and was about to tell her mother what had happened to her in the wood, with every word she said, a toad sprang out of her mouth, so that every one was seized with horror of her.

Then the step-mother was still more enraged, and thought of nothing but how to do every possible injury to the man's daughter, whose beauty, however, grew daily greater. At length she took a cauldron, set it on the fire, and boiled yarn in it. When it was boiled, she flung it on the poor girl's shoulder, and gave her an axe in order that she might go on the frozen river, cut a hole in the ice, and rinse the yarn. She was obedient, went thither and cut a hole in the ice; and while she was in the midst of her cutting, a splendid carriage came driving up, in which sat the King. The carriage stopped, and the King asked, "My child, who art thou, and what art thou doing here?" "I am a poor girl, and I am rinsing yarn." Then the King felt compassion, and when he saw that she was so very beautiful, he said to her, "Wilt thou go away with me?" "Ah, yes, with all my heart," she answered, for she was glad to get away from the mother and sister.

So she got into the carriage and drove away with the King, and when they arrived at his palace, the wedding was celebrated with great pomp, as the little men had granted to the maiden. When a year was over, the young Queen bore a son, and as the step-mother had heard of her great good-fortune, she came with her daughter to the palace and pretended that she wanted to pay her a visit. Once, however, when the King had gone out, and no one else was present, the wicked woman seized the Queen by the head, and her daughter seized her by the feet, and they lifted her out of the bed, and threw her out of the window into the stream which flowed by. Then the ugly daughter laid herself in the bed, and the old woman covered her up over her head. When the King came home again and wanted to speak to his wife, the old woman cried, "Hush, hush, that can't be now, she is lying in a violent perspiration; you must let her rest to-day." The King suspected no evil, and did not come back again till next morning; and as he talked with his wife and she answered him, with every word a toad leaped out, whereas formerly a piece of gold had fallen out. Then he asked what that could be, but the old woman said that she had got that from the violent perspiration, and would soon lose it again. During the night, however, the scullion saw a duck come swimming up the gutter, and it said,

"King, what art thou doing now?

Sleepest thou, or wakest thou?"

And as he returned no answer it said,

"And my guests, What may they do?"

The scullion said,

"They are sleeping soundly, too."

Then it asked again,

"What does little baby mice?"

He answered,

"Sleepeth in her cradle fine."

Then she went upstairs in the form of the Queen, nursed the baby, shook up its little bed, covered it over, and then swam away again down the gutter in the shape of a duck. She came thus for two nights; on the third, she said to the scullion, "Go and tell the King to take his sword and swing it three times over me on the threshold." Then the scullion ran and told this to the King, who came with his sword and swung it thrice over the spirit, and at the third time, his wife stood before him strong, living, and healthy as she had been before. Thereupon the King was full of great joy, but he kept the Queen hidden in a chamber until the Sunday, when the baby was to be christened. And when it was christened he said, "What does a person deserve who drags another out of bed and throws him in the water?" "The wretch deserves nothing better," answered the old woman, "than to be taken and put in a barrel stuck full of nails, and rolled down hill into the water." "Then,"

said the King, "Thou hast pronounced thine own sentence;" and he ordered such a barrel to be brought, and the old woman to be put into it with her daughter, and then the top was hammered on, and the barrel rolled down hill until it went into the river.

#### 14.—THE THREE SPINNERS.

*("The three spinners" is a fairy tale in the children's and household tales by the Brothers Grimm at position 14 (KHM 14). In the 1st edition the title was "Von dem Bösen Spinnen". Grimm's note locates the fairy tale text (from the 2nd Edition) in the "Principality of Corvei" (Corvey Abbey in the east of what is now North Rhine-Westphalia); the text is by Jeanette Hassenpflug.)*

*Contents: A lazy girl is beaten by her mother because she does not want to work. The queen driving by outside hears the screams. Ashamed of her daughter's laziness, the mother says she cannot stop her daughter from spinning. Then she takes the queen to her castle and shows her three chambers full of flax. Once she has spun them into yarn, she should marry her son, even though she is poor. When she comes back on the third day, the daughter can still apologize that she has not been able to start because of homesickness. Then three old women come to her, the first has a wide flat foot, the second a large drooping lower lip, the third a wide thumb. They spin her flax. In return, she should invite her to the wedding, it will be her happiness. The prince reacts amazed at his bride's three bases. When they share how they got their disfigurements (the flat foot from kicking, the lip from licking, and the thumb from pulling threads), he will never let his wife spin again.)*

There was once a girl who was idle and would not spin, and let her mother say what she would, she could not bring her to it. At last the mother was once so overcome with anger and impatience, that she beat her, on which the girl began to weep loudly. Now at this very moment the Queen drove by, and when she heard the weeping she stopped her carriage, went into the house and asked the mother why she was beating her daughter so that the cries could be heard out on the road? Then the woman was ashamed to reveal the laziness of her daughter and said, "I cannot get her to leave off spinning. She insists on spinning for ever and ever, and I am poor, and cannot procure the flax." Then answered the Queen, "There is nothing that I like better to hear than spinning, and I am never happier than when the wheels are humming. Let me have your daughter with me in the palace, I have flax enough, and there she shall spin as much as she likes." The mother was heartily satisfied with this, and the Queen took the girl with her. When they had arrived at the palace, she led her up into three rooms which were filled from the bottom to the top with the finest flax. "Now spin me this flax," said she, "and when thou hast done it, thou shalt have my eldest son for a husband, even if thou art poor. I care not for that, thy indefatigable industry is dowry enough." The girl was secretly terrified, for she could not have spun the flax, no, not if she had lived till she was three hundred years old, and had sat at it every day from morning till night. When therefore she was alone, she began to weep, and sat thus for three days without moving a finger. On the third day came the Queen, and when she saw that nothing had been spun yet, she was surprised; but the girl excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin because of her great distress at leaving her mother's house. The Queen was satisfied with this, but said when she was going away, "To-morrow thou must begin to work."

When the girl was alone again, she did not know what to do, and in her distress went to the window. Then she saw three women coming towards her, the first of whom had a broad flat foot, the second had such a great under-lip that it hung down over her chin, and the third had a broad thumb. They remained standing before the window, looked up, and asked the girl what was amiss with her? She complained of her trouble, and then they offered her their help and said, "If thou wilt invite us to the wedding, not be ashamed of us, and wilt call us thine aunts, and likewise wilt place us at thy table, we will spin up the flax for thee, and that in a very short time." "With all my heart," she replied, "do but come in and begin the work at once." Then she let in the three strange women, and cleared a place in the first room, where they seated themselves and began their spinning. The one drew the thread and trod the wheel, the other wetted the thread, the third twisted it, and struck the table with her finger, and as often as she struck it, a skein of thread fell to the ground that was spun in the finest manner possible. The girl concealed the three spinners from the Queen, and showed her whenever she came the great quantity of spun thread, until the latter could not praise her enough. When the first room was empty she went to the second, and at last to the third, and that too was quickly cleared. Then the three women took leave and said to the girl, "Do not forget what thou hast promised us,—it will make thy fortune."

When the maiden showed the Queen the empty rooms, and the great heap of yarn, she gave orders for the wedding, and the bridegroom[1] rejoiced that he was to have such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her mightily. "I have three aunts," said the girl, "and as they have been very kind to me, I should not like to forget them in my good fortune; allow me to invite them to the wedding, and let them sit with us at table." The Queen and the bridegroom said, "Why should we not allow that?" Therefore when the feast began, the three women entered in strange apparel, and the bride said, "Welcome, dear aunts." "Ah," said the bridegroom, "how comest thou by these odious friends?" Thereupon he went to the one with the broad flat foot, and said, "How do you come by such a broad foot?" "By treading," she answered, "by treading." Then the bridegroom went to the second, and said, "How do you come by your falling lip?" "By licking," she answered, "by licking." Then he asked the third, "How do you come by your broad thumb?" "By twisting the thread," she answered, "by twisting the thread." On this the King's son was alarmed and said, "Neither now nor ever shall my beautiful bride touch a spinning-wheel." And thus she got rid of the hateful flax-spinning.

[Braütigam, betrothed. The old English brydguma had the same signification, and was only applied to a betrothed man, just as brýd, bride, was only applied to a betrothed woman.—Tr.]

## 15.—HÄNSEL AND GRETHEL.

("Hansel and Gretel" (German: *Hänsel und Gretel*) is one of the most famous fairy tales collected by the German Brothers Grimm and published in 1812 in Grimm's Fairy Tales (KHM 15). It is in English also known as *Hansel and Gretel*, *Little Brother and Little Sister* or even *Little Step Brother and Little Step Sister* which brings confusion with another Grimm-story that is called *Brother and Sister* [German: *Brüderchen und Schwesternchen*]. Although Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm credited "various tales from Hesse" (the region where they lived) as their source, scholars have argued that the brothers heard the story in 1809 from the family

of Wilhelm's friend and future wife, *Dortchen Wild*, and partly from other sources.

The cannibalistic witch who intends to eat the children is probably reflecting long gone events in the Thirty Years War (1618–1648) which was so cruel that roughly 40% of all Germans died in it and left the survivors traumatised for centuries. With the direct French intervention triggered by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635, the war, that was already dying through exhaustion, was prolonged for another 12 years and caused most of the casualties. It was the culmination of a jihad-like religious conflict that engulfed the Holy Roman Empire for 130 years. Estimated results: 500,000 deaths on the battlefields, 1,100,000 military deaths from disease, 5,500,000 total civilian dead, Total dead (including famine due to requisition of food from civilians): 8,000,000–10,000,000. France's annexation of the German-speaking provinces of Alsace and Lorraine from the Holy Roman Empire caused a fury hatred among the Germans against the French that led consequently to World War I and II. The alleged harsh and unemphatic mindset of the Germans, if there has ever been anything like that, may well have its origin in these horrific conflicts.

Contents based on the 1812 version: Hansel and Gretel are the children of a poor woodcutter who lives with them and his wife in the forest. When the need becomes too great, she persuades her husband to abandon the two children in the forest. Although it is difficult for him, the woodcutter leads the children into the forest the next day and leaves them alone under a pretext. But Hansel has overheard the parents and laid a trail of small white stones on the path into the forest, which the children can use to find their way back. So it is that the mother's plan fails. But the second attempt to abandon the children is successful: This time Hansel and Gretel only have a slice of bread with them, which Hansel crumbles to lay a trail. However, it is picked up by birds. As a result, the children can no longer find their way home and get lost. On the third day, the two come across a cottage made entirely out of bread, cake, and sugar. First they break down parts of the house to satisfy their hunger. However, in this house lives a witch who is a cannibal. In the original version of the fairy tale from 1812 as well as in the later editions up to the "final edition" of 1857, she calls out in a kind of onomatopoeia: "Nibble, nibble, gnaw, who is nibbling at my little house?" The witch will not give up deceives, catches the two, makes Gretel a maid and fattens Hansel in a cage to eat him later. However, Hansel uses a trick: to check whether the boy is already fat enough, the half-blind witch feels his finger every day. However, Hansel always gives her a small bone. When she realises that the boy does not seem to be getting fat, she loses patience and wants to fry him immediately. The witch orders Gretel to look in the oven to see if it is already hot. However, Gretel claims to be too small for it, so the witch has to check for herself. As she opens the oven, Gretel pushes the Wicked Witch inside. The children take treasures from the witch's house and find their way back to their father. The mother has since died. Now they live happily and are no longer hungry.)

Hard by a great forest dwelt a poor wood-cutter with his wife and his two children. The boy was called Hänsel and the girl Gretel. He had little to bite and to break, and once when great scarcity fell on the land, he could no longer procure daily bread. Now when he thought over this by night in his bed, and tossed about in his anxiety, he groaned and said to his wife, "What is to become of us? How are we to feed our poor children, when we no longer have anything even for ourselves?" "I'll tell you what, husband," answered the woman, "Early to-morrow morning we

will take the children out into the forest to where it is the thickest, there we will light a fire for them, and give each of them one piece of bread more, and then we will go to our work and leave them alone. They will not find the way home again, and we shall be rid of them." "No, wife," said the man, "I will not do that; how can I bear to leave my children alone in the forest?—the wild animals would soon come and tear them to pieces." "O, thou fool!" said she, "Then we must all four die of hunger, thou mayest as well plane the planks for our coffins," and she left him no peace until he consented. "But I feel very sorry for the poor children, all the same," said the man.

The two children had also not been able to sleep for hunger, and had heard what their step-mother had said to their father. Gretel wept bitter tears, and said to Hänsel, "Now all is over with us." "Be quiet, Gretel," said Hänsel, "do not distress thyself, I will soon find a way to help us." And when the old folks had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his little coat, opened the door below, and crept outside. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay in front of the house glittered like real silver pennies. Hänsel stooped and put as many of them in the little pocket of his coat as he could possibly get in. Then he went back and said to Gretel, "Be comforted, dear little sister, and sleep in peace, God will not forsake us," and he lay down again in his bed. When day dawned, but before the sun had risen, the woman came and awoke the two children, saying, "Get up, you sluggards! we are going into the forest to fetch wood." She gave each a little piece of bread, and said, "There is something for your dinner, but do not eat it up before then, for you will get nothing else." Gretel took the bread under her apron, as Hänsel had the stones in his pocket. Then they all set out together on the way to the forest. When they had walked a short time, Hänsel stood still and peeped back at the house, and did so again and again. His father said, "Hänsel, what art thou looking at there and staying behind for? Mind what thou art about, and do not forget how to use thy legs." "Ah, father," said Hänsel, "I am looking at my little white cat, which is sitting up on the roof, and wants to say good-bye to me." The wife said, "Fool, that is not thy little cat, that is the morning sun which is shining on the chimneys." Hänsel, however, had not been looking back at the cat, but had been constantly throwing one of the white pebble-stones out of his pocket on the road.

When they had reached the middle of the forest, the father said, "Now, children, pile up some wood, and I will light a fire that you may not be cold." Hänsel and Gretel gathered brushwood together, as high as a little hill. The brushwood was lighted, and when the flames were burning very high the woman said, "Now, children, lay yourselves down by the fire and rest, we will go into the forest and cut some wood. When we have done, we will come back and fetch you away."

Hänsel and Gretel sat by the fire, and when noon came, each ate a little piece of bread, and as they heard the strokes of the wood-axe they believed that their father was near. It was, however, not the axe, it was a branch which he had fastened to a withered tree which the wind was blowing backwards and forwards. And as they had been sitting such a long time, their eyes shut with fatigue, and they fell fast asleep. When at last they awoke, it was already dark night. Gretel began to cry and said, "How are we to get out of the forest now?" But Hänsel comforted her and said, "Just wait a little, until the moon has risen, and then we will soon find the way." And when the full moon had risen, Hänsel took his little sister by the hand, and followed the pebbles which shone like newly-coined silver pieces, and showed them the way.

They walked the whole night long, and by break of day came once more to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it and saw that it was Hänsel and Gretel, she said, "You naughty children, why have you slept so long in the forest?—we thought you were never coming back at all!" The father, however, rejoiced, for it had cut him to the heart to leave them behind alone.

Not long afterwards, there was once more great scarcity in all parts, and the children heard their mother saying at night to their father, "Everything is eaten again, we have one half loaf left, and after that there is an end. The children must go, we will take them farther into the wood, so that they will not find their way out again; there is no other means of saving ourselves!" The man's heart was heavy, and he thought "it would be better for thee to share the last mouthful with thy children." The woman, however, would listen to nothing that he had to say, but scolded and reproached him. He who says A must say B, likewise, and as he had yielded the first time, he had to do so a second time also.

The children were, however, still awake and had heard the conversation. When the old folks were asleep, Hänsel again got up, and wanted to go out and pick up pebbles, but the woman had locked the door, and Hänsel could not get out, Nevertheless he comforted his little sister, and said, "Do not cry, Gretel, go to sleep quietly, the good God will help us."

Early in the morning came the woman, and took the children out of their beds. Their bit of bread was given to them, but it was still smaller than the time before. On the way into the forest Hänsel crumbled his in his pocket, and often stood still and threw a morsel on the ground. "Hänsel, why dost thou stop and look round?" said the father, "go on." "I am looking back at my little pigeon which is sitting on the roof, and wants to say good-bye to me," answered Hänsel. "Simpleton!" said the woman, "that is not thy little pigeon, that is the morning sun that is shining on the chimney." Hänsel, however, little by little, threw all the crumbs on the path.

The woman led the children still deeper into the forest, where they had never in their lives been before. Then a great fire was again made, and the mother said, "Just sit there, you children, and when you are tired you may sleep a little; we are going into the forest to cut wood, and in the evening when we are done, we will come and fetch you away." When it was noon, Gretel shared her piece of bread with Hänsel, who had scattered his by the way. Then they fell asleep and evening came and went, but no one came to the poor children. They did not awake until it was dark night, and Hänsel comforted his little sister and said, "Just wait, Gretel, until the moon rises, and then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have strewn about, they will show us our way home again." When the moon came they set out, but they found no crumbs, for the many thousands of birds which fly about in the woods and fields, had picked them all up. Hänsel said to Gretel, "We shall soon find the way," but they did not find it. They walked the whole night and all the next day too from morning till evening, but they did not get out of the forest, and were very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but two or three berries, which grew on the ground. And as they were so weary that their legs would carry them no longer, they lay down beneath a tree and fell asleep.

It was now three mornings since they had left their father's house. They began to walk again, but they always got deeper into the forest, and if help did not come soon, they must die of hunger and weariness. When it was mid-day, they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a bough, which sang so delightfully that they stood

still and listened to it. And when it had finished its song, it spread its wings and flew away before them, and they followed it until they reached a little house, on the roof of which it alighted; and when they came quite up to the little house they saw that it was built of bread and covered with cakes, but that the windows were of clear sugar. "We will set to work on that," said Hänsel, "and have a good meal. I will eat a bit of the roof, and thou, Gretel, canst eat some of the window, it will taste sweet." Hänsel reached up above, and broke off a little of the roof to try how it tasted, and Gretel leant against the window and nibbled at the panes. Then a soft voice cried from the room,

"Nibble, nibble, gnaw,  
Who is nibbling at my little house?"  
The children answered,  
"The wind, the wind,  
The heaven-born wind,"

and went on eating without disturbing themselves. Hänsel, who thought the roof tasted very nice, tore down a great piece of it, and Gretel pushed out the whole of one round window-pane, sat down, and enjoyed herself with it. Suddenly the door opened, and a very, very old woman, who supported herself on crutches, came creeping out. Hänsel and Gretel were so terribly frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands. The old woman, however, nodded her head, and said, "Oh, you dear children, who has brought you here? Do come in, and stay with me. No harm shall happen to you." She took them both by the hand, and led them into her little house. Then good food was set before them, milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts. Afterwards two pretty little beds were covered with clean white linen, and Hänsel and Gretel lay down in them, and thought they were in heaven.

The old woman had only pretended to be so kind; she was in reality a wicked witch, who lay in wait for children, and had only built the little bread house in order to entice them there. When a child fell into her power, she killed it, cooked and ate it, and that was a feast day with her. Witches have red eyes, and cannot see far, but they have a keen scent like the beasts, and are aware when human beings draw near. When Hänsel and Gretel came into her neighbourhood, she laughed maliciously, and said mockingly, "I have them, they shall not escape me again!" Early in the morning before the children were awake, she was already up, and when she saw both of them sleeping and looking so pretty, with their plump red cheeks, she muttered to herself, "That will be a dainty mouthful!" Then she seized Hänsel with her shrivelled hand, carried him into a little stable, and shut him in with a grated door. He might scream as he liked, that was of no use. Then she went to Gretel, shook her till she awoke, and cried, "Get up, lazy thing, fetch some water, and cook something good for thy brother, he is in the stable outside, and is to be made fat. When he is fat, I will eat him." Gretel began to weep bitterly, but it was all in vain, she was forced to do what the wicked witch ordered her.

And now the best food was cooked for poor Hänsel, but Gretel got nothing but crab-shells. Every morning the woman crept to the little stable, and cried, "Hänsel, stretch out thy finger that I may feel if thou wilt soon be fat." Hänsel, however, stretched out a little bone to her, and the old woman, who had dim eyes, could not see it, and thought it was Hänsel's finger, and was astonished that there was no way of fattening him. When four weeks had gone by, and Hänsel still continued thin, she was seized with impatience and would not wait any longer, "Hola, Gretel," she cried to the girl, "be active, and bring some water. Let Hansel be fat or lean, to-morrow I will kill him, and cook him." Ah, how the poor little sister did lament when she had to fetch the water, and how her

tears did flow down over her cheeks! "Dear God, do help us," she cried. "If the wild beasts in the forest had but devoured us, we should at any rate have died together." "Just keep thy noise to thyself," said the old woman, "all that won't help thee at all."

Early in the morning, Gretel had to go out and hang up the cauldron with the water, and light the fire. "We will bake first," said the old woman, "I have already heated the oven, and kneaded the dough." She pushed poor Gretel out to the oven, from which flames of fire were already darting. "Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is properly heated, so that we can shut the bread in." And when once Gretel was inside, she intended to shut the oven and let her bake in it, and then she would eat her, too. But Gretel saw what she had in her mind, and said, "I do not know how I am to do it; how do you get in?" "Silly goose," said the old woman. "The door is big enough; just look, I can get in myself!" and she crept up and thrust her head into the oven. Then Gretel gave her a push that drove her far into it, and shut the iron door, and fastened the bolt. Oh! then she began to howl quite horribly, but Gretel ran away, and the godless witch was miserably burnt to death.

Gretel, however, ran as quick as lightning to Hänsel, opened his little stable, and cried, "Hänsel, we are saved! The old witch is dead!" Then Hänsel sprang out like a bird from its cage when the door is opened for it. How they did rejoice and embrace each other, and dance about and kiss each other! And as they had no longer any need to fear her, they went into the witch's house, and in every corner there stood chests full of pearls and jewels. "These are far better than pebbles!" said Hänsel, and thrust into his pockets whatever could be got in, and Gretel said, "I, too, will take something home with me," and filled her pinafore full. "But now we will go away," said Hänsel, "that we may get out of the witch's forest."

When they had walked for two hours, they came to a great piece of water. "We cannot get over," said Hänsel, "I see no foot-plank, and no bridge." "And no boat crosses either," answered Gretel, "but a white duck is swimming there; if I ask her, she will help us over." Then she cried,

"Little duck, little duck, dost thou see,  
Hänsel and Gretel are waiting for thee?  
There's never a plank, or bridge in sight,  
Take us across on thy back so white."

The duck came to them, and Hänsel seated himself on its back, and told his sister to sit by him. "No," replied Gretel, "that will be too heavy for the little duck; she shall take us across, one after the other." The good little duck did so, and when they were once safely across and had walked for a short time, the forest seemed to be more and more familiar to them, and at length they saw from afar their father's house. Then they began to run, rushed into the parlour, and threw themselves into their father's arms. The man had not known one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest; the woman, however, was dead. Gretel emptied her pinafore until pearls and precious stones ran about the room, and Hänsel threw one handful after another out of his pocket to add to them. Then all anxiety was at an end, and they lived together in perfect happiness. My tale is done, there runs a mouse, whosoever catches it, may make himself a big fur cap out of it.

## 16.—THE THREE SNAKE-LEAVES.

(*"The Three Snake-Leaves"* (German: *Die drei Schlangenblätter*) is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number 16. According to Grimm's note, the text follows two stories that differ only in minor things from *Hoof in Hesse* and from a village in Paderborn. It is assumed that they come from Sergeant Krause or the von Haxthausen family.)

*Contents: Via his valour in battle, a young man wins the king's daughter to wife, but has to agree to an unusual demand from the princess: if either of them should die, the other will be buried alive with the former. Sometime later, the princess falls sick and dies, so the prince is buried alive in her crypt. While waiting to starve to death, the prince is attacked by a snake, which he kills by chopping into three pieces. Another snake revives the dead snake with three leaves, giving the prince the idea to use the leaves on the princess, successfully reviving her. The prince and princess then take a sea voyage to visit his father. The princess falls in love with the ship captain, and the pair throws the prince into the sea and drown him. A servant rows after the prince's body, and he revives him using the snake leaves. The prince and the servant return to the kingdom and report the murder attempt. As punishment, she is put in a holed ship with the captain and driven out to sea, where they soon sink under the waves.)*

There was once on a time a poor man, who could no longer support his only son. Then said the son, "Dear father, things go so badly with us that I am a burden to you. I would rather go away and see how I can earn my bread." So the father gave him his blessing, and with great sorrow took leave of him. At this time the King of a mighty empire was at war, and the youth took service with him, and with him went out to fight. And when he came before the enemy, there was a battle, and great danger, and it rained shot until his comrades fell on all sides, and when the leader also was killed, those left were about to take flight, but the youth stepped forth, spoke boldly to them, and cried, "We will not let our fatherland be ruined!" Then the others followed him, and he pressed on and conquered the enemy. When the King heard that he owed the victory to him alone, he raised him above all the others, gave him great treasures, and made him the first in the kingdom.

The King had a daughter who was very beautiful, but she was also very strange. She had made a vow to take no one as her lord and husband who did not promise to let himself be buried alive with her if she died first. "If he loves me with all his heart," said she, "of what use will life be to him afterwards?" On her side she would do the same, and if he died first, would go down to the grave with him. This strange oath had up to this time frightened away all wooers, but the youth became so charmed with her beauty that he cared for nothing, but asked her father for her. "But dost thou know what thou must promise?" said the King. "I must be buried with her," he replied, "if I outlive her, but my love is so great that I do not mind the danger." Then the King consented, and the wedding was solemnised with great splendour.

They lived now for a while happy and contented with each other, and then it befell that the young Queen was attacked by a severe illness, and no physician could save her. And as she lay there dead, the young King remembered what he had been obliged to promise, and was horrified at having to lie down alive in the grave, but there was no escape. The King had placed sentries at all the gates, and it was not possible to avoid his fate. When the day came when the corpse was to be buried, he was taken down into the royal vault with it, and then the door was shut and bolted.

Near the coffin stood a table on which were four candles, four loaves of bread, and four bottles of wine, and when this provision came to an end, he would have to die of hunger. And now he sat there full of pain and grief, ate every day only a little piece of bread, drank only a mouthful of wine, and nevertheless saw death daily drawing nearer. Whilst he thus gazed before him, he saw a snake creep out of a corner of the vault and approach the dead body. And as he thought it came to gnaw at it, he drew his sword and said, "As long as I live, thou shalt not touch her," and hewed the snake in three pieces. After a time a second snake crept out of the hole, and when it saw the other lying dead and cut in pieces, it went back, but soon came again with three green leaves in its mouth. Then it took the three pieces of the snake, laid them together, as they ought to go, and placed one of the leaves on each wound.<sup>[1]</sup> Immediately the severed parts joined themselves together, the snake moved, and became alive again, and both of them hastened away together. The leaves were left lying on the ground, and a desire came into the mind of the unhappy man who had been watching all this, to know if the wondrous power of the leaves which had brought the snake to life again, could not likewise be of service to a human being. So he picked up the leaves and laid one of them on the mouth of his dead wife, and the two others on her eyes. And hardly had he done this than the blood stirred in her veins, rose into her pale face, and coloured it again. Then she drew breath, opened her eyes, and said, "Ah, God, where am I?" "Thou art with me, dear wife," he answered, and told her how everything had happened, and how he had brought her back again to life. Then he gave her some wine and bread, and when she had regained her strength, he raised her up and they went to the door and knocked, and called so loudly that the sentries heard it, and told the King. The King came down himself and opened the door, and there he found both strong and well, and rejoiced with them that now all sorrow was over. The young King, however, took the three snake-leaves with him, gave them to a servant and said, "Keep them for me carefully, and carry them constantly about thee; who knows in what trouble they may yet be of service to us!"

A change had, however, taken place in his wife; after she had been restored to life, it seemed as if all love for her husband had gone out of her heart. After some time, when he wanted to make a voyage over the sea, to visit his old father, and they had gone on board a ship, she forgot the great love and fidelity which he had shown her, and which had been the means of rescuing her from death, and conceived a wicked inclination for the skipper. And once when the young King lay there asleep, she called in the skipper and seized the sleeper by the head, and the skipper took him by the feet, and thus they threw him down into the sea. When the shameful deed was done, she said, "Now let us return home, and say that he died on the way. I will extol and praise thee so to my father that he will marry me to thee, and make thee the heir to his crown." But the faithful servant who had seen all that they did, unseen by them, unfastened a little boat from the ship, got into it, sailed after his master, and let the traitors go on their way. He fished up the dead body, and by the help of the three snake-leaves which he carried about with him, and laid on the eyes and mouth, he fortunately brought the young King back to life.

They both rowed with all their strength day and night, and their little boat flew so swiftly that they reached the old King before the others did. He was astonished when he saw them, come alone, and asked what had happened to them. When he learnt the wickedness of his daughter he said, "I cannot believe that she has behaved so ill, but the truth will soon come to light," and bade both go into a

secret chamber and keep themselves hidden from every one. Soon afterwards the great ship came sailing in, and the godless woman appeared before her father with a troubled countenance. He said, "Why dost thou come back alone? Where is thy husband?" "Ah, dear father," she replied, "I come home again in great grief; during the voyage, my husband became suddenly ill and died, and if the good skipper had not given me his help, it would have gone ill with me. He was present at his death, and can tell you all." The King said, "I will make the dead alive again," and opened the chamber, and bade the two come out. When the woman saw her husband, she was thunderstruck, and fell on her knees and begged for mercy. The King said, "There is no mercy. He was ready to die with thee and restored thee to life again, but thou hast murdered him in his sleep, and shalt receive the reward that thou deservest." Then she was placed with her accomplice in a ship which had been pierced with holes, and sent out to sea, where they soon sank amid the waves.

[It is strange that it did not occur to the Brothers Grimm that three leaves were not wanted. The snake was cut in three pieces, and there could only have been two wounds.—Tr.]

#### 17.—THE WHITE SNAKE or THE WHITE SERPENT.

*("The White Snake" or "The White Serpent" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm at point 17 (KHM 17). This story contains many elements that also appear in other fairy tales: an innocent suspect who is able to happily prove his innocence (*Die sechs Schwäne*), knowledge of the language of animals (*The Three Languages*) or animals that serve him out of gratitude (*The Two Brothers*), and finally the tasks he is faced with in order to obtain the beautiful princess (*The Six It* is interesting to note the significance given to the serpent here, bringing wisdom and the ability to see through other beings, a motif also found in the Indian Mahabharata epic and other narrations. The apple (fruit) points to the tree of life in the Tanakh (the Hebrew Bible, Old Testament) and there is archaeological evidence that the Fruit of Life, the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil as well as the Wise Serpent was known in early times of Babylonia. Archaeologist George Smith (1840–1876) described a seal (from 1850 BC) as having two facing figures (male and female) seated on each side of a tree, holding out their hands to the fruit, while between their backs is a serpent.*

*Contents: A king who is known for his wisdom and who doesn't miss a thing has the mysterious habit of eating something hidden under a lid after every midday meal. He only lifts the lid when no one is looking. A curious servant takes a look and finds a prepared white snake underneath. When he eats from it, he can understand the language of the animals. When the king accuses him of stealing the queen's ring, he is able to prove his innocence by having a duck slaughtered, which previously said it swallowed the ring. The king offers him a better post as an apology. Instead, the servant accepts a horse and rides out into the world. Along the way he encounters three fish, which he rescues from the reeds, an ant king, whose ant colony he spares by riding a detour so as not to have to cross the ant trail, and finally three young, hungry ravens who are still unable to fly and are rejected by their raven parents were, and for which he slaughters his horse. He comes to a castle whose beautiful king's daughter is promised to anyone who solves a task. But if he fails, then he must die. He volunteers as a suitor and the king tells him to fetch a ring from the sea. The three fish come and bring him*

*to shore for him. However, the king's daughter does not want to marry a servant and sets him the task of collecting three sacks of millet from the grass. After the ants have solved this task for him, she sets him the task of bringing her an apple from the tree of life. He starts hiking, but the three ravens get the apple for him. When the princess eats from it, her feelings change and they get married.)*

A long time ago there lived a king who was famed for his wisdom through all the land. Nothing was hidden from him, and it seemed as if news of the most secret things was brought to him through the air. But he had a strange custom; every day after dinner, when the table was cleared, and no one else was present, a trusty servant had to bring him one more dish. It was covered, however, and even the servant did not know what was in it, neither did any one know, for the King never took off the cover to eat of it until he was quite alone.

This had gone on for a long time, when one day the servant, who took away the dish, was overcome with such curiosity that he could not help carrying the dish into his room. When he had carefully locked the door, he lifted up the cover, and saw a white snake lying on the dish. But when he saw it he could not deny himself the pleasure of tasting it, so he cut off a little bit and put it into his mouth. No sooner had it touched his tongue than he heard a strange whispering of little voices outside his window. He went and listened, and then noticed that it was the sparrows who were chattering together, and telling one another of all kinds of things which they had seen in the fields and woods. Eating the snake had given him power of understanding the language of animals.

Now it so happened that on this very day the Queen lost her most beautiful ring, and suspicion of having stolen it fell upon this trusty servant, who was allowed to go everywhere. The King ordered the man to be brought before him, and threatened with angry words that unless he could before the morrow point out the thief, he himself should be looked upon as guilty and executed. In vain he declared his innocence; he was dismissed with no better answer.

In his trouble and fear he went down into the courtyard and took thought how to help himself out of his trouble. Now some ducks were sitting together quietly by a brook and taking their rest; and, whilst they were making their feathers smooth with their bills, they were having a confidential conversation together. The servant stood by and listened. They were telling one another of all the places where they had been waddling about all the morning, and what good food they had found; and one said in a pitiful tone, "Something lies heavy on my stomach; as I was eating in haste I swallowed a ring which lay under the Queen's window." The servant at once seized her by the neck, carried her to the kitchen, and said to the cook, "Here is a fine duck; pray kill her." "Yes," said the cook, and weighed her in his hand; "she has spared no trouble to fatten herself, and has been waiting to be roasted long enough." So he cut off her head, and as she was being dressed for the spit, the Queen's ring was found inside her.

The servant could now easily prove his innocence; and the King, to make amends for the wrong, allowed him to ask a favour, and promised him the best place in the court that he could wish for. The servant refused everything, and only asked for a horse and some money for travelling, as he had a mind to see the world and go about a little.

When his request was granted he set out on his way, and one day came to a pond, where he saw three fishes caught in the reeds and gasping for water. Now, though it is said that fishes are dumb, he heard them lamenting that they must perish so miserably, and, as

he had a kind heart, he got off his horse and put the three prisoners back into the water. They quivered with delight, put out their heads, and cried to him, "We will remember you and repay you for saving us!"

He rode on, and after a while it seemed to him that he heard a voice in the sand at his feet. He listened, and heard an ant-king complain, "Why cannot folks, with their clumsy beasts, keep off our bodies? That stupid horse, with his heavy hoofs, has been treading down my people without mercy!" So he turned on to a side path and the ant-king cried out to him, "We will remember you—one good turn deserves another!"

The path led him into a wood, and there he saw two old ravens standing by their nest, and throwing out their young ones. "Out with you, you idle, good-for-nothing creatures!" cried they; "we cannot find food for you any longer; you are big enough, and can provide for yourselves." But the poor young ravens lay upon the ground flapping their wings, and crying, "Oh, what helpless chicks we are! We must shift for ourselves, and yet we cannot fly! What can we do, but lie here and starve?" So the good young fellow alighted and killed his horse with his sword, and gave it to them for food. Then they came hopping up to it, satisfied their hunger, and cried, "We will remember you—one good turn deserves another!"

And now he had to use his own legs, and when he had walked a long way, he came to a large city. There was a great noise and crowd in the streets, and a man rode up on horseback, crying aloud, "The King's daughter wants a husband; but whoever sues for her hand must perform a hard task, and if he does not succeed he will forfeit his life." Many had already made the attempt, but in vain; nevertheless when the youth saw the King's daughter he was so overcome by her great beauty that he forgot all danger, went before the King, and declared himself a suitor.

So he was led out to the sea, and a gold ring was thrown into it, in his sight; then the King ordered him to fetch this ring up from the bottom of the sea, and added, "If you come up again without it you will be thrown in again and again until you perish amid the waves." All the people grieved for the handsome youth; then they went away, leaving him alone by the sea.

He stood on the shore and considered what he should do, when suddenly he saw three fishes come swimming towards him, and they were the very fishes whose lives he had saved. The one in the middle held a mussel in its mouth, which it laid on the shore at the youth's feet, and when he had taken it up and opened it, there lay the gold ring in the shell. Full of joy he took it to the King, and expected that he would grant him the promised reward.

But when the proud princess perceived that he was not her equal in birth, she scorned him, and required him first to perform another task. She went down into the garden and strewed with her own hands ten sacks-full of milletseed on the grass; then she said, "To-morrow morning before sunrise these must be picked up, and not a single grain be wanting."

The youth sat down in the garden and considered how it might be possible to perform this task, but he could think of nothing, and there he sat sorrowfully awaiting the break of day, when he should be led to death. But as soon as the first rays of the sun shone into the garden he saw all the ten sacks standing side by side, quite full, and not a single grain was missing. The ant-king had come in the night with thousands and thousands of ants, and the grateful creatures had by great industry picked up all the millet-seed and gathered them into the sacks.

Presently the King's daughter herself came down into the garden, and was amazed to see that the young man had done the task she

had given him. But she could not yet conquer her proud heart, and said, "Although he has performed both the tasks, he shall not be my husband until he has brought me an apple from the Tree of Life."

The youth did not know where the Tree of Life stood, but he set out, and would have gone on for ever, as long as his legs would carry him, though he had no hope of finding it. After he had wandered through three kingdoms, he came one evening to a wood, and lay down under a tree to sleep. But he heard a rustling in the branches, and a golden apple fell into his hand. At the same time three ravens flew down to him, perched themselves upon his knee, and said, "We are the three young ravens whom you saved from starving; when we had grown big, and heard that you were seeking the Golden Apple, we flew over the sea to the end of the world, where the Tree of Life stands, and have brought you the apple." The youth, full of joy, set out homewards, and took the Golden Apple to the King's beautiful daughter, who had now no more excuses left to make. They cut the Apple of Life in two and ate it together; and then her heart became full of love for him, and they lived in undisturbed happiness to a great age.

#### 18.—THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN.

*("Straw, Coal and Beans" (German: *Strohalm, Kohle und Bohne*) is a farce [a trivial folk tale] in the children's and household tales by the Brothers Grimm at position 18 (KHM 18). Until the second edition it was called "Straw, Coal and Beans on a Journey". Wilhelm Grimm probably heard the farce from Dorothea Catharina Wild in Kassel in 1808.*

*Contents: An old woman has some beans that she intends to cook over her fire. Being in a hurry, she grabs some straw to make the fire light faster. She pours the beans in the pot and, being in a hurry, she drops one on the floor which lands next to a piece of straw. Soon the fire is burning nicely and a hot coal jumps out and lands next to the straw and the bean. They discuss that they have narrowly escaped the fire, and they band together to flee. At a river, the straw lies down to let them cross. The coal, being hot-tempered by nature, immediately sets across. But when the coal is halfway across, the water rushes underneath, and the coal becomes terrified of being drowned. So he stops, too afraid to go on. The straw catches on fire from the coal and splitting in two, the straw and the coal are swept downstream. The bean cannot help but laugh at the misfortune of his comrades, and indeed he laughs so hard that he bursts his side. He is in trouble, but luckily there is a friendly tailor nearby who sews him back up with some black thread, and ever since beans have had a black seam.)*

In a village dwelt a poor old woman, who had gathered together a dish of beans and wanted to cook them. So she made a fire on her hearth, and that it might burn the quicker, she lighted it with a handful of straw. When she was emptying the beans into the pan, one dropped without her observing it, and lay on the ground beside a straw, and soon afterwards a burning coal from the fire leapt down to the two. Then the straw began and said, "Dear friends, from whence do you come here?" The coal replied, "I fortunately sprang out of the fire, and if I had not escaped by main force, my death would have been certain,—I should have been burnt to ashes." The bean said, "I too have escaped with a whole skin, but if the old woman had got me into the pan, I should have been made into broth without any mercy, like my comrades." "And would a better fate have fallen to my lot?" said the straw.

"The old woman has destroyed all my brethren in fire and smoke; she seized sixty of them at once, and took their lives. I luckily slipped through her fingers." "But what are we to do now?" said the coal. "I think," answered the bean, "that as we have so fortunately escaped death, we should keep together like good companions, and lest a new mischance should overtake us here, we should go away together, and repair to a foreign country."

The proposition pleased the two others, and they set out on their way in company. Soon, however, they came to a little brook, and as there was no bridge or foot-plank, they did not know how they were to get over it. The straw hit on a good idea, and said, "I will lay myself straight across, and then you can walk over on me as on a bridge." The straw therefore stretched itself from one bank to the other, and the coal, who was of an impetuous disposition, tripped quite boldly on to the newly-built bridge. But when she had reached the middle, and heard the water rushing beneath her, she was, after all, afraid, and stood still, and ventured no farther. The straw, however, began to burn, broke in two pieces, and fell into the stream. The coal slipped after her, hissed when she got into the water, and breathed her last. The bean, who had prudently stayed behind on the shore, could not but laugh at the event, was unable to stop, and laughed so heartily that she burst. It would have been all over with her, likewise, if, by good fortune, a tailor who was travelling in search of work had not sat down to rest by the brook. As he had a compassionate heart he pulled out his needle and thread, and sewed her together. The bean thanked him most prettily, but as the tailor used black thread, all beans since then have a black seam.

#### 19.—THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

(*"Of the fisherman and his wife"* is a fairy tale written by Philipp Otto Runge in Low German. The Brothers Grimm included it in 19th place (KHM 19) in their collection of the Children's and Household Tales. It had different titles: *Van den Fischer un siine Fru*, *Von den Fischer und siine Fru*, *Von dem Fischer un siine Fru*, and *Von dem Fischer und syner Fru*.

*Contents: There is a poor fisherman who lives with his wife in a hovel by the sea, in the original Low German derogatorily called "piss-pot". One day the fisherman catches a fish, which claims to be a one that can grant wishes and begs to be set free. The fisherman kindly releases it. When his wife hears the story, she says he ought to have had the fish grant him a wish. She insists that he go back and ask the flounder to grant her wish for a nice house. The fisherman reluctantly returns to the shore but is uneasy when he finds that the sea seems to become turbid, as it was so clear before. He makes up a rhyme to summon the flounder, and it grants the wife's wish. The fisherman is pleased with his new wealth, but the wife is not and demands more, and demands that her husband go back and wish that he be made a king. Reluctantly, he does and gets his wish. But again and again, his wife sends him back to ask for more and more. The fisherman knows this is wrong but there is no reasoning with his wife. He says they should not annoy the flounder, and be content with what they have been given, but his wife is not content. Each time, the flounder grants the wishes with the words: "just go home again, she has it already" or similar, but each time the sea grows rougher and rougher. Eventually, the wife wishes to command the sun, moon, and heavens, and she sends her husband to the flounder with the wish "I want to become equal to God". Instead of granting this, the flounder just tells the fisherman to go home, stating that "she is*

*sitting in her old hovel again". And with that, the sea becomes calm once more, and the fisherman and his wife are once more living in nothing but their old, dirty hovel.)*

There was once on a time a Fisherman who lived with his wife in a miserable hovel close by the sea, and every day he went out fishing. And once as he was sitting with his rod, looking at the clear water, his line suddenly went down, far down below, and when he drew it up again, he brought out a large Flounder. Then the Flounder said to him, "Hark, you Fisherman, I pray you, let me live, I am no Flounder really, but an enchanted prince. What good will it do you to kill me? I should not be good to eat, put me in the water again, and let me go." "Come," said the Fisherman, "there is no need for so many words about it—a fish that can talk I should certainly let go, anyhow," with that he put him back again into the clear water, and the Flounder went to the bottom, leaving a long streak of blood behind him. Then the Fisherman got up and went home to his wife in the hovel.

"Husband," said the woman, "have you caught nothing to-day?" "No," said the man, "I did catch a Flounder, who said he was an enchanted prince, so I let him go again." "Did you not wish for anything first?" said the woman. "No," said the man; "what should I wish for?" "Ah," said the woman, "it is surely hard to have to live always in this dirty hovel; you might have wished for a small cottage for us. Go back and call him. Tell him we want to have a small cottage, he will certainly give us that." "Ah," said the man, "why should I go there again?" "Why," said the woman, "you did catch him, and you let him go again; he is sure to do it. Go at once." The man still did not quite like to go, but did not like to oppose his wife, and went to the sea.

When he got there the sea was all green and yellow, and no longer so smooth; so he stood and said,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,  
Come, I pray thee, here to me;  
For my wife, good Ilsabil, [Isabel]  
Wills not as I'd have her will."

Then the Flounder came swimming to him and said, "Well, what does she want, then?" "Ah," said the man, "I did catch you, and my wife says I really ought to have wished for something. She does not like to live in a wretched hovel any longer; she would like to have a cottage." "Go, then," said the Flounder, "she has it already."

When the man went home, his wife was no longer in the hovel, but instead of it there stood a small cottage, and she was sitting on a bench before the door. Then she took him by the hand and said to him, "Just come inside, look, now isn't this a great deal better?" So they went in, and there was a small porch, and a pretty little parlour and bedroom, and a kitchen and pantry, with the best of furniture, and fitted up with the most beautiful things made of tin and brass, whatsoever was wanted. And behind the cottage there was a small yard, with hens and ducks, and a little garden with flowers and fruit. "Look," said the wife, "is not that nice!" "Yes," said the husband, "and so we must always think it,—now we will live quite contented." "We will think about that," said the wife. With that they ate something and went to bed.

Everything went well for a week or a fortnight, and then the woman said, "Hark you, husband, this cottage is far too small for us, and the garden and yard are little; the Flounder might just as well have given us a larger house. I should like to live in a great stone castle; go to the Flounder, and tell him to give us a castle." "Ah, wife," said the man, "the cottage is quite good enough; why should we live in a castle?" "What!" said the woman; "just go

there, the Flounder can always do that." "No, wife," said the man, "the Flounder has just given us the cottage, I do not like to go back so soon, it might make him angry." "Go," said the woman, "he can do it quite easily, and will be glad to do it; just you go to him."

The man's heart grew heavy, and he would not go. He said to himself, "It is not right," and yet he went. And when he came to the sea the water was quite purple and dark-blue, and grey and thick, and no longer so green and yellow, but it was still quiet. And he stood there and said—

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,  
Come, I pray thee, here to me;  
For my wife, good IIsabil,  
Wills not as I'd have her will."

"Well, what does she want, then?" said the Flounder. "Alas," said the man, half scared, "she wants to live in a great stone castle." "Go to it, then, she is standing before the door," said the Flounder.

Then the man went away, intending to go home, but when he got there, he found a great stone palace, and his wife was just standing on the steps going in, and she took him by the hand and said, "Come in." So he went in with her, and in the castle was a great hall paved with marble, and many servants, who flung wide the doors; and the walls were all bright with beautiful hangings, and in the rooms were chairs and tables of pure gold, and crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and all the rooms and bedrooms had carpets, and food and wine of the very best were standing on all the tables so that they nearly broke down beneath it. Behind the house, too, there was a great court-yard, with stables for horses and cows, and the very best of carriages; there was a magnificent large garden, too, with the most beautiful flowers and fruit-trees, and a park quite half a mile long, in which were stags, deer, and hares, and everything that could be desired. "Come," said the woman, "isn't that beautiful?" "Yes, indeed," said the man, "now let it be; and we will live in this beautiful castle and be content." "We will consider about that," said the woman, "and sleep upon it;" thereupon they went to bed.

Next morning the wife awoke first, and it was just daybreak, and from her bed she saw the beautiful country lying before her. Her husband was still stretching himself, so she poked him in the side with her elbow, and said, "Get up, husband, and just peep out of the window. Look you, couldn't we be the King over all that land? Go to the Flounder, we will be the King." "Ah, wife," said the man, "why should we be King? I do not want to be King." "Well," said the wife, "if you won't be King, I will; go to the Flounder, for I will be King." "Ah, wife," said the man, "why do you want to be King? I do not like to say that to him." "Why not?" said the woman; "go to him this instant; I must be King!" So the man went, and was quite unhappy because his wife wished to be King. "It is not right; it is not right," thought he. He did not wish to go, but yet he went.

And when he came to the sea, it was quite dark-grey, and the water heaved up from below, and smelt putrid. Then he went and stood by it, and said,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,  
Come, I pray thee, here to me;  
For my wife, good IIsabil,  
Wills not as I'd have her will."

"Well, what does she want, then?" said the Flounder. "Alas," said the man, "she wants to be King." "Go to her; she is King already."

So the man went, and when he came to the palace, the castle had become much larger, and had a great tower and magnificent ornaments, and the sentinel was standing before the door, and there were numbers of soldiers with kettle-drums and trumpets. And when he went inside the house, everything was of real marble and gold, with velvet covers and great golden tassels. Then the doors of the hall were opened, and there was the court in all its splendour, and his wife was sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a great crown of gold on her head, and a sceptre of pure gold and jewels in her hand, and on both sides of her stood her maids-in-waiting in a row, each of them always one head shorter than the last.

Then he went and stood before her, and said, "Ah, wife, and now you are King." "Yes," said the woman, "now I am King." So he stood and looked at her, and when he had looked at her thus for some time, he said, "And now that you are King, let all else be, now we will wish for nothing more." "Nay, husband," said the woman, quite anxiously, "I find time pass very heavily, I can bear it no longer; go to the Flounder—I am King, but I must be Emperor, too." "Alas, wife, why do you wish to be Emperor?" "Husband," said she, "go to the Flounder. I will be Emperor." "Alas, wife," said the man, "he cannot make you Emperor; I may not say that to the fish. There is only one Emperor in the land. An Emperor the Flounder cannot make you! I assure you he cannot."

"What!" said the woman, "I am the King, and you are nothing but my husband; will you go this moment? go at once! If he can make a king he can make an emperor. I will be Emperor; go instantly." So he was forced to go. As the man went, however, he was troubled in mind, and thought to himself, "It will not end well; it will not end well! Emperor is too shameless! The Flounder will at last be tired out."

With that he reached the sea, and the sea was quite black and thick, and began to boil up from below, so that it threw up bubbles, and such a sharp wind blew over it that it curdled, and the man was afraid. Then he went and stood by it, and said,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,  
Come, I pray thee, here to me;  
For my wife, sood IIsabil,  
Wills not as I'd have her will."

"Well, what does she want, then?" said the Flounder. "Alas, Flounder," said he, "my wife wants to be Emperor." "Go to her," said the Flounder; "she is Emperor already."

So the man went, and when he got there the whole palace was made of polished marble with alabaster figures and golden ornaments, and soldiers were marching before the door blowing trumpets, and beating cymbals and drums; and in the house, barons, and counts, and dukes were going about as servants. Then they opened the doors to him, which were of pure gold. And when he entered, there sat his wife on a throne, which was made of one piece of gold, and was quite two miles high; and she wore a great golden crown that was three yards high, and set with diamonds and carbuncles, and in one hand she had the sceptre, and in the other the imperial orb; and on both sides of her stood the yeomen of the guard in two rows, each being smaller than the one before him, from the biggest giant, who was two miles high, to the very smallest dwarf, just as big as my little finger. And before it stood a number of princes and dukes.

Then the man went and stood among them, and said, "Wife, are you Emperor now?" "Yes," said she, "now I am Emperor." Then he stood and looked at her well, and when he had looked at her thus for some time, he said, "Ah, wife, be content, now that you are Emperor." "Husband," said she, "why are you standing there?

Now, I am Emperor, but I will be Pope too; go to the Flounder." "Alas, wife," said the man, "what will you not wish for? You cannot be Pope; there is but one in Christendom; he cannot make you Pope." "Husband," said she, "I will be Pope; go immediately, I must be Pope this very day." "No, wife," Said the man, "I do not like to say that to him; that would not do, it is too much; the Flounder can't make you Pope." "Husband," said she, "what nonsense! if he can make an emperor he can make a pope. Go to him directly. I am Emperor, and you are nothing but my husband; will you go at once?"

Then he was afraid and went; but he was quite faint, and shivered and shook, and his knees and legs trembled. And a high wind blew over the land, and the clouds flew, and towards evening all grew dark, and the leaves fell from the trees, and the water rose and roared as if it were boiling, and splashed upon the shore; and in the distance he saw ships which were firing guns in their sore need, pitching and tossing on the waves. And yet in the midst of the sky there was still a small bit of blue, though on every side it was as red as in a heavy storm. So, full of despair, he went and stood in much fear and said,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,  
Come, I pray thee, here to me;  
For my wife, good Ilsabil,  
"Wills not as I'd have her will."

"Well, what does she want, then?" said the Flounder. "Alas," said the man, "she wants to be Pope." "Go to her then," said the Flounder; "she is Pope already."

So he went, and when he got there, he saw what seemed to be a large church surrounded by palaces. He pushed his way through the crowd. Inside, however, everything was lighted up with thousands and thousands of candles, and his wife was clad in gold, and she was sitting on a much higher throne, and had three great golden crowns on, and round about her there was much ecclesiastical splendour; and on both sides of her was a row of candles the largest of which was as tall as the very tallest tower, down to the very smallest kitchen candle, and all the emperors and kings were on their knees before her, kissing her shoe. "Wife," said the man, and looked attentively at her, "are you now Pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am Pope." So he stood and looked at her, and it was just as if he was looking at the bright sun. When he had stood looking at her thus for a short time, he said, "Ah, wife, if you are Pope, do let well alone!" But she looked as stiff as a post, and did not move or show any signs of life. Then said he, "Wife, now that you are Pope, be satisfied, you cannot become anything greater now." "I will consider about that," said the woman. Thereupon they both went to bed, but she was not satisfied, and greediness let her have no sleep, for she was continually thinking what there was left for her to be.

The man slept well and soundly, for he had run about a great deal during the day; but the woman could not fall asleep at all, and flung herself from one side to the other the whole night through, thinking always what more was left for her to be, but unable to call to mind anything else. At length the sun began to rise, and when the woman saw the red of dawn, she sat up in bed and looked at it. And when, through the window, she saw the sun thus rising, she said, "Cannot I, too, order the sun and moon to rise?" "Husband," said she, poking him in the ribs with her elbows, "wake up! go to the Flounder, for I wish to be even as God is." The man was still half asleep, but he was so horrified that he fell out of bed. He thought he must have heard amiss, and rubbed his eyes, and said, "Alas, wife, what are you saying?" "Husband," said she, "if I can't order the sun and moon to rise, and have to look on

and see the sun and moon rising, I can't bear it. I shall not know what it is to have another happy hour, unless I can make them rise myself." Then she looked at him so terribly that a shudder ran over him, and said, "Go at once; I wish to be like unto God." "Alas, wife," said the man, falling on his knees before her, "the Flounder cannot do that; he can make an emperor and a pope; I beseech you, go on as you are, and be Pope." Then she fell into a rage, and her hair flew wildly about her head, and she cried, "I will not endure this, I'll not bear it any longer; wilt thou go?" Then he put on his trousers and ran away like a madman. But outside a great storm was raging, and blowing so hard that he could scarcely keep his feet; houses and trees toppled over, the mountains trembled, rocks rolled into the sea, the sky was pitch black, and it thundered and lightened, and the sea came in with black waves as high as church-towers and mountains, and all with crests of white foam at the top. Then he cried, but could not hear his own words,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,  
Come, I pray thee, here to me;  
For my wife, good Ilsabil,  
Wills not as I'd have her will."

"Well, what does she want, then?" said the Flounder. "Alas," said he, "she wants to be like unto God." "Go to her, and you will find her back again in the dirty hovel." And there they are living still at this very time.

## 20.—THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR.

*("The Valiant Little Tailor" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm at position 20 (KHM 20). In the 1st edition the title was "Of a Brave Tailor". Today's best-known version of the Brave Little Tailor is that of the brothers Grimm, published in the first volume of the Children's and Household Tales in 1812. The story is in fact a combination of several stories. The first part finds its origin in one or more tales from south-west Germany. The Brothers Grimm note, however, that as early as in the 16th century above all Johann Fischart in his Gargantua translation alludes to a tailor who "kills several at once". A second part of the story - based on the intervention of the king - is, according to the Brothers Grimm, directly a literary source of the Taken from the 16th century: Wegkürzer (Wayshortener), by Martinus Montanus, published around 1557.*

*Contents, Part 1: A tailor prepares to eat some sweets, but when flies decide to land on them, he kills seven of them with one blow. He makes a banner that describes the action: "I killed seven at once". Inspired, he goes out into the world to make his fortune. The tailor happens to meet a giant, who assumes that "I killed seven at once" refers to seven men. The giant challenges the tailor. When the giant squeezes water from a rock, the tailor squeezes water (or whey) from a cheese. The giant throws a stone in the air and it takes time to fall. The tailor, to overcome the giant's feat, throws a bird that flies away, the giant believes that the little bird is a "stone" that is thrown so far that it never falls. The giant asks the tailor to help him carry a tree. The tailor tells the giant to carry the trunk, while the tailor would take the branches. Instead, the tailor climbs up the tree, causing the giant to carry him as well. The giant takes the tailor to his house, where other giants also live. During the night, the giant tries to kill the tailor. However, the tailor, having found his bed too big, sleeps in the corner. Seeing him still alive, the other giants flee.*

*Contents. Part 2: The tailor enters the royal service, but the other soldiers are afraid that he will lose his temper one day, and with that seven of them could die with each blow. They address the king and ask the king to send the tailor away, otherwise they will. Afraid of being killed for sending him away, the king sends the tailor to defeat two giants, offering him half his kingdom and his daughter's hand in marriage. Throwing stones at the two giants while they sleep, the tailor provokes the pair into combat with each other. The king then sends him after a unicorn, but the cunning tailor uses a tree as trap to catch the unicorn in a tree, so that when the unicorn comes to attack him, he will move out of the way causing the unicorn to ram his horn into the trunk. The king later sends him after a wild boar, but again the tailor sets a trap, trapping the animal in a chapel. With that, the king allows the tailor to get married to his daughter. One night after the wedding, the tailor's wife overhears him talking in his sleep and realises that he is just a tailor. She tells her father everything, and the king promises that he will send him away. A squire admonishes the tailor, who pretends to be asleep and says that he has done all the deeds and is not afraid of the men behind the door. Terrified, they leave, and the king does not try to send him away again.)*

One summer's morning a little tailor was sitting on his table by the window; he was in good spirits, and sewed with all his might. Then came a peasant woman down the street crying, "Good jams, cheap! Good jams cheap!" This rang pleasantly in the tailor's ears; he stretched his delicate head out of the window, and called, "Come up here, dear woman; here you will get rid of your goods." The woman came up the three steps to the tailor with her heavy basket, and he made her unpack the whole of the pots for him. He inspected all of them, lifted them up, put his nose to them, and at length said, "The jam seems to me to be good, so weigh me out four ounces, dear woman, and if it is a quarter of a pound that is of no consequence." The woman who had hoped to find a good sale, gave him what he desired, but went away quite angry and grumbling. "Now, God bless the jam to my use," cried the little tailor, "and give me health and strength;" so he brought the bread out of the cupboard, cut himself a piece right across the loaf and spread the jam over it. "This won't taste bitter," said he, "but I will just finish the jacket before I take a bite." He laid the bread near him, sewed on, and in his joy, made bigger and bigger stitches. In the meantime the smell of the sweet jam ascended so to the wall, where the flies were sitting in great numbers, that they were attracted and descended on it in hosts. "Hola! who invited you?" said the little tailor, and drove the unbidden guests away. The flies, however, who understood no German, would not be turned away, but came back again in ever-increasing companies. Then the little tailor at last lost all patience, and got a bit of cloth from the hole under his work-table, and saying, "Wait, and I will give it to you," struck it mercilessly on them. When he drew it away and counted, there lay before him no fewer than seven, dead and with legs stretched out. "Art thou a fellow of that sort?" said he, and could not help admiring his own bravery. "The whole town shall know of this!" And the little tailor hastened to cut himself a girdle, stitched it, and embroidered on it in large letters, "Seven at one stroke!" "What, the town!" he continued, "The whole world shall hear of it!" and his heart wagged with joy like a lamb's tail. The tailor put on the girdle, and resolved to go forth into the world, because he thought his workshop was too small for his valour. Before he went away, he sought about in the house to see if there was anything which he could take with him; however, he found nothing but an old cheese, and that he put in his pocket.

In front of the door he observed a bird which had caught itself in the thicket. It had to go into his pocket with the cheese. Now he took, to the road boldly, and as he was light and nimble, he felt no fatigue. The road led him up a mountain, and when he had reached the highest point of it, there sat a powerful giant looking about him quite comfortably. The little tailor went bravely up, spoke to him, and said, "Good day, comrade, so thou art sitting there overlooking the wide-spread world! I am just on my way thither, and want to try my luck. Hast thou any inclination to go with me?" The giant looked contemptuously at the tailor, and said, "Thou ragamuffin! Thou miserable creature!"

"Oh, indeed?" answered the little tailor, and unbuttoned his coat, and showed the giant the girdle, "There mayst thou read what kind of a man I am!" The giant read, "Seven at one stroke," and thought that they had been men whom the tailor had killed, and began to feel a little respect for the tiny fellow. Nevertheless, he wished to try him first, and took a stone in his hand and squeezed it together so that water dropped out of it. "Do that likewise," said the giant, "if thou hast strength?" "Is that all?" said the tailor, "that is child's play with us!" and put his hand into his pocket, brought out the soft cheese, and pressed it until the liquid ran out of it. "Faith," said he, "that was a little better, wasn't it?" The giant did not know what to say, and could not believe it of the little man. Then the giant picked up a stone and threw it so high that the eye could scarcely follow it. "Now, little mite of a man, do that likewise." "Well thrown," said the tailor, "but after all the stone came down to earth again; I will throw you one which shall never come back at all," and he put his hand into his pocket, took out the bird, and threw it into the air. The bird, delighted with its liberty, rose, flew away and did not come back. "How does that shot please you, comrade?" asked the tailor. "Thou canst certainly throw," said the giant, "but now we will see if thou art able to carry anything properly." He took the little tailor to a mighty oak tree which lay there felled on the ground, and said, "If thou art strong enough, help me to carry the tree out of the forest." "Readily," answered the little man; "take thou the trunk on thy shoulders, and I will raise up the branches and twigs; after all, they are the heaviest." The giant took the trunk on his shoulder, but the tailor seated himself on a branch, and the giant who could not look round, had to carry away the whole tree, and the little tailor into the bargain: he behind, was quite merry and happy, and whistled the song, "Three tailors rode forth from the gate," as if carrying the tree were child's play. The giant, after he had dragged the heavy burden part of the way, could go no further, and cried, "Hark you, I shall have to let the tree fall!" The tailor sprang nimbly down, seized the tree with both arms as if he had been carrying it, and said to the giant, "Thou art such a great fellow, and yet canst not even carry the tree!"

They went on together, and as they passed a cherry-tree, the giant laid hold of the top of the tree where the ripest fruit was hanging, bent it down, gave it into the tailor's hand, and bade him eat. But the little tailor was much too weak to hold the tree, and when the giant let it go, it sprang back again, and the tailor was hurried into the air with it. When he had fallen down again without injury, the giant said, "What is this? Hast thou not strength enough to hold the weak twig?" "There is no lack of strength," answered the little tailor. "Dost thou think that could be anything to a man who has struck down seven at one blow? I leapt over the tree because the huntsmen are shooting down there in the thicket. Jump as I did, if thou canst do it." The giant made the attempt, but could not get over the tree, and remained

hanging in the branches, so that in this also the tailor kept the upper hand.

The giant said, "If thou art such a valiant fellow, come with me into our cavern and spend the night with us." The little tailor was willing, and followed him. When they went into the cave, other giants were sitting there by the fire, and each of them had a roasted sheep in his hand and was eating it. The little tailor looked round and thought, "It is much more spacious here than in my workshop." The giant showed him a bed, and said he was to lie down in it and sleep. The bed was, however, too big for the little tailor; he did not lie down in it, but crept into a corner. When it was midnight, and the giant thought that the little tailor was lying in a sound sleep, he got up, took a great iron bar, cut through the bed with one blow, and thought he had given the grasshopper his finishing stroke. With the earliest dawn the giants went into the forest, and had quite forgotten the little tailor, when all at once he walked up to them quite merrily and boldly. The giants were terrified, they were afraid that he would strike them all dead, and ran away in a great hurry.

The little tailor went onwards, always following his own pointed nose. After he had walked for a long time, he came to the courtyard of a royal palace, and as he felt weary, he lay down on the grass and fell asleep. Whilst he lay there, the people came and inspected him on all sides, and read on his girdle, "Seven at one stroke." "Ah!" said they, "What does the great warrior here in the midst of peace? He must be a mighty lord." They went and announced him to the King, and gave it as their opinion that if war should break out, this would be a weighty and useful man who ought on no account to be allowed to depart. The counsel pleased the King, and he sent one of his courtiers to the little tailor to offer him military service when he awoke. The ambassador remained standing by the sleeper, waited until he stretched his limbs and opened his eyes, and then conveyed to him this proposal. "For this very reason have I come here," the tailor replied, "I am ready to enter the King's service." He was therefore honourably received, and a separate dwelling was assigned him.

The soldiers, however, were set against the little tailor, and wished him a thousand miles away. "What is to be the end of this?" they said amongst themselves. "If we quarrel with him, and he strikes about him, seven of us will fall at every blow; not one of us can stand against him." They came therefore to a decision, betook themselves in a body to the King, and begged for their dismissal. "We are not prepared," said they, "to stay with a man who kills seven at one stroke." The King was sorry that for the sake of one he should lose all his faithful servants, wished that he had never set eyes on the tailor, and would willingly have been rid of him again. But he did not venture to give him his dismissal, for he dreaded lest he should strike him and all his people dead, and place himself on the royal throne. He thought about it for a long time, and at last found good counsel. He sent to the little tailor and caused him to be informed that as he was such a great warrior, he had one request to make to him. In a forest of his country lived two giants, who caused great mischief with their robbing, murdering, ravaging, and burning, and no one could approach them without putting himself in danger of death. If the tailor conquered and killed these two giants, he would give him his only daughter to wife, and half of his kingdom as a dowry, likewise one hundred horsemen should go with him to assist him. "That would indeed be a fine thing for a man like me!" thought the little tailor. "One is not offered a beautiful princess and half a kingdom every day of one's life!" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I will soon subdue the giants,

and do not require the help of the hundred horsemen to do it; he who can hit seven with one blow, has no need to be afraid of two."

The little tailor went forth, and the hundred horsemen followed him. When he came to the outskirts of the forest, he said to his followers, "Just stay waiting here, I alone will soon finish off the giants." Then he bounded into the forest and looked about right and left. After a while he perceived both giants. They lay sleeping under a tree, and snored so that the branches waved up and down. The little tailor, not idle, gathered two pocketsful of stones, and with these climbed up the tree. When he was half-way up, he slipped down by a branch, until he sat just above the sleepers, and then let one stone after another fall on the breast of one of the giants. For a long time the giant felt nothing, but at last he awoke, pushed his comrade, and said, "Why art thou knocking me?" "Thou must be dreaming," said the other, "I am not knocking thee." They laid themselves down to sleep again, and then the tailor threw a stone down on the second. "What is the meaning of this?" cried the other. "Why art thou pelting me?" "I am not pelting thee," answered the first, growling. They disputed about it for a time, but as they were weary they let the matter rest, and their eyes closed once more. The little tailor began his game again, picked out the biggest stone, and threw it with all his might on the breast of the first giant. "That is too bad!" cried he, and sprang up like a madman, and pushed his companion against the tree until it shook. The other paid him back in the same coin, and they got into such a rage that they tore up trees and belaboured each other so long, that at last they both fell down dead on the ground at the same time. Then the little tailor leapt down. "It is a lucky thing," said he, "that they did not tear up the tree on which I was sitting, or I should have had to spring on to another like a squirrel; but we tailors are nimble." He drew out his sword and gave each of them a couple of thrusts in the breast, and then went out to the horsemen and said, "The work is done; I have given both of them their finishing stroke, but it was hard work! They tore up trees in their sore need, and defended themselves with them, but all that is to no purpose when a man like myself comes, who can kill seven at one blow." "But are you not wounded?" asked the horsemen. "You need not concern yourself about that," answered the tailor, "They have not bent one hair of mine." The horsemen would not believe him, and rode into the forest; there they found the giants swimming in their blood, and all round about, lay the torn-up trees.

The little tailor demanded of the King the promised reward; he, however, repented of his promise, and again bethought himself how he could get rid of the hero. "Before thou receivest my daughter, and the half of my kingdom," said he to him, "thou must perform one more heroic deed. In the forest roams a unicorn which does great harm, and thou must catch it first." "I fear one unicorn still less than two giants. Seven at one blow, is my kind of affair." He took a rope and an axe with him, went forth into the forest, and again bade those who were sent with him to wait outside. He had not to seek long. The unicorn soon came towards him, and rushed directly on the tailor, as if it would spit him on its horn without more ceremony. "Softly, softly; it can't be done as quickly as that," said he, and stood still and waited until the animal was quite close, and then sprang nimbly behind the tree. The unicorn ran against the tree with all its strength, and struck its horn so fast in the trunk that it had not strength enough to draw it out again, and thus it was caught. "Now, I have got the bird," said the tailor, and came out from behind the tree and put the rope round its neck, and then with his axe he hewed the horn

out of the tree, and when all was ready he led the beast away and took it to the King.

The King still would not give him the promised reward, and made a third demand. Before the wedding the tailor was to catch him a wild boar that made great havoc in the forest, and the huntsmen should give him their help. "Willingly," said the tailor, "that is child's play!" He did not take the huntsmen with him into the forest, and they were well pleased that he did not, for the wild boar had several times received them in such a manner that they had no inclination to lie in wait for him. When the boar perceived the tailor, it ran on him with foaming mouth and whetted tusks, and was about to throw him to the ground, but the active hero sprang into a chapel which was near, and up to the window at once, and in one bound out again. The boar ran in after him, but the tailor ran round outside and shut the door behind it, and then the raging beast, which was much too heavy and awkward to leap out of the window, was caught. The little tailor called the huntsmen thither that they might see the prisoner with their own eyes. The hero, however, went to the King, who was now, whether he liked it or not, obliged to keep his promise, and gave him his daughter and the half of his kingdom. Had he known that it was no warlike hero, but a little tailor who was standing before him, it would have gone to his heart still more than it did. The wedding was held with great magnificence and small joy, and out of a tailor a king was made.

After some time the young Queen heard her husband say in his dreams at night, "Boy, make me the doublet, and patch the pantaloons, or else I will rap the yard-measure over thine ears." Then she discovered in what state of life the young lord had been born, and next morning complained of her wrongs to her father, and begged him to help her to get rid of her husband, who was nothing else but a tailor. The King comforted her and said, "Leave thy bed-room door open this night, and my servants shall stand outside, and when he has fallen asleep shall go in, bind him, and take him on board a ship which shall carry him into the wide world." The woman was satisfied with this; but the King's armour-bearer, who had heard all, was friendly with the young lord, and informed him of the whole plot. "I'll put a screw into that business," said the little tailor. At night he went to bed with his wife at the usual time, and when she thought that he had fallen asleep, she got up, opened the door, and then lay down again. The little tailor, who was only pretending to be asleep, began to cry out in a clear voice, "Boy, make me the doublet and patch me the pantaloons, or I will rap the yard-measure over thine ears. I smote seven at one blow. I killed two giants, I brought away one unicorn, and caught a wild boar, and am I to fear those who are standing outside the room." When these men heard the tailor speaking thus, they were overcome by a great dread, and ran as if the wild huntsman were behind them, and none of them would venture anything further against him. So the little tailor was a king and remained one, to the end of his life.

## 21.—CINDERELLA.

(*"Cinderella"* is a world-renowned fairy tale in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales at position 21 (KHM 21). It is based in part on Charles Perrault's "*Cendrillon ou la Petite Pantoufle de verre*" (*Cinderella or the Little Glass Slipper*) from 1697 back. Another collector of fairy tales, Ludwig Bechstein, published the story in 1845 in his book "*Deutsches Märchenbuch*" (*German Book of Fairy Tales*) at position 70. In

terms of content, it largely corresponds to the story in the then current 5th edition of Grimm's fairy tales, which he also cites as a source; but it is shorter and with fewer verbatim speeches.

*Contents: The daughter of a rich man grows up in a sheltered environment. When the mother dies, on her deathbed she asks her daughter to plant a tree on her grave that she can shake if she has a wish, which the daughter does. Two years after the death of her mother, the father marries a widow who brings two daughters into the house. Stepmother and stepsisters make life difficult for the girl in every possible way. The girl is called Cinderella because she not only has to do the most dirty work, but also has to sleep in the ashes next to the hearth from now on. One day the king gives a ball that lasts three days. The stepsisters let Cinderella prepare her for the ball and give her a bowl of lentils to read until the evening. As Cinderella gets to work, two pigeons come flying in and ask if they can help her. Cinderella replies: "Yes, the bad ones in the crop, the good ones in the potty." Then she stands on the top step of the dovecote and can see her sisters dancing with the prince. The next day, when the sisters see the lentils they have read and hear Cinderella watching them, they have the dovecote torn down. They give the girl a sack full of sweet peas for Cinderella to pick out again. The pigeons fly again and help her with the task. They advise her to go to the tree on her mother's grave and wish for nice clothes, but to be home before midnight. So when Cinderella shakes the little tree and says: "Tree, shake and shake yourself, throw down beautiful clothes for me!" There is a silver dress, pearls, stockings and silver slippers in front of her. When she has put on the dress, there is a wagon with six centimes in front of her door, which takes her to the castle. In the castle, the prince mistakes her for a foreign princess, and the sisters, who do not recognise them, are annoyed that someone is more beautiful than them. At midnight, Cinderella leaves the ball and gives the clothes back to the tree on the grave. The next morning, the sisters are in a bad mood and again give Cinderella a bowl of peas, which she has to sort out. Again the doves help her and she goes to the tree for a new dress. This time it is made entirely of gold and precious stones and has golden slippers. This time there is a wagon with six gray horses in front of her door, which drives her to the ball. When the sisters see her and don't recognise her, they turn pale with envy. However, so that she cannot run away so quickly, the prince has coated the castle steps with pitch. Cinderella forgets the time while dancing. When she hears the chime of the bell, she remembers the warning of the doves and is startled. When she runs out, one of her slippers gets caught in bad luck. The prince announces that he will marry the girl who fits the shoe, but the shoe is too small for everyone. The king's son also investigates his father's house. The two stepsisters try in vain to pull the delicate shoe over their feet. On the mother's advice, the first cuts off her heel, and the second - her big toe. On the way to the gate, however, the deceit is revealed both times by the pigeons: "Juck di guck, rucke di guck! Blood is in the shoe (shoe): The shoe is too small, the real bride is still at home. Cinderella, who is the only one who fits the shoe, is finally recognised as the real bride.)*

The wife of a rich man fell sick, and as she felt that her end was drawing near, she called her only daughter to her bedside and said, "Dear child, be good and pious, and then the good God will always protect thee, and I will, look down on thee from heaven and be near thee." Thereupon she closed her eyes and departed. Every day the maiden went out to her mother's grave and wept, and she remained pious and good. When winter came the snow

spread a white sheet over the grave, and when the spring sun had drawn it off again, the man had taken another wife.

The woman had brought two daughters into the house with her, who were beautiful and fair of face, but vile and black of heart. Now began a bad time for the poor step-child. "Is the stupid goose to sit in the parlour with us?" said they. "He who wants to eat bread must earn it; out with the kitchen-wench." They took her pretty clothes away from her, put an old grey bedgown on her, and gave her wooden shoes. "Just look at the proud princess, how decked out she is!" they cried, and laughed, and led her into the kitchen. There she had to do hard work from morning till night, get up before daybreak, carry water, light fires, cook and wash. Besides this, the sisters did her every imaginable injury—they mocked her and emptied her peas and lentils into the ashes, so that she was forced to sit and pick them out again. In the evening when she had worked till she was weary she had no bed to go to, but had to sleep by the fireside in the ashes. And as on that account she always looked dusty and dirty, they called her Cinderella. It happened that the father was once going to the fair, and he asked his two step-daughters what he should bring back for them. "Beautiful dresses," said one, "Pearls and jewels," said the second. "And thou, Cinderella," said he, "what wilt thou have?" "Father, break off for me the first branch which knocks against your hat on your way home." So he bought beautiful dresses, pearls and jewels for his two step-daughters, and on his way home, as he was riding through a green thicket, a hazel twig brushed against him and knocked off his hat. Then he broke off the branch and took it with him. When he reached home he gave his step-daughters the things which they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the branch from the hazel-bush. Cinderella thanked him, went to her mother's grave and planted the branch on it, and wept so much that the tears fell down on it and watered it. It grew, however, and became a handsome tree. Thrice a day Cinderella went and sat beneath it, and wept and prayed, and a little white bird always came on the tree, and if Cinderella expressed a wish, the bird threw down to her what she had wished for.

It happened, however, that the King appointed a festival which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful young girls in the country were invited, in order that his son might choose himself a bride. When the two step-sisters heard that they too were to appear among the number, they were delighted, called Cinderella and said, "Comb our hair for us, brush our shoes and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the festival at the King's palace." Cinderella obeyed, but wept, because she too would have liked to go with them to the dance, and begged her step-mother to allow her to do so. "Thou go, Cinderella!" said she; "Thou art dusty and dirty, and wouldst go to the festival? Thou hast no clothes and shoes, and yet wouldst dance!" As, however, Cinderella went on asking, the step-mother at last said, "I have emptied a dish of lentils into the ashes for thee, if thou hast picked them out again in two hours, thou shalt go with us." The maiden went through the back-door into the garden, and called, "You tame pigeons, you turtle-doves, and all you birds beneath the sky, come and help me to pick

"The good into the pot,  
The bad into the crop."

Then two white pigeons came in by the kitchen-window, and afterwards the turtle-doves, and at last all the birds beneath the sky, came whirring and crowding in, and alighted amongst the ashes. And the pigeons nodded with their heads and began pick, pick, pick, pick, and the rest began also pick, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good grains into the dish. Hardly had one hour

passed before they had finished, and all flew out again. Then the girl took the dish to her step-mother, and was glad and believed that now she would be allowed to go with them to the festival. But the step-mother said, "No, Cinderella, thou hast no clothes and thou canst not dance; thou wouldst only be laughed at." And as Cinderella wept at this, the step-mother said, "If thou canst pick two dishes of lentils out of the ashes for me in one hour, thou shalt go with us." And she thought to herself, "That she most certainly cannot do." When the step-mother had emptied the two dishes of lentils amongst the ashes, the maiden went through the back-door into the garden and cried, "You tame pigeons, you turtle-doves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me to pick

"The good into the pot,  
The bad into the crop."

Then two white pigeons came in by the kitchen-window, and afterwards the turtle-doves, and at length all the birds beneath the sky, came whirring and crowding in, and alighted amongst the ashes. And the doves nodded with their heads and began pick, pick, pick, pick, and the others began also pick, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the dishes, and before half an hour was over they had already finished, and all flew out again. Then the maiden carried the dishes to the step-mother and was delighted, and believed that she might now go with them to the festival. But the step-mother said, "All this will not help thee; thou goest not with us, for thou hast no clothes and canst not dance; we should be ashamed of thee!" On this she turned her back on Cinderella, and hurried away with her two proud daughters.

As no one was now at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave beneath the hazel-tree, and cried,

"Shiver and quiver, little tree,  
Silver and gold throw down over me."

Then the bird threw a gold and silver dress down to her, and slippers embroidered with silk and silver. She put on the dress with all speed, and went to the festival. Her step-sisters and the step-mother however did not know her, and thought she must be a foreign princess, for she looked so beautiful in the golden dress. They never once thought of Cinderella, and believed that she was sitting at home in the dirt, picking lentils out of the ashes. The prince went to meet her, took her by the hand and danced with her. He would dance with no other maiden, and never left loose of her hand, and if any one else came to invite her, he said, "This is my partner."

She danced till it was evening, and then she wanted to go home. But the King's son said, "I will go with thee and bear thee company," for he wished to see to whom the beautiful maiden belonged. She escaped from him, however, and sprang into the pigeon-house. The King's son waited until her father came, and then he told him that the stranger maiden had leapt into the pigeon-house. The old man thought, "Can it be Cinderella?" and they had to bring him an axe and a pickaxe that he might hew the pigeon-house to pieces, but no one was inside it. And when they got home Cinderella lay in her dirty clothes among the ashes, and a dim little oil-lamp was burning on the mantle-piece, for Cinderella had jumped quickly down from the back of the pigeon-house and had run to the little hazel-tree, and there she had taken off her beautiful clothes and laid them on the grave, and the bird had taken them away again, and then she had placed herself in the kitchen amongst the ashes in her grey gown.

Next day when the festival began afresh, and her parents and the step-sisters had gone once more, Cinderella went to the hazel-tree and said—

"Shiver and quiver, little tree,

Silver and gold throw down over me."

Then the bird threw down a much more beautiful dress than on the preceding day. And when Cinderella appeared at the festival in this dress, every one was astonished at her beauty. The King's son had waited until she came, and instantly took her by the hand and danced with no one but her. When others came and invited her, he said, "She is my partner." When evening came she wished to leave, and the King's son followed her and wanted to see into which house she went. But she sprang away from him, and into the garden behind the house. Therein stood a beautiful tall tree on which hung the most magnificent pears. She clambered so nimbly between the branches like a squirrel that the King's son did not know where she was gone. He waited until her father came, and said to him, "The stranger-maiden has escaped from me, and I believe she has climbed up the pear-tree." The father thought, "Can it be Cinderella?" and had an axe brought and cut the tree down, but no one was on it. And when they got into the kitchen, Cinderella lay there amongst the ashes, as usual, for she had jumped down on the other side of the tree, had taken the beautiful dress to the bird on the little hazel-tree, and put on her grey gown.

On the third day, when the parents and sisters had gone away, Cinderella went once more to her mother's grave and said to the little tree—

"Shiver and quiver, little tree,  
Silver and gold throw down over me."

And now the bird threw down to her a dress which was more splendid and magnificent than any she had yet had, and the slippers were golden. And when she went to the festival in the dress, no one knew how to speak for astonishment. The King's son danced with her only, and if any one invited her to dance, he said, "She is my partner."

When evening came, Cinderella wished to leave, and the King's son was anxious to go with her, but she escaped from him so quickly that he could not follow her. The King's son had, however, used a strategem, and had caused the whole staircase to be smeared with pitch, and there, when she ran down, had the maiden's left slipper remained sticking. The King's son picked it up, and it was small and dainty, and all golden. Next morning, he went with it to the father, and said to him, "No one shall be my wife but she whose foot this golden slipper fits." Then were the two sisters glad, for they had pretty feet. The eldest went with the shoe into her room and wanted to try it on, and her mother stood by. But she could not get her big toe into it, and the shoe was too small for her. Then her mother gave her a knife and said, "Cut the toe off; when thou art Queen thou wilt have no more need to go on foot." The maiden cut the toe off, forced the foot into the shoe, swallowed the pain, and went out to the King's son. Then he took her on his horse as his bride and rode away with her. They were, however, obliged to pass the grave, and there, on the hazel-tree, sat the two pigeons and cried,

"Turn and peep, turn and peep,  
There's blood within the shoe,  
The shoe it is too small for her,  
The true bride waits for you."

Then he looked at her foot and saw how the blood was streaming from it. He turned his horse round and took the false bride home again, and said she was not the true one, and that the other sister was to put the shoe on. Then this one went into her chamber and got her toes safely into the shoe, but her heel was too large. So her mother gave her a knife and said, "Cut a bit off thy heel; when thou art Queen thou wilt have no more need to go on foot." The maiden cut a bit off her heel, forced her foot into the shoe,

swallowed the pain, and went out to the King's son. He took her on his horse as his bride, and rode away with her, but when they passed by the hazel-tree, two little pigeons sat on it and cried,

"Turn and peep, turn and peep,  
There's blood within the shoe,  
The shoe it is too small for her,  
The true bride waits for you."

He looked down at her foot and saw how the blood was running out of her shoe, and how it had stained her white stocking. Then he turned his horse and took the false bride home again. "This also is not the right one," said he, "have you no other daughter?" "No," said the man, "There is still a little stunted kitchen-wench which my late wife left behind her, but she cannot possibly be the bride." The King's son said he was to send her up to him; but the mother answered, "Oh no, she is much too dirty, she cannot show herself!" He absolutely insisted on it, and Cinderella had to be called. She first washed her hands and face clean, and then went and bowed down before the King's son, who gave her the golden shoe. Then she seated herself on a stool, drew her foot out of the heavy wooden shoe, and put it into the slipper, which fitted like a glove. And when she rose up and the King's son looked at her face he recognised the beautiful maiden who had danced with him and cried, "That is the true bride!" The step-mother and the two sisters were terrified and became pale with rage; he, however, took Cinderella on his horse and rode away with her. As they passed by the hazel-tree, the two white doves cried,

"Turn and peep, turn and peep,  
No blood is in the shoe,  
The shoe is not too small for her,  
The true bride rides with you,"

and when they had cried that, the two came flying down and placed themselves on Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right, the other on the left, and remained sitting there.

When the wedding with the King's son had to be celebrated, the two false sisters came and wanted to get into favour with Cinderella and share her good fortune. When the betrothed couple went to church, the elder was at the right side and the younger at the left, and the pigeons pecked out one eye of each of them. Afterwards as they came back, the elder was at the left, and the younger at the right, and then the pigeons pecked out the other eye of each. And thus, for their wickedness and falsehood, they were punished with blindness as long as they lived.

## 22.—THE RIDDLE.

(*"The Riddle"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales in 1819 (KHM 22). It is sometimes known as "A Riddling Tale" and is about a man whose wife is transformed into a flower. Both Joseph Jacobs and John Francis Campbell noted the similarity between this and Campbell's Scottish variant *The Ridere of Riddles*, but that there is no information to discern which is the source. The tale is mainly used in children's adaptions of Grimm's Fairy Tales. Andrew Lang included it in his "The Green Fairy Book." Lang's fine tale collection of 12 volumes was published from 1889 to 1910 with colour names as titles: 1. Blue, 2. Red, 3. Green, 4. Yellow, 5. Pink, 6. Grey, 7. Violet, 8. Crimson, 9. Brown, 10. Orange, 11. Olive, 12. Lilac.

*Contents:* There once was a prince who decided to go on a journey with his servant. In a dark forest, they came to a small house, where a maiden warned them that her stepmother was a witch who disliked strangers, but unfortunately there was

*nowhere else for shelter. The prince and his servant reluctantly entered the witch's house, but before they went to bed, the maiden warned the prince and his servant not to eat or drink anything the witch gave them because it might be poisonous. The next morning, the witch gave the prince's servant a poisonous drink, telling him to give it to his master, but the servant ended up spilling it on the prince's horse, killing it. When he told the prince what had happened and they came to the dead horse, a raven was already eating the corpse. Deciding they may not find better food that day, the servant killed the bird and took it with him. Next, they reached an inn and the servant gave the innkeeper the raven to make food of it. Unknown to the prince and his servant, the inn was really a robbers' den. The robbers returned, and, before killing the travellers, sat down to eat. Immediately after eating a few bites of the raven soup the innkeeper had prepared, the robbers fell down dead from the poison that the raven had in its body. The innkeeper's daughter then showed the prince and his servant the robbers' hidden treasure, but the prince insisted that the daughter keep it. Continuing on, the prince and his servant next came to a town where a princess would marry any man who asked her a riddle that she could not solve. If she could solve it, the man's head would be cut off. The prince asked the princess, "What slew none, and yet slew twelve?" The princess could not solve the riddle, so she sent her maid to see if the prince revealed the riddle while talking in his sleep. The prince was prepared, however, because that night he had his servant sleep in his bed. When the maid came in, the servant ripped off her robe and chased her out. Next, the princess sent her chambermaid to spy on the prince while he was asleep, but the prince's servant also ripped off her robe and chased her out. On the third night, the prince slept in his own bed, and the princess herself came in. The prince pretended to be asleep and the princess asked him the answer to the riddle. After the prince revealed the answer, the princess departed, but left her robe behind. The next morning, the princess announced the answer of the riddle: "A raven ate from a dead, poisoned horse, and died from it. Then, twelve robbers ate the raven and died from that." The prince declared that the princess had not solved the riddle herself, but rather questioned him in his sleep. The town judges asked for proof, and the prince showed them the three robes. The judges ordered the princess's robe to be embroidered with gold and silver, for it was to be her wedding robe.)*

There was once a King's son who was seized with a desire to travel about the world, and took no one with him but a faithful servant. One day he came to a great forest, and when darkness overtook him he could find no shelter, and knew not where to pass the night. Then he saw a girl who was going towards a small house, and when he came nearer, he saw that the maiden was young and beautiful. He spoke to her, and said, "Dear child, can I and my servant find shelter for the night in the little house?" "Oh, yes," said the girl, in a sad voice, "that you certainly can, but I do not advise you to venture it. Do not go in." "Why not?" asked the King's son. The maiden sighed and said, "My step-mother practises wicked arts; she is ill-disposed to strangers." Then he saw very well that he had come to the house of a witch, but as it was dark, and he could not go farther, and also was not afraid, he entered. The old woman was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and looked at the stranger with her red eyes. "Good evening," growled she, and pretended to be quite friendly. "Take a seat and rest yourselves." She blew up the fire on which she was cooking something in a small pot. The daughter warned the two to be prudent, to eat nothing, and drink nothing, for the old woman

brewed evil drinks. They slept quietly until early morning. When they were making ready for their departure, and the King's son was already seated on his horse, the old woman said, "Stop a moment, I will first hand you a parting draught." Whilst she fetched it, the King's son rode away, and the servant who had to buckle his saddle tight, was the only one there when the wicked witch came with the drink. "Take that to thy master," said she; but at that instant the glass broke and the poison spilt on the horse, and it was so strong that the animal immediately fell down dead. The servant ran after his master and told him what had happened, but would not leave his saddle behind him, and ran back to fetch it. When, however, he came to the dead horse, a raven was already sitting on it devouring it. "Who knows whether we shall find anything better to-day?" said the servant; so he killed the raven, and took it with him. And now they journeyed onwards into the forest the whole day, but could not get out of it. By nightfall they found an inn and entered it. The servant gave the raven to the innkeeper to make ready for supper. They had, however, stumbled on a den of murderers, and during the darkness twelve of these came, intending to kill the strangers and rob them. Before they set about this work, however, they sat down to supper, and the innkeeper and the witch sat down with them, and together they ate a dish of soup in which was cut up the flesh of the raven. Hardly, however, had they swallowed a couple of mouthfuls, before they all fell down dead, for the raven had communicated to them the poison from the horse-flesh. There was now no one else left in the house but the innkeeper's daughter, who was honest, and had taken no part in their godless deeds. She opened all doors to the stranger and showed him the heaped-up treasures. But the King's son said she might keep everything, he would have none of it, and rode onwards with his servant.

After they had travelled about for a long time, they came to a town in which was a beautiful but proud princess, who had caused it to be proclaimed that whosoever should set her a riddle which she could not guess, that man should be her husband; but if she guessed it, his head must be cut off. She had three days to guess it in, but was so clever that she always found the answer to the riddle given her, before the appointed time. Nine suitors had already perished in this manner, when the King's son arrived, and, blinded by her great beauty, was willing to stake his life for it. Then he went to her and laid his riddle before her. "What is this?" said he, "One slew none, and yet slew twelve." She did not know what that was, she thought and thought, but she could not find out, she opened her riddle-books, but it was not in them—in short, her wisdom was at an end. As she did not know how to help herself, she ordered her maid to creep into the lord's sleeping-chamber, and listen to his dreams, and thought that he would perhaps speak in his sleep and discover the riddle. But the clever servant had placed himself in the bed instead of his master, and when the maid came there, he tore off from her the mantle in which she had wrapped herself, and chased her out with rods. The second night the King's daughter sent her maid-in-waiting, who was to see if she could succeed better in listening, but the servant took her mantle also away from her, and hunted her out with rods. Now the master believed himself safe for the third night, and lay down in his own bed. Then came the princess herself, and she had put on a misty-grey mantle, and she seated herself near him. And when she thought that he was asleep and dreaming, she spoke to him, and hoped that he would answer in his sleep, as many do, but he was awake, and understood and heard everything quite well. Then she asked, "One slew none, what is that?" He replied, "A raven, which ate of a dead and poisoned horse, and died of it." She inquired

further, "And yet slew twelve, what is that?" He answered, "That means twelve murderers, who ate the raven and died of it."

When she knew the answer to the riddle she wanted to steal away, but he held her mantle so fast that she was forced to leave it behind her. Next morning, the King's daughter announced that she had guessed the riddle, and sent for the twelve judges and expounded it before them. But the youth begged for a hearing, and said, "She stole into my room in the night and questioned me, otherwise she could not have discovered it." The judges said, "Bring us a proof of this." Then were the three mantles brought thither by the servant, and when the judges saw the misty-grey one which the King's daughter usually wore, they said, "Let the mantle be embroidered with gold and silver, and then it will be your wedding-mantle."

### 23.—THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE.

(*"The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage"* (German: *Von dem Mäuschen, Vögelchen und der Bratwurst*) is Tale KHM 23 of the Grimm's Fairy Tales. The farce originates from "*Geschichte van Philander von Sittewald*" published in 1642.

*Contents: Little mouse, woodpecker (in Grimm: a little bird) and sausage live together: the woodpecker fetches wood, the mouse fetches water, lights the fire and sets the table, the sausage cooks. Another bird tells the woodpecker that he has the hardest job and he insists on drawing lots. The sausage is supposed to fetch wood and is eaten by the dog. The woodpecker complains, but the dog claims to have found false letters on her. The mouse falls into the food. The woodpecker is looking for her. Fire arises. The woodpecker wants to extinguish it and falls into the well with the bucket.)*

Once on a time a mouse, a bird, and a sausage became companions, kept house together, lived well and happily with each other, and wonderfully increased their possessions. The bird's work was to fly every day into the forest and bring back wood. The mouse had to carry water, light the fire, and lay the table, but the sausage had to cook.

He who is too well off is always longing for something new. One day, therefore, the bird met with another bird, on the way, to whom it related its excellent circumstances and boasted of them. The other bird, however, called it a poor simpleton for its hard work, but said that the two at home had good times. For when the mouse had made her fire and carried her water, she went into her little room to rest until they called her to lay the cloth. The sausage stayed by the pot, saw that the food was cooking well, and, when it was nearly time for dinner, it rolled itself once or twice through the broth or vegetables and then they were buttered, salted, and ready. When the bird came home and laid his burden down, they sat down to dinner, and after they had had their meal, they slept their till till next morning, and that was a splendid life.

Next day the bird, prompted by the other bird, would go no more into the wood, saying that he had been servant long enough, and had been made a fool of by them, and that they must change about for once, and try to arrange it in another way. And, though the mouse and the sausage also begged most earnestly, the bird would have his way, and said it must be tried. They cast lots about it, and the lot fell on the sausage who was to carry wood, the mouse became cook, and the bird was to fetch water.

What happened? The little sausage went out towards the wood, the little bird lighted the fire, the mouse stayed by the pot and

waited alone until little sausage came home and brought wood for next day. But the little sausage stayed so long on the road that they both feared something was amiss, and the bird flew out a little way in the air to meet it. Not far off, however, it met a dog on the road who had fallen on the poor sausage as lawful booty, and had seized and swallowed it. The bird charged the dog with an act of barefaced robbery, but it was in vain to speak, for the dog said he had found forged letters on the sausage, on which account its life was forfeited to him.

The bird sadly took up the wood, flew home, and related what he had seen and heard. They were much troubled, but agreed to do their best and remain together. The bird therefore laid the cloth, and the mouse made ready the food, and wanted to dress it, and to get into the pot as the sausage used to do, and roll and creep amongst the vegetables to mix them; but before she got into the midst of them she was stopped, and lost her skin and hair and life in the attempt.

When the bird came to carry up the dinner, no cook was there. In its distress the bird threw the wood here and there, called and searched, but no cook was to be found! Owing to his carelessness the wood caught fire, so a conflagration ensued, the bird hastened to fetch water, and then the bucket dropped from his claws into the well, and he fell down with it, and could not recover himself, but had to drown there.

### 24.—MOTHER HOLLE.

(*"Frau Holle"* [in English also known as Mother Holle or Holla, Holda, Hulda, Perchta, Berchta, Berta, Bertha or Old Mother Frost, depending on the region] is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm at position 24 (KHM 24). It comes from Dorothea Wild, Wilhelm Grimm's wife. The legendary figure Perchta (*Frau Holle*) was incorporated into the fairy tale. *Frau Perchta* or *Frau Percht* is a legendary figure found in various ways in continental Germanic and Slavic mythology and related to Frigga and Freya. In the second edition it was changed by the insertion of the rooster. Wilhelm Grimm was inspired by Georg August Friedrich Goldmanns during a stay in Westphalia.

*Contents: A widow really likes her ugly, lazy daughter, but not her beautiful, hard-working stepdaughter. She has to sit by the well and spin yarn until her fingers bleed, while the other sits at home doing nothing. While cleaning, the bloody coil falls into the well. The stepmother wants her stepdaughter to get her back, she jumps into the well and wakes up in a meadow. There she complies with requests to get talking long-baked bread out of an oven and to shake ripe apples from a talking tree. She serves old Frau Holle with the big teeth, diligently shakes her bed, then it snows in the world. Although she has a good life with Mother Holle, she finally wants to go home because she is homesick. Mother Holle leads her through a gate where gold falls on her and also gives her back the spool. At home, the girl tells how she got rich. The widow then sends her daughter there too, but she is lazy. Therefore she does not comply with the requests of the bread, the apple tree or Mother Holle. To say goodbye, Mother Holle leads them to the same gate, but as a reward, bad luck falls on them, which will not be missed for the rest of their lives.)*

There was once a widow who had two daughters—one of whom was pretty and industrious, whilst the other was ugly and idle. But she was much fonder of the ugly and idle one, because she was her

own daughter; and the other, who was a step-daughter, was obliged to do all the work, and be the Cinderella of the house. Every day the poor girl had to sit by a well, in the highway, and spin and spin till her fingers bled.

Now it happened that one day the shuttle was marked with her blood, so she dipped it in the well, to wash the mark off; but it dropped out of her hand and fell to the bottom. She began to weep, and ran to her step-mother and told her of the mishap. But she scolded her sharply, and was so merciless as to say, "Since you have let the shuttle fall in, you must fetch it out again."

So the girl went back to the well, and did not know what to do; and in the sorrow of her heart she jumped into the well to get the shuttle. She lost her senses; and when she awoke and came to herself again, she was in a lovely meadow where the sun was shining and many thousands of flowers were growing. Along this meadow she went, and at last came to a baker's oven full of bread, and the bread cried out, "Oh, take me out! take me out! or I shall burn; I have been baked a long time!" So she went up to it, and took out all the loaves one after another with the bread-shovel. After that she went on till she came to a tree covered with apples, which called out to her, "Oh, shake me! shake me! we apples are all ripe!" So she shook the tree till the apples fell like rain, and went on shaking till they were all down, and when she had gathered them into a heap, she went on her way.

At last she came to a little house, out of which an old woman peeped; but she had such large teeth that the girl was frightened, and was about to run away.

But the old woman called out to her, "What are you afraid of, dear child? Stay with me; if you will do all the work in the house properly, you shall be the better for it. Only you must take care to make my bed well, and to shake it thoroughly till the feathers fly—for then there is snow on the earth. I am Mother Holle."<sup>[1]</sup>

As the old woman spoke so kindly to her, the girl took courage and agreed to enter her service. She attended to everything to the satisfaction of her mistress, and always shook her bed so vigorously that the feathers flew about like snow-flakes. So she had a pleasant life with her; never an angry word; and boiled or roast meat every day.

She stayed some time with Mother Holle, and then she became sad. At first she did not know what was the matter with her, but found at length that it was homesickness: although she was many thousand times better off here than at home, still she had a longing to be there. At last she said to the old woman, "I have a longing for home; and however well off I am down here, I cannot stay any longer; I must go up again to my own people." Mother Holle said, "I am pleased that you long for your home again, and as you have served me so truly, I myself will take you up again." Thereupon she took her by the hand, and led her to a large door. The door was opened, and just as the maiden was standing beneath the doorway, a heavy shower of golden rain fell, and all the gold remained sticking to her, so that she was completely covered over with it.

"You shall have that because you are so industrious," said Mother Holle; and at the same time she gave her back the shuttle which she had let fall into the well. Thereupon the door closed, and the maiden found herself up above upon the earth, not far from her mother's house.

And as she went into the yard the cock was standing by the well-side, and cried—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Your golden girl's come back to you!"

So she went in to her mother, and as she arrived thus covered with gold, she was well received, both by her and her sister.

The girl told all that had happened to her; and as soon as the mother heard how she had come by so much wealth, she was very anxious to obtain the same good luck for the ugly and lazy daughter. She had to seat herself by the well and spin; and in order that her shuttle might be stained with blood, she stuck her hand into a thorn bush and pricked her finger. Then she threw her shuttle into the well, and jumped in after it.

She came, like the other, to the beautiful meadow and walked along the very same path. When she got to the oven the bread again cried, "Oh, take me out! take me out! or I shall burn; I have been baked a long time!" But the lazy thing answered, "As if I had any wish to make myself dirty?" and on she went. Soon she came to the apple-tree, which cried, "Oh, shake me! shake me! we apples are all ripe!" But she answered, "I like that! one of you might fall on my head," and so went on.

When she came to Mother Holle's house she was not afraid, for she had already heard of her big teeth, and she hired herself to her immediately.

The first day she forced herself to work diligently, and obeyed Mother Holle when she told her to do anything, for she was thinking of all the gold that she would give her. But on the second day she began to be lazy, and on the third day still more so, and then she would not get up in the morning at all. Neither did she make Mother Holle's bed as she ought, and did not shake it so as to make the feathers fly up. Mother Holle was soon tired of this, and gave her notice to leave. The lazy girl was willing enough to go, and thought that now the golden rain would come. Mother Holle led her too to the great door; but while she was standing beneath it, instead of the gold a big kettleful of pitch was emptied over her. "That is the reward of your service," said Mother Holle, and shut the door.

So the lazy girl went home; but she was quite covered with pitch, and the cock by the well-side, as soon as he saw her, cried out—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Your pitchy girl's come back to you!"

But the pitch stuck fast to her, and could not be got off as long as she lived.

[Thus in Hesse, when it snows, they say, "Mother Holle is making her bed."<sup>[2]</sup>]

## 25.—THE SEVEN RAVENS.

(*"The Seven Ravens"* (German: *Die sieben Raben*) is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 25). The tale was published in 1812 under the name "*Die drei Raben*" (*The Three Ravens*). In the second edition, in 1819, the name was retitled "*Die sieben Raben*" and substantially rewritten. Their source was the Hassenpflug family, and others. The narration is a fascinating Déjà-vu-story, in which her fingerring plays an important role.

*Contents:* A peasant has seven sons and no daughter. Finally a daughter is born, but is sickly. The father sends his sons to fetch water for her. In their haste, they drop the jug in the well. When they do not return, their father thinks that they have gone off to play and curses them and so they turn into ravens. When the sister is grown, she sets out in search of her brothers. She attempts to get help first from the sun, which is too hot, then the moon, which craves human flesh, and then the morning star. The star helps her by giving her a chicken bone and tells her she will need it to save her brothers. She finds them on the Glass Mountain.

*Unfortunately, she has lost the bone, and chops off one of her own fingers to use it as a key. She goes into the mountain, where a dwarf tells her that her brothers will return. She takes some of their food and drink and leaves in the last cup a ring from home. When her brothers return, she hides. They turn back into human form and ask who has been at their food. The youngest brother finds the ring, and hopes it is their sister, in which case they are saved. She emerges, and they return home.)*

There was once a man who had seven sons, and still he had no daughter, however much he wished for one. At length his wife again gave him hope of a child, and when it came into the world it was a girl. The joy was great, but the child was sickly and small, and had to be privately baptised on account of its weakness. The father sent one of the boys in haste to the spring to fetch water for the baptism. The other six went with him, and as each of them wanted to be first to fill it, the jug fell into the well. There they stood and did not know what to do, and none of them dared to go home. As they still did not return, the father grew impatient, and said, "They have certainly forgotten it for some game, the wicked boys!" He became afraid that the girl would have to die without being baptised, and in his anger cried, "I wish the boys were all turned into ravens." Hardly was the word spoken before he heard a whirring of wings over his head in the air, looked up and saw seven coal-black ravens flying away. The parents could not recall the curse, and however sad they were at the loss of their seven sons, they still to some extent comforted themselves with their dear little daughter, who soon grew strong and every day became more beautiful. For a long time she did not know that she had had brothers, for her parents were careful not to mention them before her, but one day she accidentally heard some people saying of herself, "that the girl was certainly beautiful, but that in reality she was to blame for the misfortune which had befallen her seven brothers." Then she was much troubled, and went to her father and mother and asked if it was true that she had had brothers, and what had become of them? The parents now dared keep the secret no longer, but said that what had befallen her brothers was the will of Heaven, and that her birth had only been the innocent cause. But the maiden laid it to heart daily, and thought she must deliver her brothers. She had no rest or peace until she set out secretly, and went forth into the wide world to trace out her brothers and set them free, let it cost what it might. She took nothing with her but a little ring belonging to her parents as a keepsake, a loaf of bread against hunger, a little pitcher of water against thirst, and a little chair as a provision against weariness.

And now she went continually onwards, far, far, to the very end of the world. Then she came to the sun, but it was too hot and terrible, and devoured little children. Hastily she ran away, and ran to the moon, but it was far too cold, and also awful and malicious, and when it saw the child, it said, "I smell, I smell the flesh of men." On this she ran swiftly away, and came to the stars, which were kind and good to her, and each of them sat on its own particular little chair. But the morning star arose, and gave her the drumstick of a chicken, and said, "If thou hast not that drumstick thou canst not open the Glass mountain, and in the Glass mountain are thy brothers."

The maiden took the drumstick, wrapped it carefully in a cloth, and went onwards again until she came to the Glass mountain. The door was shut, and she thought she would take out the drumstick; but when she undid the cloth, it was empty, and she had lost the good star's present. What was she now to do? She wished to rescue her brothers, and had no key to the Glass

mountain. The good sister took a knife, cut off one of her little fingers, put it in the door, and succeeded in opening it. When she had gone inside, a little dwarf came to meet her, who said, "My child, what are you looking for?" "I am looking for my brothers, the seven ravens," she replied. The dwarf said, "The lord ravens are not at home, but if you will wait here until they come, step in." Thereupon the little dwarf carried the ravens' dinner in, on seven little plates, and in seven little glasses, and the little sister ate a morsel from each plate, and from each little glass she took a sip, but in the last little glass she dropped the ring which she had brought away with her.

Suddenly she heard a whirring of wings and a rushing through the air, and then the little dwarf said, "Now the lord ravens are flying home." Then they came, and wanted to eat and drink, and looked for their little plates and glasses. Then said one after the other, "Who has eaten something from my plate? Who has drunk out of my little glass? It was a human mouth. And when the seventh came to the bottom of the glass, the ring rolled against his mouth. Then he looked at it, and saw that it was a ring belonging to his father and mother, and said, "God grant that our sister may be here, and then we shall be free." When the maiden, who was standing behind the door watching, heard that wish, she came forth, and on this all the ravens were restored to their human form again. And they embraced and kissed each other, and went joyfully home.

## 26.—LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD or LITTLE RED-CAP .

*("Little Red Riding Hood" or "Little Red Cap" is a fairy tale in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales at position 26 (KHM 26). Through Johanna and Marie Hasserpflug it goes back to Charles Perrault's "Le Petit Chaperon rouge" in his "Contes de ma Mere l'Oye" (1695/1697). Other titles are Little Red Riding Hood and the (bad) wolf, in Austria and Hungary also Piroschka (from Hungarian piros = red). Here, as in many other stories, the wolf was used as a synonym for strangers [or persons who are not well known]. The message of many fairy tales is clear: Children should learn to be skeptical by having a certain amount of healthy mistrust and act upon it.*

*Contents: A little girl, whose grandmother once gave her a red cap, is called Little Red Riding Hood. It is sent by the mother to the sick grandmother, who lives in a house in the woods and is bedridden, with a basket of goodies (cake and wine). The mother urgently warns Little Red Riding Hood not to deviate from the path. In the forest, it engages in a conversation with a wolf. He listens to Little Red Riding Hood and draws her attention to the beautiful flowers in a nearby meadow, whereupon Little Red Riding Hood decides to pick another bouquet, despite her mother's warning. The wolf rushes straight to the grandmother and devours her. He lies down in her bed in her nightgown and waits for Little Red Riding Hood. Soon Little Red Riding Hood arrives at the house, enters, and goes to Grandmother's bed. There, Little Red Riding Hood wonders about the shape of her grandmother, but does not recognise the wolf before she is also devoured. Grandmother and Little Red Riding Hood are freed from the belly of the sleeping wolf by the hunter. Instead, stones are stuffed into the wolves' stomach. Because of the weight of the stones, the wolf cannot escape and dies.)*

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl who was loved by every one who looked at her, but most of all by her grandmother,

and there was nothing that she would not have given to the child. Once she gave her a little cap of red velvet, which suited her so well that she would never wear anything else; so she was always called 'Little Red-Cap.'

One day her mother said to her, "Come, Little Red-Cap, here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine; take them to your grandmother, she is ill and weak, and they will do her good. Set out before it gets hot, and when you are going, walk nicely and quietly and do not run off the path, or you may fall and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing; and when you go into her room, don't forget to say, 'Good-morning,' and don't peep into every corner before you do it."

"I will take great care," said Little Red-Cap to her mother, and gave her hand on it.

The grandmother lived out in the wood, half a league from the village, and just as Little Red-Cap entered the wood, a wolf met her. Red-Cap did not know what a wicked creature he was, and was not at all afraid of him.

"Good-day, Little Red-Cap," said he.

"Thank you kindly, wolf."

"Whither away so early, Little Red-Cap?"

"To my grandmother's."

"What have you got in your apron?"

"Cake and wine; yesterday was baking-day, so poor sick grandmother is to have something good, to make her stronger."

"Where does your grandmother live, Little Red-Cap?"

"A good quarter of a league farther on in the wood; her house stands under the three large oak-trees, the nut-trees are just below; you surely must know it," replied Little Red-Cap.

The wolf thought to himself, "What a tender young creature! what a nice plump mouthful—she will be better to eat than the old woman. I must act craftily, so as to catch both." So he walked for a short time by the side of Little Red-Cap, and then he said, "See, Little Red-Cap, how pretty the flowers are about here—why do you not look round? I believe, too, that you do not hear how sweetly the little birds are singing; you walk gravely along as if you were going to school, while everything else out here in the wood is merry."

Little Red-Cap raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunbeams dancing here and there through the trees, and pretty flowers growing everywhere, she thought, "Suppose I take grandmother a fresh nosegay; that would please her too. It is so early in the day that I shall still get there in good time;" and so she ran from the path into the wood to look for flowers. And whenever she had picked one, she fancied that she saw a still prettier one farther on, and ran after it, and so got deeper and deeper into the wood.

Meanwhile the wolf ran straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?"

"Little Red-Cap," replied the wolf. "She is bringing cake and wine; open the door."

"Lift the latch," called out the grandmother, "I am too weak, and cannot get up."

The wolf lifted the latch, the door flew open, and without saying a word he went straight to the grandmother's bed, and devoured her. Then he put on her clothes, dressed himself in her cap, laid himself in bed and drew the curtains.

Little Red-Cap, however, had been running about picking flowers, and when she had gathered so many that she could carry no more, she remembered her grandmother, and set out on the way to her.

She was surprised to find the cottage-door standing open, and when she went into the room, she had such a strange feeling that she said to herself, "Oh dear! how uneasy I feel to-day, and at other times I like being with grandmother so much." She called out, "Good morning," but received no answer; so she went to the bed and drew back the curtains. There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled far over her face, and looking very strange.

"Oh! grandmother," she said, "what big ears you have!"

"The better to hear you with, my child," was the reply.

"But, grandmother, what big eyes you have!" she said.

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what large hands you have!"

"The better to hug you with."

"Oh! but, grandmother, what a terrible big mouth you have!"

"The better to eat you with!"

And scarcely had the wolf said this, than with one bound he was out of bed and swallowed up Red-Cap.

When the wolf had appeased his appetite, he lay down again in the bed, fell asleep and began to snore very loud. The huntsman was just passing the house, and thought to himself, "How the old woman is snoring! I must just see if she wants anything." So he went into the room, and when he came to the bed, he saw that the wolf was lying in it. "Do I find thee here, thou old sinner!" said he. "I have long sought thee!" Then just as he was going to fire at him, it occurred to him that the wolf might have devoured the grandmother, and that she might still be saved, so he did not fire, but took a pair of scissors, and began to cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf. When he had made two snips, he saw the little Red-Cap shining, and then he made two snips more, and the little girl sprang out, crying, "Ah, how frightened I have been! How dark it was inside the wolf;" and after that the aged grandmother came out alive also, but scarcely able to breathe. Red-Cap, however, quickly fetched great stones with which they filled the wolf's body, and when he awoke, he wanted to run away, but the stones were so heavy that he fell down at once, and fell dead.

Then all three were delighted. The huntsman drew off the wolf's skin and went home with it; the grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine which Red-Cap had brought, and revived, but Red-Cap thought to herself, "As long as I live, I will never by myself leave the path, to run into the wood, when my mother has forbidden me to do so."

It is also related that once when Red-Cap was again taking cakes to the old grandmother, another wolf spoke to her, and tried to entice her from the path. Red-Cap was, however, on her guard, and went straight forward on her way, and told her grandmother that she had met the wolf, and that he had said "good-morning" to her, but with such a wicked look in his eyes, that if they had not been on the public road she was certain he would have eaten her up. "Well," said the grandmother, "we will shut the door, that he may not come in." Soon afterwards the wolf knocked, and cried, "Open the door, grandmother, I am little Red-Cap, and am fetching you some cakes." But they did not speak, or open the door, so the grey-beard stole twice or thrice round the house, and at last jumped on the roof, intending to wait until Red-Cap went home in the evening, and then to steal after her and devour her in the darkness. But the grandmother saw what was in his thoughts. In front of the house was a great stone trough, so she said to the child, "Take the pail, Red-Cap; I made some sausages yesterday, so carry the water in which I boiled them to the trough." Red-Cap carried until the great trough was quite full. Then the smell of the sausages reached the wolf, and he sniffed and peeped down, and at last stretched out his neck so far that he could no longer keep his

footing and began to slip, and slipped down from the roof straight into the great trough, and was drowned. But Red-Cap went joyously home, and never did anything to harm any one.

## 27.—THE BREMEN TOWN-MUSICIANS.

*(“The Bremen Town Musicians” is the title of a folk tale that was first published by the Brothers Grimm in 1819 in their famous collection of children’s and house tales (“Grimm’s Fairy Tales”). Two stories from the Paderborn region are given as the source, and the Freiherr is usually the mediator August Franz von Haxthausen is assumed, although there is no proof of this. In a variant contributed by Dorothea Viehmann from the village of Zwehrn near Kassel, the domestic and farm animals enter the house peacefully and play music in exchange for food for the robbers. The text has contained many proverbial phrases that are in use in the German language still today.)*

*Content: The old donkey is about to be slaughtered. So he flees and wants to become a town musician in Bremen. On the way he meets the dog, the cat and the rooster one after the other. These three are also old and should die. They follow the donkey and also want to become town musicians. On their way they come to a forest and decide to spend the night there. They discover a robber's house. By lining up in front of the window and breaking in with loud “singing”, they frighten and drive away the robbers. The animals sit down at the table and take over the house for the night. A robber who finds out later in the night whether the house can be entered again is chased away by the animals again and thus finally. The Bremen Town Musicians like the house so much that they don't want to leave and stay there.)*

A certain man had a donkey, which had carried the corn-sacks to the mill indefatigably for many a long year; but his strength was going, and he was growing more and more unfit for work. Then his master began to consider how he might best save his keep; but the donkey, seeing that no good wind was blowing, ran away and set out on the road to Bremen. "There," he thought, "I can surely be town-musician." When he had walked some distance, he found a hound lying on the road, gasping like one who had run till he was tired. "What are you gasping so for, you big fellow?" asked the donkey.

"Ah," replied the hound, "as I am old, and daily grow weaker, and no longer can hunt, my master wanted to kill me, so I took to flight; but now how am I to earn my bread?"

"I tell you what," said the donkey, "I am going to Bremen, and shall be town-musician there; go with me and engage yourself also as a musician. I will play the lute, and you shall beat the kettledrum."

The hound agreed, and on they went.

Before long they came to a cat, sitting on the path, with a face like three rainy days! "Now then, old shaver, what has gone askew with you?" asked the donkey.

"Who can be merry when his neck is in danger?" answered the cat. "Because I am now getting old, and my teeth are worn to stumps, and I prefer to sit by the fire and spin, rather than hunt about after mice, my mistress wanted to drown me, so I ran away. But now good advice is scarce. Where am I to go?"

"Go with us to Bremen. You understand night-music, so you can be a town-musician."

The cat thought well of it, and went with them. After this the three fugitives came to a farm-yard, where the cock was sitting

upon the gate, crowing with all his might. "Your crow goes through and through one," said the donkey. "What is the matter?"

"I have been foretelling fine weather, because it is the day on which Our Lady washes the Christ-child's little shirts, and wants to dry them," said the cock; "but guests are coming for Sunday, so the housewife has no pity, and has told the cook that she intends to eat me in the soup to-morrow, and this evening I am to have my head cut off. Now I am crowing at full pitch while I can."

"Ah, but red-comb," said the donkey, "you had better come away with us. We are going to Bremen; you can find something better than death everywhere: you have a good voice, and if we make music together it must have some quality!"

The cock agreed to this plan, and all four went on together. They could not, however, reach the city of Bremen in one day, and in the evening they came to a forest where they meant to pass the night. The donkey and the hound laid themselves down under a large tree, the cat and the cock settled themselves in the branches; but the cock flew right to the top, where he was most safe. Before he went to sleep he looked round on all the four sides, and thought he saw in the distance a little spark burning; so he called out to his companions that there must be a house not far off, for he saw a light. The donkey said, "If so, we had better get up and go on, for the shelter here is bad." The hound thought that a few bones with some meat on would do him good too!

So they made their way to the place where the light was, and soon saw it shine brighter and grow larger, until they came to a well-lighted robber's house. The donkey, as the biggest, went to the window and looked in.

"What do you see, my grey-horse?" asked the cock. "What do I see?" answered the donkey; "a table covered with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it enjoying themselves." "That would be the sort of thing for us," said the cock. "Yes, yes; ah, how I wish we were there!" said the donkey.

Then the animals took counsel together how they should manage to drive away the robbers, and at last they thought of a plan. The donkey was to place himself with his fore-feet upon the window-ledge, the hound was to jump on the donkey's back, the cat was to climb upon the dog, and lastly the cock was to fly up and perch upon the head of the cat.

When this was done, at a given signal, they began to perform their music together: the donkey brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed; then they burst through the window into the room, so that the glass clattered! At this horrible din, the robbers sprang up, thinking no otherwise than that a ghost had come in, and fled in a great fright out into the forest. The four companions now sat down at the table, well content with what was left, and ate as if they were going to fast for a month.

As soon as the four minstrels had done, they put out the light, and each sought for himself a sleeping-place according to his nature and to what suited him. The donkey laid himself down upon some straw in the yard, the hound behind the door, the cat upon the hearth near the warm ashes, and the cock perched himself upon a beam of the roof; and being tired with their long walk, they soon went to sleep.

When it was past midnight, and the robbers saw from afar that the light was no longer burning in their house, and all appeared quiet, the captain said, "We ought not to have let ourselves be frightened out of our wits;" and ordered one of them to go and examine the house.

The messenger finding all still, went into the kitchen to light a candle, and, taking the glistening fiery eyes of the cat for live coals,

he held a lucifer-match to them to light it. But the cat did not understand the joke, and flew in his face, spitting and scratching. He was dreadfully frightened, and ran to the back-door, but the dog, who lay there, sprang up and bit his leg; and as he ran across the yard by the straw-heap, the donkey gave him a smart kick with its hind foot. The cock, too, who had been awakened by the noise, and had become lively, cried down from the beam, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the robber ran back as fast as he could to his captain, and said, "Ah, there is a horrible witch sitting in the house, who spat on me and scratched my face with her long claws; and by the door stands a man with a knife, who stabbed me in the leg; and in the yard there lies a black monster, who beat me with a wooden club; and above, upon the roof, sits the judge, who called out, 'Bring the rogue here to me!' so I got away as well as I could."

After this the robbers did not trust themselves in the house again; but it suited the four musicians of Bremen so well that they did not care to leave it any more. And the mouth of him who last told this story is still warm.

## 28.—THE SINGING BONE.

(*"The Singing Bone"* (German: *Der singende Knochen*) is a fairy tale, collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 28. According to their annotation, the Brothers Grimm got the fairy tale from three places in Lower Hesse. In his book "Fairytale in the Ancient World" from 2002, Graham Anderson has identified the ancient Greek story of Meleagros and the Calydonian boar as a possible ancient source of this story, noting that both stories involve a man who hunts a boar, murders a relative, and is killed when this information is found out. Also, in both stories, the murderer's doom is brought about by "a hidden, stick-like object of whose effect the criminal himself can have no knowledge".

*It is quite possible that Roman trade spread such stories to Germania. In Greek mythology, Meleagros [English: Meleager] was the son of Queen Althaea and King Oeneus from Calydon in Aitolia, a mountainous region of Greece on the north coast of the Gulf of Corinth. He was a hero famed as the host of the Calydonian boar hunt. He was the brother of Deianeira, Toxeus, Clymenus, Periphas, Agelaus, Thyreus (or Phereus), Gorge, Eurymede and Melanippe. Meleagros became father of Parthenopeus by his lover Atalanta but then he married Cleopatra, daughter of Idas and Marpessa with whom he had a daughter, Polydora, who became the bride of Protesilaus.*

*The legend roughly goes like this: When Meleagros was born, Atropos, one of the three Moirai (the Fates) predicted that Meleagros would only live until a piece of wood, then burning in the family hearth, was consumed by fire. Overhearing them, his mother Althaea immediately doused and hid it to keep him alive. One day, Meleagros returned from a sea voyage with Jason to his homeland of Calydon, where the Calydonian boar was sent by the goddess Artemis to terrorise the area. Artemis wanted to punish Althaea and Oeneus for forgetting to offer her a sacrifice. Oeneus sent Meleagros to gather up heroes from all over Greece to hunt the boar. He also invited Atalanta, a fierce huntress, whom he loved. When Hylaeus and Rhaecus, two centaurs, tried to rape Atalanta, Meleagros killed them. Then Atalanta wounded the boar and Meleagros killed it. He awarded her the hide since she had spilled the boar's blood first, but Queen Althaea's brothers became jealous and stole the trophy. Enraged, Meleagros killed his own relatives, whereupon Althaea, as revenge, burned the log she*

*had kept. As a result, her son Meleagros died, as predicted by Atropos.*

*Contents: A boar lays waste to a country, and two brothers set out to kill it, with the prize being given the princess's hand in marriage. The younger meets a dwarf who gives him a spear, and with it, he kills the boar. Carrying the body off, the man meets his older brother, who had joined with others to drink until he felt brave. The older brother lures him in, gives him drink, and learns of the younger brother's adventure. They then set out to deliver the body to the king, but on passing a bridge, the older kills the younger and buries his body beneath it. He takes the boar himself to the king and marries the king's daughter as prize. One day a shepherd sees a bone under the bridge and uses it to make a mouthpiece for a horn, which sings of the brother's fate. The shepherd takes this marvel to the king, who has the bridge examined, and the bones of the deceased brother are found. The older brother is not able to deny his actions, and is drowned as punishment. The younger brother's bones are reburied in a beautiful grave.)*

In a certain country there was once great lamentation over a wild boar that laid waste the farmers' fields, killed the cattle, and ripped up people's bodies with his tusks. The King promised a large reward to any one who would free the land from this plague; but the beast was so big and strong that no one dared to go near the forest in which it lived. At last the King gave notice that whosoever should capture or kill the wild boar should have his only daughter to wife.

Now there lived in the country two brothers, sons of a poor man, who declared themselves willing to undertake the hazardous enterprise; the elder, who was crafty and shrewd, out of pride; the younger, who was innocent and simple, from a kind heart. The King said, "In order that you may be the more sure of finding the beast, you must go into the forest from opposite sides." So the elder went in on the west side, and the younger on the east.

When the younger had gone a short way, a little man stepped up to him. He held in his hand a black spear and said, "I give you this spear because your heart is pure and good; with this you can boldly attack the wild boar, and it will do you no harm."

He thanked the little man, shouldered the spear, and went on fearlessly.

Before long he saw the beast, which rushed at him; but he held the spear towards it, and in its blind fury it ran so swiftly against it that its heart was cloven in twain. Then he took the monster on his back and went homewards with it to the King.

As he came out at the other side of the wood, there stood at the entrance a house where people were making merry with wine and dancing. His elder brother had gone in here, and thinking that after all the boar would not run away from him, was going to drink until he felt brave. But when he saw his young brother coming out of the wood laden with his booty, his envious, evil heart gave him no peace. He called out to him, "Come in, dear brother, rest and refresh yourself with a cup of wine."

The youth, who suspected no evil, went in and told him about the good little man who had given him the spear wherewith he had slain the boar.

The elder brother kept him there until the evening, and then they went away together, and when in the darkness they came to a bridge over a brook, the elder brother let the other go first; and when he was half-way across he gave him such a blow from behind that he fell down dead. He buried him beneath the bridge, took the boar, and carried it to the King, pretending that he had killed

it; whereupon he obtained the King's daughter in marriage. And when his younger brother did not come back he said, "The boar must have killed him," and every one believed it.

But as nothing remains hidden from God, so this black deed also was to come to light.

Years afterwards a shepherd was driving his herd across the bridge, and saw lying in the sand beneath, a snow-white little bone. He thought that it would make a good mouth-piece, so he clambered down, picked it up, and cut out of it a mouth-piece for his horn. But when he blew through it for the first time, to his great astonishment, the bone began of its own accord to sing:

"Ah, friend, thou blowest upon my bone!  
Long have I lain beside the water;  
My brother slew me for the boar,  
And took for his wife the King's young daughter."

"What a wonderful horn!" said the shepherd; "it sings by itself; I must take it to my lord the King." And when he came with it to the King the horn again began to sing its little song. The King understood it all, and caused the ground below the bridge to be dug up, and then the whole skeleton of the murdered man came to light. The wicked brother could not deny the deed, and was sewn up in a sack and drowned. But the bones of the murdered man were laid to rest in a beautiful tomb in the churchyard.

## 29.—THE DEVIL WITH THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS.

(*"The devil with the three golden hairs"* is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm at position 29 (KHM 29). In the 1st edition the title was *"Of the devil with three golden hairs"*. Grimm's notes say *"From Zwehrn"* (by Dorothea Viehmann) and names an incomplete *"Tales from the Main Regions"*, which was printed independently in the 1st edition as *"Vogel Phoenix"* (1812 KHM 75), and one *"from Lower Hesse"* (by Amalie Hassenpflug), which provided the text of the 1st edition (1812 KHM 29). The current version appeared from the 2nd edition in 1819. In Germany, Napoleon's 6-year occupation of German territories (1806-1812), including Berlin, and the subsequent defeat Napoleons, resulted to the rise of a German national movement. Risen hatred of all things French and pressure from public opinion led authors to begin to ban everything French and Italian (Napoleon was culturally Italian) from their texts. This also applied to the collection of fairy tales by the Brothers Grimm, whose 2nd edition (1819) was very different from the 1st edition for this reason.

*Contents: A poor woman gives birth to a son with "caul" or "cowl" (Latin: Caput galeatum). This should ensure in his further life that everything he starts will turn out for the better. It is also prophesied that he will marry the king's daughter at the age of 14. But the king has a hard heart. He buys the child from the poor people, puts it in a box and throws it into the water. However, she does not perish, but drifts to a mill, where the child is taken in by the miller's people and raised in love. Fourteen years later, when the king came to the mill and heard the story, he sent the young man a letter to the queen with orders to kill him immediately. On the way to the queen, the young man stays with robbers in the forest. They read the letter, exchanged the letter out of pity, so that he was married to the king's daughter. But the king demands from him the three golden hairs of the devil. On the way to hell, two gatekeepers ask the young man why a well that used to spill wine is drying up and why a tree that used to bear gold apples is drying up, and a ferryman asks why no one is taking his place. In*

*hell, the devil's Ellermutter (Low German for grandmother) hides him as an ant in the folds of her skirt. She pulls a hair out of the sleeping devil three times and says she dreamed of the well, the tree and the ferryman. The devil always explains to the grandmother how to solve the problem. So the child of fortune gets his hair, advises the devil's ferryman to give the next one the rudder pole, and has the toad in the well and the mouse killed in the tree root, for which he gets two donkeys each with gold. The lucky child tells the greedy king that the gold lies like sand on the other bank. The story ends with the king crossing the river with the ferryman, who hands him the rudder pole upon reaching the other side, condemning him to a life of ferrying travellers back and forth forever.)*

There was once a poor woman who gave birth to a little son; and as he came into the world with a caul on, it was predicted that in his fourteenth year he would have the King's daughter for his wife. It happened that soon afterwards the King came into the village, and no one knew that he was the King, and when he asked the people what news there was, they answered, "A child has just been born with a caul on; whatever any one so born undertakes turns out well. It is prophesied, too, that in his fourteenth year he will have the King's daughter for his wife."

The King, who had a bad heart, and was angry about the prophecy, went to the parents, and, seeming quite friendly, said, "You poor people, let me have your child, and I will take care of it." At first they refused, but when the stranger offered them a large amount of gold for it, and they thought, "It is a luck-child, and everything must turn out well for it," they at last consented, and gave him the child.

The King put it in a box and rode away with it until he came to a deep piece of water; then he threw the box into it and thought, "I have freed my daughter from her unlooked-for suitor."

The box, however, did not sink, but floated like a boat, and not a drop of water made its way into it. And it floated to within two miles of the King's chief city, where there was a mill, and it came to a stand-still at the mill-dam. A miller's boy, who by good luck was standing there, noticed it and pulled it out with a hook, thinking that he had found a great treasure, but when he opened it there lay a pretty boy inside, quite fresh and lively. He took him to the miller and his wife, and as they had no children they were glad, and said, "God has given him to us." They took great care of the foundling, and he grew up in all goodness.

It happened that once in a storm the King went into the mill, and he asked the mill-folk if the tall youth was their son. "No," answered they, "he's a foundling. Fourteen years ago he floated down to the mill-dam in a box, and the mill-boy pulled him out of the water."

Then the King knew that it was none other than the luck-child which he had thrown into the water, and he said, "My good people, could not the youth take a letter to the Queen; I will give him two gold pieces as a reward?" "Just as the King commands," answered they, and they told the boy to hold himself in readiness. Then the King wrote a letter to the Queen, wherein he said, "As soon as the boy arrives with this letter, let him be killed and buried, and all must be done before I come home."

The boy set out with this letter; but he lost his way, and in the evening came to a large forest. In the darkness he saw a small light; he went towards it and reached a cottage. When he went in, an old woman was sitting by the fire quite alone. She started when she saw the boy, and said, "Whence do you come, and whither are you going?" "I come from the mill," he answered, "and wish to go to

the Queen, to whom I am taking a letter; but as I have lost my way in the forest I should like to stay here over night." "You poor boy," said the woman, "you have come into a den of thieves, and when they come home they will kill you." "Let them come," said the boy, "I am not afraid; but I am so tired that I cannot go any farther;" and he stretched himself upon a bench and fell asleep.

Soon afterwards the robbers came, and angrily asked what strange boy was lying there? "Ah," said the old woman, "it is an innocent child who has lost himself in the forest, and out of pity I have let him come in; he has to take a letter to the Queen." The robbers opened the letter and read it, and in it was written that the boy as soon as he arrived should be put to death. Then the hard-hearted robbers felt pity, and their leader tore up the letter and wrote another, saying, that soon as the boy came, he should be married at once to the King's daughter. Then they let him lie quietly on the bench until the next morning, and when he awoke they gave him the letter, and showed him the right way.

And the Queen, when she had received the letter and read it, did as was written in it, and had a splendid wedding-feast prepared, and the King's daughter was married to the luck-child; and as the youth was handsome and agreeable she lived with him in joy and contentment.

After some time the King returned to his palace and saw that the prophecy was fulfilled, and the luck-child married to his daughter. "How has that come to pass?" said he; "I gave quite another order in my letter."

So the Queen gave him the letter, and said that he might see for himself what was written in it. The King read the letter and saw quite well that it had been exchanged for the other. He asked the youth what had become of the letter entrusted to him, and why he had brought another instead of it. "I know nothing about it," answered he; "it must have been changed in the night, when I slept in the forest." The King said in a passion, "You shall not have everything quite so much your own way; whosoever marries my daughter must fetch me from hell three golden hairs from the head of the devil; bring me what I want, and you shall keep my daughter." In this way the King hoped to be rid of him for ever. But the luck-child answered, "I will fetch the golden hairs, I am not afraid of the Devil;" thereupon he took leave of them and began his journey.

The road led him to a large town, where the watchman by the gates asked him what his trade was, and what he knew. "I know everything," answered the luck-child. "Then you can do us a favour," said the watchman, "if you will tell us why our market-fountain, which once flowed with wine has become dry, and no longer gives even water?" "That you shall know," answered he; "only wait until I come back."

Then he went farther and came to another town, and there also the gatekeeper asked him what was his trade, and what he knew. "I know everything," answered he. "Then you can do us a favour, and tell us why a tree in our town which once bore golden apples now does not even put forth leaves?" "You shall know that," answered he; "only wait until I come back."

Then he went on and came to a wide river over which he must go. The ferryman asked him what his trade was, and what he knew. "I know everything," answered he. "Then you can do me a favour," said the ferryman, "and tell me why I must always be rowing backwards and forwards, and am never set free?" "You shall know that," answered he; "only wait until I come back."

When he had crossed the water he found the entrance to Hell. It was black and sooty within, and the Devil was not at home, but his grandmother was sitting in a large arm-chair. "What do you

want?" said she to him, but she did not look so very wicked. "I should like to have three golden hairs from the devil's head," answered he, "else I cannot keep my wife." "That is a good deal to ask for," said she; "if the devil comes home and finds you, it will cost you your life; but as I pity you, I will see if I cannot help you."

She changed him into an ant and said, "Creep into the folds of my dress, you will be safe there." "Yes," answered he, "so far, so good; but there are three things besides that I want to know: why a fountain which once flowed with wine has become dry, and no longer gives even water; why a tree which once bore golden apples does not even put forth leaves; and why a ferry-man must always be going backwards and forwards, and is never set free?"

"Those are difficult questions," answered she, "but only be silent and quiet and pay attention to what the devil says when I pull out the three golden hairs."

As the evening came on the devil returned home. No sooner had he entered than he noticed that the air was not pure. "I smell man's flesh," said he; "all is not right here." Then he pried into every corner, and searched, but could not find anything. His grandmother scolded him. "It has just been swept," said she, "and everything put in order, and now you are upsetting it again; you have always got man's flesh in your nose. Sit down and eat your supper."

When he had eaten and drunk he was tired, and laid his head in his grandmother's lap, and before long he was fast asleep, snoring and breathing heavily. Then the old woman took hold of a golden hair, pulled it out, and laid it down near her. "Oh!" cried the devil, "what are you doing?" "I have had a bad dream," answered the grandmother, "so I seized hold of your hair." "What did you dream then?" said the devil. "I dreamed that a fountain in a market-place from which wine once flowed was dried up, and not even water would flow out of it; what is the cause of it?" "Oh, ho! if they did but know it," answered the devil; "there is a toad sitting under a stone in the well; if they killed it, the wine would flow again."

He went to sleep again and snored until the windows shook. Then she pulled the second hair out. "Ha! what are you doing?" cried the devil angrily. "Do not take it ill," said she, "I did it in a dream." "What have you dreamt this time?" asked he. "I dreamt that in a certain kingdom there stood an apple-tree which had once borne golden apples, but now would not even bear leaves. What, think you, was the reason?" "Oh! if they did but know," answered the devil. "A mouse is gnawing at the root; if they killed this they would have golden apples again, but if it gnaws much longer the tree will wither altogether. But leave me alone with your dreams: if you disturb me in my sleep again you will get a box on the ear."

The grandmother spoke gently to him until he fell asleep again and snored. Then she took hold of the third golden hair and pulled it out. The devil jumped up, roared out, and would have treated her ill, but she quieted him once more and said, "Who can help bad dreams?" "What was the dream, then?" asked he, and was quite curious. "I dreamt of a ferry-man who complained that he must always ferry from one side to the other, and was never released. What is the cause of it?" "Ah! the fool," answered the devil; "when any one comes and wants to go across he must put the oar in his hand, and the other man will have to ferry and he will be free." As the grandmother had plucked out the three golden hairs, and the three questions were answered, she let the old serpent alone, and he slept until daybreak.

When the devil had gone out again the old woman took the ant out of the folds of her dress, and gave the luck-child his human

shape again. "There are the three golden hairs for you," said she. "What the Devil said to your three questions, I suppose you heard?" "Yes," answered he, "I heard, and will take care to remember." "You have what you want," said she, "and now you can go your way." He thanked the old woman for helping him in his need, and left hell well content that everything had turned out so fortunately.

When he came to the ferry-man he was expected to give the promised answer. "Ferry me across first," said the luck-child, "and then I will tell you how you can be set free," and when he had reached the opposite shore he gave him the devil's advice: "Next time any one comes, who wants to be ferried over, just put the oar in his hand."

He went on and came to the town wherein stood the unfruitful tree, and there too the watchman wanted an answer. So he told him what he had heard from the devil: "Kill the mouse which is gnawing at its root, and it will again bear golden apples." Then the watchman thanked him, and gave him as a reward two asses laden with gold, which followed him.

At last he came to the town whose well was dry. He told the watchman what the devil had said: "A toad is in the well beneath a stone; you must find it and kill it, and the well will again give wine in plenty." The watchman thanked him, and also gave him two asses laden with gold.

At last the luck-child got home to his wife, who was heartily glad to see him again, and to hear how well he had prospered in everything. To the King he took what he had asked for, the devil's three golden hairs, and when the King saw the four asses laden with gold he was quite content, and said, "Now all the conditions are fulfilled, and you can keep my daughter. But tell me, dear son-in-law, where did all that gold come from? this is tremendous wealth!" "I was rowed across a river," answered he, "and got it there; it lies on the shore instead of sand." "Can I too fetch some of it?" said the King; and he was quite eager about it. "As much as you like," answered he. "There is a ferry-man on the river; let him ferry you over, and you can fill your sacks on the other side." The greedy King set out in all haste, and when he came to the river he beckoned to the ferry-man to put him across. The ferry-man came and bade him get in, and when they got to the other shore he put the oar in his hand and sprang out. But from this time forth the King had to ferry, as a punishment for his sins. Perhaps he is ferrying still? If he is, it is because no one has taken the oar from him.

### 30.—THE LOUSE AND THE FLEA.

(*"The Louse and the Flea"* or *"Little Louse and Little Flea"* (German: *Läuschen und Flöhchen*) is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, number 30. It takes the form of a chain tale, sometimes known as a cumulative tale. Wilhelm Grimm probably heard the story from Dorothea Catharina Wild in 1808.

*Contents: A louse and a flea are married until the louse drowns while brewing. The flea mourns, inspiring a door to ask why and start creaking, which inspires a broom to ask why and start sweeping -- through a sequence of objects until a spring overflows at the news and drowns them all.)*

A louse and a flea kept house together and were brewing beer in an egg-shell. Then the little louse fell in and burnt herself. On this the little flea began to scream loudly. Then said the little room-

door, "Little flea, why art thou screaming?" "Because the louse has burnt herself."

Then the little door began to creak. On this a little broom in the corner said, "Why art thou creaking, little door?" "Have I not reason to creak?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,  
The little flea is weeping."

So the little broom began to sweep frantically. Then a little cart passed by and said, "Why art thou sweeping, little broom?" "Have I not reason to sweep?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,  
The little flea is weeping,  
The little door is creaking."

So the little cart said, "Then I will run," and began to run wildly. Then said the ash-heap by which it ran, "Why art thou running so, little cart?" "Have I not reason to run?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,  
The little flea is weeping,  
The little door is creaking,  
The little broom is sweeping."

The ash-heap said, "Then I will burn furiously," and began to burn in clear flames. A little tree stood near the ash-heap and said, "Ash-heap, why art thou burning?" "Have I not reason to burn?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,  
The little flea is weeping,  
The little door is creaking,  
The little broom is sweeping,  
The little cart is running."

The little tree said, "Then I will shake myself," and began to shake herself so that all her leaves fell off; a girl who came up with her water-pitcher saw that, and said, "Little tree, why art thou shaking thyself?" "Have I not reason to shake myself?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,  
The little flea is weeping,  
The little door is creaking,  
The little broom is sweeping,  
The little cart is running,  
The little ash-heap is burning."

On this the girl said, "Then I will break my little water-pitcher," and she broke her little water-pitcher. Then said the little spring from which ran the water, "Girl, why art thou breaking thy water-jug?" "Have I not reason to break my water-jug?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,  
The little flea is weeping,  
The little door is creaking,  
The little broom is sweeping,  
The little cart is running,  
The little ash-heap is burning,  
The little tree is shaking itself."

"Oh, ho!" said the spring, "then I will begin to flow," and began to flow violently. And in the water everything was drowned, the girl, the little tree, the little ash-heap, the little cart, the broom, the little door, the little flea, the little louse, all together.

### 31.—THE GIRL WITHOUT HANDS.

(*"The Girl Without Hands"* or *"The Handless Maiden"* or *"The Girl With Silver Hands"* or *"The Armless Maiden"* (German: *Das Mädchen ohne Hände*) is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm. It is tale number 31 and was first published in the 1812 edition of *Children's and Household Tales*. The fairy tale was in

the 1st edition of 1812 based on a source "from Hesse" (Marie Hassenpflug). From The text of the 2nd edition is otherwise based on a version "from Zwehrn" (by Dorothea Viehmann). In the 1st edition the title was "Girl without hands". The story was revised by the Grimm brothers over the years, and the final version was published in the 7th edition of Children's and Household Tales in 1857.

*Contents: A poor miller meets the devil in the forest in the form of an old man, who promises to make him rich in exchange for what is behind his mill. He thinks that's his apple tree, but it's his daughter who swept there. After three years the devil comes for her, but the pious has washed herself clean, so he can't take her with him. Her father, intimidated by the devil, takes the water away from her, she weeps on her hands. He strikes them off her, she cries on the stumps, and the devil has to give up. Her father offers to take care of her, but she walks away. She comes to the king's garden, where an angel helps her eat the pears. The king gives her silver hands and marries her. She gives birth to a son while he is at war. The devil exchanges their letters, and the deceived queen mother has to banish her with the child. With an angel in the forest house, her hands grow again. After seven years the king comes. The son doesn't know him and he doesn't know her either. The angel shows the silver hands, everyone is happy.)*

A certain miller had little by little fallen into poverty, and had nothing left but his mill and a large apple-tree behind it. Once when he had gone into the forest to fetch wood, an old man stepped up to him whom he had never seen before, and said, "Why dost thou plague thyself with cutting wood, I will make thee rich, if thou wilt promise me what is standing behind thy mill?" "What can that be but my apple-tree?" thought the miller, and said, "Yes," and gave a written promise to the stranger. He, however, laughed mockingly and said, "When three years have passed, I will come and carry away what belongs to me," and then he went. When the miller got home, his wife came to meet him and said, "Tell me, miller, from whence comes this sudden wealth into our house? All at once every box and chest was filled; no one brought it in, and I know not how it happened." He answered, "It comes from a stranger who met me in the forest, and promised me great treasure. I, in return, have promised him what stands behind the mill; we can very well give him the big apple-tree for it." "Ah, husband," said the terrified wife, "that must have been the devil! He did not mean the apple-tree, but our daughter, who was standing behind the mill sweeping the yard."

The miller's daughter was a beautiful, pious girl, and lived through the three years in the fear of God and without sin. When therefore the time was over, and the day came when the Evil-one was to fetch her, she washed herself clean, and made a circle round herself with chalk. The devil appeared quite early, but he could not come near to her. Angrily, he said to the miller, "Take all water away from her, that she may no longer be able to wash herself, for otherwise I have no power over her." The miller was afraid, and did so. The next morning the devil came again, but she had wept on her hands, and they were quite clean. Again he could not get near her, and furiously said to the miller, "Cut her hands off, or else I cannot get the better of her." The miller was shocked and answered, "How could I cut off my own child's hands?" Then the Evil-one threatened him and said, "If thou dost not do it thou art mine, and I will take thee thyself." The father became alarmed, and promised to obey him. So he went to the girl and said, "My child, if I do not cut off both thine hands, the devil will carry me away, and in my terror I have promised to do it. Help me in my

need, and forgive me the harm I do thee." She replied, "Dear father, do with me what you will, I am your child." Thereupon she laid down both her hands, and let them be cut off. The devil came for the third time, but she had wept so long and so much on the stumps, that after all they were quite clean. Then he had to give in, and had lost all right over her.

The miller said to her, "I have by means of thee received such great wealth that I will keep thee most delicately as long as thou livest." But she replied, "Here I cannot stay, I will go forth, compassionate people will give me as much as I require." Thereupon she caused her maimed arms to be bound to her back, and by sunrise she set out on her way, and walked the whole day until night fell. Then she came to a royal garden, and by the shimmering of the moon she saw that trees covered with beautiful fruits grew in it, but she could not enter, for there was much water round about it. And as she had walked the whole day and not eaten one mouthful, and hunger tormented her, she thought, "Ah, if I were but inside, that I might eat of the fruit, else must I die of hunger!" Then she knelt down, called on God the Lord, and prayed. And suddenly an angel came towards her, who made a dam in the water, so that the moat became dry and she could walk through it. And now she went into the garden and the angel went with her. She saw a tree covered with beautiful pears, but they were all counted. Then she went to them, and to still her hunger, ate one with her mouth from the tree, but no more. The gardener was watching; but as the angel was standing by, he was afraid and thought the maiden was a spirit, and was silent, neither did he dare to cry out, or to speak to the spirit. When she had eaten the pear, she was satisfied, and went and concealed herself among the bushes. The King to whom the garden belonged, came down to it next morning, and counted, and saw that one of the pears was missing, and asked the gardener what had become of it, as it was not lying beneath the tree, but was gone. Then answered the gardener, "Last night, a spirit came in, who had no hands, and ate off one of the pears with its mouth." The King said, "How did the spirit get over the water, and where did it go after it had eaten the pear?" The gardener answered, "Some one came in a snow-white garment from heaven who made a dam, and kept back the water, that the spirit might walk through the moat. And as it must have been an angel, I was afraid, and asked no questions, and did not cry out. When the spirit had eaten the pear, it went back again." The King said, "If it be as thou sayest, I will watch with thee tonight."

When it grew dark the King came into the garden and brought a priest with him, who was to speak to the spirit. All three seated themselves beneath the tree and watched. At midnight the maiden came creeping out of the thicket, went to the tree, and again ate one pear off it with her mouth, and beside her stood the angel in white garments. Then the priest went out to them and said, "Comest thou from heaven or from earth? Art thou a spirit, or a human being?" She replied, "I am no spirit, but an unhappy mortal deserted by all but God." The King said, "If thou art forsaken by all the world, yet will I not forsake thee." He took her with him into his royal palace, and as she was so beautiful and good, he loved her with all his heart, had silver hands made for her, and took her to wife.

After a year the King had to take the field, so he commanded his young Queen to the care of his mother and said, "If she is brought to bed take care of her, nurse her well, and tell me of it at once in a letter." Then she gave birth to a fine boy. So the old mother made haste to write and announce the joyful news to him. But the messenger rested by a brook on the way, and as he was fatigued by

the great distance, he fell asleep. Then came the Devil, who was always seeking to injure the good Queen, and exchanged the letter for another, in which was written that the Queen had brought a monster into the world. When the King read the letter he was shocked and much troubled, but he wrote in answer that they were to take great care of the Queen and nurse her well until his arrival. The messenger went back with the letter, but rested at the same place and again fell asleep. Then came the Devil once more, and put a different letter in his pocket, in which it was written that they were to put the Queen and her child to death. The old mother was terribly shocked when she received the letter, and could not believe it. She wrote back again to the King, but received no other answer, because each time the Devil substituted a false letter, and in the last letter it was also written that she was to preserve the Queen's tongue and eyes as a token that she had obeyed.

But the old mother wept to think such innocent blood was to be shed, and had a hind brought by night and cut out her tongue and eyes, and kept them. Then said she to the Queen, "I cannot have thee killed as the King commands, but here thou mayst stay no longer. Go forth into the wide world with thy child, and never come here again." The poor woman tied her child on her back, and went away with eyes full of tears. She came into a great wild forest, and then she fell on her knees and prayed to God, and the angel of the Lord appeared to her and led her to a little house on which was a sign with the words, "Here all dwell free." A snow-white maiden came out of the little house and said, "Welcome, Lady Queen," and conducted her inside. Then they unbound the little boy from her back, and held him to her breast that he might feed, and then laid him in a beautifully-made little bed. Then said the poor woman, "From whence knowest thou that I was a queen?" The white maiden answered, "I am an angel sent by God, to watch over thee and thy child." The Queen stayed seven years in the little house, and was well cared for, and by God's grace, because of her piety, her hands which had been cut off, grew once more.

At last the King came home again from the war, and his first wish was to see his wife and the child. Then his aged mother began to weep and said, "Thou wicked man, why didst thou write to me that I was to take those two innocent lives?" and she showed him the two letters which the Evil-One had forged, and then continued, "I did as thou badest me," and she showed the tokens, the tongue and eyes. Then the King began to weep for his poor wife and his little son so much more bitterly than she was doing, that the aged mother had compassion on him and said, "Be at peace, she still lives; I secretly caused a hind to be killed, and took these tokens from it; but I bound the child to thy wife's back and bade her go forth into the wide world, and made her promise never to come back here again, because thou wert so angry with her." Then spake the King, "I will go as far as the sky is blue, and will neither eat nor drink until I have found again my dear wife and my child, if in the meantime they have not been killed, or died of hunger."

Thereupon the King travelled about for seven long years, and sought her in every cleft of the rocks and in every cave, but he found her not, and thought she had died of want. During the whole of this time he neither ate nor drank, but God supported him. At length he came into a great forest, and found therein the little house whose sign was, "Here all dwell free." Then forth came the white maiden, took him by the hand, led him in, and said, "Welcome, Lord King," and asked him from whence he came. He answered, "Soon shall I have travelled about for the space of seven years, and I seek my wife and her child, but cannot find them." The angel offered him meat and drink, but he did not take anything,

and only wished to rest a little. Then he lay down to sleep, and put a handkerchief over his face.

Thereupon the angel went into the chamber where the Queen sat with her son, whom she usually called "Sorrowful," and said to her, "Go out with thy child, thy husband hath come." So she went to the place where he lay, and the handkerchief fell from his face. Then said she, "Sorrowful, pick up thy father's handkerchief, and cover his face again." The child picked it up, and put it over his face again. The King in his sleep heard what passed, and had pleasure in letting the handkerchief fall once more. But the child grew impatient, and said, "Dear mother, how can I cover my father's face when I have no father in this world? I have learnt to say the prayer, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven,' thou hast told me that my father was in Heaven, and was the good God, and how can I know a wild man like this? He is not my father." When the King heard that, he got up, and asked who they were. Then said she, "I am thy wife, and that is thy son, Sorrowful." And he saw her living hands, and said, "My wife had silver hands." She answered, "The good God has caused my natural hands to grow again;" and the angel went into the inner room, and brought the silver hands, and showed them to him. Hereupon he knew for a certainty that it was his dear wife and his dear child, and he kissed them, and was glad, and said, "A heavy stone has fallen from off mine heart." Then the angel of God gave them one meal with her, and after that they went home to the King's aged mother. There were great rejoicings everywhere, and the King and Queen were married again, and lived contentedly to their happy end.

### 32.—CLEVER HANS.

(*"Clever Hans"* (German "*Der gescheite Hans*") is a farce collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 32) about a boy who ruins his engagement with a girl through a variety of comedic events. The title seem to be ironic. The story comes probably from the Hassenpflug family.)

*Contents: A boy named Hans has a conversation with his mother every morning (in the morning conversations he simply is telling her he is going to meet his fiancee Gretel) and evening (in which his mother reprimands him for mishandling a gift from his fiancee). Every morning when Hans meets Gretel he asks her for a gift. In order, she gives him: a needle, a knife, a young goat, a ham, a calf, herself. In each instance, Hans mishandles the gifts. He sticks the needle in some hay but his mother tells him he should have stuck it through his sleeve. So he puts the knife in his sleeve but is told he should have put it in his pocket. He puts the goat in his pocket, thus smothering it, and is told he should have led it by a rope. He tries to lead the ham by a rope, and dogs steal it, his mother telling him he should have carried it on his head (or, in some versions, under his arm). He carries the calf this way but it kicks him until he drops it and it runs away. He is told he should have tied it in the stable. He ties Gretel in the stable and the story ends when he misunderstands his mother's advice ("Cast your adoring eyes at her") and gouges out the eyes of the livestock he owns to throw at Gretel. The result is a disengagement, portrayed in the final sentence: "And that's how Hans lost his bride."*

The mother of Hans said, "Whither away, Hans?" Hans answered, "To Gretel." "Behave well, Hans." "Oh, I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans comes to Gretel, "Good day, Gretel." "Good day, Hans. What dost thou bring that is good?" "I bring nothing, I want to have something given me."

Grethel presents Hans with a needle. Hans says, "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans takes the needle, sticks it into a hay-cart, and follows the cart home. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "Took nothing; had something given me." "What did Grethel give thee?" "Gave me a needle." "Where is the needle, Hans?" "Stuck in the hay-cart." "That was ill done, Hans. Thou shouldst have stuck the needle in thy sleeve." "Never mind, I'll do better next time."

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "Oh, I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans comes to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans. What dost thou bring that is good?" "I bring nothing, I want to have something given to me." Grethel presents Hans with a knife. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans takes the knife, sticks it in his sleeve, and goes home. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "Took her nothing, she gave me something." "What did Grethel give thee?" "Gave me a knife." "Where is the knife, Hans?" "Stuck in my sleeve." "That's ill done, Hans, thou shouldst have put the knife in thy pocket." "Never mind, will do better next time." "Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "Oh, I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans comes to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans. What good thing dost thou bring?" "I bring nothing, I want something given me." Grethel presents Hans with a young goat. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans takes the goat, ties its legs, and puts it in his pocket. When he gets home it is suffocated. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "Took nothing, she gave me something." "What did Grethel give thee?" "She gave me a goat." "Where is the goat, Hans?" "Put it in my pocket." "That was ill done, Hans, thou shouldst have put a rope round the goat's neck." "Never mind, will do better next time."

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "Oh, I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans comes to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans. What good thing dost thou bring?" "I bring nothing, I want something given me." Grethel presents Hans with a piece of bacon. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans takes the bacon, ties it to a rope, and drags it away behind him. The dogs come and devour the bacon. When he gets home, he has the rope in his hand, and there is no longer anything hanging to it. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "I took her nothing, she gave me something." "What did Grethel give thee?" "Gave me a bit of bacon." "Where is the bacon, Hans." "I tied it to a rope, brought it home, dogs took it." "That was ill done, Hans, thou shouldst have carried the bacon on thine head." "Never mind, will do better next time." "Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans comes to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans." "What good thing dost thou bring?" "I bring nothing, but would have something given." Grethel presents Hans with a calf. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans takes the calf, puts it on his head, and the calf kicks his face. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou

been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "I took nothing, but had something given me." "What did Grethel give thee?" "A calf." "Where hast thou the calf, Hans?" "I set it on my head and it kicked my face." "That was ill done, Hans, thou shouldst have led the calf, and put it in the stall." "Never mind, will do better next time."

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans comes to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans. What good thing dost thou bring?" "I bring nothing, but would have something given." Grethel says to Hans, "I will go with thee."

Hans takes Grethel, ties her to a rope, leads her to the rack, and binds her fast. Then Hans goes to his mother, "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "I took her nothing." "What did Grethel give thee?" "She gave me nothing, she came with me." "Where hast thou left Grethel?" "I led her by the rope, tied her to the rack, and scattered some grass for her." "That was ill done, Hans, thou shouldst have cast friendly eyes on her." "Never mind, will do better."

Hans went into the stable, cut out all the calves' and sheep's eyes, and threw them in Grethel's face. Then Grethel became angry, tore herself loose and ran away, and became the bride of Hans.

### 33.—THE THREE LANGUAGES.

*("The Three Languages" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number 33. The tale was collected by the Brothers Grimm from a man named Hans Truffer from Visp, capital of the district of Visp in the canton of Valais in Switzerland. The characters in the fairy tale could be Pope Sylvester II or Innocent III.*

*Contents: A count's only son could learn nothing. Three times the count sent him for a year to famous masters. Each time, the son came back: saying first that he knew what dogs said when they barked; the next time, what birds said; and finally, what frogs said. Infuriated by his uselessness, his father ordered his people to take him to the woods and kill him, but they sympathised with him, and instead brought the count the eyes and tongue of a deer as proof of his death. The doves approach the bell - a portent signaling the election of the new Pope. Illustration by John Batten for Joseph Jacobs's Europa's Fairy Book (1916). On his wanderings, he liberated an area from haunting by dogs, by raising a treasure from under a tower, which he could do because he understood their language. The lord of the castle asked him to do so, and he came out with a chest of gold, and the lord adopted him as a son. He went to Rome. In Rome, the Pope had died, and the cardinals wanted him as the Pope's successor, as two doves had sat on his shoulders as a divine sign. On his journey, listening to the frogs had made him sad and thoughtful. He consented to his appointment, as the doves advised him to do. When he had to read Mass, the doves whispered how to do it in his ear.)*

An aged count once lived in Switzerland, who had an only son, but he was stupid, and could learn nothing. Then said the father, "Hark thee, my son, I can get nothing into thy head, let me try as I will. Thou must go from hence, I will give thee into the care of a celebrated master, who shall see what he can do with thee." The youth was sent into a strange town, and remained a whole year with the master. At the end of this time, he came home again, and

his father asked, "Now, my son, what hast thou learnt?" "Father, I have learnt what the dogs say when they bark." "Lord have mercy on us!" cried the father; "is that all thou hast learnt? I will send thee into another town, to another master." The youth was taken thither, and stayed a year with this master likewise. When he came back the father again asked, "My son, what hast thou learnt?" He answered, "Father, I have learnt what the birds say." Then the father fell into a rage and said, "Oh, thou lost man, thou hast spent the precious time and learnt nothing; art thou not ashamed to appear before mine eyes? I will send thee to a third master, but if thou learnest nothing this time also, I will no longer be thy father." The youth remained a whole year with the third master also, and when he came home again, and his father inquired, "My son, what hast thou learnt?" he answered, "Dear father, I have this year learnt what the frogs croak." Then the father fell into the most furious anger, sprang up, called his people thither, and said, "This man is no longer my son, I drive him forth, and command you to take him out into the forest, and kill him." They took him forth, but when they should have killed him, they could not do it for pity, and let him go, and they cut the eyes and the tongue out of a deer that they might carry them to the old man as a token.

The youth wandered on, and after some time came to a fortress where he begged for a night's lodging. "Yes," said the lord of the castle, "if thou wilt pass the night down there in the old tower, go thither; but I warn thee, it is at the peril of thy life, for it is full of wild dogs, which bark and howl without stopping, and at certain hours a man has to be given to them, whom they at once devour." The whole district was in sorrow and dismay because of them, and yet no one could do anything to stop this. The youth, however, was without fear, and said, "Just let me go down to the barking dogs, and give me something that I can throw to them; they will do nothing to harm me." As he himself would have it so, they gave him some food for the wild animals, and led him down to the tower. When he went inside, the dogs did not bark at him, but wagged their tails quite amicably around him, ate what he set before them, and did not hurt one hair of his head. Next morning, to the astonishment of every one, he came out again safe and unharmed, and said to the lord of the castle, "The dogs have revealed to me, in their own language, why they dwell there, and bring evil on the land. They are bewitched, and are obliged to watch over a great treasure which is below in the tower, and they can have no rest until it is taken away, and I have likewise learnt, from their discourse, how that is to be done." Then all who heard this rejoiced, and the lord of the castle said he would adopt him as a son if he accomplished it successfully. He went down again, and as he knew what he had to do, he did it thoroughly, and brought a chest full of gold out with him. The howling of the wild dogs was henceforth heard no more; they had disappeared, and the country was freed from the trouble.

After some time he took it into his head that he would travel to Rome. On the way he passed by a marsh, in which a number of frogs were sitting croaking. He listened to them, and when he became aware of what they were saying, he grew very thoughtful and sad. At last he arrived in Rome, where the Pope had just died, and there was great difficulty as to whom they should appoint as his successor. They at length agreed that the person should be chosen as pope who should be distinguished by some divine and miraculous token. And just as that was decided on, the young count entered into the church, and suddenly two snow-white doves flew on his shoulders and remained sitting there. The ecclesiastics recognised therein the token from above, and asked him on the

spot if he would be pope. He was undecided, and knew not if he were worthy of this, but the doves counselled him to do it, and at length he said yes. Then was he anointed and consecrated, and thus was fulfilled what he had heard from the frogs on his way, which had so affected him, that he was to be his Holiness the Pope. Then he had to sing a mass, and did not know one word of it, but the two doves sat continually on his shoulders, and said it all in his ear.

### 34.—CLEVER ELSIE.

(*"Clever Elsie"* is a fairy tale by the Brothers Grimm. In the original 1812 edition, story KHM 32 was called "*Hanses Trine*". It was removed after the first edition and replaced by "*Die Kluge Elise*" in the 2nd edition.

*Contents: Clever Elsie, as her parents call her, is to be married. When a suitor named Hans comes to visit, Elsie goes down to the cellar to get some beer. There she spots a pickaxe stuck in the wall above the beer keg; she imagines that if she married Hans and started a family, that pickaxe could fall and kill their child. Because of this impending misfortune, Elsie begins to cry loudly in the basement. One at a time, the maid, the manservant, and the mother are sent to look for Elsie, until finally the father goes himself. When they find Elsie and discover the reason she is crying, they too begin to cry. In the end, Hans also goes into the cellar, hears about the possible misfortune and decides to marry Clever Elsie, saying, "more sense is not necessary for my household." In the second part of the story, Hans and Elsie have been married for a while. Hans works to earn money while Elsie stays home to cut the corn. She cooks porridge, takes it to the field, eats it before she even starts to work, and then falls asleep. When Hans comes home, he at first assumes that Elsie is still hard at work, and he praises her diligence. However, when he finds her sleeping in the corn, he hangs a bird's yarn around her with small bells, goes home, and locks the front door. When Elsie wakes up in the dark and notices the clothes with bells, she no longer recognises herself. She goes home and asks at the door if Elsie is inside. When she hears "yes," she runs away, crying, "Oh God, then it's not me." She is never seen again.)*

There was once a man who had a daughter who was called Clever Elsie. And when she had grown up her father said, "We will get her married." "Yes," said the mother, "if only any one would come who would have her." At length a man came from a distance and wooed her, who was called Hans; but he stipulated that Clever Elsie should be really wise. "Oh," said the father, "she's sharp enough;" and the mother said, "Oh, she can see the wind coming up the street, and hear the flies coughing." "Well," said Hans, "if she is not really wise, I won't have her." When they were sitting at dinner and had eaten, the mother said, "Elsie, go into the cellar and fetch some beer." Then Clever Elsie took the pitcher from the wall, went into the cellar, and tapped the lid briskly as she went that the time might not appear long. When she was below she fetched herself a chair, and set it before the barrel so that she had no need to stoop, and did not hurt her back or do herself any unexpected injury. Then she placed the can before her, and turned the tap, and while the beer was running she would not let her eyes be idle, but looked up at the wall, and after much peering here and there, saw a pick-axe exactly above her, which the masons had accidentally left there.

Then Clever Elsie began to weep and said, "If I get Hans, and we have a child, and he grows big, and we send him into the cellar

here to draw beer, then the pick-axe will fall on his head and kill him." Then she sat and wept and screamed with all the strength of her body, over the misfortune which lay before her. Those upstairs waited for the drink, but Clever Elsie still did not come. Then the woman said to the servant, "Just go down into the cellar and see where Elsie is." The maid went and found her sitting in front of the barrel, screaming loudly. "Elsie, why weepest thou?" asked the maid. "Ah," she answered, "have I not reason to weep? If I get Hans, and we have a child, and he grows big, and has to draw beer here, the pick-axe will perhaps fall on his head, and kill him." Then said the maid, "What a clever Elsie we have!" and sat down beside her and began loudly to weep over the misfortune. After a while, as the maid did not come back, and those upstairs were thirsty for the beer, the man said to the boy, "Just go down into the cellar and see where Elsie and the girl are." The boy went down, and there sat Clever Elsie and the girl both weeping together. Then he asked, "Why are ye weeping?" "Ah," said Elsie, "have I not reason to weep? If I get Hans, and we have a child, and he grows big, and has to draw beer here, the pick-axe will fall on his head and kill him." Then said the boy, "What a clever Elsie we have!" and sat down by her, and likewise began to howl loudly. Upstairs they waited for the boy, but as he still did not return, the man said to the woman, "Just go down into the cellar and see where Elsie is!" The woman went down, and found all three in the midst of their lamentations, and inquired what was the cause; then Elsie told her also that her future child was to be killed by the pick-axe, when it grew big and had to draw beer, and the pick-axe fell down. Then said the mother likewise, "What a clever Elsie we have!" and sat down and wept with them. The man upstairs waited a short time, but as his wife did not come back and his thirst grew ever greater, he said, "I must go into the cellar myself and see where Elsie is." But when he got into the cellar, and they were all sitting together crying, and he heard the reason, and that Elsie's child was the cause, and that Elsie might perhaps bring one into the world some day, and that it might be killed by the pick-axe, if it should happen to be sitting beneath it, drawing beer just at the very time when it fell down, he cried, "Oh, what a clever Elsie!" and sat down, and likewise wept with them. The bridegroom stayed upstairs alone for a long time; then as no one would come back he thought, "They must be waiting for me below; I too must go there and see what they are about." When he got down, five of them were sitting screaming and lamenting quite piteously, each out-doing the other. "What misfortune has happened then?" asked he. "Ah, dear Hans," said Elsie, "if we marry each other and have a child, and he is big, and we perhaps send him here to draw something to drink, then the pick-axe which has been left up there might dash his brains out if it were to fall down, so have we not reason to weep?" "Come," said Hans, "more understanding than that is not needed for my household, as thou art such a clever Elsie, I will have thee," and he seized her hand, took her upstairs with him, and married her.

After Hans had had her some time, he said, "Wife, I am going out to work and earn some money for us; go into the field and cut the corn that we may have some bread." "Yes, dear Hans, I will do that," After Hans had gone away, she cooked herself some good broth and took it into the field with her. When she came to the field she said to herself, "What shall I do; shall I shear first, or shall I eat first? Oh, I will eat first." Then she emptied her basin of broth, and when she was fully satisfied, she once more said, "What shall I do? Shall I shear first, or shall I sleep first? I will sleep first." Then she lay down among the corn and fell asleep. Hans had been at home for a long time, but Elsie did not come; then said he,

"What a clever Elsie I have; she is so industrious that she does not even come home to eat." As, however, she still stayed away, and it was evening, Hans went out to see what she had cut, but nothing was cut, and she was lying among the corn asleep. Then Hans hastened home and brought a fowler's net with little bells and hung it round about her, and she still went on sleeping. Then he ran home, shut the house-door, and sat down in his chair and worked. At length, when it was quite dark, Clever Elsie awoke and when she got up there was a jingling all round about her, and the bells rang at each step which she took. Then she was alarmed, and became uncertain whether she really was Clever Elsie or not, and said, "Is it I, or is it not I?" But she knew not what answer to make to this, and stood for a time in doubt; at length she thought, "I will go home and ask if it be I, or if it be not I, they will be sure to know." She ran to the door of her own house, but it was shut; then she knocked at the window and cried, "Hans, is Elsie within?" "Yes," answered Hans, "she is within." Hereupon she was terrified, and said, "Ah, heavens! Then it is not I," and went to another door; but when the people heard the jingling of the bells they would not open it, and she could get in nowhere. Then she ran out of the village, and no one has seen her since.

### 35.—THE TAILOR IN HEAVEN.

*("The Tailor in Heaven" is a farce in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 at position 35 (KHM 35). Wilhelm Grimm first published it in 1818 after Justus Möser in the magazine "Wünschelruthe" as "The fairy tale of the tailor who went to heaven". The farce is based on Frey's "Garden Society" and Kirchhof's "Wendunmuth".*

*Contents: God went to walk in the heavenly garden and took everyone except St. Peter. A tailor arrived at the gate. St. Peter refused to admit him, because he had stolen clothing and because God had forbidden him to admit anyone. The tailor begged, and St. Peter let him sit in the corner to await God. The tailor wandered off and found the chair where God could see everything on earth. He sat and saw an old woman steal two veils while doing laundry. He threw a golden stool at her. God returned, said that if he was that merciless, Heaven would be bare because he would have thrown everything at the earth, and threw the tailor out.)*

One very fine day it came to pass that the good God wished to enjoy himself in the heavenly garden, and took all the apostles and saints with him, so that no one stayed in heaven but Saint Peter. The Lord had commanded him to let no one in during his absence, so Peter stood by the door and kept watch. Before long some one knocked. Peter asked who was there, and what he wanted? "I am a poor, honest tailor who prays for admission," replied a smooth voice. "Honest indeed," said Peter, "like the thief on the gallows! Thou hast been light-fingered and hast snipped folks' clothes away. Thou wilt not get into heaven. The Lord hath forbidden me to let any one in while he is out." "Come, do be merciful," cried the tailor. "Little scraps which fall off the table of their own accord are not stolen, and are not worth speaking about. Look, I am lame, and have blisters on my feet with walking here, I cannot possibly turn back again. Only let me in, and I will do all the rough work. I will carry the children, and wash their clothes, and wash and clean the benches on which they have been playing, and patch all their torn clothes." Saint Peter let himself be moved by pity, and opened the door of heaven just wide enough for the lame tailor to slip his lean body in. He was forced to sit down in a corner behind

the door, and was to stay quietly and peaceably there, in order that the Lord, when he returned, might not observe him and be angry. The tailor obeyed, but once when Saint Peter went outside the door, he got up, and full of curiosity, went round about into every corner of heaven, and inspected the arrangement of every place. At length he came to a spot where many beautiful and delightful chairs were standing, and in the midst was a seat all of gold which was set with shining jewels, likewise it was much higher than the other chairs, and a footstool of gold was before it. It was, however, the seat on which the Lord sat when he was at home, and from which he could see everything which happened on earth. The tailor stood still, and looked at the seat for a long time, for it pleased him better than all else. At last he could master his curiosity no longer, and climbed up and seated himself in the chair. Then he saw everything which was happening on earth, and observed an ugly old woman who was standing washing by the side of a stream, secretly laying two veils on one side for herself. The sight of this made the tailor so angry that he laid hold of the golden footstool, and threw it down to earth through heaven, at the old thief. As, however, he could not bring the stool back again, he slipped quietly out of the chair, seated himself in his place behind the door, and behaved as if he had never stirred from the spot.

When the Lord and master came back again with his heavenly companions, he did not see the tailor behind the door, but when he seated himself on his chair the footstool was missing. He asked Saint Peter what had become of the stool, but he did not know. Then he asked if he had let any one come in. "I know of no one who has been here," answered Peter, "but a lame tailor, who is still sitting behind the door." Then the Lord had the tailor brought before him, and asked him if he had taken away the stool, and where he had put it? "Oh, Lord," answered the tailor joyously, "I threw it in my anger down to earth at an old woman whom I saw stealing two veils at the washing." "Oh, thou knave," said the Lord, "were I to judge as thou judgest, how dost thou think thou couldst have escaped so long? I should long ago have had no chairs, benches, seats nay, not even an oven-fork, but should have thrown everything down at the sinners. Henceforth thou canst stay no longer in heaven, but must go outside the door again. Then go where thou wilt. No one shall give punishment here, but I alone, the Lord."

Peter was obliged to take the tailor out of heaven again, and as he had torn shoes, and feet covered with blisters, he took a stick in his hand, and went to "Wait-a-bit," where the good soldiers sit and make merry.

### 36.—THE WISHING-TABLE, THE GOLD-ASS, AND THE CUDGEL IN THE SACK.

*("The Wishing-Table, the Gold-Ass, and the Cudgel in the Sack" is a fairytale by the Brothers Grimm. Stith Thompson indicated that the oldest attestation of the tale was a collection of Chinese Buddhistic legends of the 6th century.)*

*Content: A tailor had three sons who were all fed by the milk of their goat. The oldest son was given the task to let the animal graze at the finest grass fields. At the end of the day the son asked the goat whether it had eaten enough and the animal confirmed this. However, when they returned home the goat claimed the opposite, causing the tailor to get upset and drive his son out of the house. This pattern repeats itself with the second oldest and youngest son too, who are also falsely blamed by the goat for not*

*feeding it enough and as a result are kicked out of the house as well. Only when the father goes out to feed the goat himself and discovers that the creature still claims it hasn't eaten enough does he realise he misjudged his sons. He takes his razor, shaves the goat bare and uses his whip to drive it out of his house. The tailor is left alone in his house longing for his sons' return. The story then follows each son individually. The first one went to a maker of furniture and learned the craft. After his service his master gave him a magic table as a sign of gratitude. Whenever he says "Table, Deck Yourself" the table decks itself with the finest food and wine. The son decides to travel home and show his father what he learned and earned. On his way he visits a local inn, where he demonstrates the powers of the magic table. At night the inn keeper steals the table and switches it for a normal table, without the son being aware. When the son arrives home and tries to show the powers of the table to his father nothing happens, which upsets his father once again. The second son goes to work for a miller. His master gives him a magical ass who is able to produce gold out of its mouth and behind at the command of "Bricklebrit!" Just like the oldest son, the second son decides to travel home and happens to visit the same inn his brother did. He too demonstrates the powers of the ass to the innkeeper who once again steals the animal at night and replaces it with a normal ass, without the son being aware of what happened. When the son arrives home and tries to show the powers of the ass instead of gold pieces landing on the cloth, it is droppings like an ordinary donkey, which upsets his father once again. The third son went to work for a woodturner and is given a magic cudgel in a bag. Whenever someone is unjust, the owner of the cudgel just needs to say: "Cudgel, out the sack!" and the object will start clobbering the wrongdoer. Only when the owner says: "Cudgel in the sack!" will the thing return in the bag. Just like his brothers, the son visits the same inn, because he learned from their letters on what had happened. Instead of demonstrating the powers of his possession he deliberately remains vague about it, making the inn keeper curious enough to go out at night and try to look what's in the bag. Anticipating this, the son orders the cudgel to beat the inn keeper up until he returns everything he has stolen. When the son returns home with the table, donkey and cudgel he tells his father what had happened and demonstrates the powers of the objects. His father finally makes peace with his sons and they all live a rich life ever after. As an epilogue, the story also informs the reader what happened to the goat. The shaven animal went to hide inside a fox hole. When the fox returned home it was scared away by the goat's eyes. The fox asks a bear for help, but he is also too frightened to go in. Finally they take a bee along with them, who stings the goat, causing the animal to run away in pain. The storyteller concludes that nobody knows where she is now.)*

There was once upon a time a tailor who had three sons, and only one goat. But as the goat supported the whole of them with her milk, she was obliged to have good food, and to be taken every day to pasture. The sons, therefore, did this, in turn. Once the eldest took her to the churchyard, where the finest herbs were to be found, and let her eat and run about there. At night when it was time to go home he asked, "Goat, hast thou had enough?" The goat answered,

"I have eaten so much,

Not a leaf more I'll touch, meh! meh!"

"Come home, then," said the youth, and took hold of the cord round her neck, led her into the stable and tied her up securely. "Well," said the old tailor, "has the goat had as much food as she

ought?" "Oh," answered the son, "she has eaten so much, not a leaf more she'll touch." But the father wished to satisfy himself, and went down to the stable, stroked the dear animal and asked, "Goat, art thou satisfied?" The goat answered,  
 "Wherewithal should I be satisfied?  
 Among the graves I leapt about.  
 And found no food, so went without, meh! meh!"

"What do I hear?" cried the tailor, and ran upstairs and said to the youth, "Hollo, thou liar; thou saidst the goat had had enough, and hast let her hunger!" and in his anger he took the yard-measure from the wall, and drove him out with blows.

Next day it was the turn of the second son, who looked out for a place in the fence of the garden, where nothing but good herbs grew, and the goat cleared them all off. At night when he wanted to go home, he asked, "Goat, art thou satisfied?" The goat answered,

"I have eaten so much,  
 Not a leaf more I'll touch, meh! meh!"

"Come home, then," said the youth, and led her home, and tied her up in the stable. "Well," said the old tailor, "has the goat had as much, food as she ought?" "Oh," answered the son, "she has eaten so much, not a leaf more she'll touch." The tailor would not rely on this, but went down to the stable and said, "Goat, hast thou had enough?" The goat answered,

"Wherewithal should I be satisfied?  
 Among the graves I leapt about.  
 And found no food, so went without, meh! meh!"

"The godless wretch!" cried the tailor, "to let such a good animal hunger," and he ran up and drove the youth out of doors with the yard-measure.

Now came the turn of the third son, who wanted to do the thing well, and sought out some bushes with the finest leaves, and let the goat devour them. In the evening when he wanted to go home, he asked, "Goat, hast thou had enough?" The goat answered,

"I have eaten so much,  
 Not a leaf more I'll touch, meh! meh!"

"Come home, then," said the youth, and led her into the stable, and tied her up. "Well," said the old tailor, "has the goat had a proper amount of food?" "She has eaten so much, not a leaf more she'll touch." The tailor did not trust to that, but went down and asked, "Goat, hast thou had enough?" The wicked beast answered,

"Wherewithal should I be satisfied?  
 Among the graves I leapt about,  
 And found no leaves, so went without, meh! meh!"

"Oh, the brood of liars!" cried the tailor, "each as wicked and forgetful of his duty as the other! Ye shall no longer make a fool of me," and, quite beside himself with anger, he ran upstairs and belaboured the poor young fellow so vigorously with the yard-measure that he sprang out of the house.

The old tailor was now alone with his goat. Next morning he went down into the stable, caressed the goat and said, "Come, my dear little animal, I will take thee to feed myself." He took her by the rope and conducted her to green hedges, and amongst milfoil, and whatever else goats like to eat. "There thou mayest for once eat to thy heart's content," said he to her, and let her browse till evening. Then he asked, "Goat, art thou satisfied?" she replied,

"I have eaten so much,  
 Not a leaf more I'll touch, meh! meh!"

"Come home, then," said the tailor, and led her into the stable, and tied her fast. When he was going away, he turned round again and said, "Well, art thou satisfied for once?" But the goat did not behave better to him, and cried,

"Wherewithal should I be satisfied?  
 Among the graves I leapt about,  
 And found no leaves, so went without, meh! meh!"

When the tailor heard that, he was shocked, and saw clearly that he had driven away his three sons without cause. "Wait, thou ungrateful creature," cried he, "it is not enough to drive thee forth, I will mark thee so that thou wilt no more dare to show thyself amongst honest tailors." In great haste he ran upstairs, fetched his razor, lathered the goat's head, and shaved her as clean as the palm of his hand. And as the yard-measure would have been too good for her, he brought the horsewhip, and gave her such cuts with it that she ran away in violent haste.

When the tailor was thus left quite alone in his house he fell into great grief, and would gladly have had his sons back again, but no one knew whither they were gone. The eldest had apprenticed himself to a joiner, and learnt industriously and indefatigably, and when the time came for him to go travelling\*, his master presented him with a little table which had no particular appearance, and was made of common wood, but it had one good property; if any one set it out, and said, "Little table, spread thyself," the good little table was at once covered with a clean little cloth, and a plate was there, and a knife and fork beside it, and dishes with boiled meats and roasted meats, as many as there was room for, and a great glass of red wine shone so that it made the heart glad. 1.

[\* *On the completion of his apprenticeship (Lehrjahre) a German artisan's travels (Wanderjahre) begin. This is a certain period during which he is obliged by law, or custom, to travel about from place to place, to perfect his knowledge of his craft. He cannot become a master until he has gone through this.*].

The young journeyman thought, "With this thou hast enough for thy whole life," and went joyously about the world and never troubled himself at all whether an inn was good or bad, or if anything was to be found in it or not. When it suited him he did not enter an inn at all, but either in the plain, in a wood, a meadow, or wherever he fancied, he took his little table off his back, set it down before him, and said, "Cover thyself," and then everything appeared that his heart desired. At length he took it into his head to go back to his father, whose anger would now be appeased, and who would now willingly receive him with his wishing-table. It came to pass that on his way home, he came one evening to an inn which was filled with guests. They bade him welcome, and invited him to sit and eat with them, for otherwise he would have difficulty in getting anything. "No," answered the joiner, "I will not take the few bites out of your mouths; rather than that, you shall be my guests." They laughed, and thought he was jesting with them; he, however, placed his wooden table in the middle of the room, and said, "Little table, cover thyself." Instantly it was covered with food, so good that the host could never have procured it, and the smell of it ascended pleasantly to the nostrils of the guests. "Fall to, dear friends," said the joiner; and the guests when they saw that he meant it, did not need to be asked twice, but drew near, pulled out their knives and attacked it valiantly. And what surprised them the most was that when a dish became empty, a full one instantly took its place of its own accord. The innkeeper stood in one corner and watched the affair; he did not at all know what to say, but thought, "Thou couldst easily find a use for such a cook as that in thy kitchen." The joiner and his comrades made merry until late into the night; at length they lay down to sleep, and the young apprentice also went to bed, and set his magic table against the wall. The host's thoughts, however, let him have no rest; it occurred to him that there was a little old table in his lumber-room, which looked just like the apprentice's,

and he brought it out quite softly, and exchanged it for the wishing-table. Next morning, the joiner paid for his bed, took up his table, never thinking that he had got a false one, and went his way. At mid-day he reached his father, who received him with great joy. "Well, my dear son, what hast thou learnt?" said he to him. "Father, I have become a joiner."

"A good trade," replied the old man; "but what hast thou brought back with thee from thy apprenticeship?" "Father, the best thing which I have brought back with me is this little table." The tailor inspected it on all sides and said, "Thou didst not make a masterpiece\* when thou mad'st that; it is a bad old table."

[\* *Masterpiece—the piece of work which a journeyman has to make at the end of his Wanderjahre to prove his right to become a master craftsman.*]

"But it is a table which furnishes itself," replied the son. "When I set it out, and tell it to cover itself, the most beautiful dishes stand on it, and a wine also, which gladdens the heart. Just invite all our relations and friends, they shall refresh and enjoy themselves for once, for the table will give them all they require." When the company was assembled, he put his table in the middle of the room and said, "Little table, cover thyself," but the little table did not bestir itself, and remained just as bare as any other table which did not understand language. Then the poor apprentice became aware that his table had been changed, and was ashamed at having to stand there like a liar. The relations, however, mocked him, and were forced to go home without having eaten or drunk. The father brought out his patches again, and went on tailoring, but the son went to a master in the craft.

The second son had gone to a miller and had apprenticed himself to him. When his years were over, the master said, "As thou hast conducted thyself so well, I give thee an ass of a peculiar kind, which neither draws a cart nor carries a sack." "To what use is he put, then?" asked the young apprentice. "He lets gold drop from his mouth," answered the miller. "If thou settest him on a cloth and sayest 'Bricklebrit,' the good animal will drop gold pieces for thee." "That is a fine thing," said the apprentice, and thanked the master, and went out into the world. When he had need of gold, he had only to say "Bricklebrit" to his ass, and it rained gold pieces, and he had nothing to do but pick them off the ground. Wheresoever he went, the best of everything was good enough for him, and the dearer the better, for he had always a full purse. When he had looked about the world for some time, he thought, "Thou must seek out thy father, if thou goest to him with the gold-ass he will forget his anger, and receive thee well." It came to pass that he came to the same public-house in which his brother's table had been exchanged. He led his ass by the bridle, and the host was about to take the animal from him and tie him up, but the young apprentice said, "Don't trouble yourself, I will take my grey horse into the stable, and tie him up myself too, for I must know where he stands." This struck the host as odd, and he thought that a man who was forced to look after his ass himself, could not have much to spend; but when the stranger put his hand in his pocket and brought out two gold pieces, and said he was to provide something good for him, the host opened his eyes wide, and ran and sought out the best he could muster. After dinner the guest asked what he owed. The host did not see why he should not double the reckoning, and said the apprentice must give two more gold pieces. He felt in his pocket, but his gold was just at an end. "Wait an instant, sir host," said he, "I will go and fetch some money;" but he took the table-cloth with him. The host could not imagine what this could mean, and being curious, stole after him, and as the guest bolted the stable-door, he peeped through a hole

left by a knot in the wood. The stranger spread out the cloth under the animal and cried, "Bricklebrit," and immediately the beast began to let gold pieces fall, so that it fairly rained down money on the ground. "Eh, my word," said the host, "ducats are quickly coined there! A purse like that is not amiss." The guest paid his score, and went to bed, but in the night the host stole down into the stable, led away the master of the mint, and tied up another ass in his place. Early next morning the apprentice travelled away with his ass, and thought that he had his gold-ass. At mid-day he reached his father, who rejoiced to see him again, and gladly took him in. "What hast thou made of thyself, my son?" asked the old man. "A miller, dear father," he answered. "What hast thou brought back with thee from thy travels?" "Nothing else but an ass." "There are asses enough here," said the father, "I would rather have had a good goat." "Yes," replied the son, "but it is no common ass, but a gold-ass, when I say 'Bricklebrit,' the good beast opens its mouth and drops a whole sheetful of gold pieces. Just summon all our relations hither, and I will make them rich folks." "That suits me well," said the tailor, for then I shall have no need to torment myself any longer with the needle," and ran out himself and called the relations together. As soon as they were assembled, the miller bade them make way, spread out his cloth, and brought the ass into the room. "Now watch," said he, and cried, "Bricklebrit," but no gold pieces fell, and it was clear that the animal knew nothing of the art, for every ass does not attain such perfection. Then the poor miller pulled a long face, saw that he was betrayed, and begged pardon of the relatives, who went home as poor as they came. There was no help for it, the old man had to betake him to his needle once more, and the youth hired himself to a miller.

The third brother had apprenticed himself to a turner, and as that is skilled labour, he was the longest in learning. His brothers, however, told him in a letter how badly things had gone with them, and how the inn-keeper had cheated them of their beautiful wishing-gifts on the last evening before they reached home. When the turner had served his time, and had to set out on his travels, as he had conducted himself so well, his master presented him with a sack and said, "There is a cudgel in it." "I can put on the sack," said he, "and it may be of good service to me, but why should the cudgel be in it? It only makes it heavy." "I will tell thee why," replied the master; "if any one has done anything to injure thee, do but say, 'Out of the sack. Cudgel!' and the cudgel will leap forth among the people, and play such a dance on their backs that they will not be able to stir or move for a week, and it will not leave off until thou sayest, 'Into the sack, Cudgel!'" The apprentice thanked him, put the sack on his back, and when any one came too near him, and wished to attack him, he said, "Out of the sack, Cudgel!" and instantly the cudgel sprang out, and dusted the coat or jacket of one after the other on their backs, and never stopped until it had stripped it off them, and it was done so quickly, that before any one was aware, it was already his own turn. In the evening the young turner reached the inn where his brothers had been cheated. He laid his sack on the table before him, and began to talk of all the wonderful things which he had seen in the world. "Yes," said he, "people may easily find a table which will cover itself, a gold-ass, and things of that kind—extremely good things which I by no means despise—but these are nothing in comparison with the treasure which I have won for myself, and am carrying about with me in my sack there." The inn-keeper pricked up his ears, "What in the world can that be?" thought he; "the sack must be filled with nothing but jewels; I ought to get them cheap too, for all good things go in threes." When it was time for sleep, the guest

stretched himself on the bench, and laid his sack beneath him for a pillow. When the inn-keeper thought his guest was lying in a sound sleep, he went to him and pushed and pulled quite gently and carefully at the sack to see if he could possibly draw it away and lay another in its place. The turner had, however, been waiting for this for a long time, and now just as the inn-keeper was about to give a hearty tug, he cried, "Out of the sack. Cudgel!" Instantly the little cudgel came forth, and fell on the inn-keeper, and gave him a sound thrashing.

The host cried for mercy; but the louder he cried, so much the more heavily the cudgel beat the time on his back, until at length he fell to the ground exhausted. Then the turner said, "If thou dost not give back the table which covers itself, and the gold-ass, the dance shall begin afresh." "Oh, no," cried the host, quite humbly, "I will gladly produce everything, only make the accursed kobold creep back into the sack." Then said the apprentice, "I will let mercy take the place of justice, but beware of getting into mischief again!" So he cried, "Into the sack, Cudgel!" and let him have rest.

Next morning the turner went home to his father with the wishing-table, and the gold-ass. The tailor rejoiced when he saw him once more, and asked him likewise what he had learned in foreign parts. "Dear father," said he, "I have become a turner." "A skilled trade," said the father. "What hast thou brought back with thee from thy travels?"

"A precious thing, dear father," replied the son, "a cudgel in the sack."

"What!" cried the father, "a cudgel! That's worth thy trouble, indeed! From every tree thou canst cut thyself one." "But not one like this, dear father. If I say 'Out of the sack. Cudgel!' the cudgel springs out and leads any one who means ill with me a weary dance, and never stops until he lies on the ground and prays for fair weather. Look you, with this cudgel have I got back the wishing-table and the gold-ass which the thievish inn-keeper took away from my brothers. Now let them both be sent for, and invite all our kinsmen. I will give them to eat and to drink, and will fill their pockets with gold into the bargain." The old tailor would not quite believe, but nevertheless got the relatives together. Then the turner spread a cloth in the room and led in the gold-ass, and said to his brother, "Now, dear brother, speak to him." The miller said, "Bricklebrit," and instantly the gold pieces fell down on the cloth like a thunder-shower, and the ass did not stop until every one of them had so much that he could carry no more. (I can see in thy face that thou also wouldest have liked to be there.)

Then the turner brought the little table, and said, "Now, dear brother, speak to it." And scarcely had the carpenter said, "Table, cover thyself," than it was spread and amply covered with the most exquisite dishes. Then such a meal took place as the good tailor had never yet known in his house, and the whole party of kinsmen stayed together till far in the night, and were all merry and glad. The tailor locked away needle and thread, yard-measure and goose, in a press, and lived with his three sons in joy and splendour.

(What, however, has become of the goat who was to blame for the tailor driving out his three sons? That I will tell thee. She was ashamed that she had a bald head, and ran to a fox's hole and crept into it. When the fox came home, he was met by two great eyes shining out of the darkness, and was terrified and ran away. A bear met him, and as the fox looked quite disturbed, he said, "What is the matter with thee, brother Fox, why dost thou look like that?" "Ah," answered Redskin, "a fierce beast is in my cave and stared at me with its fiery eyes." "We will soon drive him out," said the bear, and went with him to the cave and looked in, but when he saw the fiery eyes, fear seized on him likewise; he would

have nothing to do with the furious beast, and took to his heels. The bee met him, and as she saw that he was ill at ease, she said, "Bear, thou art really pulling a very pitiful face; what has become of all thy gaiety?" "It is all very well for thee to talk," replied the bear, "a furious beast with staring eyes is in Redskin's house, and we can't drive him out." The bee said, "Bear, I pity thee, I am a poor weak creature whom thou wouldest not turn aside to look at, but still, I believe, I can help thee." She flew into the fox's cave, lighted on the goat's smoothly-shorn head, and stung her so violently, that she sprang up, crying "Meh, meh," and ran forth into the world as if mad, and to this hour no one knows where she has gone.

### 37.—THUMBLING.

*("Thumbling" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's fairy tales in the second edition, 1819 (KHM 37).*

*Contents: A poor childless peasant couple wishes for a child "no matter how small" aloud. Seven months later the wife has a small child "no longer than a thumb" which they call "Thumbling" and who becomes a "wise and nimble creature." Thumbling as he grows wishes to help his father in the chores so one day asks if he can lead their horse to where his father is working by sitting in the horse's ear and giving it directions. As Thumbling performs this chore, two strange men notice the horse being led by a loud voice, and when they find out the voice belongs to a person sitting in the horse's ear, ask the peasant if they can buy Thumbling to "make a fortune" in exhibiting the little man. Thumbling convinces the peasant to take the money and leaves with the men by sitting on the brim of one of the men's hats. Then after a while Thumbling tricks the men into letting him down and he goes to hide in a mouse hole. Later in the night Thumbling tries to sleep in a snail shell but is awakened by the sound of robbers plotting to rob a pastor's house. Thumbling yells out to them to take him along and he will help them rob it, by going into the house and handing things out to them. The robbers agree to carry him to the pastor and Thumbling makes much noise in the house pretending to help the robbers steal. Thumbling wakes people up by yelling things like "What do you want? Do you want everything...?" making the robbery very obvious. A maid wakes up and scares off the robbers but does not see Thumbling. Thumbling gets a good night sleep in the hay. However, in the morning the maid feeds the hay that he was sleeping in to the cow. Thumbling begins to yell from the cow's stomach but the pastor thinks that an "evil spirit" had entered the cow, and has it killed. The cow's stomach is thrown into a dung heap, and before Thumbling climbs all the way out of the stomach, a wolf eats it. Thumbling, now inside of the wolf's stomach, persuades the wolf to take him home to his parents' on pretense of eating everything there. His parents kill the wolf to get Thumbling out and promise never to sell him again, not for "all the riches in the world." They give him food, drink and new clothes.)*

There was once a poor peasant who sat in the evening by the hearth and poked the fire, and his wife sat and span. Then said he, "How sad it is that we have no children! With us all is so quiet, and in other houses it is noisy and lively."

"Yes," replied the wife, and sighed, "even if we had only one, and it were quite small, and only as big as a thumb, I should be quite satisfied, and we would still love it with all our hearts." Now it so happened that woman fell ill, and after seven months, gave birth to a child, that was perfect in all its limbs, but no longer than a

thumb. Then said they, "It is as we wished it to be, and it shall be our dear child;" and because of its size, they called it Thumbling. They did not let it want for food, but the child did not grow taller, but remained as it had been at the first, nevertheless it looked sensibly out of its eyes, and soon showed itself to be a wise and nimble creature, for everything it did turned out well.

One day the peasant was getting ready to go into the forest to cut wood, when he said as if to himself, "How I wish that there was any one who would bring the cart to me!" "Oh, father," cried Thumbling, "I will soon bring the cart, rely on that; it shall be in the forest at the appointed time." The man smiled and said, "How can that be done, thou art far too small to lead the horse by the reins?" "That's of no consequence, father, if my mother will only harness it, I will sit in the horse's ear, and call out to him how he is to go." "Well," answered the man, "for once we will try it."

When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse, and placed Thumbling in its ear, and then the little creature cried "Gee up, gee up!"

Then it went quite properly as if with its master, and the cart went the right way into the forest. It so happened that just as he was turning a corner, and the little one was crying "Gee up," two strange men came towards him. "My word!" said one of them. "What is this? There is a cart coming, and a driver is calling to the horse, and still he is not to be seen!" "That can't be right," said the other, "we will follow the cart and see where it stops." The cart, however, drove right into the forest, and exactly to the place where the wood had been cut. When Thumbling saw his father, he cried to him, "Seest thou, father, here I am with the cart; now take me down." The father got hold of the horse with his left hand, and with the right took his little son out of the ear. Thumbling sat down quite merrily on a straw, but when the two strange men saw him, they did not know what to say for astonishment. Then one of them took the other aside and said, "Hark, the little fellow would make our fortune if we exhibited him in a large town, for money. We will buy him." They went to the peasant and said, "Sell us the little man. He shall be well treated with us." "No," replied the father, "he is the apple of my eye, and all the money in the world cannot buy him from me." Thumbling, however, when he heard of the bargain, had crept up the folds of his father's coat, placed himself on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Father, do give me away, I will soon come back again." Then the father parted with him to the two men for a handsome bit of money. "Where wilt thou sit?" they said to him. "Oh, just set me on the rim of your hat, and then I can walk backwards and forwards and look at the country, and still not fall down." They did as he wished, and when Thumbling had taken leave of his father, they went away with him. They walked until it was dusk, and then the little fellow said, "Do take me down, I want to come down." The man took his hat off, and put the little fellow on the ground by the wayside, and he leapt and crept about a little between the sods, and then he suddenly slipped into a mouse-hole which he had sought out. "Good evening, gentlemen, just go home without me," he cried to them, and mocked them. They ran thither and stuck their sticks into the mouse-hole, but it was all lost labour. Thumbling crept still farther in, and as it soon became quite dark, they were forced to go home with their vexation and their empty purses.

When Thumbling saw that they were gone, he crept back out of the subterranean passage. "It is so dangerous to walk on the ground in the dark," said he; "how easily a neck or a leg is broken!" Fortunately he knocked against an empty snail-shell. "Thank God!" said he. "In that I can pass the night in safety," and got into it. Not long afterwards, when he was just going to sleep,

he heard two men go by, and one of them was saying, "How shall we contrive to get hold of the rich pastor's silver and gold?" "I could tell thee that," cried Thumbling, interrupting them. "What was that?" said one of the thieves in a fright, "I heard some one speaking." They stood still listening, and Thumbling spoke again, and said, "Take me with you, and I'll help you."

"But where art thou?" "Just look on the ground, and observe from whence my voice comes," he replied. There the thieves at length found him, and lifted him up. "Thou little imp, how wilt thou help us?" they said. "A great deal," said he, "I will creep into the pastor's room through the iron bars, and will reach out to you whatever you want to have." "Come then," they said, "and we will see what thou canst do." When they got to the pastor's house, Thumbling crept into the room, but instantly cried out with all his might, "Do you want to have everything that is here?" The thieves were alarmed, and said, "But do speak softly, so as not to waken any one!" Thumbling, however, behaved as if he had not understood this, and cried again, "What do you want? Do you want to have everything that is here?" The cook, who slept in the next room, heard this and sat up in bed, and listened. The thieves, however, had in their fright run some distance away, but at last they took courage, and thought, "The little rascal wants to mock us." They came back and whispered to him, "Come, be serious, and reach something out to us." Then Thumbling again cried as loudly as he could, "I really will give you everything, only put your hands in." The maid who was listening, heard this quite distinctly, and jumped out of bed and rushed to the door. The thieves took flight, and ran as if the Wild Huntsman were behind them, but as the maid could not see anything, she went to strike a light. When she came to the place with it, Thumbling, unperceived, betook himself to the granary, and the maid, after she had examined every corner and found nothing, lay down in her bed again, and believed that, after all, she had only been dreaming with open eyes and ears.

Thumbling had climbed up among the hay and found a beautiful place to sleep in; there he intended to rest until day, and then go home again to his parents. But he had other things to go through. Truly there is much affliction and misery in this world! When day dawned, the maid arose from her bed to feed the cows. Her first walk was into the barn, where she laid hold of an armful of hay, and precisely that very one in which poor Thumbling was lying asleep. He, however, was sleeping so soundly that he was aware of nothing, and did not awake until he was in the mouth of the cow, who had picked him up with the hay. "Ah, heavens!" cried he, "how have I got into the fulling mill?" but he soon discovered where he was. Then it was necessary to be careful not to let himself go between the teeth and be dismembered, but he was nevertheless forced to slip down into the stomach with the hay. "In this little room the windows are forgotten," said he, "and no sun shines in, neither will a candle be brought." His quarters were especially displeasing to him, and the worst was, more and more hay was always coming in by the door, and the space grew less and less. Then, at length in his anguish, he cried as loud as he could, "Bring me no more fodder, bring me no more fodder." The maid was just milking the cow, and when she heard some one speaking, and saw no one, and perceived that it was the same voice that she had heard in the night, she was so terrified that she slipped off her stool, and spilt the milk. She ran in the greatest haste to her master, and said, "Oh, heavens, pastor, the cow has been speaking!" "Thou art mad," replied the pastor; but he went himself to the byre to see what was there. Hardly, however, had he set his foot inside than Thumbling again cried, "Bring me no more fodder, bring me no more fodder." Then the pastor himself was alarmed, and thought

that an evil spirit had gone into the cow, and ordered her to be killed. She was killed, but the stomach, in which Thumbling was, was thrown on the midden. Thumbling had great difficulty in working his way; however, he succeeded so far as to get some room, but, just as he was going to thrust his head out, a new misfortune occurred. A hungry wolf ran thither, and swallowed the whole stomach at one gulp. Thumbling did not lose courage. "Perhaps," thought he, "the wolf will listen to what I have got to say," and he called to him from out of his stomach, "Dear wolf, I know of a magnificent feast for thee."

"Where is it to be had?" said the wolf.

"In such and such a house; thou must creep into it through the kitchen-sink, and wilt find cakes, and bacon, and sausages, and as much of them as thou canst eat," and he described to him exactly his father's house. The wolf did not require to be told this twice, squeezed himself in at night through the sink, and ate to his heart's content in the larder. When he had eaten his fill, he wanted to go out again, but he had become so big that he could not go out by the same way. Thumbling had reckoned on this, and now began to make a violent noise in the wolf's body, and raged and screamed as loudly as he could. "Wilt thou be quiet," said the wolf, "thou wilt waken up the people!" "Eh, what," replied the little fellow, "thou hast eaten thy fill, and I will make merry likewise," and began once more to scream with all his strength. At last his father and mother were aroused by it, and ran to the room and looked in through the opening in the door. When they saw that a wolf was inside, they ran away, and the husband fetched his axe, and the wife the scythe. "Stay behind," said the man, when they entered the room. "When I have given him a blow, if he is not killed by it, thou must cut him down and hew his body to pieces." Then Thumbling heard his parents' voices, and cried, "Dear father, I am here; I am in the wolf's body." Said the father, full of joy, "Thank God, our dear child has found us again," and bade the woman take away her scythe, that Thumbling might not be hurt with it. After that he raised his arm, and struck the wolf such a blow on his head that he fell down dead, and then they got knives and scissors and cut his body open, and drew the little fellow forth. "Ah," said the father, "what sorrow we have gone through for thy sake." "Yes, father, I have gone about the world a great deal. Thank heaven, I breathe fresh air again!" "Where hast thou been, then?" "Ah, father, I have been in a mouse's hole, in a cow's stomach, and then in a wolf's; now I will stay with you." "And we will not sell thee again, no, not for all the riches in the world," said his parents, and they embraced and kissed their dear Thumbling. They gave him to eat and to drink, and had some new clothes made for him, for his own had been spoiled on his journey.

### 38.—THE WEDDING OF MRS. FOX.

(*"The Wedding of Mrs. Fox"* (German: *Die Hochzeit der Frau Füchsin*) is a set of two fairy tales collected under the same title by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales as number 38. It was included in all editions. The second version of the tale was told to the Grimms by Ludovico Brentano Jordis, who also wrote down *"The Lion and the Frog"* for the brothers.

*Contents: In the first version of the story, Mr. Fox has nine tails. He feigns death to test his wife's fidelity. Mrs. Fox rejects all the fox suitors that have fewer than nine tails. When she gets engaged to another fox with nine tails, Mr. Fox arises and throws everyone out of his house, including his wife. In the second version, Mr. Fox dies, and Mrs. Fox is suited by a dog, a deer, a hare, a bear, and a*

*lion. She rejects them because they do not have red pants and a pointed face. When a fox arrives and meets her requirements, she agrees to marry him and laments her first husband's selfishness.)*

#### *First Story.*

There was once on a time an old fox with nine tails, who believed that his wife was not faithful to him, and wished to try her. He stretched himself out under the bench, did not move a limb, and behaved as if he were stone dead. Mrs. Fox went up to her room, shut herself in, and her maid. Miss Cat, sat by the fire, and did the cooking. When it became known that the old fox was dead, wooers presented themselves. The maid heard some one standing at the house-door, knocking. She went and opened it, and it was a young fox, who said,

"What may you be about, Miss Cat?

Do you sleep or do you wake?"

She answered,

"I am not sleeping, I am waking,

Wouldst thou know what I am making?

I am boiling warm beer with butter so nice,

Will the gentleman enter and drink some likewise?"

"No, thank you, miss," said the fox, "what is Mrs. Fox doing?"

The maid replied,

"She sits all alone,

And makes her moan.

Weeping her little eyes quite red,

Because old Mr. Fox is dead."

"Do just tell her, miss, that a young fox is here, who would like to woo her." "Certainly, young sir."

The cat goes up the stairs trip, trap,

The door she knocks at tap, tap, tap,

"Mistress Fox, are you inside?"

"Oh yes, my little cat," she cried.

"A wooer he stands at the door out there."

"Tell me what he is like, my dear?"

"But has he nine as beautiful tails as the late Mr. Fox?" "Oh, no," answered the cat, "he has only one."

"Then I will not have him." Miss Cat went downstairs and sent the wooer away. Soon afterwards there was another knock, and another fox was at the door who wished to woo Mrs. Fox. He had two tails, but he did not fare better than the first. After this still more came, each with one tail more than the other, but they were all turned away, until at last one came who had nine tails, like old Mr. Fox. When the widow heard that, she said joyfully to the cat,

"Now open the gates and doors all wide,

And carry old Mr. Fox outside."

But just as the wedding was going to be solemnised, old Mr. Fox stirred under the bench, and cudgelled all the rabble, and drove them and Mrs. Fox out of the house.

#### *Second Story.*

When old Mr. Fox was dead, the wolf came as a wooer, and knocked at the door, and the cat who was servant to Mrs. Fox, opened it for him. The wolf greeted her, and said,

"Good day, Mrs. Cat of Kehrewit,

How comes it that alone you sit?

What are you making good?"

The cat replied,

"In milk I'm breaking bread so sweet,

Will the gentleman please to come in and eat?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Cat," answered the wolf. "Is Mrs. Fox not at home?"

The cat said,  
 "She sits upstairs in her room,  
 Bewailing her sorrowful doom,  
 Bewailing her trouble so sore,  
 For old Mr. Fox is no more."

The wolf answered,  
 "If she's in want of a husband now,  
 Then will it please her to step below?"  
 The cat runs quickly up the stair,  
 And lets her tail fly here and there,  
 Until she comes to the parlour door.  
 With her five gold rings at the door she knocks,  
 "Are you within, good Mistress Fox?  
 If you're in want of a husband now.  
 Then will it please you to step below?"

Mrs. Fox asked, "Has the gentleman red stockings on and has he a pointed mouth?" "No," answered the cat. "Then he won't do for me."

When the wolf was gone, came a dog, a stag, a hare, a bear, a lion, and all the beasts of the forest, one after the other. But one of the good points which old Mr. Fox had possessed, was always lacking, and the cat had continually to send the wooers away. At length came a young fox. Then Mrs. Fox said, "Has the gentleman red stockings on, and has he a little pointed mouth?" "Yes," said the cat, "he has." "Then let him come upstairs," said Mrs. Fox, and ordered the servant to prepare the wedding-feast.

"Sweep me the room as clean as you can,  
 Up with the window, fling out my old man!  
 For many a fine fat mouse he brought,  
 Yet of his wife he never thought,  
 But ate up every one he caught."

Then the wedding was solemnised with young Mr. Fox, and there was much rejoicing and dancing; and if they have not left off, they are dancing still.

### 39.—THE ELVES.

(*"The Elves and The Shoemaker"* (German: *Die Wichtelmänner*) is a set of three fairy tales collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 39) about a poor shoemaker who receives much-needed help from three young helpful elves. The tales come from Hesse (from *Dortchen Wild*). In her translation of 1884, Margaret Hunt chose "The Elves" as title for these three stories.

*Content 1: A poor, honest shoemaker leaves his last cut leather on the table in the evening. The next morning he finds an immaculate pair of shoes. The buyer also pays more than usual for it. So now he can buy leather for two pairs, and this goes on until he is wealthy. One night he stays up with his wife and sees two small, naked men making shoes. On his wife's idea, next time they lay out clothes and shoes for the elves. They put them on and sing, "Aren't we boys smooth and dapper? Why should we be cobblers any longer?" Then they dance out and don't come back. The shoemaker is doing well for life.*

*Content 2: A poor, hard-working maid finds a written invitation from elves to be her godmother. At the persuasion of his ruler, he goes with three elves into a hollow mountain where everything is small and splendid. At her request, she rejoices for three days and goes with her pockets full of gold. The rulers at home are already dead, for it was seven years.*

*Content 3: A mother's newborn child was traded by elves for a big-headed, staring-eyed changeling who only eats and drinks. On*

*the neighbor's advice, she puts him on the stove and boils water in two eggshells to make him laugh. Then he says: "Now I'm as old / as the Westerwald, / and I didn't see anyone cooking in bowls," and laughs, whereupon the elves bring the right child back.)*

#### *First Story.*

A shoemaker, by no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left but leather for one pair of shoes. So in the evening, he cut out the shoes which he wished to begin to make the next morning, and as he had a good conscience, he lay down quietly in his bed, commended himself to God, and fell asleep. In the morning, after he had said his prayers, and was just going to sit down to work, the two shoes stood quite finished on his table. He was astounded, and did not know what to say to it. He took the shoes in his hands to observe them closer, and they were so neatly made that there was not one bad stitch in them, just as if they were intended as a masterpiece. Soon after, too, a buyer came in, and as the shoes pleased him so well, he paid more for them than was customary, and, with the money, the shoemaker was able to purchase leather for two pairs of shoes. He cut them out at night, and next morning was about to set to work with fresh courage; but he had no need to do so, for, when he got up, they were already made, and buyers also were not wanting, who gave him money enough to buy leather for four pairs of shoes. The following morning, too, he found the four pairs made; and so it went on constantly, what he cut out in the evening was finished by the morning, so that he soon had his honest independence again, and at last became a wealthy man. Now it befell that one evening not long before Christmas, when the man had been cutting out, he said to his wife, before going to bed, "What think you if we were to stay up to-night to see who it is that lends us this helping hand?" The woman liked the idea, and lighted a candle, and then they hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind some clothes which were hanging up there, and watched. When it was midnight, two pretty little naked men came, sat down by the shoemaker's table, took all the work which was cut out before them and began to stitch, and sew, and hammer so skilfully and so quickly with their little fingers that the shoemaker could not turn away his eyes for astonishment. They did not stop until all was done, and stood finished on the table, and then they ran quickly away.

Next morning the woman said, "The little men have made us rich, and we really must show that we are grateful for it. They run about so, and have nothing on, and must be cold. I'll tell thee what I'll do: I will make them little shirts, and coats, and vests, and trousers, and knit both of them a pair of stockings, and do thou, too, make them two little pairs of shoes." The man said, "I shall be very glad to do it;" and one night, when everything was ready, they laid their presents all together on the table instead of the cut-out work, and then concealed themselves to see how the little men would behave. At midnight they came bounding in, and wanted to get to work at once, but as they did not find any leather cut out, but only the pretty little articles of clothing, they were at first astonished, and then they showed intense delight. They dressed themselves with the greatest rapidity, putting the pretty clothes on, and singing,

"Now we are boys so fine to see,  
 Why should we longer cobblers be?"

Then they danced and skipped and leapt over chairs and benches. At last they danced out of doors. From that time forth they came no more, but as long as the shoemaker lived all went well with him, and all his undertakings prospered.

*Second Story.*

There was once a poor servant-girl, who was industrious and cleanly, and swept the house every day, and emptied her sweepings on the great heap in front of the door. One morning when she was just going back to her work, she found a letter on this heap, and as she could not read, she put her broom in the corner, and took the letter to her master and mistress, and behold it was an invitation from the elves, who asked the girl to hold a child for them at its christening. The girl did not know what to do, but at length, after much persuasion, and as they told her that it was not right to refuse an invitation of this kind, she consented. Then three elves came and conducted her to a hollow mountain, where the little folks lived. Everything there was small, but more elegant and beautiful than can be described. The baby's mother lay in a bed of black ebony ornamented with pearls, the coverlids were embroidered with gold, the cradle was of ivory, the bath of gold. The girl stood as godmother, and then wanted to go home again, but the little elves urgently entreated her to stay three days with them. So she stayed, and passed the time in pleasure and gaiety, and the little folks did all they could to make her happy. At last she set out on her way home. Then first they filled her pockets quite full of money, and after that they led her out of the mountain again. When she got home, she wanted to begin her work, and took the broom, which was still standing in the corner, in her hand and began to sweep. Then some strangers came out of the house, who asked her who she was, and what business she had there? And she had not, as she thought, been three days with the little men in the mountains, but seven years, and in the meantime her former masters had died.

*Third Story.*

A certain mother's child had been taken away out of its cradle by the elves, and a changeling with a large head and staring eyes, which would do nothing but eat and drink, laid in its place. In her trouble she went to her neighbour, and asked her advice. The neighbour said that she was to carry the changeling into the kitchen, set it down on the hearth, light a fire, and boil some water in two egg-shells, which would make the changeling laugh, and if he laughed, all would be over with him. The woman did everything that her neighbour bade her. When she put the egg-shells with water on the fire, the imp said, "I am as old now as the Wester forest, but never yet have I seen any one boil anything in an egg-shell!" And he began to laugh at it. Whilst he was laughing, suddenly came a host of little elves, who brought the right child, set it down on the hearth, and took the changeling away with them.

## 40.—THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM.

("The Robber Bridegroom" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number 40. It comes from Hesse.

**Contents:** A miller wishes to marry his daughter off, and so when a rich suitor appears, he betroths her to him. One day the suitor complains that the daughter never visits him. He tells her that he lives in the forest and overrides her reluctance to visit by telling her he will leave a trail of ashes so she could find his home. She fills her pockets with peas and lentils and marks the trail with them as she follows the ashes. They lead her to a dark and silent house. A bird in a cage calls out "Turn back, turn back, thou bonnie bride, Nor in this house of death abide." An old woman in a cellar kitchen tells her that the people there will kill and eat her unless

the old woman protects her and hides her behind a cask. A band of robbers arrives with a young woman whom they kill and prepare to eat. When one chops off a finger to get at the golden ring on it, the finger and ring fly through the air and land in the lap of the hiding woman. The old woman discourages the group from searching for it, because "neither the finger nor the ring are likely to run away: they will find it in the morning."

The old woman then drugs the robbers' wine. As soon as they fall asleep, the two living women flee. Although wind has blown away the ashes that guided the miller's daughter to the house, the peas and lentils have sprung up into seedlings and the two follow the path of plants and reach the young woman's home.

When the wedding day arrives and the guests are telling stories, the bridegroom urges the young woman to tell a story. She says she will tell of a dream she had and tells the story of going to the murderers' den, in between each sentence saying, "This was only a dream, my love!" When she tells the part of the finger falling into her lap she produces the finger. The robber bridegroom and all his band are subsequently put to death.)

There was once on a time a miller, who had a beautiful daughter, and as she was grown up, he wished that she was provided for, and well married. He thought, "If any good suitor comes and asks for her, I will give her to him." Not long afterwards, a suitor came, who appeared to be very rich, and as the miller had no fault to find with him, he promised his daughter to him. The maiden, however, did not like him quite so much as a girl should like the man to whom she is engaged, and had no confidence in him. Whenever she saw, or thought of him, she felt a secret horror. Once he said to her, "Thou art my betrothed, and yet thou hast never once paid me a visit." The maiden replied, "I know not where thy house is." Then said the bridegroom, "My house is out there in the dark forest." She tried to excuse herself, and said she could not find the way there. The bridegroom said, "Next Sunday thou must come out there to me; I have already invited the guests, and I will strew ashes in order that thou mayst find thy way through the forest." When Sunday came, and the maiden had to set out on her way, she became very uneasy, she herself knew not exactly why, and to mark her way she filled both her pockets full of peas and lentils. Ashes were strewn at the entrance of the forest, and these she followed, but at every step she threw a couple of peas on the ground. She walked almost the whole day until she reached the middle of the forest, where it was the darkest, and there stood a solitary house, which she did not like, for it looked so dark and dismal. She went inside it, but no one was within, and the most absolute stillness reigned. Suddenly a voice cried,

"Turn back, turn back, young maiden dear,  
'Tis a murderer's house you enter here."

The maiden looked up, and saw that the voice came from a bird, which was hanging in a cage on the wall. Again it cried,

"Turn back, turn back, young maiden dear,  
'Tis a murderer's house you enter here."

Then the young maiden went on farther from one room to another, and walked through the whole house, but it was entirely empty and not one human being was to be found. At last she came to the cellar, and there sat an extremely aged woman, whose head shook constantly. "Can you not tell me," said the maiden, "if my betrothed lives here?"

"Alas, poor child," replied the old woman, "whither hast thou come? Thou art in a murderer's den. Thou thinkest thou art a bride soon to be married, but thou wilt keep thy wedding with death. Look, I have been forced to put a great kettle on there, with

water in it, and when they have thee in their power, they will cut thee to pieces without mercy, will cook thee, and eat thee, for they are eaters of human flesh. If I do not have compassion on thee, and save thee, thou art lost."

Thereupon the old woman led her behind a great hogshead where she could not be seen. "Be as still as a mouse," said she, "do not make a sound, or move, or all will be over with thee. At night, when the robbers are asleep, we will escape; I have long waited for an opportunity." Hardly was this done, than the godless crew came home. They dragged with them another young girl. They were drunk, and paid no heed to her screams and lamentations. They gave her wine to drink, three glasses full, one glass of white wine, one glass of red, and a glass of yellow, and with this her heart burst in twain. Thereupon they tore off her delicate raiment, laid her on a table, cut her beautiful body in pieces, and strewed salt thereon. The poor bride behind the cask trembled and shook, for she saw right well what fate the robbers had destined for her. One of them noticed a gold ring on the little finger of the murdered girl, and as it would not come off at once, he took an axe and cut the finger off, but it sprang up in the air, away over the cask and fell straight into the bride's bosom. The robber took a candle and wanted to look for it, but could not find it. Then another of them said, "Hast thou looked behind the great hogshead?" But the old woman cried, "Come and get something to eat, and leave off looking till the morning, the finger won't run away from you."

Then the robbers said, "The old woman is right," and gave up their search, and sat down to eat, and the old woman poured a sleeping-draught in their wine, so that they soon lay down in the cellar, and slept and snored. When the bride heard that, she came out from behind the hogshead, and had to step over the sleepers, for they lay in rows on the ground, and great was her terror lest she should waken one of them. But God helped her, and she got safely over. The old woman went up with her, opened the doors, and they hurried out of the murderers' den with all the speed in their power. The wind had blown away the strewn ashes, but the peas and lentils had sprouted and grown up, and showed them the way in the moonlight. They walked the whole night, until in the morning they arrived at the mill, and then the maiden told her father everything exactly as it had happened.

When the day came when the wedding was to be celebrated, the bridegroom appeared, and the Miller had invited all his relations and friends. As they sat at table, each was bidden to relate something. The bride sat still, and said nothing. Then said the bridegroom to the bride, "Come, my darling, dost thou know nothing? Relate something to us like the rest." She replied, "Then I will relate a dream. I was walking alone through a wood, and at last I came to a house, in which no living soul was, but on the wall there was a bird in a cage which cried,

"Turn back, turn back, young maiden dear,  
'Tis a murderer's house you enter here."

And this it cried once more. 'My darling, I only dreamt this. Then I went through all the rooms, and they were all empty, and there was something so horrible about them! At last I went down into the cellar, and there sat a very very old woman, whose head shook; I asked her, 'Does my bridegroom live in this house?' She answered, 'Alas, poor child, thou hast got into a murderer's den, thy bridegroom does live here, but he will hew thee in pieces, and kill thee, and then he will cook thee, and eat thee.' My darling, I only dreamt this. But the old woman hid me behind a great hogshead, and, scarcely was I hidden, when the robbers came home, dragging a maiden with them, to whom they gave three kinds of

wines to drink, white, red, and yellow, with which her heart broke in twain. My darling, I only dreamt this. Thereupon they pulled off her pretty clothes, and hewed her fair body in pieces on a table, and sprinkled them with salt. My darling, I only dreamt this. And one of the robbers saw that there was still a ring on her little finger, and as it was hard to draw off, he took an axe and cut it off, but the finger sprang up in the air, and sprang behind the great hogshead, and fell in my bosom. And there is the finger with the ring!" And with these words she drew it forth, and showed it to those present.

The robber, who had during this story become as pale as ashes, leapt up and wanted to escape, but the guests held him fast, and delivered him over to justice. Then he and his whole troop were executed for their infamous deeds.

#### 41.—HERR KORBES.

(*"Herr Korbes"* is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, number KHM 41. They found it in both the district of the Main (from Jeanette Hassenpflug) and Hesse (from Lisette Wild). See KHM 10 "*Das Lumpengesindel*" (The Pack of Ragamuffins) for comparison.

*Contents: A chicken and a rooster travel in a wagon with red wheels pulled by four little mice. They pick up a cat, a millstone, an egg, a duck, a pin, and a sewing needle along the way. They occupy Herr Korbes' house. When he comes home, the cat throws ashes at him, the duck throws water at him, the egg seals his eyes shut, the needles stick him in the behind and in the head, the millstone kills him. From the 6th edition (1850) closes the fairy tale with the comment: Herr Korbes must have been a really bad man.)*

There were once a cock and a hen who wanted to take a journey together. So the cock built a beautiful carriage, which had four red wheels, and harnessed four mice to it. The hen seated herself in it with the cock, and they drove away together. Not long afterwards they met a cat who said, "Where are you going?" The cock replied,

"We are going  
to the house of Herr Korbes."  
"Take me with you," said the cat. The cock answered,  
"Most willingly,  
get up behind,  
lest you fall off in front.  
Take great care not to dirty my little red wheels.  
And you little wheels,  
roll on, and you little mice pipe out,  
as we go forth on our way  
to the house of Herr Korbes."

After this came a millstone, then an egg, then a duck, then a pin, and at last a needle, who all seated themselves in the carriage, and drove with them. When, however, they reached the house of Herr Korbes, Herr Korbes was not there. The mice drew the carriage into the barn, the hen flew with the cock upon a perch. The cat sat down by the hearth, the duck on the well-pole\*. The egg rolled itself into a towel, the pin stuck itself into the chair-cushion, the needle jumped on to the bed in the middle of the pillow, and the millstone laid itself over the door. Then Herr Korbes came home, went to the hearth, and was about to light the fire, when the cat threw a quantity of ashes in his face. He ran into the kitchen in a great hurry to wash it off, and the duck splashed some water in his

face. He wanted to dry it with the towel, but the egg rolled up against him, broke, and glued up his eyes. He wanted to rest, and sat down in the chair, and then the pin pricked him. He fell in a passion, and threw himself on his bed, but as soon as he laid his head on the pillow, the needle pricked him, so that he screamed aloud, and was just going to run out into the wide world in his rage, but when he came to the house-door, the millstone leapt down and struck him dead. Herr Korbes must have been a very wicked man!

[\* Well-pole, a pole used in an antique well, to draw up and let down the bucket.]

## 42.—THE GODFATHER.

(*"The Godfather"* (German: *Der Herr Gevatter*) is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm as tale number 42. It comes from Amalie Hassenpflug, German writer and sister-in-law of the Grimm brothers.

*Contents: An impoverished man has had so many children that (by the time he has another) he finds that he has already asked everyone in the world to be godparents for his previous children. Befuddled as to how he is supposed to find anyone to act as godparent for his newly-born child, he withdraws to his chamber for the night. While fast asleep, he has a dream that tells him to leave his house and ask the first person he encounters to be his child's godparent. As soon as he awakens, he proceeds to do this. The man he meets and makes godparent of his newly-born child hands the impoverished man a small bottle containing water that the man claims the impoverished man can use to heal the sick, so long as the sickness stems from the head and not the feet. The impoverished man subsequently becomes both well-known and wealthy because of the magical water. He has a certain bout with treating the child of the King, in which he is able to use the magical water on two successive occasions, but is unable to do so on a third occasion, announcing thus to the King that his child will die. Not too long after the death of the King's child, the man decides to visit the Godfather (to tell him of his undertakings with the magical water). However, when he arrives at the Godfather's house, he notices that everything there is in disarray. On the first stair, a dustpan and brush quarrel with each other. On the second stair, many fingers lie. On the third stair is a stack of bowls. On the fourth stair are fish that are cooking themselves. On the fifth stair is the Godfather's room, and (when the man looks through the keyhole on the door to the room) he sees the Godfather, donning very long horns. The man opens the door, and (as soon as he does so) the Godfather retreats to a bed and cloaks himself. The man asks the Godfather about the odd happenings occurring in the house, to which the Godfather brushes off most of and counter-claims that the man was seeing things. Once the man brings up the self-cooking fish, however, the fish enter the room and present themselves (on a dish) to the Godfather. Finally, the man brings up how, when peeking through the keyhole on the door to the room, he saw the Godfather with long horns. At this, the Godfather bellows at the man that he is telling falsehoods—frightened by his shouting, the man bolts from the house.)*

A poor man had so many children that he had already asked every one in the world to be godfather, and when still another child was born, no one else was left whom he could invite. He knew not what to do, and, in his perplexity, he lay down and fell asleep. Then he dreamt that he was to go outside the gate, and ask

the first person who met him to be godfather. When he awoke, he determined to obey his dream, and went outside the gate, and asked the first person who came up to him to be godfather. The stranger presented him with a little glass of water, and said, "This is a wonderful water, with it thou canst heal the sick, only thou must see where Death is standing. If he is standing by the patient's head, give the patient some of the water and he will be healed, but if Death is standing by his feet, all trouble will be in vain, for the sick man must die." From this time forth, the man could always say whether a patient could be saved or not, and became famous for his skill, and earned a great deal of money. Once he was called in to the child of the King, and when he entered, he saw Death standing by the child's head and cured it with the water, and he did the same a second time, but the third time Death was standing by its feet, and then he knew the child was forced to die.

Once the man thought he would visit the godfather, and tell him how he had succeeded with the water. But when he entered the house, it was such a strange establishment! On the first flight of stairs, the broom and shovel were disputing, and knocking each other about violently. He asked them, "Where does the godfather live?" The broom replied, "One flight of stairs higher up." When he came to the second flight, he saw a heap of dead fingers lying. He asked, "Where does the godfather live?" One of the fingers replied, "One flight of stairs higher." On the third flight lay a heap of dead heads, which again directed him to a flight beyond. On the fourth flight, he saw fishes on the fire, which frizzled in the pans and baked themselves. They, too, said, "One flight of stairs higher." And when he had ascended the fifth, he came to the door of a room and peeped through the keyhole, and there he saw the godfather who had a pair of long horns. When he opened the door and went in, the godfather got into bed in a great hurry and covered himself up. Then said the man, "Sir godfather, what a strange household you have! When I came to your first flight of stairs, the shovel and broom were quarrelling, and beating each other violently."

"How stupid you are!" said the godfather. "That was the boy and the maid talking to each other." "But on the second flight I saw dead fingers lying." "Oh, how silly you are! Those were some roots of scorzonera.\*" [\* *Scorzonera hispanica*, a plant cultivated for the sake of its long fleshy tapering roots, which are sweet and delicate in flavour, and are boiled like parsnips, and cooked in other ways.]

"On the third flight lay a heap of dead men's heads." "Foolish man, those were cabbages." "On the fourth flight, I saw fishes in a pan, which were hissing and baking themselves." When he had said that, the fishes came and served themselves up. "And when I got to the fifth flight, I peeped through the keyhole of a door, and there, godfather, I saw you, and you had long, long horns." "Oh, that is a lie!" The man became alarmed, and ran out, and if he had not, who knows what the godfather would have done to him.

## 43.—FRAU TRUDE.

(*"Mother Trudy"* (German: *Frau Trude*) is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 43.

*Contents: A willful little girl will not obey her parents and, having taken it into her head that she wants to see Frau Trude, goes in spite of all their warnings. She arrives terrified, and Frau Trude questions her. She tells of seeing a black man on her steps (a collier, says Frau Trude), a green man (a huntsman), a red man (a butcher), and, looking through her window, the devil instead of*

*Frau Trude. Frau Trude says she saw the witch in her proper attire, and that she had been waiting for the girl. She turned her into a block of wood and threw her onto the fire, and then warmed herself by it, commenting on how bright the block made the fire.)*

There was once a little girl who was obstinate and inquisitive, and when her parents told her to do anything, she did not obey them, so how could she fare well? One day she said to her parents, "I have heard so much of Frau Trude, I will go to her some day. People say that everything about her does look so strange, and that there are such odd things in her house, that I have become quite curious!" Her parents absolutely forbade her, and said, "Frau Trude is a bad woman, who does wicked things, and if thou goest to her, thou art no longer our child." But the maiden did not let herself be turned aside by her parent's prohibition, and still went to Frau Trude. And when she got to her, Frau Trude said, "Why art thou so pale?" "Ah," she replied, and her whole body trembled, "I have been so terrified at what I have seen." "What hast thou seen?" "I saw a black man on your steps." "That was a collier." "Then I saw a green man." "That was a huntsman." "After that I saw a blood-red man." "That was a butcher." "Ah, Frau Trude, I was terrified; I looked through the window and saw not you, but, as I verily believe, the devil himself with a head of fire." "Oho!" said she, "then thou hast seen the witch in her proper costume. I have been waiting for thee, and wanting thee a long time already; thou shalt give me some light." Then she changed the girl into a block of wood, and threw it into the fire. And when it was in full blaze she sat down close to it, and warmed herself by it, and said, "That shines bright for once in a way."

#### 44.—GODFATHER DEATH.

*("Godfather Death" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm and first published in 1812 (KHM 44). The Grimms noted "from Hesse" (from Marie Elisabeth Wild).*

*Contents: A desperate poor man is looking for a godfather for his thirteenth child. But he rejects God ("you give to the rich and let the poor go hungry") as well as the devil ("you cheat and seduce people") and only accepts death "which makes everyone equal". Death shows the boy an herb with which he may heal the sick if he sees death by their head but not if he sees death at their feet, and warns him not to break the commandment. Soon he is famous and rich as a doctor for his clear-sightedness. When first the king and then his daughter fall seriously ill, and she is promised to the rescuer in marriage, it occurs to him to turn her in bed. Death forgives him once, the second time he fetches him and shows him the lights of life in a cave. His just expires. At his request, Death pretends to fetch a new one, but drops what's left and the doctor dies.)*

A poor man had twelve children and was forced to work night and day to give them even bread. When therefore the thirteenth came into the world, he knew not what to do in his trouble, but ran out into the great highway, and resolved to ask the first person whom he met to be godfather. The first to meet him was the good God who already knew what filled his heart, and said to him, "Poor man, I pity thee. I will hold thy child at its christening, and will take charge of it and make it happy on earth." The man said, "Who art thou?" "I am God." "Then I do not desire to have thee for a godfather," said the man; "thou givest to the rich, and leavest the poor to hunger." Thus spake the man, for he did not

know how wisely God apportions riches and poverty. He turned therefore away from the Lord, and went farther. Then the Devil came to him and said, "What seekest thou? If thou wilt take me as a godfather for thy child, I will give him gold in plenty and all the joys of the world as well." The man asked, "Who art thou?" "I am the Devil." "Then I do not desire to have thee for godfather," said the man; "thou deceivest men and leadest them astray." He went onwards, and then came Death striding up to him with withered legs, and said, "Take me as godfather." The man asked, "Who art thou?" "I am Death, and I make all equal." Then said the man, "Thou art the right one, thou takest the rich as well as the poor, without distinction; thou shalt be godfather." Death answered, "I will make thy child rich and famous, for he who has me for a friend can lack nothing." The man said, "Next Sunday is the christening; be there at the right time." Death appeared as he had promised, and stood godfather quite in the usual way.

When the boy had grown up, his godfather one day appeared and bade him go with him. He led him forth into a forest, and showed him a herb which grew there, and said, "Now shalt thou receive thy godfather's present. I make thee a celebrated physician. When thou art called to a patient, I will always appear to thee. If I stand by the head of the sick man, thou mayst say with confidence that thou wilt make him well again, and if thou givest him of this herb he will recover; but if I stand by the patient's feet, he is mine, and thou must say that all remedies are in vain, and that no physician in the world could save him. But beware of using the herb against my will, or it might fare ill with thee."

It was not long before the youth was the most famous physician in the whole world. "He had only to look at the patient and he knew his condition at once, and if he would recover, or must needs die." So they said of him, and from far and wide people came to him, sent for him when they had any one ill, and gave him so much money that he soon became a rich man. Now it so befell that the King became ill, and the physician was summoned, and was to say if recovery were possible. But when he came to the bed, Death was standing by the feet of the sick man, and the herb did not grow which could save him. "If I could but cheat Death for once," thought the physician, "he is sure to take it ill if I do, but, as I am his godson, he will shut one eye; I will risk it." He therefore took up the sick man, and laid him the other way, so that now Death was standing by his head. Then he gave the King some of the herb, and he recovered and grew healthy again. But Death came to the physician, looking very black and angry, threatened him with his finger, and said, "Thou hast overreached me; this time I will pardon it, as thou art my godson; but if thou venturest it again, it will cost thee thy neck, for I will take thee thyself away with me."

Soon afterwards the King's daughter fell into a severe illness. She was his only child, and he wept day and night, so that he began to lose the sight of his eyes, and he caused it to be made known that whosoever rescued her from death should be her husband and inherit the crown. When the physician came to the sick girl's bed, he saw Death by her feet. He ought to have remembered the warning given by his godfather, but he was so infatuated by the great beauty of the King's daughter, and the happiness of becoming her husband, that he flung all thought to the winds. He did not see that Death was casting angry glances on him, that he was raising his hand in the air, and threatening him with his withered fist. He raised up the sick girl, and placed her head where her feet had lain. Then he gave her some of the herb, and instantly her cheeks flushed red, and life stirred afresh in her.

When Death saw that for a second time he was defrauded of his own property, he walked up to the physician with long strides,

and said, "All is over with thee, and now the lot falls on thee," and seized him so firmly with his ice-cold hand, that he could not resist, and led him into a cave below the earth. There he saw how thousands and thousands of candles were burning in countless rows, some large, others half-sized, others small. Every instant some were extinguished, and others again burnt up, so that the flames seemed to leap hither and thither in perpetual change. "See," said Death, "these are the lights of men's lives. The large ones belong to children, the half-sized ones to married people in their prime, the little ones belong to old people; but children and young folks likewise have often only a tiny candle." "Show me the light of my life," said the physician, and he thought that it would be still very tall. Death pointed to a little end which was just threatening to go out, and said, "Behold, it is there." "Ah, dear godfather," said the horrified physician, "light a new one for me, do it for love of me, that I may enjoy my life, be King, and the husband of the King's beautiful daughter." "I cannot," answered Death, "one must go out before a new one is lighted." "Then place the old one on a new one, that will go on burning at once when the old one has come to an end," pleaded the physician. Death behaved as if he were going to fulfil his wish, and took hold of a tall new candle; but as he desired to revenge himself, he purposely made a mistake in fixing it, and the little piece fell down and was extinguished. Immediately the physician fell on the ground, and now he himself was in the hands of Death.

#### 45.—THUMBLING AS JOURNEYMAN.

(*"Thumbling As Journeyman"* is a fairy tale in the *Children's and Household Tales* by the Brothers Grimm at position 45 (KHM 45). Jacob Grimm got the story from Marie Hassenpflug.)

*Contents: A thumb-sized but courageous tailor's son wants to go out into the world. His father gave him a darning needle as a sword. Then he looks at the mother with the food. The steam carries him out to the chimney. He goes to a master and complains to his wife about the food. She chases him away. He meets robbers, for whom he penetrates through a crack in the door of the king's treasury and throws the thalers through the window. When the king comes, he hides. He also fools the guards. The robbers praise him, but he takes only one kreuzer and moves on. He doesn't like working and ends up at an inn where he is unpopular with the maids because he sees all the petty thefts. One throws him to a cow with mown grass. He calls out from her stomach when she is being milked and when she is about to be slaughtered, but is not heard and understood, not even during the slaughter. It jumps between the knives and is smoked in the sausage in the chimney until winter. When cutting it open at the table, he jumps out. A fox catches him outside, but takes him home to his father because he gets his chickens in return.)*

A certain tailor had a son, who happened to be small, and no bigger than a Thumb, and on this account he was always called Thumbling. He had, however, some courage in him, and said to his father, "Father, I must and will go out into the world." "That's right, my son," said the old man, and took a long darning-needle and made a knob of sealing-wax on it at the candle, "and there is a sword for thee to take with thee on the way." Then the little tailor wanted to have one more meal with them, and hopped into the kitchen to see what his lady mother had cooked for the last time. It was, however, just dished up, and the dish stood on the hearth. Then he said, "Mother, what is there to eat

to-day?" "See for thyself," said his mother. So Thumbling jumped on to the hearth, and peeped into the dish, but as he stretched his neck in too far the steam from the food caught hold of him, and carried him up the chimney. He rode about in the air on the steam for a while, until at length he sank down to the ground again. Now the little tailor was outside in the wide world, and he travelled about, and went to a master in his craft, but the food was not good enough for him. "Mistress, if you give us no better food," said Thumbling, "I will go away, and early to-morrow morning I will write with chalk on the door of your house, 'Too many potatoes, too little meat! Farewell, Mr. Potato-King.'" "What wouldst thou have forsooth, grasshopper?" said the mistress, and grew angry, and seized a dish-cloth, and was just going to strike him; but my little tailor crept nimbly under a thimble, peeped out from beneath it, and put his tongue out at the mistress. She took up the thimble, and wanted to get hold of him, but little Thumbling hopped into the cloth, and while the mistress was opening it out and looking for him, he got into a crevice in the table. "Ho, ho, lady mistress," cried he, and thrust his head out, and when she began to strike him he leapt down into the drawer. At last, however, she caught him and drove him out of the house.

The little tailor journeyed on and came to a great forest, and there he fell in with a band of robbers who had a design to steal the King's treasure. When they saw the little tailor, they thought, "A little fellow like that can creep through a key-hole and serve as picklock to us." "Hollo," cried one of them, "thou giant Goliath, wilt thou go to the treasure-chamber with us? Thou canst slip thyself in and throw out the money." Thumbling reflected a while, and at length he said "yes," and went with them to the treasure-chamber. Then he looked at the doors above and below, to see if there was any crack in them. It was not long before he espied one which was broad enough to let him in. He was therefore about to get in at once, but one of the two sentries who stood before the door, observed him, and said to the other, "What an ugly spider is creeping there; I will kill it." "Let the poor creature alone," said the other, "it has done thee no harm." Then Thumbling got safely through the crevice into the treasure-chamber, opened the window beneath which the robbers were standing, and threw out to them one thaler after another. When the little tailor was in the full swing of his work, he heard the King coming to inspect his treasure-chamber, and crept hastily into a hiding-place. The King noticed that several solid thalers were missing, but could not conceive who could have stolen them, for locks and bolts were in good condition, and all seemed well guarded. Then he went away again, and said to the sentries, "Be on the watch, some one is after the money." When therefore Thumbling recommenced his labours, they heard the money moving, and a sound of klink, klink, klink. They ran swiftly in to seize the thief, but the little tailor, who heard them coming, was still swifter, and leapt into a corner and covered himself with a thaler, so that nothing could be seen of him, and at the same time he mocked the sentries and cried, "Here am I!" The sentries ran thither, but as they got there, he had already hopped into another corner under a thaler, and was crying, "Ho, ho, here am I!" The watchmen sprang there in haste, but Thumbling had long ago got into a third corner, and was crying, "Ho, ho, here am I!" And thus he made fools of them, and drove them so long round about the treasure-chamber that they were weary and went away. Then by degrees he threw all the thalers out, despatching the last with all his might, then hopped nimbly upon it, and flew down with it through the window. The robbers paid

him great compliments. "Thou art a valiant hero," said they; "wilt thou be our captain?"

Thumbling, however, declined, and said he wanted to see the world first. They now divided the booty, but the little tailor only asked for a kreuzer because he could not carry more.

Then he once more buckled on his sword, bade the robbers good-bye, and took to the road. First, he went to work with some masters, but he had no liking for that, and at last he hired himself as man-servant in an inn. The maids, however, could not endure him, for he saw all that they did secretly, without their seeing him, and he told their master and mistress what they had taken off the plates, and carried away out of the cellar, for themselves. Then said they, "Wait, and we will pay thee off!" and arranged with each other to play him a trick. Soon afterwards when one of the maids was mowing in the garden, and saw Thumbling jumping about and creeping up and down the plants, she mowed him up quickly with the grass, tied all in a great cloth, and secretly threw it to the cows. Now amongst them there was a great black one, who swallowed him down with it without hurting him. Down below, however, it pleased him ill, for it was quite dark, neither was any candle burning. When the cow was being milked he cried,

"Strip, strap, strull,

Will the pail soon be full?"

But the noise of the milking prevented his being understood. After this the master of the house came into the cow-byre and said, "That cow shall be killed to-morrow." Then Thumbling was so alarmed that he cried out in a clear voice, "Let me out first, for I am shut up inside her." The master heard that quite well, but did not know from whence the voice came. "Where art thou?" asked he. "In the black one," answered Thumbling, but the master did not understand what that meant, and went out.

Next morning the cow was killed. Happily Thumbling did not meet with one blow at the cutting up and chopping; he got among the sausage-meat. And when the butcher came in and began his work, he cried out with all his might, "Don't chop too deep, don't chop too deep, I am amongst it." No one heard this because of the noise of the chopping-knife. Now poor Thumbling was in trouble, but trouble sharpens the wits, and he sprang out so adroitly between the blows that none of them touched him, and he got out with a whole skin. But still he could not get away, there was nothing for it, and he had to let himself be thrust into a black-pudding with the bits of bacon. His quarters there were rather confined, and besides that he was hung up in the chimney to be smoked, and there time did hang terribly heavy on his hands.

At length in winter he was taken down again, as the black-pudding had to be set before a guest. When the hostess was cutting it in slices, he took care not to stretch out his head too far lest a bit of it should be cut off; at last he saw his opportunity, cleared a passage for himself, and jumped out.

The little tailor, however, would not stay any longer in a house where he fared so ill, but at once set out on his journey again. But his liberty did not last long. In the open country he met with a fox who snapped him up in a fit of absence. "Hollo, Mr. Fox," cried the little tailor, "it is I who am sticking in your throat, set me at liberty again." "Thou art right," answered the fox. "Thou art next to nothing for me, but if thou wilt promise me the fowls in thy father's yard I will let thee go." "With all my heart," replied Thumbling. "Thou shalt have all the cocks and hens, that I promise thee." Then the fox let him go again, and himself carried him home. When the father once more saw his dear son, he willingly gave the fox all the fowls which he had. "For this I

likewise bring thee a handsome bit of money," said Thumbling, and gave his father the kreuzer which he had earned on his travels.

"But why did the fox get the poor chickens to eat?" "Oh, you goose, your father would surely love his child far more than the fowls in the yard!"

#### 46.—FITCHER'S BIRD.

(*"Fitcher's bird"* is a fairy tale in the *Children's And Household Tales* by the Brothers Grimm at point 46 (KHM 46). The Grimms noted on the origin "two stories from Hesse" (from Friederike Mannel "from Allendorf an der Landsburg" and from Dortchen Wild Kassel, Wilhelm Grimm's later wife).

*Contents: The fairy tale describes how one man's three beautiful daughters are kidnapped one after the other by a malicious warlock. When the warlock has to leave his house one day, each of the girls is given a key and an egg to keep with the condition that they guard the egg and not use the key, which belongs to a chamber. The first two girls fail in this task and are slaughtered in the room that they open despite the ban. However, the third girl proceeds with sufficient caution and not only remains undiscovered, but is even able to put the sisters back together into living people. She sends the returned warlock, who now wants to marry her after supposedly passing the exam, to her father with a basket full of gold. The two revived sisters, however, are hidden in the basket and carried home with great effort by the warlock. While the older sisters are getting home, the warlock's wedding guests are already arriving. The girl then leaves the house herself, but first rolls in honey and then in the feathers of a bed to escape as Fitcher's bird. The guests are asked to enter the warlock's house as they pass by. A skull arranged for this purpose pretends the presence of the bride. When the guests are finally in the house and the returning warlock has joined them, the girls' relatives who have rushed to the house are now able, by setting the house on fire, to kill the warlock and his rabble.)*

There was once a wizard who used to take the form of a poor man, and went to houses and begged, and caught pretty girls. No one knew whither he carried them, for they were never seen more. One day he appeared before the door of a man who had three pretty daughters; he looked like a poor weak beggar, and carried a basket on his back, as if he meant to collect charitable gifts in it. He begged for a little food, and when the eldest daughter came out and was just reaching him a piece of bread, he did but touch her, and she was forced to jump into his basket. Thereupon he hurried away with long strides, and carried her away into a dark forest to his house, which stood in the midst of it. Everything in the house was magnificent; he gave her whatsoever she could possibly desire, and said, "My darling, thou wilt certainly be happy with me, for thou hast everything thy heart can wish for." This lasted a few days, and then he said, "I must journey forth, and leave thee alone for a short time; there are the keys of the house; thou mayst go everywhere and look at everything except into one room, which this little key here opens, and there I forbid thee to go on pain of death." He likewise gave her an egg and said, "Preserve the egg carefully for me, and carry it continually about with thee, for a great misfortune would arise from the loss of it."

She took the keys and the egg, and promised to obey him in everything. When he was gone, she went all round the house from the bottom to the top, and examined everything. The rooms shone with silver and gold, and she thought she had never seen such

great splendour. At length she came to the forbidden door; she wished to pass it by, but curiosity let her have no rest. She examined the key, it looked just like any other; she put it in the keyhole and turned it a little, and the door sprang open. But what did she see when she went in? A great bloody basin stood in the middle of the room, and therein lay human beings, dead and hewn to pieces, and hard by was a block of wood, and a gleaming axe lay upon it. She was so terribly alarmed that the egg which she held in her hand fell into the basin. She got it out and washed the blood off, but in vain, it appeared again in a moment. She washed and scrubbed, but she could not get it out.

It was not long before the man came back from his journey, and the first things which he asked for were the key and the egg. She gave them to him, but she trembled as she did so, and he saw at once by the red spots that she had been in the bloody chamber. "Since thou hast gone into the room against my will," said he, "thou shalt go back into it against thine own. Thy life is ended." He threw her down, dragged her thither by her hair, cut her head off on the block, and hewed her in pieces so that her blood ran on the ground. Then he threw her into the basin with the rest.

"Now I will fetch myself the second," said the wizard, and again he went to the house in the shape of a poor man, and begged. Then the second daughter brought him a piece of bread; he caught her like the first, by simply touching her, and carried her away. She did not fare better than her sister. She allowed herself to be led away by her curiosity, opened the door of the bloody chamber, looked in, and had to atone for it with her life on the wizard's return. Then he went and brought the third sister, but she was clever and crafty. When he had given her the keys and the egg, and had left her, she first put the egg away with great care, and then she examined the house, and at last went into the forbidden room. Alas, what did she behold! Both her sisters lay there in the basin, cruelly murdered, and cut in pieces. But she began to gather their limbs together and put them in order, head, body, arms and legs. And when nothing further was wanting the limbs began to move and unite themselves together, and both the maidens opened their eyes and were once more alive. Then they rejoiced and kissed and caressed each other.

On his arrival, the man at once demanded the keys and the egg, and as he could perceive no trace of any blood on it, he said, "Thou hast stood the test, thou shalt be my bride." He now had no longer any power over her, and was forced to do whatsoever she desired. "Oh, very well," said she, "thou shalt first take a basketful of gold to my father and mother, and carry it thyself on thy back; in the meantime I will prepare for the wedding. Then she ran to her sisters, whom she had hidden in a little chamber and said, "The moment has come when I can save you. The wretch shall himself carry you home again, but as soon as you are at home send help to me." She put both of them in a basket and covered them quite over with gold, so that nothing of them was to be seen, then she called in the wizard and said to him, "Now carry the basket away, but I shall look through my little window and watch to see if thou stoppest on the way to stand or to rest."

The wizard raised the basket on his back and went away with it, but it weighed him down so heavily that the perspiration streamed from his face. Then he sat down and wanted to rest awhile, but immediately one of the girls in the basket cried, "I am looking through my little window, and I see that thou art resting. Wilt thou go on at once?" He thought his bride was calling that to him; and got up on his legs again. Once more he was going to sit down, but instantly she cried, "I am looking through my little window, and I see that thou art resting. Wilt thou go on directly?" And

whenever he stood still, she cried this, and then he was forced to go onwards, until at last, groaning and out of breath, he took the basket with the gold and the two maidens into their parents' house. At home, however, the bride prepared the marriage-feast, and sent invitations to the friends of the wizard. Then she took a skull with grinning teeth, put some ornaments on it and a wreath of flowers, carried it upstairs to the garret-window, and let it look out from thence. When all was ready, she got into a barrel of honey, and then cut the feather-bed open and rolled herself in it, until she looked like a wondrous bird, and no one could recognise her. Then she went out of the house, and on her way she met some of the wedding-guests, who asked,

"O, Fitcher's bird, how com'st thou here?"

"I come from Fitcher's house quite near."

"And what may the young bride be doing?"

"From cellar to garret she's swept all clean,  
And now from the window she's peeping, I ween."

At last she met the bridegroom, who was coming slowly back. He, like the others, asked,

"O, Fitcher's bird, how com'st thou here?"

"I come from Fitcher's house quite near."

"And what may the young bride be doing?"

"From cellar to garret she's swept all clean,  
And now from the window she's peeping, I ween."

The bridegroom looked up, saw the decked-out skull, thought it was his bride, and nodded to her, greeting her kindly. But when he and his guests had all gone into the house, the brothers and kinsmen of the bride, who had been sent to rescue her, arrived. They locked all the doors of the house, that no one might escape, set fire to it, and the wizard and all his crew had to burn.

#### 47.—THE JUNIPER-TREE\*.

(*"The Juniper Tree"* (it does not mean "almond tree" as in Walter Crane's illustration but juniper tree\*) is a fairy tale. It is in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm (KHM 47) in Low German. The Low German name "Machandel-Boom" is in Standard German "Wacholderbaum". The fairy tale goes back to the painter Philipp Otto Runge and was first published in 1808 in Achim von Arnim's "Zeitung für Einsiedler" (Newspaper for Hermits) under the title "Von den Mahandel Bohm". [\* The common juniper, (*Latin: juniperus communis*), is a species of small tree or shrub in the cypress family (*Latin: cupressaceae*). An evergreen conifer, it has the largest geographical range of any woody plant, with a circumpolar distribution throughout the cool temperate Northern Hemisphere. Wacholder(schnaps) is also the German name for "gin."]

*Contents: While peeling an apple under the juniper tree, the pious wife of a rich man cuts her finger and wishes for a child as red as blood and as white as snow. She becomes pregnant, dies giving birth to her son and is buried under the tree. After mourning, the man marries a woman who has a daughter with him but hates the stepson. When the daughter wants an apple, she gets it first. But when she asks her brother to have one too, the mother takes the apple away from her daughter and tells her to wait for her brother. But when he bends down into the chest with the apples, his stepmother cuts off his head with the lid. Startled, she puts it on again, puts on a scarf and puts him in front of the house with the apple in his hand. She arranges for the daughter to slap him since he does not answer, causing his head to fall off. The girl is deeply upset, but the mother prepares a meal from the boy's*

*corpse, and the daughter cries into it. The father is sad when he hears that his son has suddenly left to visit relatives, but eats the whole soup with special devotion. The daughter collects the bones and puts them in a silk cloth under the tree, crying. She feels light, the juniper branches move like hands, and a beautiful singing bird flies out of a fire in the mist. The bones are gone. The bird sings on the roof of a goldsmith, a shoemaker and on the linden tree in front of a mill. For the repetition of the song he asks for a gold chain, red shoes and a millstone. Then he sings at home on the juniper tree, which makes the father happy and the mother afraid. He throws the chain around his father's neck and throws his sister's shoes. Both are happy about it, so that the mother also goes out; However, the bird throws the millstone at her head and kills her with it. Then the son reappears out of steam and flame, and the father and the children happily sit down to eat.)*

It is now long ago, quite two thousand years, since there was a rich man who had a beautiful and pious wife, and they loved each other dearly. They had, however, no children, though they wished for them very much, and the woman prayed for them day and night, but still they had none. Now there was a court-yard in front of their house in which was a juniper-tree, and one day in winter the woman was standing beneath it, paring herself an apple, and while she was paring herself the apple she cut her finger, and the blood fell on the snow. "Ah," said the woman, and sighed right heavily, and looked at the blood before her, and was most unhappy, "ah, if I had but a child as red as blood and as white as snow!" [2] And while she thus spake, she became quite happy in her mind, and felt just as if that were going to happen. Then she went into the house, and a month went by and the snow was gone, and two months, and then everything was green, and three months, and then all the flowers came out of the earth, and four months, and then all the trees in the wood grew thicker, and the green branches were all closely entwined, and the birds sang until the wood resounded and the blossoms fell from the trees, then the fifth month passed away and she stood under the juniper-tree, which smelt so sweetly that her heart leapt, and she fell on her knees and was beside herself with joy, and when the sixth month was over the fruit was large and fine, and then she was quite still, and the seventh month she snatched at the juniper-berries and ate them greedily, then she grew sick and sorrowful, then the eighth month passed, and she called her husband to her, and wept and said, "If I die, then bury me beneath the juniper-tree." Then she was quite comforted and happy until the next month was over, and then she had a child as white as snow and as red as blood, and when she beheld it she was so delighted that she died.

Then her husband buried her beneath the juniper-tree, and he began to weep sore; after some time he was more at ease, and though he still wept he could bear it, and after some time longer he took another wife.

By the second wife he had a daughter, but the first wife's child was a little son, and he was as red as blood and as white as snow. When the woman looked at her daughter she loved her very much, but then she looked at the little boy and it seemed to cut her to the heart, for the thought came into her mind that he would always stand in her way, and she was for ever thinking how she could get all the fortune for her daughter, and the Evil One filled her mind with this till she was quite wroth with the little boy, and slapped him here and cuffed him there, until the unhappy child was in continual terror, for when he came out of school he had no peace in any place.

One day the woman had gone upstairs to her room, and her little daughter went up too, and said, "Mother, give me an apple." "Yes, my child," said the woman, and gave her a fine apple out of the chest, but the chest had a great heavy lid with a great sharp iron lock. "Mother," said the little daughter, "is brother not to have one too?" This made the woman angry, but she said, "Yes, when he comes out of school." And when she saw from the window that he was coming, it was just as if the Devil entered into her, and she snatched at the apple and took it away again from her daughter, and said, "Thou shalt not have one before thy brother." Then she threw the apple into the chest, and shut it. Then the little boy came in at the door, and the Devil made her say to him kindly, "My son, wilt thou have an apple?" and she looked so wickedly at him. "Mother," said the little boy, "how dreadful you look! Yes, give me an apple." Then it seemed to her as if she were forced to say to him, "Come with me," and she opened the lid of the chest and said, "Take out an apple for thyself," and while the little boy was stooping inside, the Devil prompted her, and crash! she shut the lid down, and his head flew off and fell among the red apples. Then she was overwhelmed with terror, and thought, "If I could but make them think that it was not done by me!" So she went upstairs to her room to her chest of drawers, and took a white handkerchief out of the top drawer, and set the head on the neck again, and folded the handkerchief so that nothing could be seen, and she set him on a chair in front of the door, and put the apple in his hand.

After this Marlinchen came into the kitchen to her mother, who was standing by the fire with a pan of hot water before her which she was constantly stirring round. "Mother," said Marlinchen, "brother is sitting at the door, and he looks quite white, and has an apple in his hand. I asked him to give me the apple, but he did not answer me, and I was quite frightened." "Go back to him," said her mother, "and if he will not answer thee, give him a box on the ear." So Marlinchen went to him and said, "Brother, give me the apple." But he was silent, and she gave him a box on the ear, on which his head fell down. Marlinchen was terrified, and began crying and screaming, and ran to her mother, and said, "Alas, mother, I have knocked my brother's head off" and she wept and wept and could not be comforted. "Marlinchen," said the mother, "what hast thou done? but be quiet and let no one know it; it cannot be helped now, we will make him into black-puddings." Then the mother took the little boy and chopped him in pieces, put him into the pan and made him into black-puddings; but Marlinchen stood by weeping and weeping, and all her tears fell into the pan and there was no need of any salt.

Then the father came home, and sat down to dinner and said, "But where is my son?" And the mother served up a great dish of black-puddings, and Marlinchen wept and could not leave off. Then the father again said, "But where is my son?" "Ah," said the mother, "he has gone across the country to his mother's great uncle; he will stay there awhile." "And what is he going to do there? He did not even say good-bye to me."

"Oh, he wanted to go, and asked me if he might stay six weeks, he is well taken care of there." "Ah," said the man, "I feel so unhappy lest all should not be right. He ought to have said good-bye to me." With that he began to eat and said, "Marlinchen, why art thou crying? Thy brother will certainly come back." Then he said, "Ah, wife, how delicious this food is, give me some more." And the more he ate the more he wanted to have, and he said, "Give me some more, you shall have none of it. It seems to me as if it were all mine." And he ate and ate and threw all the bones under the table, until he had finished the whole. But Marlinchen went away to her

chest of drawers, and took her best silk handkerchief out of the bottom drawer, and got all the bones from beneath the table, and tied them up in her silk handkerchief, and carried them outside the door, weeping tears of blood. Then the juniper-tree began to stir itself, and the branches parted asunder, and moved together again, just as if some one was rejoicing and clapping his hands. At the same time a mist seemed to arise from the tree, and in the centre of this mist it burned like a fire, and a beautiful bird flew out of the fire singing magnificently, and he flew high up in the air, and when he was gone, the juniper-tree was just as it had been before, and the handkerchief with the bones was no longer there. Marlinchen, however, was as gay and happy as if her brother were still alive. And she went merrily into the house, and sat down to dinner and ate.

But the bird flew away and lighted on a goldsmith's house, and began to sing,

"My mother she killed me,  
My father he ate me,  
My sister, little Marlinchen,  
Gathered together all my bones,  
Tied them in a silken handkerchief,  
Laid them beneath the juniper-tree,  
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

The goldsmith was sitting in his workshop making a gold chain, when he heard the bird which was sitting singing on his roof, and very beautiful the song seemed to him. He stood up, but as he crossed the threshold he lost one of his slippers. But he went away right up the middle of the street with one shoe on and one sock; he had his apron on, and in one hand he had the gold chain and in the other the pincers, and the sun was shining brightly on the street. Then he went right on and stood still, and said to the bird, "Bird," said he then, "how beautifully thou canst sing! Sing me that piece again." "No," said the bird, "I'll not sing it twice for nothing! Give me the golden chain, and then I will sing it again for thee." "There," said the goldsmith, "there is the golden chain for thee, now sing me that song again." Then the bird came and took the golden chain in his right claw, and went and sat in front of the goldsmith, and sang,

"My mother she killed me,  
My father he ate me,  
My sister, little Marlinchen,  
Gathered together all my bones,  
Tied them in a silken handkerchief,  
Laid them beneath the juniper-tree,  
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

Then the bird flew away to a shoemaker, and lighted on his roof, and sang,

"My mother she killed me, My father he ate me, My sister, little Marlinchen, Gathered together all my bones, Tied them in a silken handkerchief, Laid them beneath the juniper-tree, Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

The shoemaker heard that and ran out of doors in his shirt sleeves, and looked up at his roof, and was forced to hold his hand before his eyes lest the sun should blind him. "Bird," said he, "how beautifully thou canst sing!" Then he called in at his door, "Wife, just come outside, there is a bird, look at that bird, he just can sing well." Then he called his daughter and children, and apprentices, boys and girls, and they all came up the street and looked at the bird and how beautiful he was, and what fine red and green feathers he had, and how like real gold his neck was, and how the eyes in his head shone like stars. "Bird," said the shoemaker, "now sing me that song again." "Nay," said the bird,

"I do not sing twice for nothing; thou must give me something." "Wife," said the man, "go to the garret, upon the top shelf there stands a pair of red shoes, bring them down." Then the wife went and brought the shoes. "There, bird," said the man, "now sing me that piece again." Then the bird came and took the shoes in his left claw, and flew back on the roof, and sang,

"My mother she killed me, My father he ate me, My sister, little Marlinchen, Gathered together all my bones, Tied them in a silken handkerchief, Laid them beneath the juniper-tree, Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

And when he had sung the whole he flew away. In his right claw he had the chain and the shoes in his left, and he flew far away to a mill, and the mill went "klipp klapp, klipp klapp, klipp klapp," and in the mill sat twenty miller's men hewing a stone, and cutting, hick hack, hick hack, hick hack, and the mill went klipp klapp, klipp klapp, klipp klapp. Then the bird went and sat on a lime-tree which stood in front of the mill, and sang,

"My mother she killed me,"  
Then one of them stopped working,  
"My father he ate me."  
Then two more stopped working and listened to that,  
"My sister, little Marlinchen,"  
Then four more stopped,  
"Gathered together all my bones,  
Tied them in a silken handkerchief,"  
Now eight only were hewing,  
"Laid them beneath"  
Now only five,  
"The juniper-tree,"  
And now only one,  
"Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

Then the last stopped also, and heard the last words. "Bird," said he, "how beautifully thou singest! Let me, too, hear that. Sing that once more for me."

"Nay," said the bird, "I will not sing twice for nothing. Give me the millstone, and then I will sing it again."

"Yes," said he, "if it belonged to me only, thou shouldst have it." "Yes," said the others, "if he sings again he shall have it." Then the bird came down, and the twenty millers all set to work with a beam and raised the stone up. And the bird stuck his neck through the hole, and put the stone on as if it were a collar, and flew on to the tree again, and sang,

"My mother she killed me,  
My father he ate me,  
My sister, little Marlinchen,  
Gathered together all my bones,  
Tied them in a silken handkerchief,  
Laid them beneath the juniper-tree,  
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

And when he had done singing, he spread his wings, and in his right claw he had the chain, and in his left the shoes, and round his neck the millstone, and he flew far away to his father's house.

In the room sat the father, the mother, and Marlinchen at dinner, and the father said, "How light-hearted I feel, how happy I am!" "Nay," said the mother, "I feel so uneasy, just as if a heavy storm were coming." Marlinchen, however, sat weeping and weeping, and then came the bird flying, and as it seated itself on the roof the father said, "Ah, I feel so truly happy, and the sun is shining so beautifully outside, I feel just as if I were about to see some old friend again." "Nay," said the woman, "I feel so anxious, my teeth chatter, and I seem to have fire in my veins." And she tore her stays open, but Marlinchen sat in a corner crying, and held her plate

before her eyes and cried till it was quite wet. Then the bird sat on the juniper-tree, and sang,

"My mother she killed me,"

Then the mother stopped her ears, and shut her eyes, and would not see or hear, but there was a roaring in her ears like the most violent storm, and her eyes burnt and flashed like lightning,

"My father he ate me,"

"Ah, mother," says the man, "that is a beautiful bird! He sings so splendidly, and the sun shines so warm, and there is a smell just like cinnamon."

"My sister, Marlinchen,"

Then Marlinchen laid her head on her knees and wept without ceasing, but the man said, "I am going out, I must see the bird quite close." "Oh, don't go," said the woman, "I feel as if the whole house were shaking and on fire." But the man went out and looked at the bird:

"Gathered together all my bones,  
Tied them in a silken handkerchief,  
Laid them under the juniper-tree,  
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

On this the bird let the golden chain fall, and it fell exactly round the man's neck, and so exactly round it that it fitted beautifully. Then he went in and said, "Just look what a fine bird that is, and what a handsome gold chain he has given me, and how pretty he is!" But the woman was terrified, and fell down on the floor in the room, and her cap fell off her head. Then sang the bird once more,

"My mother she killed me,"

"Would that I were a thousand feet beneath the earth so as not to hear that!"

"My father, he ate me,"

Then the woman fell down again as if dead.

"My sister, little Marlinchen."

"Ah," said Marlinchen, "I too will go out and see if the bird will give me anything," and she went out.

"Gathered together all my bones,  
Tied them in a silken handkerchief,"  
Then he threw down the shoes to her.  
"Laid them beneath the juniper-tree,  
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

Then she was light-hearted and joyous, and she put on the new red shoes, and danced and leaped into the house. "Ah," said she, "I was so sad when I went out and now I am so light-hearted; that is a splendid bird, he has given me a pair of red shoes!" "Well," said the woman, and sprang to her feet and her hair stood up like flames of fire, "I feel as if the world were coming to an end! I, too, will go out and see if my heart feels lighter." And as she went out at the door, crash! the bird threw down the millstone on her head, and she was entirely crushed by it. The father and Marlinchen heard what had happened and went out, and smoke, flames and fire were rising from the place, and when that was over, there stood the little brother, and he took his father and Marlinchen by the hand, and all three were right glad, and they went into the house to dinner, and ate.

#### 48.—OLD SULTAN.

(*"Old Sultan"* (German: *Der alte Sultan*) is an animal fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 48). The tale combines two different Aarne-Thompson-Uther types: ATU\* 101 ("The Old Dog as Rescuer of the Child") and ATU\* 103 ("War between Wild Animals and Domestic Animals"). [\* The "Aarne-

*Thompson-Uther*" classification, is a catalogue of folktale types. See: *Bibliography*]

*Contents: The Old Sultan is an old toothless dog that his master wants to shoot. The wolf knows what to do and apparently robs the little child, and the dog fetches it back. Now the farmer treats him well. The wolf thinks he can steal a sheep with impunity, but the dog tells the farmer, who beats the wolf. In return, the wolf tells the pig that he challenges the dog to a duel. When the old dog shows up with an old three-legged cat, the other two mistake the cat's upturned tail for a saber and its limp for picking up stones. They hide, but his ears give the pig away in the leaves. Ashamed, the wolf makes peace.)*

A farmer once had a faithful dog called Sultan, who had grown old, and lost all his teeth, so that he could no longer hold anything fast. One day the farmer was standing with his wife before the house-door, and said, "To-morrow I intend to shoot Old Sultan, he is no longer of any use."

His wife, who felt pity for the faithful beast, answered, "He has served us so long, and been so faithful, that we might well give him his keep."

"Eh! what?" said the man. "You are not very sharp. He has not a tooth left in his mouth, and not a thief is afraid of him; now he may be off. If he has served us, he has had good feeding for it."

The poor dog, who was lying stretched out in the sun not far off, had heard everything, and was sorry that the morrow was to be his last day. He had a good friend, the wolf, and he crept out in the evening into the forest to him, and complained of the fate that awaited him. "Hark ye, gossip," said the wolf, "be of good cheer, I will help you out of your trouble. I have thought of something. To-morrow, early in the morning, your master is going with his wife to make hay, and they will take their little child with them, for no one will be left behind in the house. They are wont, during work-time, to lay the child under the hedge in the shade; you lay yourself there too, just as if you wished to guard it. Then I will come out of the wood, and carry off the child. You must rush swiftly after me, as if you would seize it again from me. I will let it fall, and you will take it back to its parents, who will think that you have saved it, and will be far too grateful to do you any harm; on the contrary, you will be in high favour, and they will never let you want for anything again."

The plan pleased the dog, and it was carried out just as it was arranged. The father screamed when he saw the Wolf running across the field with his child, but when Old Sultan brought it back then he was full of joy, and stroked him and said, "Not a hair of yours shall be hurt, you shall eat my bread free as long as you live." And to his wife he said, "Go home at once and make Old Sultan some bread-sop that he will not have to bite, and bring the pillow out of my bed, I will give him that to lie upon."

Henceforward Old Sultan was as well off as he could wish to be.

Soon afterwards the wolf visited him, and was pleased that everything had succeeded so well. "But, gossip," said he, "you will just wink an eye if when I have a chance I carry off one of your master's fat sheep." "Do not reckon upon that," answered the dog; "I will remain true to my master; I cannot agree to that." The wolf, who thought that this could not be spoken in earnest, came creeping about in the night and was going to take away the sheep. But the farmer, to whom the faithful Sultan had told the wolf's plan, caught him and dressed his hide soundly with the flail. The wolf had to pack off, but he cried out to the dog, "Wait a bit, you scoundrel, you shall pay for this."

The next morning the wolf sent the boar to challenge the dog to come out into the forest so that they might settle the affair. Old Sultan could find no one to stand by him but a cat with only three legs, and as they went out together the poor cat limped along, and at the same time stretched out her tail into the air with pain.

The wolf and his friend were already on the spot appointed, but when they saw their enemy coming they thought that he was bringing a sabre with him, for they mistook the outstretched tail of the cat for one. And when the poor beast hopped on its three legs, they could only think every time that it was picking up a stone to throw at them. So they were both afraid; the wild boar crept into the under-wood and the wolf jumped up a tree.

The dog and the cat, when they came up, wondered that there was no one to be seen. The wild boar, however, had not been able to hide himself altogether; and one of his ears was still to be seen. Whilst the cat was looking carefully about, the boar moved his ear; the cat, who thought it was a mouse moving there, jumped upon it and bit it hard. The boar made a fearful noise and ran away, crying out, "The guilty one is up in the tree." The dog and cat looked up and saw the wolf, who was ashamed of having shown himself so timid, and made friends with the dog.

#### 49.—THE SIX SWANS.

(*"The Six Swans"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales in 1812 (KHM 49). It is very similar to the Twelve Brothers (KHM 9) and the Seven Ravens (KHM 25). The oldest written version of the swan children's fairy tale is that of Johannes de Alta Silva in "*Dolopathos*" around 1300.

*Contents: A king who got lost while hunting in the forest lets a witch show him the way and has to marry her daughter to do it. In order to protect his six sons and his daughter from his stepmother, he takes them to a castle in the forest, to which he finds the way with a magic thread. When the queen finds out, she sews magic shirts out of it and uses it to turn the brothers into swans. The sister wanders through the forest at night and meets her brothers in a robber's hut, who can take off their swan skin for a quarter of an hour every day. To redeem her, she is not allowed to speak or laugh for six years and has to sew six shirts out of star flowers. A king on the hunt finds her and marries her, but his mother slanders the silent woman by stealing her newborn child three times and smearing her mouth with blood. When she is about to be burned at the stake, the six swans come flying. The Queen is now free to speak and, with her brothers' support, defends herself against the accusations against her. The Queen's missing children are found alive and her evil mother-in-law is burned at the stake as punishment. In the end, the queen, her husband, three children, and six brothers live happily ever after.)*

Once upon a time, a certain King was hunting in a great forest, and he chased a wild beast so eagerly that none of his attendants could follow him. When evening drew near he stopped and looked around him, and then he saw that he had lost his way. He sought a way out, but could find none. Then he perceived an aged woman with a head which nodded perpetually, who came towards him, but she was a witch. "Good woman," said he to her, "Can you not show me the way through the forest?" "Oh, yes, Lord King," she answered, "that I certainly can, but on one condition, and if you do not fulfil that, you will never get out of the forest, and will die of hunger in it."

"What kind of condition is it?" asked the King.

"I have a daughter," said the old woman, "who is as beautiful as any one in the world, and well deserves to be your consort, and if you will make her your Queen, I will show you the way out of the forest." In the anguish of his heart the King consented, and the old woman led him to her little hut, where her daughter was sitting by the fire. She received the King as if she had been expecting him, and he saw that she was very beautiful, but still she did not please him, and he could not look at her without secret horror. After he had taken the maiden up on his horse, the old woman showed him the way, and the King reached his royal palace again, where the wedding was celebrated.

The King had already been married once, and had by his first wife, seven children, six boys and a girl, whom he loved better than anything else in the world. As he now feared that the step-mother might not treat them well, and even do them some injury, he took them to a lonely castle which stood in the midst of a forest. It lay so concealed, and the way was so difficult to find, that he himself would not have found it, if a wise woman had not given him a ball of yarn with wonderful properties. When he threw it down before him, it unrolled itself and showed him his path. The King, however, went so frequently away to his dear children that the Queen observed his absence; she was curious and wanted to know what he did when he was quite alone in the forest. She gave a great deal of money to his servants, and they betrayed the secret to her, and told her likewise of the ball which alone could point out the way. And now she knew no rest until she had learnt where the King kept the ball of yarn, and then she made little shirts of white silk, and as she had learnt the art of witchcraft from her mother, she sewed a charm inside them. And once when the King had ridden forth to hunt, she took the little shirts and went into the forest, and the ball showed her the way. The children, who saw from a distance that some one was approaching, thought that their dear father was coming to them, and full of joy, ran to meet him. Then she threw one of the little shirts over each of them, and no sooner had the shirts touched their bodies than they were changed into swans, and flew away over the forest. The Queen went home quite delighted, and thought she had got rid of her step-children, but the girl had not run out with her brothers, and the Queen knew nothing about her. Next day the King went to visit his children, but he found no one but the little girl. "Where are thy brothers?" asked the King. "Alas, dear father," she answered, "they have gone away and left me alone!" and she told him that she had seen from her little window how her brothers had flown away over the forest in the shape of swans, and she showed him the feathers, which they had let fall in the courtyard, and which she had picked up. The King mourned, but he did not think that the Queen had done this wicked deed, and as he feared that the girl would also be stolen away from him, he wanted to take her away with him. But she was afraid of her step-mother, and entreated the King to let her stay just this one night more in the forest castle.

The poor girl thought, "I can no longer stay here. I will go and seek my brothers." And when night came, she ran away, and went straight into the forest. She walked the whole night long, and next day also without stopping, until she could go no farther for weariness. Then she saw a forest-hut, and went into it, and found a room with six little beds, but she did not venture to get into one of them, but crept under one, and lay down on the hard ground, intending to pass the night there. Just before sunset, however, she heard a rustling, and saw six swans come flying in at the window. They alighted on the ground and blew at each other, and blew all the feathers off, and their swan's skins stripped off like a shirt.

Then the maiden looked at them and recognised her brothers, was glad and crept forth from beneath the bed. The brothers were not less delighted to see their little sister, but their joy was of short duration. "Here canst thou not abide," they said to her. "This is a shelter for robbers, if they come home and find thee, they will kill thee." "But can you not protect me?" asked the little sister. "No," they replied, "only for one quarter of an hour each evening can we lay aside our swan's skins and have during that time our human form; after that, we are once more turned into swans." The little sister wept and said, "Can you not be set free?" "Alas, no," they answered, "the conditions are too hard! For six years thou mayst neither speak nor laugh, and in that time thou must sew together six little shirts of starwort for us. And if one single word falls from thy lips, all thy work will be lost." And when the brothers had said this, the quarter of an hour was over, and they flew out of the window again as swans.

The maiden, however, firmly resolved to deliver her brothers, even if it should cost her her life. She left the hut, went into the midst of the forest, seated herself on a tree, and there passed the night. Next morning she went out and gathered starwort and began to sew. She could not speak to any one, and she had no inclination to laugh; she sat there and looked at nothing but her work. When she had already spent a long time there it came to pass that the King of the country was hunting in the forest, and his huntsmen came to the tree on which the maiden was sitting. They called to her and said, "Who art thou?" But she made no answer. "Come down to us," said they. "We will not do thee any harm." She only shook her head. As they pressed her further with questions she threw her golden necklace down to them, and thought to content them thus. They, however, did not cease, and then she threw her girdle down to them, and as this also was to no purpose, her garters, and by degrees everything that she had on that she could do without until she had nothing left but her shift. The huntsmen, however, did not let themselves be turned aside by that, but climbed the tree and fetched the maiden down and led her before the King. The King asked, "Who art thou? What art thou doing on the tree?" But she did not answer. He put the question in every language that he knew, but she remained as mute as a fish. As she was so beautiful, the King's heart was touched, and he was smitten with a great love for her. He put his mantle on her, took her before him on his horse, and carried her to his castle. Then he caused her to be dressed in rich garments, and she shone in her beauty like bright daylight, but no word could be drawn from her. He placed her by his side at table, and her modest bearing and courtesy pleased him so much that he said, "She is the one whom I wish to marry, and no other woman in the world." And after some days he united himself to her.

The King, however, had a wicked mother who was dissatisfied with this marriage and spoke ill of the young Queen. "Who knows," said she, "from whence the creature who can't speak, comes? She is not worthy of a king!" After a year had passed, when the Queen brought her first child into the world, the old woman took it away from her, and smeared her mouth with blood as she slept. Then she went to the King and accused the Queen of being a man-eater. The King would not believe it, and would not suffer any one to do her any injury. She, however, sat continually sewing at the shirts, and cared for nothing else. The next time, when she again bore a beautiful boy, the false step-mother used the same treachery, but the King could not bring himself to give credit to her words. He said, "She is too pious and good to do anything of that kind; if she were not dumb, and could defend herself, her innocence would come to light." But when the old woman stole

away the newly-born child for the third time, and accused the Queen, who did not utter one word of defence, the King could do no otherwise than deliver her over to justice, and she was sentenced to suffer death by fire.

When the day came for the sentence to be executed, it was the last day of the six years during which she was not to speak or laugh, and she had delivered her dear brothers from the power of the enchantment. The six shirts were ready, only the left sleeve of the sixth was wanting. When, therefore, she was led to the stake, she laid the shirts on her arm, and when she stood on high and the fire was just going to be lighted, she looked around and six swans came flying through the air towards her. Then she saw that her deliverance was near, and her heart leapt with joy. The swans swept towards her and sank down so that she could throw the shirts over them, and as they were touched by them, their swan's skins fell off, and her brothers stood in their own bodily form before her, and were vigorous and handsome. The youngest only lacked his left arm, and had in the place of it a swan's wing on his shoulder. They embraced and kissed each other, and the Queen went to the King, who was greatly moved, and she began to speak and said, "Dearest husband, now I may speak and declare to thee that I am innocent, and falsely accused." And she told him of the treachery of the old woman who had taken away her three children and hidden them. Then to the great joy of the King they were brought thither, and as a punishment, the wicked step-mother was bound to the stake, and burnt to ashes. But the King and the Queen with their six brothers lived many years in happiness and peace.

## 50.— SLEEPING BEAUTY or LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE.

(*"Sleeping Beauty"* (French: *La Belle au bois dormant*), or *"Little Briar Rose"* (German: *Dornröschen*), also titled in English as *"The Sleeping Beauty in the Woods,"* is a classic fairy tale. The earliest known version of the story is found in the narrative *"Perceforest,"* composed between 1330 and 1344. The tale was first published by Giambattista Basile in his collection of tales titled *"The Pentamerone"* (published posthumously in 1634).

*Contents:* The folktale begins with a princess whose parents are told by a wicked fairy that their daughter will die when she pricks her finger on a particular item. In Basile's version, the princess pricks her finger on a piece of flax. In Perrault's and the Grimm Brothers' versions, the item is a spindle. The parents rid the kingdom of these items in the hopes of protecting their daughter, but the prophecy is fulfilled regardless. Instead of dying, as was foretold, the princess falls into a deep sleep. After some time, she is found by a prince and is awakened. In Giambattista Basile's version of Sleeping Beauty, Sun, Moon, and Talia, the sleeping beauty, Talia, falls into a deep sleep after getting a splinter of flax in her finger. She is discovered in her castle by a wandering king, who "carries her to a bed, where he gathers the first fruits of love." He leaves her there and she later gives birth to twins.

The second part begins after the prince and princess have had children. Through the course of the tale, the princess and her children are introduced in some way to another woman from the prince's life. This other woman is not fond of the prince's new family, and calls a cook to kill the children and serve them for dinner. Instead of obeying, the cook hides the children and serves livestock. Next, the other woman orders the cook to kill the princess. Before this can happen, the other woman's true nature is revealed to the prince and then she is subjected to the very death

*(that she had planned for the princess. The princess, prince, and their children live happily ever after.)*

A long time ago there were a King and Queen who said every day, "Ah, if only we had a child!" but they never had one. But it happened that once when the Queen was bathing, a frog crept out of the water on to the land, and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has gone by you shall have a daughter."

What the frog had said came true, and the Queen had a little girl who was so pretty that the King could not contain himself for joy, and ordered a great feast. He invited not only his kindred, friends and acquaintance, but also the Wise Women, in order that they might be kind and well-disposed towards the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but, as he had only twelve golden plates for them to eat out of, one of them had to be left at home.

The feast was held with all manner of splendour, and when it came to an end the Wise Women bestowed their magic gifts upon the baby: one gave virtue, another beauty, a third riches, and so on with everything in the world that one can wish for.

When eleven of them had made their promises, suddenly the thirteenth came in. She wished to avenge herself for not having been invited, and without greeting, or even looking at any one, she cried with a loud voice, "The King's daughter shall in her fifteenth year prick herself with a spindle, and fall down dead." And, without saying a word more, she turned round and left the room.

They were all shocked; but the twelfth, whose good wish still remained unspoken, came forward, and as she could not undo the evil sentence, but only soften it, she said, "It shall not be death, but a deep sleep of a hundred years, into which the princess shall fall."

The King, who would fain keep his dear child from the misfortune, gave orders that every spindle in the whole kingdom should be burnt. Meanwhile the gifts of the Wise Women were plenteously fulfilled on the young girl, for she was so beautiful, modest, good-natured, and wise, that every one who saw her was bound to love her.

It happened that on the very day when she was fifteen years old, the King and Queen were not at home, and the maiden was left in the palace quite alone. So she went round into all sorts of places, looked into rooms and bed-chambers just as she liked, and at last came to an old tower. She climbed up the narrow winding-staircase, and reached a little door. A rusty key was in the lock, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, busily spinning her flax.

"Good day, old dame," said the King's daughter; "what are you doing there?" "I am spinning," said the old woman, and nodded her head. "What sort of thing is that, that rattles round so merrily?" said the girl, and she took the spindle and wanted to spin too. But scarcely had she touched the spindle when the magic decree was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it.

And, in the very moment when she felt the prick, she fell down upon the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep extended over the whole palace; the King and Queen who had just come home, and had entered the great hall, began to go to sleep, and the whole of the court with them. The horses, too, went to sleep in the stable, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons upon the roof, the flies on the wall; even the fire that was flaming on the hearth became quiet and slept, the roast meat left off frizzling, and the cook, who was just going to pull the hair of the scullery boy, because he had forgotten something, let him go, and went to sleep.

And the wind fell, and on the trees before the castle not a leaf moved again.

But round about the castle there began to grow a hedge of thorns, which every year became higher, and at last grew close up round the castle and all over it, so that there was nothing of it to be seen, not even the flag upon the roof. But the story of the beautiful sleeping "Briar-rose," for so the princess was named, went about the country, so that from time to time kings' sons came and tried to get through the thorny hedge into the castle.

But they found it impossible, for the thorns held fast together, as if they had hands, and the youths were caught in them, could not get loose again, and died a miserable death.

After long, long years a King's son came again to that country, and heard an old man talking about the thorn-hedge, and that a castle was said to stand behind it in which a wonderfully beautiful princess, named Briar-rose, had been asleep for a hundred years; and that the King and Queen and the whole court were asleep likewise. He had heard, too, from his grandfather, that many kings' sons had already come, and had tried to get through the thorny hedge, but they had remained sticking fast in it, and had died a pitiful death. Then the youth said, "I am not afraid, I will go and see the beautiful Briar-rose." The good old man might dissuade him as he would, he did not listen to his words.

But by this time the hundred years had just passed, and the day had come when Briar-rose was to awake again. When the King's son came near to the thorn-hedge, it was nothing but large and beautiful flowers, which parted from each other of their own accord, and let him pass unhurt, then they closed again behind him like a hedge. In the castle-yard he saw the horses and the spotted hounds lying asleep; on the roof sat the pigeons with their heads under their wings. And when he entered the house, the flies were asleep upon the wall, the cook in the kitchen was still holding out his hand to seize the boy, and the maid was sitting by the black hen which she was going to pluck.

He went on farther, and in the great hall he saw the whole of the court lying asleep, and up by the throne lay the King and Queen.

Then he went on still farther, and all was so quiet that a breath could be heard, and at last he came to the tower, and opened the door into the little room where Briar-rose was sleeping. There she lay, so beautiful that he could not turn his eyes away; and he stooped down and gave her a kiss. But as soon as he kissed her, Briar-rose opened her eyes and awoke, and looked at him quite sweetly.

Then they went down together, and the King awoke, and the Queen, and the whole court, and looked at each other in great astonishment. And the horses in the court-yard stood up and shook themselves; the hounds jumped up and wagged their tails; the pigeons upon the roof pulled out their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the open country; the flies on the wall crept again; the fire in the kitchen burned up and flickered and cooked the meat; the joint began to turn and frizzle again, and the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he screamed, and the maid plucked the fowl ready for the spit.

And then the marriage of the King's son with Briar-rose was celebrated with all splendour, and they lived contented to the end of their days.

## 51.—FUNDEVOGEL or BIRD-FOUNDLING.

*("Foundling-Bird" or "Bird-Foundling" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, number 51. The story is from Hesse.)*

*Contents: A forester found a baby in a bird's nest and brought him back to be raised with his daughter Lenchen. They called the child Fundevogel or Foundling-Bird, and he and Lenchen loved each other. One day Lenchen saw the cook carrying many buckets of water to the house and asked what she was doing. The cook told her that the next day, she would boil Fundevogel in it. Lenchen went and told Fundevogel, and they fled. The cook, afraid of what the forester would say about his lost daughter, sent servants after them. Fundevogel transformed into a rosebush and Lenchen a rose on it, and the servants went back empty-handed. When they told the cook they had seen nothing but the rosebush and the rose, she scolded them for not bringing back the rose. They went again, and Fundevogel became a church, and Lenchen a chandelier in it. They returned and told the cook what they had seen, and she scolded them for not bringing back the chandelier. The cook set out herself. Fundevogel turned into a pond and Lenchen a duck on it. The cook knelt down to drink up the pool, but Lenchen caught her head and drew her into the pond to drown. The children went safely home again.)*

There was once a forester who went into the forest to hunt, and as he entered it he heard a sound of screaming as if a little child were there. He followed the sound, and at last came to a high tree, and at the top of this a little child was sitting, for the mother had fallen asleep under the tree with the child, and a bird of prey had seen it in her arms, had flown down, snatched it away, and set it on the high tree.

The forester climbed up, brought the child down, and thought to himself, "Thou wilt take him home with thee, and bring him up with thy Lina." He took it home, therefore, and the two children grew up together. The one, however, which he had found on a tree was called Fundevogel, because a bird had carried it away. Fundevogel and Lina loved each other so dearly that when they did not see each other they were sad.

The forester, however, had an old cook, who one evening took two pails and began to fetch water, and did not go once only, but many times, out to the spring. Lina saw this and said, "Hark you, old Sanna, why are you fetching so much water?" "If thou wilt never repeat it to any one, I will tell thee why." So Lina said, no, she would never repeat it to any one, and then the cook said, "Early to-morrow morning, when the forester is out hunting, I will heat the water, and when it is boiling in the kettle, I will throw in Fundevogel, and will boil him in it."

Betimes next morning the forester got up and went out hunting, and when he was gone the children were still in bed. Then Lina said to Fundevogel, "If thou wilt never leave me, I too will never leave thee." Fundevogel said, "Neither now, nor ever will I leave thee." Then said Lina, "Then will I tell thee. Last night, old Sanna carried so many buckets of water into the house that I asked her why she was doing that, and she said that if I would promise not to tell any one she would tell me, and I said I would be sure not to tell any one, and she said that early to-morrow morning when father was out hunting, she would set on the kettle full of water, throw thee into it and boil thee; but we will get up quickly, dress ourselves, and go away together."

The two children therefore got up, dressed themselves quickly, and went away. When the water in the kettle was boiling, the cook went into the bed-room to fetch Fundevogel and throw him into it.

But when she came in, and went to the beds, both the children were gone. Then she was terribly alarmed, and she said to herself, "What shall I say now when the forester comes home and sees that the children are gone? They must be followed instantly to get them back again."

Then the cook sent three servants after them, who were to run and overtake the children. The children, however, were sitting outside the forest, and when they saw from afar the three servants running, Lina said to Fundevogel, "Never leave me, and I will never leave thee." Fundevogel said, "Neither now, nor ever." Then said Lina, "Do thou become a rose-tree, and I the rose upon it." When the three servants came to the forest, nothing was there but a rose-tree and one rose on it, but the children were nowhere. Then said they, "There is nothing to be done here," and they went home and told the cook that they had seen nothing in the forest but a little rose-bush with one rose on it. Then the old cook scolded and said, "You simpletons, you should have cut the rose-bush in two, and have broken off the rose and brought it home with you; go, and do it at once." They had therefore to go out and look for the second time. The children, however, saw them coming from a distance. Then Lina said, "Fundevogel, never leave me, and I will never leave thee." Fundevogel said, "Neither now, nor ever." Said Lina, "Then do thou become a church, and I'll be the chandelier in it." So when the three servants came, nothing was there but a church, with a chandelier in it. They said therefore to each other, "What can we do here, let us go home." When they got home, the cook asked if they had not found them; so they said no, they had found nothing but a church, and that there was a chandelier in it. And the cook scolded them and said, "You fools! why did you not pull the church to pieces, and bring the chandelier home with you?" And now the old cook herself got on her legs, and went with the three servants in pursuit of the children. The children, however, saw from afar that the three servants were coming, and the cook waddling after them. Then said Lina, "Fundevogel, never leave me, and I will never leave thee." Then said Fundevogel, "Neither now, nor ever." Said Lina, "Be a fishpond, and I will be the duck upon it." The cook, however, came up to them, and when she saw the pond she lay down by it, and was about to drink it up. But the duck swam quickly to her, seized her head in its beak and drew her into the water, and there the old witch had to drown. Then the children went home together, and were heartily delighted, and if they are not dead, they are living still.

## 52.—KING THRUSHBEARD.

*("King Thrushbeard" or "King Grizzlebeard" (German: König Drosselbart) is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 52). The fairy tale is composed of three stories. The sources were the Hassenpflug family from Hanau, with supplements by Ludowine Haxthausen and by Wilhelm Grimm's friend and future wife, Dortchen Wild.)*

*Contents: A king's daughter taunts all invited suitors, especially a king with a crooked chin, since then known as "Thrushbeard". Angry, her father gives her to a begging minstrel in marriage, who takes her home. Along the way, she admires beautiful possessions and learns that everything belongs to King Thrushbeard, whereupon she regrets her dismissive attitude toward Thrushbeard. The king's daughter now has to work in the minstrel's little house, who emphasizes her incompetence. Because her weaving and spinning fail, she has to offer dishes at the market. People like to*

*buy, but the second time a supposedly drunk hussar on horseback breaks the goods. Her husband scolds her and sends her to the royal palace as a kitchen maid, where she helps out and brings home leftovers. She only wants to watch the royal couple's wedding, but King Thrushbeard drags her onto the dance floor, and the leftovers stolen that day fall out of her pockets. She tries to flee, but Drosselbart catches up with her on the stairs and reveals himself to be her husband, the alleged beggar. He had disguised himself as a minstrel to punish their pride and had also been the hussar. They end up getting married.)*

A king had a daughter who was beautiful beyond all measure, but so proud and haughty withal that no suitor was good enough for her. She sent away one after the other, and ridiculed them as well.

Once the King made a great feast and invited thereto, from far and near, all the young men likely to marry. They were all marshalled in a row according to their rank and standing; first came the kings, then the grand-dukes, then the princes, the earls, the barons, and the gentry. Then the King's daughter was led through the ranks, but to every one she had some objection to make; one was too fat, "The wine-cask," she said. Another was too tall, "Long and thin has little in." The third was too short, "Short and thick is never quick." The fourth was too pale, "As pale as death." The fifth too red, "A fighting-cock." The sixth was not straight enough, "A green log dried behind the stove."

So she had something to say against every one, but she made herself especially merry over a good king who stood quite high up in the row, and whose chin had grown a little crooked. "Well," she cried and laughed, "he has a chin like a thrush's beak!" and from that time he got the name of King Thrushbeard.

But the old King, when he saw that his daughter did nothing but mock the people, and despised all the suitors who were gathered there, was very angry, and swore that she should have for her husband the very first beggar that came to his doors.

A few days afterwards a fiddler came and sang beneath the windows, trying to earn a small alms. When the King heard him he said, "Let him come up." So the fiddler came in, in his dirty, ragged clothes, and sang before the King and his daughter, and when he had ended he asked for a trifling gift. The King said, "Your song has pleased me so well that I will give you my daughter there, to wife."

The King's daughter shuddered, but the King said, "I have taken an oath to give you to the very first beggar-man, and I will keep it." All she could say was in vain; the priest was brought, and she had to let herself be wedded to the fiddler on the spot. When that was done the King said, "Now it is not proper for you, a beggar-woman, to stay any longer in my palace, you may just go away with your husband."

The beggar-man led her out by the hand, and she was obliged to walk away on foot with him. When they came to a large forest she asked, "To whom does that beautiful forest belong?" "It belongs to King Thrushbeard; if you had taken him, it would have been yours." "Ah, unhappy girl that I am, if I had but taken King Thrushbeard!"

Afterwards they came to a meadow, and she asked again, "To whom does this beautiful green meadow belong?" "It belongs to King Thrushbeard; if you had taken him, it would have been yours." "Ah, unhappy girl that I am, if I had but taken King Thrushbeard!"

Then they came to a large town, and she asked again, "To whom does this fine large town belong?" "It belongs to King

Thrushbeard; if you had taken him, it would have been yours." "Ah, unhappy girl that I am, if I had but taken King Thrushbeard!"

"It does not please me," said the fiddler, "to hear you always wishing for another husband; am I not good enough for you?" At last they came to a very little hut, and she said, "Oh, goodness! what a small house; to whom does this miserable, mean hovel belong?" The fiddler answered, "That is my house and yours, where we shall live together."

She had to stoop in order to go in at the low door. "Where are the servants?" said the King's daughter. "What servants?" answered the beggar-man; "you must yourself do what you wish to have done. Just make a fire at once, and set on water to cook my supper, I am quite tired." But the King's daughter knew nothing about lighting fires or cooking, and the beggar-man had to lend a hand himself to get anything fairly done. When they had finished their scanty meal they went to bed; but he forced her to get up quite early in the morning in order to look after the house.

For a few days they lived in this way as well as might be, and finished all their provisions. Then the man said, "Wife, we cannot go on any longer eating and drinking here and earning nothing. You must weave baskets." He went out, cut some willows, and brought them home. Then she began to weave, but the tough willows wounded her delicate hands.

"I see that this will not do," said the man; "you had better spin, perhaps you can do that better." She sat down and tried to spin, but the hard thread soon cut her soft fingers so that the blood ran down. "See," said the man, "you are fit for no sort of work; I have made a bad bargain with you. Now I will try to make a business with pots and earthenware; you must sit in the market-place and sell the ware." "Alas," thought she, "if any of the people from my father's Kingdom come to the market and see me sitting there, selling, how they will mock me?" But it was of no use, she had to yield unless she chose to die of hunger.

For the first time she succeeded well, for the people were glad to buy the woman's wares because she was good-looking, and they paid her what she asked; many even gave her the money and left the pots with her as well. So they lived on what she had earned as long as it lasted, then the husband bought a lot of new crockery. With this she sat down at the corner of the market-place, and set it out round about her ready for sale. But suddenly there came a drunken hussar galloping along, and he rode right amongst the pots so that they were all broken into a thousand bits. She began to weep, and did not know what to do for fear. "Alas! what will happen to me?" cried she; "what will my husband say to this?"

She ran home and told him of the misfortune. "Who would seat herself at a corner of the market-place with crockery?" said the man; "leave off crying, I see very well that you cannot do any ordinary work, so I have been to our King's palace and have asked whether they cannot find a place for a kitchen-maid, and they have promised me to take you; in that way you will get your food for nothing."

The King's daughter was now a kitchen-maid, and had to be at the cook's beck and call, and do the dirtiest work. In both her pockets she fastened a little jar, in which she took home her share of the leavings, and upon this they lived.

It happened that the wedding of the King's eldest son was to be celebrated, so the poor woman went up and placed herself by the door of the hall to look on. When all the candles were lit, and people, each more beautiful than the other, entered, and all was full of pomp and splendour, she thought of her lot with a sad heart,

and cursed the pride and haughtiness which had humbled her and brought her to so great poverty.

The smell of the delicious dishes which were being taken in and out reached her, and now and then the servants threw her a few morsels of them: these she put in her jars to take home.

All at once the King's son entered, clothed in velvet and silk, with gold chains about his neck. And when he saw the beautiful woman standing by the door he seized her by the hand, and would have danced with her; but she refused and shrank with fear, for she saw that it was King Thrushbeard, her suitor whom she had driven away with scorn. Her struggles were of no avail, he drew her into the hall; but the string by which her pockets were hung broke, the pots fell down, the soup ran out, and the scraps were scattered all about. And when the people saw it, there arose general laughter and derision, and she was so ashamed that she would rather have been a thousand fathoms below the ground. She sprang to the door and would have run away, but on the stairs a man caught her and brought her back; and when she looked at him it was King Thrushbeard again. He said to her kindly, "Do not be afraid, I and the fiddler who has been living with you in that wretched hovel are one. For love of you I disguised myself so; and I also was the hussar who rode through your crockery. This was all done to humble your proud spirit, and to punish you for the insolence with which you mocked me."

Then she wept bitterly and said, "I have done great wrong, and am not worthy to be your wife." But he said, "Be comforted, the evil days are past; now we will celebrate our wedding." Then the maids-in-waiting came and put on her the most splendid clothing, and her father and his whole court came and wished her happiness in her marriage with King Thrushbeard, and the joy now began in earnest. I wish you and I had been there too.

### 53.—LITTLE SNOW-WHITE.

*("Snow White" is a 19th-century fairy tale that is today known widely across the World. The Brothers Grimm published it in 1812 as "Schneeweißchen" in the first edition of their Children's and Household Tales and numbered as KHM 53. The original Low German title was "Sneewittchen" (snee for snow, witt for white), but the first version gave the High German translation "Schneeweißchen", and the tale has become known in German by the mixed form "Schneewittchen". The Brothers Grimm's "Snow White" was predicated by Johann Karl August Musäus's "Richilde" (1782). Albert Ludwig Grimm (no relation to the Brothers Grimm) published a play version in 1808. The Brothers Grimm shortened the tale a bit and turned it into a new story. Since then, it has become one of the most famous children's fairy tales worldwide and it has appeared in all kinds of adaptations.*

*Contents: At the beginning of the story, a queen sits sewing at an open window during a winter snowfall when she pricks her finger with her needle, causing three drops of red blood to drip onto the freshly fallen white snow on the black windowsill. Then, she says to herself, "How I wish that I had a daughter that had skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood and hair as black as ebony." Sometime later, the queen gives birth to a baby daughter whom she names Snow White, but the queen dies in childbirth. A year later, Snow White's father, the king, marries again. His new wife is a very beautiful, but also vain and wicked woman who practices witchcraft. The new queen possesses a magic mirror, which she asks every morning, "Magic mirror on the wall, who is the fairest one of all?" The mirror always tells the queen that she is the fairest.*

*The queen is always pleased with that response because the magic mirror never lies. But when Snow White is seven years old, her fairness surpasses that of her stepmother. When the queen asks her mirror, it tells her that Snow White is the fairest. This gives the queen a great shock. She becomes envious, and from that moment on, her heart turns against Snow White, whom the queen grows to hate increasingly with time. Eventually, the angry queen orders a huntsman to take Snow White into the forest and kill her. As proof that Snow White is dead, the queen also wants him to return with her heart, which she will consume in order to become immortal. The huntsman takes Snow White into the forest, but after raising his dagger, he finds himself unable to kill her. When Snow White learns of her stepmother's evil plan she tearfully begs the huntsman, "Spare me this mockery of justice! I will run away into the forest and never come home again!" After seeing the tears in the princess's eyes, the huntsman reluctantly agrees to spare Snow White and brings the queen the heart of an animal instead. After wandering through the forest for hours, Snow White discovers a tiny cottage belonging to a group of seven dwarfs. Since no one is at home, she eats some of the tiny meals, drinks some of their wine, and then tests all the beds. Finally, the last bed is comfortable enough for her, and she falls asleep. When the dwarfs return home, they immediately become aware that there has been a burglar in their house, because everything in their home is in disorder. Prowling about frantically, they head upstairs and discover the sleeping Snow White. She wakes up and explains to them about her stepmother's attempt to kill her, and the dwarfs take pity on her and let her stay with them in exchange for a job as a housemaid. They warn her to be careful when alone at home and to let no one in while they are working in the mountains. Snow White grows into an absolutely lovely, fair and beautiful young maiden. Meanwhile, the queen, who believes she had gotten rid of Snow White a decade earlier, asks her mirror once again: "Magic mirror on the wall, who now is the fairest one of all?" The mirror tells her that not only is Snow White still the fairest in the land, but she is also currently hiding with the dwarfs. The queen is furious when she learns that Snow White used her wits to fake her death, and decides to kill the girl herself. First, she appears at the dwarfs' cottage, disguised as an old peddler, and offers Snow White colourful, silky laced bodices as a present. The queen laces her up so tightly that Snow White faints; the dwarfs return just in time to revive Snow White by loosening the laces. Next, the queen dresses up as a comb seller and convinces Snow White to take a beautiful comb as a present; she strokes Snow White's hair with the poisoned comb. The girl is overcome by the poison from the comb, but she is again revived by the dwarfs when they remove the comb from her hair. Finally, the queen disguises herself as a farmer's wife and offers Snow White a poisoned apple. Snow White is hesitant to accept it, so the queen cuts the apple in half, eating the white (harmless) half and giving the red poisoned half to Snow White; the girl eagerly takes a bite and then falls into a coma or appearing to be dead, causing the Queen to think she has finally triumphed. This time, the dwarfs are unable to revive Snow White, and, assuming that the queen has finally killed her, they place her in a glass casket as a funeral for her. The next day, a prince stumbles upon a seemingly-dead Snow White lying in her glass coffin during a hunting trip. After hearing her story from the Seven Dwarfs, the prince is allowed to take Snow White to her proper resting place back at her father's castle. All of a sudden, while Snow White is being transported, one of the prince's servants trips and loses his balance. This dislodges the piece of the poisoned apple from Snow White's throat, magically reviving her.*

*The Prince is overjoyed with this miracle, and he declares his love for the now alive and well Snow White, who, surprised to meet him face to face, humbly accepts his marriage proposal. The prince invites everyone in the land to their wedding, except for Snow White's stepmother. The queen, believing herself finally to be rid of Snow White after ten years, again asks her magic mirror who is the fairest in the land. The mirror says that there is a bride of a prince, who is yet fairer than she. The queen decides to visit the wedding and investigate. Once she arrives, the Queen becomes frozen with rage and fear when she finds out that the prince's bride is her stepdaughter, Snow White herself. The furious Queen tries to sow chaos and attempts to kill her again, but the prince recognises her as a threat to Snow White when he learns the truth from his bride. As a punishment for the attempted murder of Snow White, the prince orders the Queen to wear a pair of red-hot iron slippers and to dance in them until she drops dead. With the evil Queen finally defeated and dead, Snow White has taken her revenge, so her wedding to the prince peacefully continues.)*

Once upon a time in the middle of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the sky, a queen sat at a window sewing, and the frame of the window was made of black ebony. And whilst she was sewing and looking out of the window at the snow, she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell upon the snow. And the red looked pretty upon the white snow, and she thought to herself, "Would that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the window-frame."

Soon after that she had a little daughter, who was as white as snow, and as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony; and she was therefore called Little Snow-white. And when the child was born, the Queen died.

After a year had passed the King took to himself another wife. She was a beautiful woman, but proud and haughty, and she could not bear that any one else should surpass her in beauty. She had a wonderful looking-glass, and when she stood in front of it and looked at herself in it, and said—

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,  
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"  
the looking-glass answered—

"Thou, O Queen, art the fairest of all!"

Then she was satisfied, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth.

But Snow-white was growing up, and grew more and more beautiful; and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as the day, and more beautiful than the Queen herself. And once when the Queen asked her looking-glass—

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,  
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"  
it answered—

"Thou art fairer than all who are here, Lady Queen."

But more beautiful still is Snow-white, as I ween."

Then the Queen was shocked, and turned yellow and green with envy. From that hour, whenever she looked at Snow-white, her heart heaved in her breast, she hated the girl so much.

And envy and pride grew higher and higher in her heart like a weed, so that she had no peace day or night. She called a huntsman, and said, "Take the child away into the forest; I will no longer have her in my sight. Kill her, and bring me back her heart as a token." The huntsman obeyed, and took her away; but when he had drawn his knife, and was about to pierce Snow-white's innocent heart, she began to weep, and said, "Ah, dear huntsman,

leave me my life! I will run away into the wild forest, and never come home again."

And as she was so beautiful the huntsman had pity on her and said, "Run away, then, you poor child." "The wild beasts will soon have devoured you," thought he, and yet it seemed as if a stone had been rolled from his heart since it was no longer needful for him to kill her. And as a young boar just then came running by he stabbed it, and cut out its heart and took it to the Queen as a proof that the child was dead. The cook had to salt this, and the wicked Queen ate it, and thought she had eaten the heart of Snow-white.

But now the poor child was all alone in the great forest, and so terrified that she looked at every leaf of every tree, and did not know what to do. Then she began to run, and ran over sharp stones and through thorns, and the wild beasts ran past her, but did her no harm. She ran as long as her feet would go until it was almost evening; then she saw a little cottage and went into it to rest herself. Everything in the cottage was small, but neater and cleaner than can be told. There was a table on which was a white cover, and seven little plates, and on each plate a little spoon; moreover, there were seven little knives and forks, and seven little mugs. Against the wall stood seven little beds side by side, and covered with snow-white counterpanes.

Little Snow-white was so hungry and thirsty that she ate some vegetables and bread from each plate and drank a drop of wine out of each mug, for she did not wish to take all from one only. Then, as she was so tired she laid herself down on one of the little beds, but none of them suited her; one was too long, another too short, but at last she found that the seventh one was right, and so she remained in it, said a prayer and went to sleep.

When it was quite dark the owners of the cottage came back; they were seven dwarfs who dug and delved in the mountains for ore. They lit their seven candles, and as it was now light within the cottage they saw that some one had been there, for everything was not in the same order in which they had left it.

The first said, "Who has been sitting on my chair?"  
The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?"  
The third, "Who has been taking some of my bread?"  
The fourth, "Who has been eating my vegetables?"  
The fifth, "Who has been using my fork?"  
The sixth, "Who has been cutting with my knife?"  
The seventh, "Who has been drinking out of my mug?"

Then the first looked round and saw that there was a little hole on his bed, and he said, "Who has been getting into my bed?" The others came up and each called out "Somebody has been lying in my bed too." But the seventh when he looked at his bed saw little Snow-white who was lying asleep therein. And he called the others' who came running up, and they cried out with astonishment, and brought their seven little candles and let the light fall on little Snow-white. "Oh, heavens! oh heavens!" cried they, "what a lovely child!" and they were so glad that they did not wake her up, but let her sleep on in the bed. And the seventh dwarf slept with his companions, one hour with each, and so got through the night.

When it was morning little Snow-white awoke, and was frightened when she saw the seven dwarfs. But they were friendly and asked her what her name was. "My name is Snow-white," she answered. "How have you come to our house?" said the dwarfs. Then she told them that her step-mother had wished to have her killed, but that the huntsman had spared her life, and that she had run for the whole day, until at last she had found their dwelling. The dwarfs said, "If you will take care of our house, cook, make

the beds, wash, sew, and knit, and if you will keep everything neat and clean, you can stay with us and you shall want for nothing." "Yes," said Snow-white, "with all my heart," and she stayed with them. She kept the house in order for them; in the mornings they went to the mountains and looked for copper and gold, in the evenings they came back, and then their supper had to be ready. The girl was alone the whole day, so the good dwarfs warned her and said, "Beware of your step-mother, she will soon know that you are here; be sure to let no one come in."

But the Queen, believing that she had eaten Snow-white's heart, could not but think that she was again the first and most beautiful of all; and she went to her looking-glass and said —

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,

Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

and the glass answered —

"Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,

But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell.

Snow-white is still alive and well,

And none is so fair as she."

Then she was astounded, for she knew that the looking-glass never spoke falsely, and she knew that the huntsman had betrayed her, and that little Snow-white was still alive.

And so she thought and thought again how she might kill her, for so long as she was not the fairest in the whole land, envy let her have no rest. And when she had at last thought of something to do, she painted her face, and dressed herself like an old pedler-woman, and no one could have known her. In this disguise she went over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs, and knocked at the door and cried, "Pretty things to sell, very cheap, very cheap." Little Snow-white looked out of the window and called out, "Good-day, my good woman, what have you to sell?" "Good things, pretty things," she answered; "stay-laces of all colours," and she pulled out one which was woven of bright-coloured silk. "I may let the worthy old woman in," thought Snow-white, and she unbolted the door and bought the pretty laces. "Child," said the old woman, "what a fright you look; come, I will lace you properly for once." Snow-white had no suspicion, but stood before her, and let herself be laced with the new laces. But the old woman laced so quickly and laced so tightly that Snow-white lost her breath and fell down as if dead. "Now I am the most beautiful," said the Queen to herself, and ran away.

Not long afterwards, in the evening, the seven dwarfs came home, but how shocked they were when they saw their dear little Snow-white lying on the ground, and that she neither stirred nor moved, and seemed to be dead. They lifted her up, and, as they saw that she was laced too tightly, they cut the laces; then she began to breathe a little, and after a while came to life again. When the dwarfs heard what had happened they said, "The old pedler-woman was no one else than the wicked Queen; take care and let no one come in when we are not with you."

But the wicked woman when she had reached home went in front of the glass and asked —

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,

Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

and it answered as before —

"Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,

But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,

Snow-white is still alive and well,

And none is so fair as she."

When she heard that, all her blood rushed to her heart with fear, for she saw plainly that little Snow-white was again alive. "But now," she said, "I will think of something that shall put an end to

yon," and by the help of witchcraft, which she understood, she made a poisonous comb. Then she disguised herself and took the shape of another old woman. So she went over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door, and cried, "Good things to sell, cheap, cheap!" Little Snow-white looked out and said, "Go away; I cannot let any one come in." "I suppose you can look," said the old woman, and pulled the poisonous comb out and held it up. It pleased the girl so well that she let herself be beguiled, and opened the door. When they had made a bargain the old woman said, "Now I will comb you properly for once." Poor little Snow-white had no suspicion, and let the old woman do as she pleased, but hardly had she put the comb in her hair than the poison in it took effect, and the girl fell down senseless. "You paragon of beauty," said the wicked woman, "you are done for now," and she went away.

But fortunately it was almost evening, when the seven dwarfs came home. When they saw Snow-white lying as if dead upon the ground they at once suspected the stepmother, and they looked and found the poisoned comb. Scarcely had they taken it out when Snow-white came to herself, and told them what had happened. Then they warned her once more to be upon her guard and to open the door to no one.

The Queen, at home, went in front of the glass and said —

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,

"Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

then it answered as before —

"Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,

But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,

Snow-white is still alive and well,

And none is so fair as she."

When she heard the glass speak thus she trembled and shook with rage. "Snow-white shall die," she cried, "even if it costs me my life!"

Thereupon she went into a quite secret, lonely room, where no one ever came, and there she made a very poisonous apple. Outside it looked pretty, white with a red cheek, so that every one who saw it longed for it; but whoever ate a piece of it must surely die.

When the apple was ready she painted her face, and dressed herself up as a country-woman, and so she went over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs. She knocked at the door. Snow-white put her head out of the window and said, "I cannot let any one in; the seven dwarfs have forbidden me." "It is all the same to me," answered the woman, "I shall soon get rid of my apples. There, I will give you one."

"No," said Snow-white, "I dare not take anything." "Are you afraid of poison?" said the old woman; "look, I will cut the apple in two pieces; you eat the red cheek, and I will eat the white." The apple was so cunningly made that only the red cheek was poisoned. Snow-white longed for the fine apple, and when she saw that the woman ate part of it she could resist no longer, and stretched out her hand and took the poisonous half. But hardly had she a bit of it in her mouth than she fell down dead. Then the Queen looked at her with a dreadful look, and laughed aloud and said, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony-wood! this time the dwarfs cannot wake you up again."

And when she asked of the Looking-glass at home —

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,

Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

it answered at last —

"Oh, Queen, in this land thou art fairest of all."

Then her envious heart had rest, so far as an envious heart can have rest.

The dwarfs, when they came home in the evening, found Snow-white lying upon the ground; she breathed no longer and was dead. They lifted her up, looked to see whether they could find anything poisonous, unlaced her, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine, but it was all of no use; the poor child was dead, and remained dead. They laid her upon a bier, and all seven of them sat round it and wept for her, and wept three days long.

Then they were going to bury her, but she still looked as if she were living, and still had her pretty red cheeks. They said, "We could not bury her in the dark ground," and they had a transparent coffin of glass made, so that she could be seen from all sides, and they laid her in it, and wrote her name upon it in golden letters, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they put the coffin out upon the mountain, and one of them always stayed by it and watched it. And birds came too, and wept for Snow-white; first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove.

And now Snow-white lay a long, long time in the coffin, and she did not change, but looked as if she were asleep; for she was as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony.

It happened, however, that a king's son came into the forest, and went to the dwarfs' house to spend the night. He saw the coffin on the mountain, and the beautiful Snow-white within it, and read what was written upon it in golden letters. Then he said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin, I will give you whatever you want for it." But the dwarfs answered, "We will not part with it for all the gold in the world." Then he said, "Let me have it as a gift, for I cannot live without seeing Snow-white. I will honour and prize her as my dearest possession." As he spoke in this way the good dwarfs took pity upon him, and gave him the coffin.

And now the King's son had it carried away by his servants on their shoulders. And it happened that they stumbled over a tree-stump, and with the shock the poisonous piece of apple which Snow-white had bitten off came out of her throat. And before long she opened her eyes, lifted up the lid of the coffin, sat up, and was once more alive. "Oh, heavens, where am I?" she cried. The King's son, full of joy, said, "You are with me," and told her what had happened, and said, "I love you more than everything in the world; come with me to my father's palace, you shall be my wife."

And Snow-white was willing, and went with him, and their wedding was held with great show and splendour. But Snow-white's wicked step-mother was also bidden to the feast. When she had arrayed herself in beautiful clothes she went before the Looking-glass, and said—

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,  
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

the glass answered—

"Oh, Queen, of all here the fairest art thou,  
But the young Queen is fairer by far as I trow."

Then the wicked woman uttered a curse, and was so wretched, so utterly wretched, that she knew not what to do. At first she would not go to the wedding at all, but she had no peace, and must go to see the young Queen. And when she went in she knew Snow-white; and she stood still with rage and fear, and could not stir. But iron slippers had already been put upon the fire, and they were brought in with tongs, and set before her. Then she was forced to put on the red-hot shoes, and dance until she dropped down dead.

#### 54.—THE KNAPSACK, THE HAT, AND THE HORN.

(*"The knapsack, the little hat and the little horn"* is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 at position 54 (KHM 54). The plot corresponds to the shorter "*Of the Napkin, the Knapsack, the Cannon Hood and the Horn*" from the 1st edition (See: 1812 KHM 37) and could be contributed by Sergeant Krause as well.

*Contents: Three brothers set out to seek their fortunes. In a forest stands a mountain of silver. The eldest takes it and goes home, then the second at one made of gold. The youngest almost starves to death in an even bigger forest. Even from a treetop he sees no end. Descending, he finds a set table. It's a wishing tablecloth. He meets three charcoal burners one after the other, who in return give him a soldier's satchel, a little hat and a little horn. If you tap on the satchel, three soldiers will appear, and he will have the cloth retrieved from them. At home, his rich brothers mock him for his shabby clothes. His soldiers beat them and also beat the king's troops. He sends more the next day, but the hero turns the hat on his head and cannons fire. He has the king's daughter given to him. She wants to get rid of him, takes his satchel and lets him chase him away, but he has the little hat. When she tries again and takes that away from him, too, he blows the little horn\* that destroys the city walls. By the use of these items, he marries a princess and becomes the ruler of a nation. [\** "*the horn that destroys city walls*" reminds us of the Battle of Jericho, See: Joshua [Yehoshua; Greek: Iesous = 'Jesus'], Moses' assistant 6:1–27; in: Tanakh [Old Testament], The Nevi'im [Prophets], Grand Bible, Internet Archive.].)

There were once three brothers who had fallen deeper and deeper into poverty, and at last their need was so great that they had to endure hunger, and had nothing to eat or drink. Then said they, "We cannot go on thus, we had better go into the world and seek our fortune." They therefore set out, and had already walked over many a long road and many a blade of grass, but had not yet met with good luck. One day they arrived in a great forest, and in the midst of it was a hill, and when they came nearer they saw that the hill was all silver. Then spake the eldest, "Now I have found the good luck I wished for, and I desire nothing more." He took as much of the silver as he could possibly carry, and then turned back and went home again. But the two others said, "We want something more from good luck than mere silver," and did not touch it, but went onwards. After they had walked for two days longer without stopping, they came to a hill which was all gold. The second brother stopped, took thought with himself, and was undecided. "What shall I do?" said he; "shall I take for myself so much of this gold, that I have sufficient for all the rest of my life, or shall I go farther?" At length he made a decision, and putting as much into his pockets as would go in, said farewell to his brother, and went home. But the third said, "Silver and gold do not move me, I will not renounce my chance of fortune, perhaps something better still will be given me." He journeyed onwards, and when he had walked for three days, he got into a forest which was still larger than the one before, and never would come to an end, and as he found nothing to eat or to drink, he was all but exhausted. Then he climbed up a high tree to find out if up there he could see the end of the forest, but so far as his eye could pierce he saw nothing but the tops of trees. Then he began to descend the tree again, but hunger tormented him, and he thought to himself, "If I could but eat my fill once more!" When he got down he saw with astonishment a table beneath the tree richly spread with food, the

steam of which rose up to meet him. "This time," said he, "my wish has been fulfilled at the right moment." And without inquiring who had brought the food, or who had cooked it, he approached the table, and ate with enjoyment until he had appeased his hunger. When he was done, he thought, "It would after all be a pity if the pretty little table-cloth were to be spoilt in the forest here," and folded it up tidily and put it in his pocket. Then he went onwards, and in the evening, when hunger once more made itself felt, he wanted to make a trial of his little cloth, and spread it out and said, "I wish thee to be covered with good cheer again," and scarcely had the wish crossed his lips than as many dishes with the most exquisite food on them stood on the table as there was room for. "Now I perceive," said he, "in what kitchen my cooking is done. Thou shalt be dearer to me than the mountains of silver and gold." For he saw plainly that it was a wishing-cloth. The cloth, however, was still not enough to enable him to sit down quietly at home; he preferred to wander about the world and pursue his fortune farther.

One night he met, in a lonely wood, a dusty, black charcoal-burner, who was burning charcoal there, and had some potatoes by the fire, on which he was going to make a meal. "Good evening, blackbird!" said the youth. "How dost thou get on in thy solitude?"

"One day is like another," replied the charcoal-burner, "and every night potatoes! Hast thou a mind to have some, and wilt thou be my guest?" "Many thanks," replied the traveller, "I won't rob thee of thy supper; thou didst not reckon on a visitor, but if thou wilt put up with what I have, thou shalt have an invitation."

"Who is to prepare it for thee?" said the charcoal-burner. "I see that thou hast nothing with thee, and there is no one within a two hours' walk who could give thee anything." "And yet there shall be a meal," answered the youth, "and better than any thou hast ever tasted." Thereupon he brought his cloth out of his knapsack, spread it on the ground, and said, "Little cloth, cover thyself," and instantly boiled meat and baked meat stood there, and as hot as if it had just come out of the kitchen. The charcoal-burner stared, but did not require much pressing; he fell to, and thrust larger and larger mouthfuls into his black mouth. When they had eaten everything, the charcoal-burner smiled contentedly, and said, "Hark thee, thy table-cloth has my approval; it would be a fine thing for me in this forest, where no one ever cooks me anything good. I will propose an exchange to thee; there in the corner hangs a soldier's knapsack, which is certainly old and shabby, but in it lie concealed wonderful powers; but, as I no longer use it, I will give it to thee for the table-cloth."

"I must first know what these wonderful powers are," answered the youth.

"That will I tell thee," replied the charcoal-burner; "every time thou tappest it with thy hand, a corporal comes with six men armed from head to foot, and they do whatsoever thou commandest them." "So far as I am concerned," said he, "if nothing else can be done, we will exchange," and he gave the charcoal-burner the cloth, took the knapsack from the hook, put it on, and bade farewell. When he had walked a while, he wished to make a trial of the magical powers of his knapsack and tapped it. Immediately the seven warriors stepped up to him, and the corporal said, "What does my lord and ruler wish for?"

"March with all speed to the charcoal-burner, and demand my wishing-cloth back." They faced to the left, and it was not long before they brought what he required, and had taken it from the charcoal-burner without asking many questions. The young man bade them retire, went onwards, and hoped fortune would shine

yet more brightly on him. By sunset he came to another charcoal-burner, who was making his supper ready by the fire. "If thou wilt eat some potatoes with salt, but with no dripping, come and sit down with me," said the sooty fellow.

"No," he replied, "this time thou shalt be my guest," and he spread out his cloth, which was instantly covered with the most beautiful dishes. They ate and drank together, and enjoyed themselves heartily. After the meal was over, the charcoal-burner said, "Up there on that shelf lies a little old worn-out hat which has strange properties: when any one puts it on, and turns it round on his head, the cannons go off as if twelve were fired all together, and they shoot down everything so that no one can withstand them. The hat is of no use to me, and I will willingly give it for thy table-cloth."

"That suits me very well," he answered, took the hat, put it on, and left his table-cloth behind him. Hardly, however, had he walked away than he tapped on his knapsack, and his soldiers had to fetch the cloth back again. "One thing comes on the top of another," thought he, "and I feel as if my luck had not yet come to an end." Neither had his thoughts deceived him. After he had walked on for the whole of one day, he came to a third charcoal-burner, who like the previous ones, invited him to potatoes without dripping. But he let him also dine with him from his wishing-cloth, and the charcoal-burner liked it so well, that at last he offered him a horn for it, which had very different properties from those of the hat. When any one blew it all the walls and fortifications fell down, and all towns and villages became ruins. He certainly gave the charcoal-burner the cloth for it, but he afterwards sent his soldiers to demand it back again, so that at length he had the knapsack, hat and horn, all three. "Now," said he, "I am a made man, and it is time for me to go home and see how my brothers are getting on."

When he reached home, his brothers had built themselves a handsome house with their silver and gold, and were living in clover. He went to see them, but as he came in a ragged coat, with his shabby hat on his head, and his old knapsack on his back, they would not acknowledge him as their brother. They mocked and said, "Thou givest out that thou art our brother who despised silver and gold, and craved for something still better for himself. He will come in his carriage in full splendour like a mighty king, not like a beggar," and they drove him out of doors. Then he fell into a rage, and tapped his knapsack until a hundred and fifty men stood before him armed from head to foot. He commanded them to surround his brothers' house, and two of them were to take hazel-sticks with them, and beat the two insolent men until they knew who he was. A violent disturbance arose, people ran together, and wanted to lend the two some help in their need, but against the soldiers they could do nothing. News of this at length came to the King, who was very angry, and ordered a captain to march out with his troop, and drive this disturber of the peace out of the town; but the man with the knapsack soon got a greater body of men together, who repulsed the captain and his men, so that they were forced to retire with bloody noses. The King said, "This vagabond is not brought to order yet," and next day sent a still larger troop against him, but they could do even less. The youth set still more men against them, and in order to be done the sooner, he turned his hat twice round on his head, and heavy guns began to play, and the king's men were beaten and put to flight. "And now," said he, "I will not make peace until the King gives me his daughter to wife, and I govern the whole kingdom in his name." He caused this to be announced to the King, and the latter said to his daughter, "Necessity is a hard nut to crack,—what

remains to me but to do what he desires? If I want peace and to keep the crown on my head, I must give thee away."

So the wedding was celebrated, but the King's daughter was vexed that her husband should be a common man, who wore a shabby hat, and put on an old knapsack. She wished much to get rid of him, and night and day studied how she could accomplish this. Then she thought to herself, "Is it possible that his wonderful powers lie in the knapsack?" and she dissembled and caressed him, and when his heart was softened, she said, "If thou wouldest but lay aside that ugly knapsack, it disfigures thee so, that I can't help being ashamed of thee." "Dear child," said he, "this knapsack is my greatest treasure; as long as I have it, there is no power on earth that I am afraid of." And he revealed to her the wonderful virtue with which it was endowed. Then she threw herself in his arms as if she were going to kiss him, but dexterously took the knapsack off his shoulders, and ran away with it. As soon as she was alone she tapped it, and commanded the warriors to seize their former master, and take him out of the royal palace. They obeyed, and the false wife sent still more men after him, who were to drive him quite out of the country. Then he would have been ruined if he had not had the little hat. But his hands were scarcely at liberty before he turned it twice. Immediately the cannon began to thunder, and struck down everything, and the King's daughter herself was forced to come and beg for mercy. As she entreated in such moving terms, and promised amendment, he allowed himself to be persuaded and granted her peace. She behaved in a friendly manner to him, and acted as if she loved him very much, and after some time managed so to befool him, that he confided to her that even if any one got the knapsack into his power, he could do nothing against him so long as the old hat was still his. When she knew the secret, she waited until he was asleep, and then she took the hat away from him, and had it thrown out into the street. But the horn still remained to him, and in great anger he blew it with all his strength. Instantly all walls, fortifications, towns, and villages, toppled down, and crushed the King and his daughter to death. And had he not put down the horn and had just blown a little longer, everything would have been in ruins, and not one stone would have been left standing on another. Then no one opposed him any longer, and he made himself King of the whole country.

## 55.—RUMPELSTILTSKIN.

*(Rumpelstiltskin is a classic fairy tale, which was recorded by the Brothers Grimm in their Children's and Household Tales as KHM 55. The earliest version can be found in "La Tour ténébreuse et les Jours lumineux, Contes Anglais" from 1705 by Mademoiselle L'Héritier, a collection of French fairy tales.)*

*Contents: A miller has a daughter he is so proud of that he claims she can do anything, even spin gold out of straw. When the king hears this, he demands that she do this especially for him. She is locked in a room with straw and given one night. If she fails, she will be killed. That night a man comes along and promises to help her in exchange for her necklace. The male will then spin the gold out of straw for her. When the king sees the gold the next morning, however, he wants more, and the male returns one more time. This time he asks for the ring from the girl. The third time he asks for her firstborn child in return. In her desperation, she promises that. The king is so pleased with all the gold that he decides to marry her. After a year a child is born and the male comes to claim his "wage". The queen offers him all her wealth, if only she could keep*

*her child. She is very sad, whereupon the male says that he will waive his demand if she can guess his name. The queen then collects all the names she can find, from the usual to the unusual, but none of these names turn out to be the male's. His name is still known when one night someone sees the little man dancing in the woods by a fire, while he reveals his name while singing: "Nobody knows, nobody knows, that my name is Rumplestiltskin." The passerby tells what he has heard to the queen. When the queen guesses again the next day and now calls out the correct name of the male, Rumplestiltskin stamps angrily on the ground and slumps halfway, tearing himself in half.)*

Once there was a miller who was poor, but who had a beautiful daughter. Now it happened that he had to go and speak to the King, and in order to make himself appear important he said to him, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold." The King said to the miller, "That is an art which pleases me well; if your daughter is as clever as you say, bring her to-morrow to my palace, and I will try what she can do."

And when the girl was brought to him he took her into a room which was quite full of straw, gave her a spinning-wheel and a reel, and said, "Now set to work, and if by to-morrow morning early you have not spun this straw into gold during the night, you must die." Thereupon he himself locked up the room, and left her in it alone. So there sat the poor miller's daughter, and for her life could not tell what to do; she had no idea how straw could be spun into gold, and she grew more and more miserable, until at last she began to weep.

But all at once the door opened, and in came a little man, and said, "Good evening. Mistress Miller; why are you crying so?" "Alas!" answered the girl, "I have to spin straw into gold, and I do not know how to do it." "What will you give me," said the manikin, "if I do it for you?" "My necklace," said the girl. The little man took the necklace, seated himself in front of the wheel, and "whirr, whirr, whirr," three turns, and the reel was full; then he put another on, and whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round, and the second was full too. And so it went on until the morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the reels were full of gold. By daybreak the King was already there, and when he saw the gold he was astonished and delighted, but his heart became only more greedy. He had the miller's daughter taken into another room full of straw, which was much larger, and commanded her to spin that also in one night if she valued her life. The girl knew not how to help herself, and was crying, when the door again opened, and the little man appeared, and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold for you?" "The ring on my finger," answered the girl. The little man took the ring, again began to turn the wheel, and by morning had spun all the straw into glittering gold.

The King rejoiced beyond measure at the sight, but still he had not gold enough; and he had the miller's daughter taken into a still larger room full of straw, and said, "You must spin this, too, in the course of this night; but if you succeed, you shall be my wife." "Even if she be a miller's daughter," thought he, "I could not find a richer wife in the whole world."

When the girl was alone the manikin came again for the third time, and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time also?" "I have nothing left that I could give," answered the girl. "Then promise me, if you should become Queen, your first child." "Who knows whether that will ever happen?" thought the miller's daughter; and, not knowing how else to help herself in this strait, she promised the manikin what he wanted, and for that he once more spun the straw into gold.

And when the King came in the morning, and found all as he had wished, he took her in marriage, and the pretty miller's daughter became a Queen.

A year after, she had a beautiful child, and she never gave a thought to the manikin. But suddenly he came into her room, and said, "Now give me what you promised." The Queen was horror-struck, and offered the manikin all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her the child. But the manikin said, "No, something that is living is dearer to me than all the treasures in the world." Then the Queen began to weep and cry, so that the manikin pitied her. "I will give you three days' time," said he; "if by that time you find out my name, then shall you keep your child."

So the Queen thought the whole night of all the names that she had ever heard, and she sent a messenger over the country to inquire, far and wide, for any other names that there might be. When the manikin came the next day, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and said all the names she knew, one after another; but to every one the little man said, "That is not my name." On the second day she had inquiries made in the neighbourhood as to the names of the people there, and she repeated to the manikin the most uncommon and curious. "Perhaps your name is Shortribs, or Sheepshanks, or Laceleg?" but he always answered, "That is not my name."

On the third day the messenger came back again, and said, "I have not been able to find a single new name, but as I came to a high mountain at the end of the forest, where the fox and the hare bid each other good night, there I saw a little house, and before the house a fire was burning, and round about the fire quite a ridiculous little man was jumping: he hopped upon one leg, and shouted—

"To-day I bake, to-morrow brew,  
The next I'll have the young Queen's child.  
Ha! glad am I that no one knew  
That Rumpelstiltskin I am styled."

You may think how glad the Queen was when she heard the name! And when soon afterwards the little man came in, and asked, "Now, Mistress Queen, what is my name?" at first she said, "Is your name Conrad?" "No." "Is your name Harry?" "No."

"Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?"

"The devil has told you that! the devil has told you that!" cried the little man, and in his anger he plunged his right foot so deep into the earth that his whole leg went in; and then in rage he pulled at his left leg so hard with both hands that he tore himself in two.

## 56.—SWEETHEART ROLAND.

(*"Sweetheart Roland"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 56). Grimm's note notes "from Hesse" (from *Dortchen Wild*). In a story by Ovid that was widely read in the Middle Ages, Klytia was loved by the sun god and, after a long and fruitless wait and staring at the sun, turned into a sunflower.

Contents: A witch loves her ugly, evil daughter and hates her beautiful, good stepdaughter. The daughter wants to have the beautiful apron of the others. The witch makes her lie in the back of the bed so she can cut off her stepdaughter's head at night. But she overhears and pushes the witches daughter forward at night, so that she is killed instead. Then the stepdaughter goes to her lover Roland, on whose advice she takes the witch's wand before escaping. She drips three more drops of blood from the dead head onto the stairs, into the kitchen and onto the bed. When the witch

wakes up and calls her child, the drop from the stairs answers, then the one from the kitchen, then the one from the bed. Then she realises her mistake and quickly follows the couple, but they turn into a lake with a duck on it, which cannot be lured by food, the next day into a beautiful flower in a thorn hedge with a violin player in front of it. He plays a magic dance for the witch so that she has to dance and is torn to pieces by the thorns. While Roland goes to his father to order the wedding, the girl turns into a red boulder to wait for him unrecognised. When he doesn't come back because he meets someone else, she turns into a flower for someone to kick over her. A shepherd breaks them off and puts them in his box. From then on, his household takes care of itself. On the advice of a wise woman, in the morning he throws a white cloth over the flower that is just coming out of its box. The girl transformed back in this way tells him her fate. When he proposes marriage, she says 'no', she wants to stay true to her sweetheart, Roland. When all the girls are supposed to sing for the wedding couple, they don't want to go. But when it sings, Roland recognises the right bride and remembers. They marry and become happy.)

There was once on a time a woman who was a real witch and had two daughters, one ugly and wicked, and this one she loved because she was her own daughter, and one beautiful and good, and this one she hated, because she was her step-daughter. The step-daughter once had a pretty apron, which the other fancied so much that she became envious, and told her mother that she must and would have that apron. "Be quiet, my child," said the old woman, "and thou shalt have it. Thy step-sister has long deserved death, to-night when she is asleep I will come and cut her head off. Only be careful that thou art at the far-side of the bed, and push her well to the front." It would have been all over with the poor girl if she had not just then been standing in a corner, and heard everything. All day long she dared not go out of doors, and when bed-time had come, the witch's daughter got into bed first, so as to lie at the far side, but when she was asleep, the other pushed her gently to the front, and took for herself the place at the back, close by the wall. In the night, the old woman came creeping in, she held an axe in her right hand, and felt with her left to see if any one was lying at the outside, and then she grasped the axe with both hands, and cut her own child's head off.

When she had gone away, the girl got up and went to her sweetheart, who was called Roland, and knocked at his door. When he came out, she said to him, "Hear me, dearest Roland, we must fly in all haste; my step-mother wanted to kill me, but has struck her own child. When daylight comes, and she sees what she has done, we shall be lost." "But," said Roland, "I counsel thee first to take away her magic wand, or we cannot escape if she pursues us." The maiden fetched the magic wand, and she took the dead girl's head and dropped three drops of blood on the ground, one in front of the bed, one in the kitchen, and one on the stairs. Then she hurried away with her lover. When the old witch got up next morning, she called her daughter, and wanted to give her the apron, but she did not come. Then the witch cried, "Where art thou?" "Here, on the stairs, I am sweeping," answered the first drop of blood. The old woman went out, but saw no one on the stairs, and cried again, "Where art thou?" "Here in the kitchen, I am warming myself," cried the second drop of blood. She went into the kitchen, but found no one. Then she cried again, "Where art thou?" "Ah, here in the bed, I am sleeping." cried the third drop of blood. She went into the room to the bed. What did she see there? Her own child, whose head she had cut off, bathed in her

blood. The witch fell into a passion, sprang to the window, and as she could look forth quite far into the world, she perceived her step-daughter hurrying away with her sweetheart Roland. "That shall not serve you," cried she, "even if you have got a long way off, you shall still not escape me." She put on her many league boots, in which she went an hour's walk at every step, and it was not long before she overtook them. The girl, however, when she saw the old woman striding towards her, changed, with her magic wand, her sweetheart Roland into a lake, and herself into a duck swimming in the middle of it. The witch placed herself on the shore, threw bread-crumbs in, and gave herself every possible trouble to entice the duck; but the duck did not let herself be enticed, and the old woman had to go home at night as she had come. On this the girl and her sweetheart Roland resumed their natural shapes again, and they walked on the whole night until daybreak. Then the maiden changed herself into a beautiful flower which stood in the midst of a briar hedge, and her sweetheart Roland into a fiddler. It was not long before the witch came striding up towards them, and said to the musician, "Dear musician, may I pluck that beautiful flower for myself?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I will play to you while you do it." As she was hastily creeping into the hedge and was just going to pluck the flower, for she well knew who the flower was, he began to play, and whether she would or not, she was forced to dance, for it was a magical dance. The quicker he played, the more violent springs was she forced to make, and the thorns tore her clothes from her body, and pricked her and wounded her till she bled, and as he did not stop, she had to dance till she lay dead on the ground.

When they were delivered, Roland said, "Now I will go to my father and arrange for the wedding." "Then in the meantime I will stay here and wait for thee," said the girl, "and that no one may recognise me, I will change myself into a red stone land-mark." Then Roland went away, and the girl stood like a red land-mark in the field and waited for her beloved. But when Roland got home, he fell into the snares of another, who prevailed on him so far that he forgot the maiden. The poor girl remained there a long time, but at length, as he did not return at all, she was sad, and changed herself into a flower, and thought, "Some one will surely come this way, and trample me down."

It befell, however, that a shepherd kept his sheep in the field, and saw the flower, and as it was so pretty, plucked it, took it with him, and laid it away in his chest. From that time forth, strange things happened in the shepherd's house. When he arose in the morning, all the work was already done, the room was swept, the table and benches cleaned, the fire on the hearth was lighted, and the water was fetched, and at noon, when he came home, the table was laid, and a good dinner served. He could not conceive how this came to pass, for he never saw a human being in his house, and no one could have concealed himself in it. He was certainly pleased with this good attendance, but still at last he was so afraid that he went to a wise woman and asked for her advice. The wise woman said, "There is some enchantment behind it, listen very early some morning if anything is moving in the room, and if thou seest anything, let it be what it may, throw a white cloth over it, and then the magic will be stopped."

The shepherd did as she bade him, and next morning just as day dawned, he saw the chest open, and the flower come out. Swiftly he sprang towards it, and threw a white cloth over it. Instantly the transformation came to an end, and a beautiful girl stood before him, who owned to him that she had been the flower, and that up to this time she had attended to his housekeeping. She told him her story, and as she pleased him he asked her if she would marry

him, but she answered, "No," for she wanted to remain faithful to her sweetheart Roland, although he had deserted her, but she promised not to go away, but to keep house for the shepherd for the future.

And now the time drew near when Roland's wedding was to be celebrated, and then, according to an old custom in the country, it was announced that all the girls were to be present at it, and sing in honour of the bridal pair. When the faithful maiden heard of this, she grew so sad that she thought her heart would break, and she would not go thither, but the other girls came and took her. When it came to her turn to sing, she stepped back, until at last she was the only one left, and then she could not refuse. But when she began her song, and it reached Roland's ears, he sprang up and cried, "I know the voice, that is the true bride, I will have no other!" Everything he had forgotten, and which had vanished from his mind, had suddenly come home again to his heart. Then the faithful maiden held her wedding with her sweetheart Roland, and grief came to an end and joy began.

## 57.—THE GOLDEN BIRD.

(*"The Golden Bird (German: Der goldene Vogel) is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 57). The fairy tale probably comes from Wilhelm Christoph Günther's collection "Children's Tales" from 1787 (No. 26 The Faithful Fox).*

*Contents: In the king's garden there is a tree that bears golden apples. When the king realises that an apple is missing, his three sons have to take turns watching. Only the youngest does not fall asleep. He sees a golden bird take an apple and shoots off a feather. The feather is so valuable that the king wants the bird and sends his sons in turn to catch it. Everyone encounters a fox along the way that begs not to be shot. Only the youngest is merciful. In return, the fox advises him not to go to the good inn in the village, but to the bad one. The youth follows the advice without looking at his brothers, who are enjoying themselves. The fox shows him the way past the sleeping soldiers into the castle, in the last room of which the golden bird is sitting. But when, contrary to the fox's advice, he takes the bird out of the wooden cage and puts it in the golden one instead, the bird utters a cry. The youth is seized by the soldiers and is said to die unless he takes the golden horse, which is at another castle, from the king of the castle. The fox shows him the way. But this time, too, the youth does not follow the fox's advice. He swaps the wooden and leather saddle for a gold one. Then the whinnying of the horse betrays him. Now he must bring the king's daughter from the golden castle to avoid death. On the fox's advice, he intercepts her on the way to the bathhouse. But he can't refuse her to say goodbye to her parents. So everyone wakes up and he gets arrested again. This time he has to remove the mountain that blocks the king's view of the castle. The fox also takes care of this task for him and lets him retrieve his other treasures after the king's daughter. The fox asks the youth to shoot him dead and cut off his paws in exchange for his help. He doesn't. Nevertheless, the fox gives him one last piece of advice: he shouldn't buy gallows meat and shouldn't sit on the edge of a well. Nevertheless, in a village, the young man ransoms his brothers, who have become delinquents, from the gallows. However, they throw their younger brother into a well. After the fox has pulled him out, he goes disguised as a beggar to his father's castle, where the happy king's daughter recognises him. They are married off, the brothers are executed. When the fox later gets his wish fulfilled,*

*(he turns into the brother of the king's daughter, because there was a magic spell on him. Now they all live happily together.)*

In the olden time there was a king, who had behind his palace a beautiful pleasure-garden in which there was a tree that bore golden apples. When the apples were getting ripe they were counted, but on the very next morning one was missing. This was told to the King, and he ordered that a watch should be kept every night beneath the tree.

The King had three sons, the eldest of whom he sent, as soon as night came on, into the garden; but when midnight came he could not keep himself from sleeping, and next morning again an apple was gone.

The following night the second son had to keep watch, it fared no better with him; as soon as twelve o'clock had struck he fell asleep, and in the morning an apple was gone.

Now it came to the turn of the third son to watch; and he was quite ready, but the King had not much trust in him, and thought that he would be of less use even than his brothers: but at last he let him go. The youth lay down beneath the tree, but kept awake, and did not let sleep master him. When it struck twelve, something rustled through the air, and in the moonlight he saw a bird coming whose feathers were all shining with gold. The bird alighted on the tree, and had just plucked off an apple, when the youth shot an arrow at him. The bird flew off, but the arrow had struck his plumage, and one of his golden feathers fell down. The youth picked it up, and the next morning took it to the King and told him what he had seen in the night. The King called his council together, and every one declared that a feather like this was worth more than the whole kingdom. "If the feather is so precious," declared the King, "one alone will not do for me; I must and will have the whole bird!"

The eldest son set out; he trusted to his cleverness, and thought that he would easily find the Golden Bird. When he had gone some distance he saw a Fox sitting at the edge of a wood, so he cocked his gun and took aim at him. The Fox cried, "Do not shoot me! and in return I will give you some good counsel. You are on the way to the Golden Bird; and this evening you will come to a village in which stand two inns opposite to one another. One of them is lighted up brightly, and all goes on merrily within, but do not go into it; go rather into the other, even though it seems a bad one." "How can such a silly beast give wise advice?" thought the King's son, and he pulled the trigger. But he missed the Fox, who stretched out his tail and ran quickly into the wood.

So he pursued his way, and by evening came to the village where the two inns were; in one they were singing and dancing; the other had a poor, miserable look. "I should be a fool, indeed," he thought, "if I were to go into the shabby tavern, and pass by the good one." So he went into the cheerful one, lived there in riot and revel, and forgot the bird and his father, and all good counsels.

When some time had passed, and the eldest son for month after month did not come back home, the second set out, wishing to find the Golden Bird. The Fox met him as he had met the eldest, and gave him the good advice of which he took no heed. He came to the two inns, and his brother was standing at the window of the one from which came the music, and called out to him. He could not resist, but went inside and lived only for pleasure.

Again some time passed, and then the King's youngest son wanted to set off and try his luck, but his father would not allow it. "It is of no use," said he, "he will find the Golden Bird still less than his brothers, and if a mishap were to befall him he knows not

how to help himself; he is a little wanting at the best." But at last, as he had no peace, he let him go.

Again the Fox was sitting outside the wood, and begged for his life, and offered his good advice. The youth was good-natured, and said, "Be easy, little Fox, I will do you no harm." "You shall not repent it," answered the Fox; "and that you may get on more quickly, get up behind on my tail." And scarcely had he seated himself when the Fox began to run, and away he went over stock and stone till his hair whistled in the wind. When they came to the village the youth got off; he followed the good advice, and without looking round turned into the little inn, where he spent the night quietly.

The next morning, as soon as he got into the open country, there sat the Fox already, and said, "I will tell you further what you have to do. Go on quite straight, and at last you will come to a castle, in front of which a whole regiment of soldiers is lying, but do not trouble yourself about them, for they will all be asleep and snoring. Go through the midst of them straight into the castle, and go through all the rooms, till at last you will come to a chamber where a Golden Bird is hanging in a wooden cage. Close by, there stands an empty gold cage for show, but beware of taking the bird out of the common cage and putting it into the fine one, or it may go badly with you." With these words the Fox again stretched out his tail, and the King's son seated himself upon it, and away he went over stock and stone till his hair whistled in the wind.

When he came to the castle he found everything as the Fox had said. The King's son went into the chamber where the Golden Bird was shut up in a wooden cage, whilst a golden one stood hard by; and the three golden apples lay about the room. "But," thought he, "it would be absurd if I were to leave the beautiful bird in the common and ugly cage," so he opened the door, laid hold of it, and put it into the golden cage. But at the same moment the bird uttered a shrill cry. The soldiers awoke, rushed in, and took him off to prison. The next morning he was taken before a court of justice, and as he confessed everything, was sentenced to death.

The King, however, said that he would grant him his life on one condition—namely, if he brought him the Golden Horse which ran faster than the wind; and in that case he should receive, over and above, as a reward, the Golden Bird.

The King's son set off, but he sighed and was sorrowful, for how was he to find the Golden Horse? But all at once he saw his old friend the Fox sitting on the road. "Look you," said the Fox, "this has happened because you did not give heed to me. However, be of good courage. I will give you my help, and tell you how to get to the Golden Horse. You must go straight on, and you will come to a castle, where in the stable stands the horse. The grooms will be lying in front of the stable; but they will be asleep and snoring, and you can quietly lead out the Golden Horse. But of one thing you must take heed: put on him the common saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one, which hangs close by, else it will go ill with you. Then the Fox stretched out his tail, the King's son seated himself upon it, and away he went over stock and stone until his hair whistled in the wind.

Everything happened just as the Fox had said; the prince came to the stable in which the Golden Horse was standing, but just as he was going to put the common saddle upon him, he thought, "It will be a shame to such a beautiful beast, if I do not give him the good saddle which belongs to him by right." But scarcely had the golden saddle touched the horse than he began to neigh loudly. The grooms awoke, seized the youth, and threw him into prison. The next morning he was sentenced by the court to death; but the

King promised to grant him his life, and the Golden Horse as well, if he could bring back the beautiful princess from the Golden Castle.

With a heavy heart the youth set out; yet luckily for him he soon found the trusty Fox. "I ought only to leave you to your ill-luck," said the Fox, "but I pity you, and will help you once more out of your trouble. His road takes you straight to the Golden Castle, you will reach it by eventide; and at night when everything is quiet the beautiful princess goes to the bathing-house to bathe. When she enters it, run up to her and give her a kiss, then she will follow you, and you can take her away with you; only do not allow her to take leave of her parents first, or it will go ill with you."

Then the Fox stretched out his tail, the King's son seated himself upon it, and away the Fox went over stock and stone, till his hair whistled in the wind.

When he reached the Golden Castle it was just as the fox had said. He waited until midnight, when everything lay in deep sleep, and the beautiful princess was going to the bathing-house. Then he sprang out and gave her a kiss. She said that she would like to go with him, but she asked him pitifully, and with tears, to allow her first to take leave of her parents. At first he withheld her prayer, but when she wept more and more, and fell at his feet, he at last gave in. But no sooner had the maiden reached the bedside of her father than he and all the rest in the castle awoke, and the youth was laid hold of and put into prison.

The next morning the King said to him, "Your life is forfeited, and you can only find mercy if you take away the hill which stands in front of my windows, and prevents my seeing beyond it; and you must finish it all within eight days. If you do that you shall have my daughter as your reward."

The king's son began, and dug and shovelled without leaving off, but when after seven days he saw how little he had done, and how all his work was as good as nothing, he fell into great sorrow and gave up all hope. But on the evening of the seventh day the Fox appeared and said, "You do not deserve that I should take any trouble about you; but just go away and lie down to sleep, and I will do the work for you."

The next morning when he awoke and looked out of the window the hill had gone. The youth ran, full of joy, to the King, and told him that the task was fulfilled, and whether he liked it or not, the King had to hold to his word and give him his daughter.

So the two set forth together, and it was not long before the trusty Fox came up with them. "You have certainly got what is best," said he, "but the Golden Horse also belongs to the maiden of the Golden Castle. "How shall I get it?" asked the youth. "That I will tell you," answered the Fox; "first take the beautiful maiden to the King who sent you to the Golden Castle. There will be unheard-of rejoicing; they will gladly give you the Golden Horse, and will bring it out to you. Mount it as soon as possible, and offer your hand to all in farewell; last of all to the beautiful maiden. And as soon as you have taken her hand swing her up on to the horse, and gallop away, and no one will be able to bring you back, for the horse runs faster than the wind."

All was brought to pass successfully, and the King's son carried off the beautiful princess on the Golden Horse.

The Fox did not remain behind, and he said to the youth, "Now I will help you to get the Golden Bird. When you come near to the castle where the Golden Bird is to be found, let the maiden get down, and I will take her into my care. Then ride with the Golden Horse into the castle-yard; there will be great rejoicing at the sight, and they will bring out the Golden Bird for you. As soon as

you have the cage in your hand gallop back to us, and take the maiden away again.

When the plan had succeeded, and the King's son was about to ride home with his treasures, the Fox said, "Now you shall reward me for my help." "What do you require for it?" asked the youth. "When you get into the wood yonder, shoot me dead, and chop off my head and feet."

"That would be fine gratitude," said the King's son. "I cannot possibly do that for you."

The Fox said, "If you will not do it I must leave you, but before I go away I will give you a piece of good advice. Be careful about two things. Buy no gallows'-flesh, and do not sit at the edge of any well." And then he ran into the wood.

The youth thought, "That is a wonderful beast, he has strange whims; who is going to buy gallows'-flesh? and the desire to sit at the edge of a well has never yet seized me."

He rode on with the beautiful maiden, and his road took him again through the village in which his two brothers had remained. There was a great stir and noise, and, when he asked what was going on, he was told that two men were going to be hanged. As he came nearer to the place he saw that they were his brothers, who had been playing all kinds of wicked pranks, and had squandered all their wealth. He inquired whether they could not be set free. "If you will pay for them," answered the people; "but why should you waste your money on wicked men, and buy them free." He did not think twice about it, but paid for them, and when they were set free they all went on their way together.

They came to the wood where the Fox had first met them, and, as it was cool and pleasant within it, whilst the sun shone hotly, the two brothers said, "Let us rest a little by the well, and eat and drink." He agreed, and whilst they were talking he forgot himself, and sat down upon the edge of the well without foreboding any evil. But the two brothers threw him backwards into the well, took the maiden, the Horse, and the Bird, and went home to their father. "Here we bring you not only the Golden Bird," said they; "we have won the Golden Horse also, and the maiden from the Golden Castle." Then was there great joy; but the Horse would not eat, the Bird would not sing, and the maiden sat and wept.

But the youngest brother was not dead. By good fortune the well was dry, and he fell upon soft moss without being hurt, but he could not get out again. Even in this strait the faithful Fox did not leave him: it came and leapt down to him, and upbraided him for having forgotten its advice. "But yet I cannot give it up so," he said; "I will help you up again into daylight." He bade him grasp his tail and keep tight hold of it; and then he pulled him up.

"You are not out of all danger yet," said the Fox. "Your brothers were not sure of your death, and have surrounded the wood with watchers, who are to kill you if you let yourself be seen." But a poor man was sitting upon the road, with whom the youth changed clothes, and in this way he got to the King's palace.

No one knew him, but the Bird began to sing, the Horse began to eat, and the beautiful maiden left off weeping. The King, astonished, asked, "What does this mean?" Then the maiden said, "I do not know, but I have been so sorrowful and now I am so happy! I feel as if my true bridegroom had come." She told him all that had happened, although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she were to betray anything.

The King commanded that all people who were in his castle should be brought before him; and amongst them came the youth in his ragged clothes; but the maiden knew him at once and fell upon his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and put to death,

but he was married to the beautiful maiden and declared heir to the King.

But how did it fare with the poor Fox? Long afterwards the King's son was once again walking in the wood, when the Fox met him and said, "You have everything now that you can wish for, but there is never an end to my misery, and yet it is in your power to free me," and again he asked him with tears to shoot him dead and to chop off his head and feet. So he did it, and scarcely was it done when the Fox was changed into a man, and was no other than the brother of the beautiful princess, who at last was freed from the magic charm which had been laid upon him. And now nothing more was wanting to their happiness as long as they lived.

## 58.—THE DOG AND THE SPARROW.

*(The dog and the sparrow is an animal fairy tale in the Children's Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm (KHM 58). In the 1st edition the title was "Vom faithful Gevatter Sperling". Jacob Grimm first published it in 1812 in Friedrich Schlegel's Magazine "Deutsches Museum" (vol. 1) at the end of an essay on Reinhart Fuchs.*

*Contents: A dog owner lets his shepherd dog starve from hunger, causing it to run away. He meets a sparrow who steals something to eat from two butcher shops and two bakeries. On the country road, the sleeping dog is run over by a carter's wagon. The sparrow pecks at the bung so that its wine casks spill, and at the eyes of the horses. When the man tries to kill the bird with an axe, he accidentally slays his own horses down. At his house he eats the harvest with many other birds. In his anger, the man keeps hitting the sparrow and destroying his house in the process. Finally, he devours him. The woman is to kill the sparrow in its mouth with the hoe. Her punch hits the man. The sparrow escapes.)*

A sheep-dog had not a good master, but, on the contrary, one who let him suffer hunger. As he could stay no longer with him, he went quite sadly away. On the road he met a sparrow who said, "Brother dog, why art thou so sad?" The dog replied, "I am hungry, and have nothing to eat." Then said the sparrow, "Dear brother, come into the town with me, and I will satisfy thy hunger." So they went into the town together, and when they came in front of a butcher's shop the sparrow said to the dog, "Stay there, and I will pick a bit of meat down for thee," and he alighted on the stall, looked about him to see that no one was observing him, and pecked and pulled and tore so long at a piece which lay on the edge, that it slipped down. Then the dog seized it, ran into a corner, and devoured it. The sparrow said, "Now come with me to another shop, and then I will get thee one more piece that thou mayst be satisfied." When the dog had devoured the second piece as well, the sparrow asked, "Brother dog, hast thou now had enough?" "Yes, I have had meat enough," he answered, "but I have had no bread yet." Said the sparrow, "Thou shalt have that also, come with me." Then he took him to a baker's shop, and pecked at a couple of little buns till they rolled down, and as the dog wanted still more, he led him to another stall, and again got bread for him. When that was consumed, the sparrow said, "Brother dog, hast thou now had enough?" "Yes," he replied, "now we will walk awhile outside the town." Then they both went out on to the highway. It was, however, warm weather, and when they had walked a little way the dog said, "I am tired, and would like to sleep." "Well, do sleep," answered the sparrow, "and in the meantime I will seat myself on a branch." So the dog lay down on

the road, and fell fast asleep. Whilst he lay sleeping there, a waggoner came driving by, who had a cart with three horses, laden with two barrels of wine. The sparrow, however, saw that he was not going to turn aside, but was staying in the wheel track in which the dog was lying, so it cried, "Waggoner, don't do it, or I will make thee poor." The waggoner, however, growled to himself, "Thou wilt not make me poor," and cracked his whip and drove the cart over the dog, and the wheels killed him. Then the sparrow cried, "Thou hast driven over my brother dog and killed him, it shall cost thee thy cart and horses." "Cart and horses indeed!" said the waggoner. "What harm canst thou do me?" and drove onwards. Then the sparrow crept under the cover of the cart, and pecked so long at the same bung-hole that he got the bung out, and then all the wine ran out without the driver noticing it. But once when he was looking behind him he saw that the cart was dripping, and looked at the barrels and saw that one of them was empty. "Unfortunate fellow that I am," cried he. "Not unfortunate enough yet," said the sparrow, and flew on to the head of one of the horses and pecked his eyes out. When the driver saw that, he drew out his axe and wanted to hit the sparrow, but the sparrow flew into the air, and he hit his horse on the head, and it fell down dead. "Oh, what an unfortunate man I am," cried he. "Not unfortunate enough yet," said the sparrow, and when the driver drove on with the two horses, the sparrow again crept under the cover, and pecked the bung out of the second cask, so all the wine was spilt. When the driver became aware of it, he again cried, "Oh, what an unfortunate man I am," but the sparrow replied, "Not unfortunate enough yet," and seated himself on the head of the second horse, and pecked his eyes out. The driver ran up to it and raised his axe to strike, but the sparrow flew in the air and the blow struck the horse, which fell. "Oh, what an unfortunate man I am." "Not unfortunate enough yet," said the sparrow, and lighted on the third horse's head, and pecked out his eyes. The driver, in his rage, struck at the sparrow without looking round, and did not hit him, but killed his third horse likewise. "Oh, what an unfortunate man I am," cried he. "Not unfortunate enough yet," answered the sparrow. "Now will I make thee unfortunate in thy home," and flew away.

The driver had to leave the waggon standing, and full of anger and vexation went home. "Ah," said he to his wife, "what misfortunes I have had! My wine has run out, and the horses are all three dead!" "Alas, husband," she answered, "what a malicious bird has come into the house! It has gathered together every bird there is in the world, and they have fallen on our corn up there, and are devouring it." Then he went upstairs, and thousands and thousands of birds were sitting in the loft and had eaten up all the corn, and the sparrow was sitting in the midst of them. Then the driver cried, "Oh, what an unfortunate man I am?"

"Not unfortunate enough yet!" answered the sparrow; "waggoner, it shall cost thee thy life as well," and flew out.

Then the waggoner had lost all his property, and he went downstairs into the room, sat down behind the stove and was quite furious and bitter. But the sparrow sat outside in front of the window, and cried, "Waggoner, it shall cost thee thy life." Then the waggoner snatched the axe and threw it at the sparrow, but it only broke the window, and did not hit the bird. The sparrow now hopped in, placed itself on the stove and cried, "Waggoner, it shall cost thee thy life." The latter, quite mad and blind with rage, smote the stove in twain, and as the sparrow flew from one place to another so it fared with all his household furniture, looking-glass, benches, table, and at last the walls of his house, and yet he could not hit the bird. At length, however, he

caught it with his hand. Then his wife said, "Shall I kill it?" "No," cried he, "that would be too merciful. It shall die much more cruelly," and he took it and swallowed it whole. The sparrow, however, began to flutter about in his body, and fluttered up again into the man's mouth; then it stretched out its head, and cried, "Waggoner, it shall still cost thee thy life." The driver gave the axe to his wife, and said, "Wife, kill the bird in my mouth for me." The woman struck, but missed her blow, and hit the waggoner right on his head, so that he fell dead. But the sparrow flew up and away.

## 59.—FREDERICK AND CATHERINE.

*("Frederick and Catherine" (in English also called "Freddy and Katy Lizzy") is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Children and Household Tales, KHM 59. The narrative's intention is probably showing a chilling example of boundless stupidity. There are such unbelievable events in real life. Catherine's self-forgotten devotion to chthonic (earthly) powers, how as an earth mother she wastes food pointlessly on the earth and the thieves' cry, "The devil is coming down from the tree" already anticipate the later verdict of the pastor. Her stupidity is no longer funny in the sense of a farce, at the same time the fairy tale is missing the logic of overcoming evil successfully.)*

*Contents: Frederick and Catherine were husband and wife. He left to do his work. She started to fry a sausage and thought she could get a beer while it cooked. In the cellar, drawing it, she realised the dog was loose and might eat the sausage, but the dog had already done so, and she chased it but could not catch it. Meanwhile, the keg of beer emptied itself into the cellar. To hide this, she used flour she bought at a fair to dry it. Frederick was furious hearing this. Frederick had some gold, told his wife it was counters for games, and hid it in the stable. Peddlars came by and Catherine offered them the counters. When Frederick found out, they together set out in chase, and Catherine, falling behind, felt pity for the ruts in the road and smeared butter into them. When a cheese rolled out of her pocket, she sent another to fetch it back, and then all the rest! Frederick sent her back to get food. She brought back dried pears, vinegar, and the door (to keep it secure). They were caught in a tree with robbers underneath. She had to let go of these things one by one: the thieves thought the pears were leaves, the vinegar dew, and the door the devil itself, which made them flee. They get their gold back in the morning and went home. Catherine went out to cut the grain and cut all her clothing to pieces until she did not know herself. Catherine saw some thieves and offered to help them. When they agreed, she went about calling for people who wanted to be robbed. Catherine went to pull up beets in the pastor's garden, but looked so strange than someone told the pastor that the devil was in his garden. This person helped the lame pastor there, but at the sight of her, they ran off, and the lame pastor could run faster than the man who helped him.)*

There was once on a time a man who was called Frederick and a woman called Catherine, who had married each other and lived together as young married folks. One day Frederick said, "I will now go and plough, Catherine; when I come back, there must be some roast meat on the table for hunger, and a fresh draught for thirst." "Just go, Frederick," answered Kate, "just go, I will have all ready for you." Therefore when dinner-time drew near she got a sausage out of the chimney, put it in the frying-pan, put some

butter to it, and set it on the fire. The sausage began to fry and to hiss, Catherine stood beside it and held the handle of the pan, and had her own thoughts as she was doing it. Then it occurred to her, "While the sausage is getting done thou couldst go into the cellar and draw beer." So she set the frying-pan safely on the fire, took a can, and went down into the cellar to draw beer. The beer ran into the can and Kate watched it, and then she thought, "Oh, dear! The dog upstairs is not fastened up, it might get the sausage out of the pan. Well thought of." And in a trice she was up the cellar-steps again, but the Spitz had the sausage in its mouth already, and trailed it away on the ground. But Catherine, who was not idle, set out after it, and chased it a long way into the field; the dog, however, was swifter than Catherine and did not let the sausage journey easily, but skipped over the furrows with it. "What's gone is gone!" said Kate, and turned round, and as she had run till she was weary, she walked quietly and comfortably, and cooled herself. During this time the beer was still running out of the cask, for Kate had not turned the tap. And when the can was full and there was no other place for it, it ran into the cellar and did not stop until the whole cask was empty.

As soon as Kate was on the steps she saw the mischance. "Good gracious!" she cried. "What shall I do now to stop Frederick knowing it!" She thought for a while, and at last she remembered that up in the garret was still standing a sack of the finest wheat flour from the last fair, and she would fetch that down and strew it over the beer. "Yes," said she, "he who saves a thing when he ought, has it afterwards when he needs it," and she climbed up to the garret and carried the sack below, and threw it straight down on the can of beer, which she knocked over, and Frederick's draught swam also in the cellar. "It is all right," said Kate, "where the one is the other ought to be also," and she strewed the meal over the whole cellar. When it was done she was heartily delighted with her work, and said, "How clean and wholesome it does look here!" At mid-day home came Frederick: "Now, wife, what have you ready for me?" "Ah, Freddy," she answered, "I was frying a sausage for you, but whilst I was drawing the beer to drink with it, the dog took it away out of the pan, and whilst I was running after the dog, all the beer ran out, and whilst I was drying up the beer with the flour, I knocked over the can as well, but be easy, the cellar is quite dry again." Said Frederick, "Kate, Kate, you should not have done that! to let the sausage be carried off" and the beer run out of the cask, and throw out all our flour into the bargain!" "Indeed, Frederick, I did not know that, you should have told me." The man thought, "If my wife is like this, I must look after things more." Now he had got together a good number of thalers which he changed into gold, and said to Catherine, "Look, these are counters for playing games; I will put them in a pot and bury them in the stable under the cow's manger, but mind you keep away from them, or it will be the worse for you." Said she, "Oh, no, Frederick, I certainly will not go." And when Frederick was gone some peddlars came into the village who had cheap earthen-bowls and pots, and asked the young woman if there was nothing she wanted to bargain with them for? "Oh, dear people," said Catherine, "I have no money and can buy nothing, but if you have any use for yellow counters I will buy of you." "Yellow counters, why not? But just let us see them." "Then go into the stable and dig under the cow's manger, and you will find the yellow counters. I am not allowed to go there." The rogues went thither, dug and found pure gold. Then they laid hold of it, ran away, and left their pots and bowls behind in the house. Catherine thought she must use her new things, and as she had no lack in the kitchen already without these, she knocked the bottom out of every pot, and set

them all as ornaments on the paling which went round about the house. When Frederick came and saw the new decorations, he said, "Catherine, what have you been about?" "I have bought them, Frederick, for the counters which were under the cow's manger. I did not go there myself, the pedlars had to dig them out for themselves." "Ah, wife," said Frederick, "what have you done? Those were not counters, but pure gold, and all our wealth; you should not have done that." "Indeed, Frederick," said she, "I did not know that, you should have forewarned me."

Catherine stood for a while and bethought herself; then she said, "Listen, Frederick, we will soon get the gold back again, we will run after the thieves." "Come, then," said Frederick, "we will try it; but take with you some butter and cheese that we may have something to eat on the way." "Yes, Frederick, I will take them." They set out, and as Frederick was the better walker, Catherine followed him. "It is to my advantage," thought she, "when we turn back I shall be a little way in advance." Then she came to a hill where there were deep ruts on both sides of the road. "There one can see," said Catherine, "how they have torn and skinned and galled the poor earth, it will never be whole again as long as it lives," and in her heart's compassion she took her butter and smeared the ruts right and left, that it might not be so hurt by the wheels, and as she was thus bending down in her charity, one of the cheeses rolled out of her pocket down the hill. Said Catherine, "I have made my way once up here, I will not go down again; another may run and fetch it back." So she took another cheese and rolled it down. But the cheeses did not come back, so she let a third run down, thinking, "Perhaps they are waiting for company, and do not like to walk alone." As all three stayed away she said, "I do not know what that can mean, but it may perhaps be that the third has not found the way, and has gone wrong, I will just send the fourth to call it." But the fourth did no better than the third. Then Catherine was angry, and threw down the fifth and sixth as well, and these were her last. She remained standing for some time watching for their coming, but when they still did not come, she said, "Oh, you are good folks to send in search of death, you stay a fine long time away! Do you think I will wait any longer for you? I shall go my way, you may run after me; you have younger legs than I." Catherine went on and found Frederick, who was standing waiting for her because he wanted something to eat. "Now just let us have what you have brought with you," said he. She gave him the dry bread. "Where have you the butter and the cheeses?" asked the man. "Ah, Freddy," said Catherine, "I smeared the cart-ruts with the butter and the cheeses will come soon; one ran away from me, so I sent the others after to call it." Said Frederick, "You should not have done that, Catherine, to smear the butter on the road, and let the cheeses run down the hill!" "Really, Frederick, you should have told me." Then they ate the dry bread together, and Frederick said, "Catherine, did you make the house safe when you came away?" "No, Frederick, you should have told me to do it before." "Then go home again, and make the house safe before we go any farther, and bring with you something else to eat. I will wait here for you." Catherine went back and thought, "Frederick wants something more to eat, he does not like butter and cheese, so I will take with me a handkerchief full of dried pears and a pitcher of vinegar for him to drink." Then she bolted the upper half of the door fast, but unhinged the lower door, and took it on her back, believing that when she had placed the door in security the house must be well taken care of. Catherine took her time on the way, and thought, "Frederick will rest himself so much the longer." When she had once more got up to him she said, "Here is the house-door for you, Frederick, and

now you can take care of the house yourself." "Oh, heavens," said he, "what a wise wife I have! She takes the under-door off the hinges that everything may run in, and bolts the upper one. It is now too late to go back home again, but since you have brought the door here, you shall just carry it farther." "I will carry the door, Frederick, but the dried pears and the vinegar-jug will be too heavy for me; I will hang them on the door, it may carry them."

And now they went into the forest, and sought the rogues, but did not find them. At length as it grew dark they climbed into a tree and resolved to spend the night there. Scarcely, however, had they sat down at the top of it than the rascals came thither who carry away with them what does not want to go, and find things before they are lost. They sat down under the very tree in which Frederick and Catherine were sitting, lighted a fire, and were about to share their booty. Frederick got down on the other side and collected some stones together. Then he climbed up again with them, and wished to throw them at the thieves and kill them. The stones, however, did not hit them, and the knaves cried, "It will soon be morning, the wind is shaking down the fir-apples." Catherine still had the door on her back, and as it pressed so heavily on her, she thought it was the fault of the dried pears, and said, "Frederick, I must throw the pears down." "No, Catherine, not now," he replied, "they might betray us." "Oh, but, Frederick, I must! They weigh me down far too much." "Do it, then, and be hanged!" Then the dried pears rolled down between the branches, and the rascals below said, "The leaves are falling."

A short time afterwards, as the door was still heavy, Catherine said, "Ah, Frederick, I must pour out the vinegar." "No, Catherine, you must not, it might betray us." "Ah, but, Frederick, I must, it weighs me down far too much." "Then do it and be hanged!" So she emptied out the vinegar, and it besprinkled the robbers. They said amongst themselves, "The dew is already falling." At length Catherine thought, "Can it really be the door which weighs me down so?" and said, "Frederick, I must throw the door down." "No, not now, Catherine, it might discover us." "Oh, but, Frederick, I must. It weighs me down far too much." "Oh, no, Catherine, do hold it fast." "Ah, Frederick, I am letting it fall!" "Let it go, then, in the devil's name." Then it fell down with a violent clatter, and the rascals below cried, "The devil is coming down the tree!" and they ran away and left everything behind them. Early next morning, when the two came down they found all their gold again, and carried it home.

When they were once more at home, Frederick said, "And now, Catherine, you, too, must be industrious and work." "Yes, Frederick, I will soon do that, I will go into the field and cut corn." When Catherine got into the field, she said to herself, "Shall I eat before I cut, or shall I sleep before I cut? Oh, I will eat first." Then Catherine ate and eating made her sleepy, and she began to cut, and half in a dream cut all her clothes to pieces, her apron, her gown, and her shift. When Catherine awoke again after a long sleep she was standing there half-naked, and said to herself, "Is it I, or is it not I? Alas, it is not I." In the meantime night came, and Catherine ran into the village, knocked at her husband's window, and cried, "Frederick."

"What is the matter?" "I should very much like to know if Catherine is in?" "Yes, yes," replied Frederick, "she must be in and asleep."

Said she, "'Tis well, then I am certainly at home already," and ran away.

Outside Catherine found some vagabonds who were going to steal. Then she went to them and said, "I will help you to steal."

The rascals thought that she knew the situation of the place, and were willing. Catherine went in front of the houses, and cried, "Good folks, have you anything? We want to steal." The thieves thought to themselves, "That's a fine way of doing things," and wished themselves once more rid of Catherine. Then they said to her, "Outside the village the pastor has some turnips in the field. Go there and pull up some turnips for us." Catherine went to the ground, and began to pull them up, but was so idle that she did not gather them together. Then a man came by, saw her, and stood still and thought that it was the devil who was thus rooting amongst the turnips. He ran away into the village to the pastor, and said, "Mr. Pastor, the devil is in your turnip-ground, rooting up turnips." "Ah, heavens," answered the pastor, "I have a lame foot, I cannot go out and drive him away." Said the man, "Then I will carry you on my back," and he carried him out on his back. And when they came to the ground, Catherine arose and stood up her full height. "Ah, the devil!" cried the pastor, and both hurried away, and in his great fright the pastor could run better with his lame foot than the man who had carried him on his back could do with his sound one.

#### 60.—THE TWO BROTHERS.

*("The Two Brothers" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 60. The Two Brothers follows the basic pattern of a story from Paderborn (probably from the von Haxthausen family). It has elements of old Germanic legends. A similar story, of Sicilian origin, was also collected by author and folklorist Andrew Lang in The Pink Fairy Book.)*

*Contents: A rich goldsmith and a poor broommaker were brothers. The broommaker had two identical twin sons. One day, the broommaker saw a golden bird in the woods, knocked off a feather, and sold it to his brother for a great sum. He pursued the bird again and found a golden lamp. A third time, he brought back the bird itself, and his brother, who knew its powers—that whoever ate its heart and liver would find a gold coin beneath his pillow every night—had his wife cook it. But his nephews came to the kitchen to beg, and when two bits fell from the bird, they ate them, and the gold coins appeared beneath their pillows. The goldsmith told his brother that his sons were working with the devil, and persuaded him to abandon them. A huntsman took them in and taught them his trade. Once they were grown, they begged his permission to seek their fortune. He was pleased, because they talked like brave huntsmen, and he let them go. He then gave them a knife with directions that if they ever parted, they should stick the knife into a tree, and when either one returned, he could see how his brother was faring because the blade's side would rust if things were going badly for him. On the way, they nearly shot a hare for hunger, but it begged for its life, offering to give them two young hares instead, so they let it go. The same happened with a fox, a wolf, a bear, and a lion. The young animals showed them a village where they could buy food. They parted ways, each one taking half the animals, and drove a knife into a tree where they parted. The younger came to a town all hung in black, where a dragon had eaten every young maiden except the princess, who was to be given to it the next day. The huntsman climbed the dragon's hill and found three cups and a sword. He was unable to wield the sword until he had drunk from the cups. The next morning, the princess was brought to the hill, and the king's marshal watched. The seven-headed dragon came and breathed fire, setting all the grass ablaze, but the animals*

*trampled the flames out. The huntsman cut off six of its heads and its tail and had the animals tear it to bits. The princess distributed her necklace among the animals, and gave the huntsman her knife, with which he cut off the dragon's tongues. He was exhausted and told the lion to keep watch while he slept, but the lion was also exhausted, and told the bear to keep watch, and so on down to the hare, who had no one to tell to keep watch. The marshal cut off the huntsman's head and forced the princess to promise to say that he had rescued her. The animals woke and would have killed the hare, but it said it knew of a root that would restore the huntsman, so they let it fetch it. The huntsman thought the princess must have killed him, to be rid of him, and wandered the world. A year later, he came back to the town and found it hung in red for the princess's wedding to the marshal. The huntsman bet with the innkeeper that he could get bread from the king's table, and sent the hare. The princess recognised it by the part of her necklace, and sent a loaf with it. The innkeeper would bet no more, but he sent the fox, wolf, bear, and lion for meat, vegetables, confectionery, and wine. The king wondered at the animals, and the princess told him to send for their master. When he arrived at the castle, the seven dragon's heads were displayed, and the huntsman opened their mouth and asked where their tongues were. He produced the tongues, and the princess confirmed his story. The marshal was executed, and the huntsman and princess married. One day, the young king hunted a white stag and ended up alone in the woods. An old woman begged to come near the fire, and asked him to strike his animals with a wand so they would not harm her. This turned them to stone, and so she was able to turn him to stone. The older twin found the knife all rusted on one side, and went in search of his brother. He was welcomed as the young king in the town, but put a sword in the bed between himself and the princess. Hearing what his younger brother had been doing, he set out to the same woods and found the same witch, but refused to strike his animals. When he shot his gun at her, she was invulnerable to lead, but he tore off three silver buttons and shot her again. He made her restore his brother, his brother's animals, and many others. The brothers went home, telling their tales. On hearing that his older brother had been accepted as him and slept in his bed, the young king cut off his head, but repented of it. The hare brought the root again, and the brother was restored. They returned to the town, and the princess could recognise her husband by the necklace on his animals, and asked him why he had put the sword in the bed that night, revealing to him that his brother had been true.)*

There were once upon a time two brothers, one rich and the other poor. The rich one was a goldsmith and evil-hearted. The poor one supported himself by making brooms, and was good and honourable. The poor one had two children, who were twin brothers and as like each other as two drops of water. The two boys went backwards and forwards to the rich house, and often got some of the scraps to eat. It happened once when the poor man was going into the forest to fetch brush-wood, that he saw a bird which was quite golden and more beautiful than any he had ever before chanced to meet with. He picked up a small stone, threw it at him, and was lucky enough to hit him, but one golden feather only fell down, and the bird flew away. The man took the feather and carried it to his brother, who looked at it and said, "It is pure gold!" and gave him a great deal of money for it. Next day the man climbed into a birch-tree, and was about to cut off a couple of branches when the same bird flew out, and when the man searched he found a nest, and an egg lay inside it, which was of gold. He

took the egg home with him, and carried it to his brother, who again said, "It is pure gold," and gave him what it was worth. At last the goldsmith said, "I should indeed like to have the bird itself." The poor man went into the forest for the third time, and again saw the golden bird sitting on the tree, so he took a stone and brought it down and carried it to his brother, who gave him a great heap of gold for it. "Now I can get on," thought he, and went contentedly home.

The goldsmith was crafty and cunning, and knew very well what kind of a bird it was. He called his wife and said, "Roast me the gold bird, and take care that none of it is lost. I have a fancy to eat it all myself." The bird was, however, no common one, but of so wondrous a kind that whosoever ate his heart and liver found every morning a piece of gold beneath his pillow. The woman made the bird ready, put it on the spit, and let it roast. Now it happened that while it was at the fire, and the woman was forced to go out of the kitchen on account of some other work, the two children of the poor broom-maker ran in, stood by the spit and turned it round once or twice. And as at that very moment two little bits of the bird fell down into the dripping-tin, one of the boys said, "We will eat these two little bits; I am so hungry, and no one will ever miss them." Then the two ate the pieces, but the woman came to them and saw that they were eating something and said, "What have ye been eating?" "Two little morsels which fell out of the bird," answered they. "That must have been the heart and the liver," said the woman, quite frightened, and in order that her husband might not miss them and be angry, she quickly killed a young cock, took out his heart and liver, and put them beside the golden bird. When it was ready, she carried it to the goldsmith, who consumed it all alone, and left none of it. Next morning, however, when he felt beneath his pillow, and expected to bring out the piece of gold, no more gold pieces were there than there had always been.

The two children did not know what a piece of good-fortune had fallen to their lot. Next morning when they arose, something fell rattling to the ground, and when they picked it up there were two gold pieces! They took them to their father, who was astonished and said, "How can that have happened?" When next morning they again found two, and so on daily, he went to his brother and told him the strange story. The goldsmith at once knew how it had come to pass, and that the children had eaten the heart and liver of the golden bird, and in order to revenge himself, and because he was envious and hard-hearted, he said to the father, "Thy children are in league with the Evil One, do not take the gold, and do not suffer them to stay any longer in thy house, for he has them in his power, and may ruin thee likewise." The father feared the Evil One, and painful as it was to him, he nevertheless led the twins forth into the forest, and with a sad heart left them there.

And now the two children ran about the forest, and sought the way home again, but could not find it, and only lost themselves more and more. At length they met with a huntsman, who asked, "To whom do you children belong?" "We are the poor broom-maker's boys," they replied, and they told him that their father would not keep them any longer in the house because a piece of gold lay every morning under their pillows. "Come," said the huntsman, "that is nothing so very bad, if at the same time you keep honest, and are not idle." As the good man liked the children, and had none of his own, he took them home with him and said, "I will be your father, and bring you up till you are big." They learnt huntsmanship from him, and the piece of gold which each of them found when he awoke, was kept for them by him in case they should need it in the future.

When they were grown up, their foster-father one day took them into the forest with him, and said, "To-day shall you make your trial shot, so that I may release you from your apprenticeship, and make you huntsmen." They went with him to lie in wait and stayed there a long time, but no game appeared. The huntsman, however, looked above him, and saw a covey of wild geese flying in the form of a triangle, and said to one of them, "Shoot me down one from each corner." He did it, and thus accomplished his trial shot. Soon after another covey came flying by in the form of the figure two, and the huntsman bade the other also bring down one from each corner, and his trial shot was likewise successful. "Now," said the foster-father, "I pronounce you out of your apprenticeship; you are skilled huntsmen." Thereupon the two brothers went forth together into the forest, and took counsel with each other and planned something. And in the evening when they had sat down to supper, they said to their foster-father, "We will not touch food, or take one mouthful, until you have granted us a request." Said he, "What, then, is your request?" They replied, "We have now finished learning, and we must prove ourselves in the world, so allow us to go away and travel." Then spake the old man joyfully, "You talk like brave huntsmen, that which you desire has been my wish; go forth, all will go well with you." Thereupon they ate and drank joyously together.

When the appointed day came, their foster-father presented each of them with a good gun and a dog, and let each of them take as many of his saved-up gold pieces as he chose. Then he accompanied them a part of the way, and when taking leave, he gave them a bright knife, and said, "If ever you separate, stick this knife into a tree at the place where you part, and then when one of you goes back, he will be able to see how his absent brother is faring, for the side of the knife which is turned in the direction by which he went, will rust if he dies, but will remain bright as long as he is alive." The two brothers went still farther onwards, and came to a forest which was so large that it was impossible for them to get out of it in one day. So they passed the night in it, and ate what they had put in their hunting-pouches, but they walked all the second day likewise, and still did not get out. As they had nothing to eat, one of them said, "We must shoot something for ourselves or we shall suffer from hunger," and loaded his gun, and looked about him. And when an old hare came running up towards them, he laid his gun on his shoulder, but the hare cried,

"Dear huntsmen, do but let me live,

Two little ones to thee I'll give,"

and sprang instantly into the thicket, and brought two young ones. But the little creatures played so merrily, and were so pretty, that the huntsmen could not find it in their hearts to kill them. They therefore kept them with them, and the little hares followed behind on foot. Soon after this, a fox crept past; they were just going to shoot it, but the fox cried,

"Dear huntsmen, do but let me live,

Two little ones I'll also give."

He, too, brought two little foxes, and the huntsmen did not like to kill them either, but gave them to the hares for company, and they followed behind. It was not long before a wolf strode out of the thicket; the huntsmen made ready to shoot him, but the wolf cried,

"Dear huntsmen, do but let me live,

Two little ones I'll likewise give."

The huntsmen put the two wolves beside the other animals, and they followed behind them. Then a bear came who wanted to trot about a little longer, and cried:

"Dear huntsmen, do but let me live,

Two little ones I, too, will give."

The two young bears were added to the others, and there were already eight of them. At length who came? A lion came, and tossed his mane. But the huntsmen did not let themselves be frightened and aimed at him likewise, but the lion also said,

"Dear huntsmen, do but let me live,  
Two little ones I, too, will give."

And he brought his little ones to them, and now the huntsmen had two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two hares, who followed them and served them. In the meantime their hunger was not appeased by this, and they said to the foxes, "Hark ye, cunning fellows, provide us with something to eat. You are crafty and deep." They replied, "Not far from here lies a village, from which we have already brought many a fowl; we will show you the way there." So they went into the village, bought themselves something to eat, had some food given to their beasts, and then travelled onwards. The foxes, however, knew their way very well about the district and where the poultry-yards were, and were able to guide the huntsmen.

Now they travelled about for a while, but could find no situations where they could remain together, so they said, "There is nothing else for it, we must part." They divided the animals, so that each of them had a lion, a bear, a wolf, a fox, and a hare, then they took leave of each other, promised to love each other like brothers till their death, and stuck the knife which their foster-father had given them, into a tree, after which one went east, and the other west.

The younger, however, arrived with his beasts in a town which was all hung with black crape. He went into an inn, and asked the host if he could accommodate his animals. The innkeeper gave him a stable, where there was a hole in the wall, and the hare crept out and fetched himself the head of a cabbage, and the fox fetched himself a hen, and when he had devoured that got the cock as well, but the wolf, the bear, and the lion could not get out because they were too big. Then the innkeeper let them be taken to a place where a cow was just then lying on the grass, that they might eat till they were satisfied. And when the huntsman had taken care of his animals, he asked the innkeeper why the town was thus hung with black crape? Said the host, "Because our King's only daughter is to die to-morrow." The huntsman inquired if she was "sick unto death?" "No," answered the host, "she is vigorous and healthy, nevertheless she must die!" "How is that?" asked the huntsman. "There is a high hill without the town, whereon dwells a dragon who every year must have a pure virgin, or he lays the whole country waste, and now all the maidens have already been given to him, and there is no longer any one left but the King's daughter, yet there is no mercy for her; she must be given up to him, and that is to be done to-morrow." Said the huntsman, "Why is the dragon not killed?" "Ah," replied the host, "so many knights have tried it, but it has cost all of them their lives. The King has promised that he who conquers the dragon shall have his daughter to wife, and shall likewise govern the kingdom after his own death."

The huntsman said nothing more to this, but next morning took his animals, and with them ascended the dragon's hill. A little church stood at the top of it, and on the altar three full cups were standing, with the inscription, "Whosoever empties the cups will become the strongest man on earth, and will be able to wield the sword which is buried before the threshold of the door." The huntsman did not drink, but went out and sought for the sword in the ground, but was unable to move it from its place. Then he went in and emptied the cups, and now he was strong enough to

take up the sword, and his hand could quite easily wield it. When the hour came when the maiden was to be delivered over to the dragon, the King, the marshal, and courtiers accompanied her. From afar she saw the huntsman on the dragon's hill, and thought it was the dragon standing there waiting for her, and did not want to go up to him, but at last, because otherwise the whole town would have been destroyed, she was forced to go the miserable journey. The King and courtiers returned home full of grief; the King's marshal, however, was to stand still, and see all from a distance.

When the King's daughter got to the top of the hill, it was not the dragon which stood there, but the young huntsman, who comforted her, and said he would save her, led her into the church, and locked her in. It was not long before the seven-headed dragon came thither with loud roaring. When he perceived the huntsman, he was astonished and said, "What business hast thou here on the hill?" The huntsman answered, "I want to fight with thee." Said the dragon, "Many knights have left their lives here, I shall soon have made an end of thee too," and he breathed fire out of seven jaws. The fire was to have lighted the dry grass, and the huntsman was to have been suffocated in the heat and smoke, but the animals came running up and trampled out the fire. Then the dragon rushed upon the huntsman, but he swung his sword until it sang through the air, and struck off three of his heads. Then the dragon grew right furious, and rose up in the air, and spat out flames of fire over the huntsman, and was about to plunge down on him, but the huntsman once more drew out his sword, and again cut off three of his heads. The monster became faint and sank down, nevertheless it was just going to rush upon the huntsman, but he with his last strength smote its tail off, and as he could fight no longer, called up his animals who tore it in pieces. When the struggle was ended, the huntsman unlocked the church, and found the King's daughter lying on the floor, as she had lost her senses with anguish and terror during the contest. He carried her out, and when she came to herself once more, and opened her eyes, he showed her the dragon all cut to pieces, and told her that she was now delivered. She rejoiced and said, "Now thou wilt be my dearest husband, for my father has promised me to him who kills the dragon." Thereupon she took off her necklace of coral, and divided it amongst the animals in order to reward them, and the lion received the golden clasp. Her pocket-handkerchief, however, on which was her name, she gave to the huntsman, who went and cut the tongues out of the dragon's seven heads, wrapped them in the handkerchief, and preserved them carefully.

That done, as he was so faint and weary with the fire and the battle, he said to the maiden, "We are both faint and weary, we will sleep awhile." Then she said "yes," and they lay down on the ground, and the huntsman said to the lion, "Thou shalt keep watch, that no one surprises us in our sleep," and both fell asleep. The lion lay down beside them to watch, but he also was so weary with the fight, that he called to the bear and said, "Lie down near me, I must sleep a little: if anything comes, waken me." Then the bear lay down beside him, but he also was tired, and called the wolf and said, "Lie down by me, I must sleep a little, but if anything comes, waken me." Then the wolf lay down by him, but he was tired likewise, and called the fox and said, "Lie down by me, I must sleep a little: if anything comes, waken me." Then the fox lay down beside him, but he too was weary, and called the hare and said, "Lie down near me, I must sleep a little, and if anything should come, waken me." Then the hare sat down by him, but the poor hare was tired too, and had no one whom he could call there to keep watch, and fell asleep. And now the King's daughter, the

huntsman, the lion, the bear, the wolf, the fox, and the hare, were all sleeping a sound sleep. The marshal, however, who was to look on from a distance, took courage when he did not see the dragon flying away with the maiden, and finding that all the hill had become quiet, ascended it. There lay the dragon hacked and hewn to pieces on the ground, and not far from it were the King's daughter and a huntsman with his animals, and all of them were sunk in a sound sleep. And as he was wicked and godless he took his sword, cut off the huntsman's head, and seized the maiden in his arms, and carried her down the hill. Then she awoke and was terrified, but the marshal said, "Thou art in my hands, thou shalt say that it was I who killed the dragon." "I cannot do that," she replied, "for it was a huntsman with his animals who did it." Then he drew his sword, and threatened to kill her if she did not obey him, and so compelled her that she promised it. Then he took her to the King, who did not know how to contain himself for joy when he once more looked on his dear child in life, whom he had believed to have been torn to pieces by the monster. The marshal said to him, "I have killed the dragon, and delivered the maiden and the whole kingdom as well, therefore I demand her as my wife, as was promised." The King said to the maiden, "Is what he says true?" "Ah, yes," she answered, "it must indeed be true, but I will not consent to have the wedding celebrated until after a year and a day," for she thought in that time she should hear something of her dear huntsman.

The animals, however, were still lying sleeping beside their dead master on the dragon's hill, and there came a great bumble-bee and lighted on the hare's nose, but the hare wiped it off with his paw, and went on sleeping. The bumble-bee came a second time, but the hare again rubbed it off and slept on. Then it came for the third time, and stung his nose so that he awoke. As soon as the hare was awake, he roused the fox, and the fox the wolf, and the wolf the bear, and the bear the lion. And when the lion awoke and saw that the maiden was gone, and his master was dead, he began to roar frightfully and cried, "Who has done that? Bear, why didst thou not waken me?" The bear asked the wolf, "Why didst thou not waken me?" and the wolf the fox, "Why didst thou not waken me?" and the fox the hare, "Why didst thou not waken me?" The poor hare alone did not know what answer to make, and the blame rested with him. Then they were just going to fall upon him, but he entreated them and said, "Kill me not, I will bring our master to life again. I know a mountain on which a root grows which, when placed in the mouth of any one, cures him of all illness and every wound. But the mountain lies two hundred hours' journey from here." The lion said, "In four-and-twenty hours must thou have run thither and have come back, and have brought the root with thee." Then the hare sprang away, and in four-and-twenty hours he was back, and brought the root with him. The lion put the huntsman's head on again, and the hare placed the root in his mouth, and immediately everything united together again, and his heart beat, and life came back. Then the huntsman awoke, and was alarmed when he did not see the maiden, and thought, "She must have gone away whilst I was sleeping, in order to get rid of me." The lion in his great haste had put his master's head on the wrong way round, but the huntsman did not observe it because of his melancholy thoughts about the King's daughter. But at noon, when he was going to eat something, he saw that his head was turned backwards and could not understand it, and asked the animals what had happened to him in his sleep. Then the lion told him that they, too, had all fallen asleep from weariness, and on awaking, had found him dead with his head cut off, that the hare had brought the life-giving root, and that he, in his haste, had laid

hold of the head the wrong way, but that he would repair his mistake. Then he tore the huntsman's head off again, turned it round, and the hare healed it with the root.

The huntsman, however, was sad at heart, and travelled about the world, and made his animals dance before people. It came to pass that precisely at the end of one year he came back to the same town where he had delivered the King's daughter from the dragon, and this time the town was gaily hung with red cloth. Then he said to the host, "What does this mean? Last year the town was all hung with black crape, what means the red cloth to-day?" The host answered, "Last year our King's daughter was to have been delivered over to the dragon, but the marshal fought with it and killed it, and so to-morrow their wedding is to be solemnised, and that is why the town was then hung with black crape for mourning, and is to-day covered with red cloth for joy."

Next day when the wedding was to take place, the huntsman said at mid-day to the inn-keeper, "Do you believe, sir host, that I while with you here to-day shall eat bread from the King's own table?" "Nay," said the host, "I would bet a hundred pieces of gold that that will not come true." The huntsman accepted the wager, and set against it a purse with just the same number of gold pieces. Then he called the hare and said, "Go, my dear runner, and fetch me some of the bread which the King is eating." Now the little hare was the lowest of the animals, and could not transfer this order to any of the others, but had to get on his legs himself. "Alas!" thought he, "if I bound through the streets thus alone, the butchers' dogs will all be after me." It happened as he expected, and the dogs came after him and wanted to make holes in his good skin. But he sprang away, have you never seen one running? and sheltered himself in a sentry-box without the soldier being aware of it. Then the dogs came and wanted to have him out, but the soldier did not understand a jest, and struck them with the butt-end of his gun, till they ran away yelling and howling. As soon as the hare saw that the way was clear, he ran into the palace and straight to the King's daughter, sat down under her chair, and scratched at her foot. Then she said, "Wilt thou get away?" and thought it was her dog. The hare scratched her foot for the second time, and she again said, "Wilt thou get away?" and thought it was her dog. But the hare did not let itself be turned from its purpose, and scratched her for the third time, then she peeped down, and knew the hare by its collar. She took him on her lap, carried him into her chamber, and said, "Dear Hare, what dost thou want?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me to ask for a loaf of bread like that which the King eats." Then she was full of joy and had the baker summoned, and ordered him to bring a loaf such as was eaten by the King. The little hare said, "But the baker must likewise carry it thither for me, that the butchers' dogs may do no harm to me." The baker carried it for him as far as the door of the inn, and then the hare got on his hind legs, took the loaf in his front paws, and carried it to his master. Then said the huntsman, "Behold, sir host, the hundred pieces of gold are mine." The host was astonished, but the huntsman went on to say, "Yes, sir host, I have the bread, but now I will likewise have some of the King's roast meat."

The host said, "I should indeed like to see that," but he would make no more wagers. The huntsman called the fox and said, "My little fox, go and fetch me some roast meat, such as the King eats." The red fox knew the bye-ways better, and went by holes and corners without any dog seeing him, seated himself under the chair of the King's daughter, and scratched her foot. Then she looked down and recognised the fox by its collar, took him into her chamber with her, and said, "Dear Fox, what dost thou want?" He

answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me. I am to ask for some roast meat such as the King is eating." Then she made the cook come, who was obliged to prepare a roast joint, the same as was eaten by the King, and to carry it for the fox as far as the door. Then the fox took the dish, waved away with his tail the flies which had settled on the meat, and then carried it to his master. "Behold, sir host," said the huntsman, "bread and meat are here, but now I will also have proper vegetables with it, such as are eaten by the King." Then he called the wolf, and said, "Dear Wolf, go thither and fetch me vegetables such as the King eats." Then the wolf went straight to the palace, as he feared no one, and when he got to the King's daughter's chamber, he twitched at the back of her dress, so that she was forced to look round. She recognised him by his collar, and took him into her chamber with her, and said, "Dear Wolf, what dost thou want?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, I am to ask for some vegetables, such as the King eats." Then she made the cook come, and he had to make ready a dish of vegetables, such as the King ate, and had to carry it for the wolf as far as the door, and then the wolf took the dish from him, and carried it to his master. "Behold, sir host," said the huntsman, "now I have bread and meat and vegetables, but I will also have some pastry to eat like that which the King eats." He called the bear, and said, "Dear Bear, thou art fond of licking anything sweet; go and bring me some confectionery, such as the King eats." Then the bear trotted to the palace, and every one got out of his way, but when he went to the guard, they presented their muskets, and would not let him go into the royal palace. But he got up on his hind legs, and gave them a few boxes on the ears, right and left, with his paws, so that the whole watch broke up, and then he went straight to the King's daughter, placed himself behind her, and growled a little. Then she looked behind her, knew the bear, and bade him go into her room with her, and said, "Dear Bear, what dost thou want?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and I am to ask for some confectionery such as the King eats." Then she summoned her confectioner, who had to bake confectionery such as the King ate, and carry it to the door for the bear; then the bear first licked up the comfits which had rolled down, and then he stood upright, took the dish, and carried it to his master. "Behold, sir host," said the huntsman, "now I have bread, meat, vegetables and confectionery, but I will drink wine also, and such as the King drinks." He called his lion to him and said, "Dear Lion, thou thyself likest to drink till thou art intoxicated, go and fetch me some wine, such as is drunk by the King." Then the lion strode through the streets, and the people fled from him, and when he came to the watch, they wanted to bar the way against him, but he did but roar once, and they all ran away. Then the lion went to the royal apartment, and knocked at the door with his tail. Then the King's daughter came forth, and was almost afraid of the lion, but she knew him by the golden clasp of her necklace, and bade him go with her into her chamber, and said, "Dear Lion, what wilt thou have?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and I am to ask for some wine such as is drunk by the King." Then she bade the cup-bearer be called, who was to give the lion some wine like that which was drunk by the King. The lion said, "I will go with him, and see that I get the right wine." Then he went down with the cup-bearer, and when they were below, the cup-bearer wanted to draw him some of the common wine that was drunk by the King's servants; but the lion said, "Stop, I will taste the wine first," and he drew half a measure, and swallowed it down at one draught. "No," said he, "that is not right." The cup-bearer looked at him askance, but went on, and was about to give him

some out of another barrel which was for the King's marshal. The lion said, "Stop, let me taste the wine first," and drew half a measure and drank it. "That is better, but still not right," said he. Then the cup-bearer grew angry and said, "How can a stupid animal like you understand wine?" But the lion gave him a blow behind the ears, which made him fall down by no means gently, and when he had got up again, he conducted the lion quite silently into a little cellar apart, where the King's wine lay, from which no one ever drank. The lion first drew half a measure and tried the wine, and then he said, "That may possibly be the right sort," and bade the cup-bearer fill six bottles of it. And now they went upstairs again, but when the lion came out of the cellar into the open air, he reeled here and there, and was rather drunk, and the cup-bearer was forced to carry the wine as far as the door for him, and then the lion took the handle of the basket in his mouth, and took it to his master. The huntsman said, "Behold, sir host, here have I bread, meat, vegetables, confectionery and wine such as the King has, and now I will dine with my animals," and he sat down and ate and drank, and gave the hare, the fox, the wolf, the bear, and the lion also to eat and to drink, and was joyful, for he saw that the King's daughter still loved him. And when he had finished his dinner, he said, "Sir host, now have I eaten and drunk, as the King eats and drinks, and now I will go to the King's court and marry the King's daughter." Said the host, "How can that be, when she already has a betrothed husband, and when the wedding is to be solemnised to-day?" Then the huntsman drew forth the handkerchief which the King's daughter had given him on the dragon's hill, and in which were folded the monster's seven tongues, and said, "That which I hold in my hand shall help me to do it." Then the innkeeper looked at the handkerchief, and said, "Whatever I believe, I do not believe that, and I am willing to stake my house and courtyard on it." The huntsman, however, took a bag with a thousand gold pieces, put it on the table, and said, "I stake that on it."

Now the King said to his daughter, at the royal table, "What did all the wild animals want, which have been coming to thee, and going in and out of my palace?" She replied, "I may not tell you, but send and have the master of these animals brought, and you will do well." The King sent a servant to the inn, and invited the stranger, and the servant came just as the huntsman had laid his wager with the innkeeper. Then said he, "Behold, sir host, now the King sends his servant and invites me, but I do not go in this way." And he said to the servant, "I request the Lord King to send me royal clothing, and a carriage with six horses, and servants to attend me." When the King heard the answer, he said to his daughter, "What shall I do?" She said, "Cause him to be fetched as he desires to be, and you will do well." Then the King sent royal apparel, a carriage with six horses, and servants to wait on him. When the huntsman saw them coming, he said, "Behold, sir host, now I am fetched as I desired to be," and he put on the royal garments, took the handkerchief with the dragon's tongues with him, and drove off to the King. When the King saw him coming, he said to his daughter, "How shall I receive him?" She answered, "Go to meet him and you will do well." Then the King went to meet him and led him in, and his animals followed. The King gave him a seat near himself and his daughter, and the marshal, as bridegroom, sat on the other side, but no longer knew the huntsman. And now at this very moment, the seven heads of the dragon were brought in as a spectacle, and the King said, "The seven heads were cut off the dragon by the marshal, wherefore to-day I give him my daughter to wife." Then the huntsman stood up, opened the seven mouths, and said, "Where are the seven tongues

of the dragon?" Then was the marshal terrified, and grew pale and knew not what answer he should make, and at length in his anguish he said, "Dragons have no tongues." The huntsman said, "Liars ought to have none, but the dragon's tongues are the tokens of the victor," and he unfolded the handkerchief, and there lay all seven inside it. And he put each tongue in the mouth to which it belonged, and it fitted exactly. Then he took the handkerchief on which the name of the princess was embroidered, and showed it to the maiden, and asked to whom she had given it, and she replied, "To him who killed the dragon." And then he called his animals, and took the collar off each of them and the golden clasp from the lion, and showed them to the maiden and asked to whom they belonged. She answered, "The necklace and golden clasp were mine, but I divided them among the animals who helped to conquer the dragon." Then spake the huntsman, "When I, tired with the fight, was resting and sleeping, the marshal came and cut off my head. Then he carried away the King's daughter, and gave out that it was he who had killed the dragon, but that he lied I prove with the tongues, the handkerchief, and the necklace." And then he related how his animals had healed him by means of a wonderful root, and how he had travelled about with them for one year, and had at length again come there and had learnt the treachery of the marshal by the inn-keeper's story. Then the King asked his daughter, "Is it true that this man killed the dragon?" And she answered, "Yes, it is true. Now can I reveal the wicked deed of the marshal, as it has come to light without my connivance, for he wrung from me a promise to be silent. For this reason, however, did I make the condition that the marriage should not be solemnised for a year and a day." Then the King bade twelve councillors be summoned who were to pronounce judgement on the marshal, and they sentenced him to be torn to pieces by four bulls. The marshal was therefore executed, but the King gave his daughter to the huntsman, and named him his viceroy over the whole kingdom. The wedding was celebrated with great joy, and the young King caused his father and his foster-father to be brought, and loaded them with treasures. Neither did he forget the inn-keeper, but sent for him and said, "Behold, sir host, I have married the King's daughter, and your house and yard are mine." The host said, "Yes, according to justice it is so." But the young King said, "It shall be done according to mercy," and told him that he should keep his house and yard, and gave him the thousand pieces of gold as well.

And now the young King and Queen were thoroughly happy, and lived in gladness together. He often went out hunting because it was a delight to him, and the faithful animals had to accompany him. In the neighbourhood, however, there was a forest of which it was reported that it was haunted, and that whosoever did but enter it did not easily get out again. The young King, however, had a great inclination to hunt in it, and let the old King have no peace until he allowed him to do so. So he rode forth with a great following, and when he came to the forest, he saw a snow-white hart, and said to his people, "Wait here until I return, I want to chase that beautiful creature," and he rode into the forest after it, followed only by his animals. The attendants halted and waited until evening, but he did not return, so they rode home, and told the young Queen that the young King had followed a white hart into the enchanted forest, and had not come back again. Then she was in the greatest concern about him. He, however, had still continued to ride on and on after the beautiful wild animal, and had never been able to overtake it; when he thought he was near enough to aim, he instantly saw it bound away into the far distance, and at length it vanished altogether. And now he

perceived that he had penetrated deep into the forest, and blew his horn but he received no answer, for his attendants could not hear it. And as night, too, was falling, he saw that he could not get home that day, so he dismounted from his horse, lighted himself a fire near a tree, and resolved to spend the night by it. While he was sitting by the fire, and his animals also were lying down beside him, it seemed to him that he heard a human voice. He looked round, but could perceive nothing. Soon afterwards, he again heard a groan as if from above, and then he looked up, and saw an old woman sitting in the tree, who wailed unceasingly, "Oh, oh, oh, how cold I am!" Said he, "Come down, and warm thyself if thou art cold." But she said, "No, thy animals will bite me." He answered, "They will do thee no harm, old mother, do come down." She, however, was a witch, and said, "I will throw down a wand from the tree, and if thou strikest them on the back with it, they will do me no harm." Then she threw him a small wand, and he struck them with it, and instantly they lay still and were turned into stone. And when the witch was safe from the animals, she leapt down and touched him also with a wand, and changed him to stone. Thereupon she laughed, and dragged him and the animals into a vault, where many more such stones already lay.

As, however, the young King did not come back at all, the Queen's anguish and care grew constantly greater. And it so happened that at this very time the other brother who had turned to the east when they separated, came into the kingdom. He had sought a situation, and had found none, and had then travelled about here and there, and had made his animals dance. Then it came into his mind that he would just go and look at the knife that they had thrust in the trunk of a tree at their parting, that he might learn how his brother was. When he got there his brother's side of the knife was half rusted, and half bright. Then he was alarmed and thought, "A great misfortune must have befallen my brother, but perhaps I can still save him, for half the knife is still bright." He and his animals travelled towards the west, and when he entered the gate of the town, the guard came to meet him, and asked if he was to announce him to his consort the young Queen, who had for a couple of days been in the greatest sorrow about his staying away, and was afraid he had been killed in the enchanted forest? The sentries, indeed, thought no otherwise than that he was the young King himself, for he looked so like him, and had wild animals running behind him. Then he saw that they were speaking of his brother, and thought, "It will be better if I pass myself off for him, and then I can rescue him more easily." So he allowed himself to be escorted into the castle by the guard, and was received with the greatest joy. The young Queen indeed thought that he was her husband, and asked him why he had stayed away so long. He answered, "I had lost myself in a forest, and could not find my way out again any sooner." At night he was taken to the royal bed, but he laid a two-edged sword between him and the young Queen; she did not know what that could mean, but did not venture to ask.

He remained in the palace a couple of days, and in the meantime inquired into everything which related to the enchanted forest, and at last he said, "I must hunt there once more." The King and the young Queen wanted to persuade him not to do it, but he stood out against them, and went forth with a larger following. When he had got into the forest, it fared with him as with his brother; he saw a white hart and said to his people, "Stay here, and wait until I return, I want to chase the lovely wild beast," and then he rode into the forest and his animals ran after him. But he could not overtake the hart, and got so deep into the forest that he was forced to pass the night there. And when he had lighted a fire,

he heard some one wailing above him, "Oh, oh, oh, how cold I am!" Then he looked up, and the self-same witch was sitting in the tree. Said he, "If thou art cold, come down, little old mother, and warm thyself." She answered, "No, thy animals will bite me." But he said, "They will not hurt thee." Then she cried, "I will throw down a wand to thee, and if thou smitest them with it they will do me no harm." When the huntsman heard that, he had no confidence in the old woman, and said, "I will not strike my animals. Come down, or I will fetch thee." Then she cried, "What dost thou want? Thou shalt not touch me." But he replied, "If thou dost not come, I will shoot thee." Said she, "Shoot away, I do not fear thy bullets!" Then he aimed, and fired at her, but the witch was proof against all leaden bullets, and laughed, and yelled and cried, "Thou shalt not hit me." The huntsman knew what to do, tore three silver buttons off his coat, and loaded his gun with them, for against them her arts were useless, and when he fired she fell down at once with a scream. Then he set his foot on her and said, "Old witch, if thou dost not instantly confess where my brother is, I will seize thee with both my hands and throw thee into the fire." She was in a great fright, begged for mercy, and said, "He and his animals lie in a vault, turned to stone." Then he compelled her to go thither with him, threatened her, and said, "Old sea-cat, now shalt thou make my brother and all the human beings lying here, alive again, or thou shalt go into the fire!" She took a wand and touched the stones, and then his brother with his animals came to life again, and many others, merchants, artizans, and shepherds, arose, thanked him for their deliverance, and went to their homes. But when the twin brothers saw each other again, they kissed each other and rejoiced with all their hearts. Then they seized the witch, bound her and laid her on the fire, and when she was burnt the forest opened of its own accord, and was light and clear, and the King's palace could be seen at about the distance of a three hours' walk.

Thereupon the two brothers went home together, and on the way told each other their histories. And when the youngest said that he was ruler of the whole country in the King's stead, the other observed, "That I remarked very well, for when I came to the town, and was taken for thee, all royal honours were paid me; the young Queen looked on me as her husband, and I had to eat at her side, and sleep in thy bed." When the other heard that, he became so jealous and angry that he drew his sword, and struck off his brother's head. But when he saw him lying there dead, and saw his red blood flowing, he repented most violently: "My brother delivered me," cried he, "and I have killed him for it," and he bewailed him aloud. Then his hare came and offered to go and bring some of the root of life, and bounded away and brought it while yet there was time, and the dead man was brought to life again, and knew nothing about the wound.

After this they journeyed onwards, and the youngest said, "Thou lookest like me, hast royal apparel on as I have, and the animals follow thee as they do me; we will go in by opposite gates, and arrive at the same time from the two sides in the aged King's presence." So they separated, and at the same time came the watchmen from the one door and from the other, and announced that the young King and the animals had returned from the chase. The King said, "It is not possible, the gates lie quite a mile apart." In the meantime, however, the two brothers entered the courtyard of the palace from opposite sides, and both mounted the steps. Then the King said to the daughter, "Say which is thy husband. Each of them looks exactly like the other, I cannot tell." Then she was in great distress, and could not tell; but at last she remembered the necklace which she had given to the animals, and

she sought for and found her little golden clasp on the lion, and she cried in her delight, "He who is followed by this lion is my true husband." Then the young King laughed and said, "Yes, he is the right one," and they sat down together to table, and ate and drank, and were merry. At night when the young King went to bed, his wife said, "Why hast thou for these last nights always laid a two-edged sword in our bed? I thought thou hadst a wish to kill me." Then he knew how true his brother had been.

## 61.—THE LITTLE PEASANT.

(*"The Little Peasant"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in the *Children's and Household Tales*, number KHM 61. The Grimms noted "from Zwerhn" (from Dorothea Viehmann).

*Contents: A poor peasant and his wife did not even have a cow. They had a woodworker make them a calf of wood and brought it to the pasture. When the cowherd returned without it, they found it had been stolen and took him to court for his carelessness, and the judge made him give them a cow. They had nothing to feed it and so had to kill it. The peasant took the hide to town to sell. He found a raven with broken wings and wrapped it in the hide. Weather grew bad and he took shelter in a mill, where the miller's wife gave him some bread and cheese. Then the parson arrived, and because her husband was away, he and the wife had a feast. Her husband returned, and the wife hid the parson and the food. The peasant pretended that the hide was a soothsayer and made the raven croak. He told the miller where the food was hidden, and after they had eaten, that the Devil was in the parson's hiding place. The parson fled, and the miller gave the peasant 300 thalers. Being rich now, he was brought before the mayor to ask where he had gotten his money; he said he had sold the hide. They killed their cows but could not get much for them. They sentenced him to be rolled into the river in a barrel filled with holes. A shepherd came along, and the peasant declared that he would not do it, and explained that they were trying to force him to be mayor. The shepherd changed places with him, the peasant took his sheep, and they drowned the shepherd. Seeing him with the sheep later, they asked where he had gotten them, and he said they were in the river. Everyone jumped into the river and drowned, and the peasant was their sole heir and very rich.)*

There was a certain village wherein no one lived but really rich peasants, and just one poor one, whom they called the little peasant. He had not even so much as a cow, and still less money to buy one, and yet he and his wife did so wish to have one. One day he said to her, "Hark you, I have a good thought, there is our gossip the carpenter, he shall make us a wooden calf, and paint it brown, so that it look like any other, and in time it will certainly get big and be a cow." The woman also liked the idea, and their gossip the carpenter cut and planed the calf, and painted it as it ought to be, and made it with its head hanging down as if it were eating.

Next morning when the cows were being driven out, the little peasant called the cow-herd in and said, "Look, I have a little calf there, but it is still small and has still to be carried." The cow-herd said, "All right," and took it in his arms and carried it to the pasture, and set it among the grass. The little calf always remained standing like one which was eating, and the cow-herd said, "It will soon run alone, just look how it eats already!" At night when he was going to drive the herd home again, he said to the calf, "If thou canst stand there and eat thy fill, thou canst go on thy

four legs; I don't care to drag thee home again in my arms." But the little peasant stood at his door, and waited for his little calf, and when the cow-herd drove the cows through the village, and the calf was missing, he inquired where it was. The cow-herd answered, "It is still standing out there eating. It would not stop and come with us." But the little peasant said, "Oh, but I must have my beast back again." Then they went back to the meadow together, but some one had stolen the calf, and it was gone. The cow-herd said, "It must have run away." The peasant, however, said, "Don't tell me that," and led the cow-herd before the mayor, who for his carelessness condemned him to give the peasant a cow for the calf which had run away.

And now the little peasant and his wife had the cow for which they had so long wished, and they were heartily glad, but they had no food for it, and could give it nothing to eat, so it soon had to be killed. They salted the flesh, and the peasant went into the town and wanted to sell the skin there, so that he might buy a new calf with the proceeds. On the way he passed by a mill, and there sat a raven with broken wings, and out of pity he took him and wrapped him in the skin. As, however, the weather grew so bad and there was a storm of rain and wind, he could go no farther, and turned back to the mill and begged for shelter. The miller's wife was alone in the house, and said to the peasant, "Lay thyself on the straw there," and gave him a slice of bread with cheese on it. The peasant ate it, and lay down with his skin beside him, and the woman thought, "He is tired and has gone to sleep." In the meantime came the parson; the miller's wife received him well, and said, "My husband is out, so we will have a feast." The peasant listened, and when he heard about feasting he was vexed that he had been forced to make shift with a slice of bread with cheese on it. Then the woman served up four different things, roast meat, salad, cakes, and wine.

Just as they were about to sit down and eat, there was a knocking outside. The woman said, "Oh, heavens! It is my husband!" She quickly hid the roast meat inside the tiled stove, the wine under the pillow, the salad on the bed, the cakes under it, and the parson in the cupboard in the entrance. Then she opened the door for her husband, and said, "Thank heaven, thou art back again! There is such a storm, it looks as if the world were coming to an end." The miller saw the peasant lying on the straw, and asked, "What is that fellow doing there?" "Ah," said the wife, "the poor knave came in the storm and rain, and begged for shelter, so I gave him a bit of bread and cheese, and showed him where the straw was." The man said, "I have no objection, but be quick and get me something to eat." The woman said, "But I have nothing but bread and cheese." "I am contented with anything," replied the husband, "so far as I am concerned, bread and cheese will do," and looked at the peasant and said, "Come and eat some more with me." The peasant did not require to be invited twice, but got up and ate. After this the miller saw the skin in which the raven was, lying on the ground, and asked, "What hast thou there?" The peasant answered, "I have a soothsayer inside it." "Can he foretell anything to me?" said the miller. "Why not?" answered the peasant, "but he only says four things, and the fifth he keeps to himself." The miller was curious, and said, "Let him foretell something for once." Then the peasant pinched the raven's head, so that he croaked and made a noise like krr, krr. The miller said, "What did he say?" The peasant answered, "In the first place, he says that there is some wine hidden under the pillow." "Bless me!" cried the miller, and went there and found the wine. "Now go on," said he. The peasant made the raven croak again, and said, "In the second place, he says that there is some roast meat in the tiled

stove." "Upon my word!" cried the miller, and went thither, and found the roast meat. The peasant made the raven prophesy still more, and said, "Thirdly, he says that there is some salad on the bed." "That would be a fine thing!" cried the miller, and went there and found the salad. At last the peasant pinched the raven once more till he croaked, and said, "Fourthly, he says that there are some cakes under the bed." "That would be a fine thing!" cried the miller, and looked there, and found the cakes.

And now the two sat down to the table together, but the miller's wife was frightened to death, and went to bed and took all the keys with her. The miller would have liked much to know the fifth, but the little peasant said, "First, we will quickly eat the four things, for the fifth is something bad." So they ate, and after that they bargained how much the miller was to give for the fifth prophecy, until they agreed on three hundred thalers. Then the peasant once more pinched the raven's head till he croaked loudly. The miller asked, "What did he say?" The peasant replied, "He says that the Devil is hiding outside there in the cupboard in the entrance." The miller said, "The Devil must go out," and opened the house-door; then the woman was forced to give up the keys, and the peasant unlocked the cupboard. The parson ran out as fast as he could, and the miller said, "It was true; I saw the black rascal with my own eyes." The peasant, however, made off next morning by daybreak with the three hundred thalers.

At home the small peasant gradually launched out; he built a beautiful house, and the peasants said, "The small peasant has certainly been to the place where golden snow falls, and people carry the gold home in shovels." Then the small peasant was brought before the Mayor, and bidden to say from whence his wealth came. He answered, "I sold my cow's skin in the town, for three hundred thalers." When the peasants heard that, they too wished to enjoy this great profit, and ran home, killed all their cows, and stripped off their skins in order to sell them in the town to the greatest advantage. The Mayor, however, said, "But my servant must go first." When she came to the merchant in the town, he did not give her more than two thalers for a skin, and when the others came, he did not give them so much, and said, "What can I do with all these skins?"

Then the peasants were vexed that the small peasant should have thus overreached them, wanted to take vengeance on him, and accused him of this treachery before the Mayor. The innocent little peasant was unanimously sentenced to death, and was to be rolled into the water, in a barrel pierced full of holes. He was led forth, and a priest was brought who was to say a mass for his soul. The others were all obliged to retire to a distance, and when the peasant looked at the priest, he recognised the man who had been with the miller's wife. He said to him, "I set you free from the cupboard, set me free from the barrel." At this same moment up came, with a flock of sheep, the very shepherd who as the peasant knew had long been wishing to be Mayor, so he cried with all his might, "No, I will not do it; if the whole world insists on it, I will not do it!" The shepherd hearing that, came up to him, and asked, "What art thou about? What is it that thou wilt not do?" The peasant said, "They want to make me Mayor, if I will but put myself in the barrel, but I will not do it." The shepherd said, "If nothing more than that is needful in order to be Mayor, I would get into the barrel at once." The peasant said, "If thou wilt get in, thou wilt be Mayor." The shepherd was willing, and got in, and the peasant shut the top down on him; then he took the shepherd's flock for himself, and drove it away. The parson went to the crowd, and declared that the mass had been said. Then they came and rolled the barrel towards the water. When the barrel began to roll,

the shepherd cried, "I am quite willing to be Mayor." They believed no otherwise than that it was the peasant who was saying this, and answered, "That is what we intend, but first thou shalt look about thee a little down below there," and they rolled the barrel down into the water.

After that the peasants went home, and as they were entering the village, the small peasant also came quietly in, driving a flock of sheep and looking quite contented. Then the peasants were astonished, and said, "Peasant, from whence comest thou? Hast thou come out of the water?" "Yes, truly," replied the peasant, "I sank deep, deep down, until at last I got to the bottom; I pushed the bottom out of the barrel, and crept out, and there were pretty meadows on which a number of lambs were feeding, and from thence I brought this flock away with me." Said the peasants, "Are there any more there?" "Oh, yes," said he, "more than I could do anything with." Then the peasants made up their minds that they too would fetch some sheep for themselves, a flock apiece, but the Mayor said, "I come first." So they went to the water together, and just then there were some of the small fleecy clouds in the blue sky, which are called little lambs, and they were reflected in the water, whereupon the peasants cried, "We already see the sheep down below!" The Mayor pressed forward and said, "I will go down first, and look about me, and if things promise well I'll call you." So he jumped in; splash! went the water; he made a sound as if he were calling them, and the whole crowd plunged in after him as one man. Then the entire village was dead, and the small peasant, as sole heir, became a rich man.

## 62.—THE QUEEN BEE.

(*"The Queen Bee"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales (KHM 62). Grimm's annotation notes "from Hesse", but Jacob Grimm's 1809 manuscript goes back to Albert Ludewig Grimm's collection "Kindermärchen" (1808, pp. 113–134) and drastically abridged it. The fairy tale describes the benefits of simple-mindedness paired with a friendly disposition. Albert Ludwig Grimm (1786–1872; wrongly spelled "Ludewig" in his "Children's Tales" of 1809) from the Grand Duchy of Baden was a German writer, educator and politician. Grimm studied theology and philology (linguistics) at the Universities of Tübingen and Heidelberg. Like the brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, who were not related to him, he was an enthusiastic collector of folk traditions.

*Contents: Two sons of a king went out to seek their fortunes, but fell into disorderly ways. The third and youngest son, called "Simpleton," went out to find them, but they mocked him. They traveled on, and Simpleton prevented his brothers from destroying an ant hill, killing some ducks, and suffocating a bee hive with smoke. Then they came to a castle with stone horses in the stable, and no sign of anyone. They hunted through the castle and found a room with a little gray man, who showed them to dinner. In the morning, he showed the oldest son a stone table, on which were written three tasks. Whoever performed them would free the castle. The first task was to collect the princess's thousand pearls, scattered in the woods. Whoever tried and failed would be turned to stone. Each of the older brothers tried and failed, and they were turned to stone. For Simpleton, however, the ants collected the pearls. The second task was to fetch the key to the princess's bedchamber from the lake, which the ducks did for him. The third task was to pick out the youngest princess from the three sleeping princesses who looked exactly alike; the only difference*

*was that the oldest had eaten a bit of sugar before she slept, the second a little syrup, and the youngest some honey. The queen bee picked out the youngest. This woke the castle, and restored those who had been turned to stone. Simpleton married the youngest princess, and his two brothers, the other princesses.)*

Two kings' sons once went out in search of adventures, and fell into a wild, disorderly way of living, so that they never came home again. The youngest, who was called Simpleton, set out to seek his brothers, but when at length he found them they mocked him for thinking that he with his simplicity could get through the world, when they two could not make their way, and yet were so much cleverer. They all three travelled away together, and came to an ant-hill. The two elder wanted to destroy it, to see the little ants creeping about in their terror, and carrying their eggs away, but Simpleton said, "Leave the creatures in peace; I will not allow you to disturb them." Then they went onwards and came to a lake, on which a great number of ducks were swimming. The two brothers wanted to catch a couple and roast them, but Simpleton would not permit it, and said, "Leave the creatures in peace, I will not suffer you to kill them." At length they came to a bee's nest, in which there was so much honey that it ran out of the trunk of the tree where it was. The two wanted to make a fire beneath the tree, and suffocate the bees in order to take away the honey, but Simpleton again stopped them and said, "Leave the creatures in peace, I will not allow you to burn them." At length the two brothers arrived at a castle where stone horses were standing in the stables, and no human being was to be seen, and they went through all the halls until, quite at the end, they came to a door in which were three locks. In the middle of the door, however, there was a little pane, through which they could see into the room. There they saw a little grey man, who was sitting at a table. They called him, once, twice, but he did not hear; at last they called him for the third time, when he got up, opened the locks, and came out. He said nothing, however, but conducted them to a handsomely-spread table, and when they had eaten and drunk, he took each of them to a bedroom. Next morning the little grey man came to the eldest, beckoned to him, and conducted him to a stone table, on which were inscribed three tasks, by the performance of which the castle could be delivered. The first was that in the forest, beneath the moss, lay the princess's pearls, a thousand in number, which must be picked up, and if by sunset one single pearl was wanting, he who had looked for them would be turned to stone. The eldest went thither, and sought the whole day, but when it came to an end, he had only found one hundred, and what was written on the table came to pass, and he was changed into stone. Next day, the second brother undertook the adventure; it did not, however, fare much better with him than with the eldest; he did not find more than two hundred pearls, and was changed to stone. At last the turn came to Simpleton also, who sought in the moss. It was, however, so hard to find the pearls, and he got on so slowly, that he seated himself on a stone, and wept. And while he was thus sitting, the King of the ants whose life he had once saved, came with five thousand ants, and before long the little creatures had got all the pearls together, and laid them in a heap. The second task, however, was to fetch out of the lake the key of the King's daughter's bed-chamber. When Simpleton came to the lake, the ducks which he had saved, swam up to him, dived down, and brought the key out of the water. But the third task was the most difficult; from amongst the three sleeping daughters of the King was the youngest and dearest to be sought out. They, however, resembled each other exactly, and were only to be distinguished by

their having eaten different sweetmeats before they fell asleep: the eldest a bit of sugar; the second a little syrup; and the youngest a spoonful of honey. Then the Queen of the bees, which Simpleton had protected from the fire, came and tasted the lips of all three, and at last she remained sitting on the mouth which had eaten honey, and thus the King's son recognised the right princess. Then the enchantment was at an end; everything was released from sleep, and those who had been turned to stone received once more their natural forms. Simpleton married the youngest and sweetest princess, and after her father's death became King, and his two brothers received the two other sisters.

### 63.—THE THREE FEATHERS.

(*"The Three Feathers"* is a story by the Brothers Grimm, in their *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, KHM 63. The Grimms noted "from Zwehrn" (from Dorothea Viehmann).

*Contents: A king promises the kingdom to the one of his three sons who brings him the finest carpet. He blows three feathers in the air for them to follow. The two older and wise move to the East and the West. They laugh at the youngest, who is called "Simpleton" (Idiot) because his feather falls to the ground. He's just sad. There he finds a trap door by the feather, underneath it a staircase and a door behind which a toad lives. She gives him what he needs. But his brothers, who in their arrogance only fetched cheap cloths, demand a new condition, because the simpleton lacks the sense. The king has the most beautiful ring and finally the most beautiful woman brought to him. The toad gives Simpleton a hollowed-out yellow turnip covered with six mice. When he puts one of the little toads in it, she becomes a beautiful woman in a carriage. The two older ones still demand that the women should jump through a ring because they think their two peasant wives could do it better. But they break their limbs. Dumpling's wife, however, skilfully jumps through the ring like a deer. Then Simpleton becomes king and rules wisely.)*

There was once on a time a King who had three sons, of whom two were clever and wise, but the third did not speak much, and was simple, and was called the Simpleton. When the King had become old and weak, and was thinking of his end, he did not know which of his sons should inherit the kingdom after him. Then he said to them: "Go forth, and he who brings me the most beautiful carpet shall be King after my death." And that there should be no dispute amongst them, he took them outside his castle, blew three feathers in the air, and said: "You shall go as they fly." One feather flew to the east, the other to the west, but the third flew straight up and did not fly far, but soon fell to the ground. And now one brother went to the right, and the other to the left, and they mocked Simpleton, who was forced to stay where the third feather had fallen.

He sat down and was sad, then all at once he saw that there was a trap-door close by the feather. He raised it up, found some steps, and went down them, and then he came to another door, knocked at it, and heard somebody inside calling:

"Little green maiden small,  
Hopping,  
Hopping hither and thither;  
Hop to the door,  
And quickly see who is there."

The door opened, and he saw a great, fat toad sitting, and round about her a crowd of little toads. The fat toad asked what he

wanted? He answered: "I should like to have the prettiest and finest carpet in the world." Then she called a young one and said:

"Little green maiden small,  
Hopping,  
Hopping hither and thither,  
Hop quickly and bring me  
The great box here."

The young toad brought the box, and the fat toad opened it, and gave Simpleton a carpet out of it, so beautiful and so fine, that on the earth above, none could have been woven like it. Then he thanked her, and ascended again.

The two others had, however, looked on their youngest brother as so stupid that they believed he would find and bring nothing at all. "Why should we give ourselves a great deal of trouble to search?" said they, and got some coarse handkerchiefs from the first shepherds' wives whom they met, and carried them home to the King. At the same time Simpleton also came back, and brought his beautiful carpet, and when the King saw it he was astonished, and said: "If justice be done, the kingdom belongs to the youngest." But the two others let their father have no peace, and said that it was impossible that Simpleton, who in everything lacked understanding, should be King, and entreated him to make a new agreement with them. Then the father said: "He who brings me the most beautiful ring shall inherit the kingdom," and led the three brothers out, and blew into the air three feathers, which they were to follow. Those of the two eldest again went east and west, and Simpleton's feather flew straight up, and fell down near the door into the earth. Then he went down again to the fat toad, and told her that he wanted the most beautiful ring. She at once ordered her great box to be brought, and gave him a ring out of it, which sparkled with jewels, and was so beautiful that no goldsmith on earth would have been able to make it. The two eldest laughed at Simpleton for going to seek a golden ring. They gave themselves no trouble, but knocked the nails out of an old carriage-ring, and took it to the King; but when Simpleton produced his golden ring, his father again said, "The kingdom belongs to him." The two eldest did not cease from tormenting the King until he made a third condition, and declared that the one who brought the most beautiful woman home, should have the kingdom. He again blew the three feathers into the air, and they flew as before.

Then Simpleton without more ado went down to the fat toad, and said: "I am to take home the most beautiful woman!" - "Oh," answered the toad, "the most beautiful woman! She is not at hand at the moment, but still thou shalt have her." She gave him a yellow turnip which had been hollowed out, to which six mice were harnessed. Then Simpleton said quite mournfully: "What am I to do with that?" The toad answered: "Just put one of my little toads into it." Then he seized one at random out of the circle, and put her into the yellow coach, but hardly was she seated inside it than she turned into a wonderfully beautiful maiden, and the turnip into a coach, and the six mice into horses. So he kissed her, and drove off quickly with the horses, and took her to the King. His brothers came afterwards; they had given themselves no trouble at all to seek beautiful girls, but had brought with them the first peasant women they chanced to meet. When the King saw them he said: "After my death the kingdom belongs to my youngest son." But the two eldest deafened the King's ears afresh with their clamour, "We cannot consent to Simpleton's being King," and demanded that the one whose wife could leap through a ring which hung in the centre of the hall should have the preference. They thought: "The peasant women can do that easily;

they are strong enough, but the delicate maiden will jump herself to death." The aged King agreed likewise to this. Then the two peasant women jumped, and jumped through the ring, but were so stout that they fell, and their coarse arms and legs broke in two. And then the pretty maiden whom Simpleton had brought with him, sprang, and sprang through as lightly as a deer, and all opposition had to cease. So he received the crown, and has ruled wisely for a length of time.

#### 64.—THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

*(Translation: Although we generally have chosen to show the translations by Margaret Hunt as they stick to the Grimm's originals, in this case, however, we show the translation by Lucy Crane from 1882 as it is the better one. "The Golden Goose" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 64). The Grimms noted: "Based on a story from Hesse (perhaps the Hassenpflug family) and another from Paderborn (probably the von Haxthausen family)."*

*Contents: The youngest of three sons is despised and is called Simpleton (Idiot). When the eldest goes chopping wood, his mother gives him wine and pancakes. On the way, a gray male wants to eat, but he refuses. At work he hits his arm with an axe. The second son does the same thing and hits himself in the foot. Finally the youngest is allowed too, only gets cinder cakes and sour beer, but likes to share with the little man. In return, it shows him an old tree, which he knocks down and finds a golden goose. At the innkeeper's, the three daughters want to get hold of a feather, the first catches her hand on it, the second on her, and the third on her. So Simpleton just takes them with him. On the way, the priest tries to stop the girls from running after him, but the last one gets caught, followed by the sexton, then two more farmers. When she sees this necklace, the king's daughter laughs, who is otherwise so serious that the king promised her to anyone who would make her laugh. But because Simpleton is poor, he has to bring a man who will drink up a wine cellar, then one who will eat up a mountain of bread, and finally a ship that will sail on water and on land. Simpleton searches for the male, finds a thirsty man and a hungry man who complete the task, also gets the ship, then marries and inherits the kingdom.)*

There was a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was called the Simpleton (Idiot), and was despised, laughed at, and neglected, on every occasion. It happened one day that the eldest son wished to go into the forest to cut wood, and before he went his mother gave him a delicious pancake and a flask of wine, that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst. When he came into the forest a little old grey man met him, who wished him good day, and said,

"Give me a bit of cake out of your pocket, and let me have a drink of your wine; I am so hungry and thirsty."

But the prudent youth answered,

"Give you my cake and my wine? I haven't got any; be off with you."

And leaving the little man standing there, he went off. Then he began to fell a tree, but he had not been at it long before he made a wrong stroke, and the hatchet hit him in the arm, so that he was obliged to go home and get it bound up. That was what came of the little grey man.

Afterwards the second son went into the wood, and the mother gave to him, as to the eldest, a pancake and a flask of wine. The

little old grey man met him also, and begged for a little bit of cake and a drink of wine. But the second son spoke out plainly, saying,

"What I give you I lose myself, so be off with you."

And leaving the little man standing there, he went off. The punishment followed; as he was chopping away at the tree, he hit himself in the leg so severely that he had to be carried home.

Then said the Simpleton,

"Father, let me go for once into the forest to cut wood; and the father answered, "Your brothers have hurt themselves by so doing; give it up, you understand nothing about it."

But the Simpleton went on begging so long, that the father said at last,

"Well, be off with you; you will only learn by experience."

The mother gave him a cake (it was only made with water, and baked in the ashes), and with it a flask of sour beer. When he came into the forest the little old grey man met him, and greeted him, saying,

"Give me a bit of your cake, and a drink from your flask; I am so hungry and thirsty."

And the Simpleton answered, "I have only a flour and water cake and sour beer; but if that is good enough for you, let us sit down together and eat." Then they sat down, and as the Simpleton took out his flour and water cake it became a rich pancake, and his sour beer became good wine; then they ate and drank, and afterwards the little man said,

"As you have such a kind heart, and share what you have so willingly, I will bestow good luck upon you. Yonder stands an old tree; cut it down, and at its roots you will find something," and thereupon the little man took his departure.

The Simpleton went there, and hewed away at the tree, and when it fell he saw, sitting among the roots, a goose with feathers of pure gold. He lifted it out and took it with him to an inn where he intended to stay the night. The landlord had three daughters who, when they saw the goose, were curious to know what wonderful kind of bird it was, and ended by longing for one of its golden feathers. The eldest thought, "I will wait for a good opportunity, and then I will pull out one of its feathers for myself;" and so, when the Simpleton was gone out, she seized the goose by its wing—but there her finger and hand had to stay, held fast. Soon after came the second sister with the same idea of plucking out one of the golden feathers for herself; but scarcely had she touched her sister, than she also was obliged to stay, held fast. Lastly came the third with the same intentions; but the others screamed out,

"Stay away! for heaven's sake stay away!"

But she did not see why she should stay away, and thought, "If they do so, why should not I?" and went towards them. But when she reached her sisters there she stopped, hanging on with them. And so they had to stay, all night. The next morning the Simpleton took the goose under his arm and went away, unmindful of the three girls that hung on to it. The three had always to run after him, left and right, wherever his legs carried him. In the midst of the fields they met the parson, who, when he saw the procession, said,

"Shame on you, girls, running after a young fellow through the fields like this," and forthwith he seized hold of the youngest by the hand to drag her away, but hardly had he touched her when he too was obliged to run after them himself. Not long after the sexton came that way, and seeing the respected parson following at the heels of the three girls, he called out,

"Ho, your reverence, whither away so quickly? You forget that we have another christening to-day;" and he seized hold of him by his gown; but no sooner had he touched him than he was obliged

to follow on too. As the five tramped on, one after another, two peasants with their hoes came up from the fields, and the parson cried out to them, and begged them to come and set him and the sexton free, but no sooner had they touched the sexton than they had to follow on too; and now there were seven following the Simpleton and the goose.

By and by they came to a town where a king reigned, who had an only daughter who was so serious that no one could make her laugh; therefore the king had given out that whoever should make her laugh should have her in marriage. The Simpleton, when he heard this, went with his goose and his hangers-on into the presence of the king's daughter, and as soon as she saw the seven people following always one after the other, she burst out laughing, and seemed as if she could never stop. And so the Simpleton earned a right to her as his bride; but the king did not like him for a son-in-law and made all kinds of objections, and said he must first bring a man who could drink up a whole cellar of wine. The Simpleton thought that the little grey man would be able to help him, and went out into the forest, and there, on the very spot where he felled the tree, he saw a man sitting with a very sad countenance. The Simpleton asked him what was the matter, and he answered,

"I have a great thirst, which I cannot quench: cold water does not agree with me; I have indeed drunk up a whole cask of wine, but what good is a drop like that?"

Then said the Simpleton,

"I can help you; only come with me, and you shall have enough." He took him straight to the king's cellar, and the man sat himself down before the big vats, and drank, and drank, and before a day was over he had drunk up the whole cellar-full. The Simpleton again asked for his bride, but the king was annoyed that a wretched fellow, called the Simpleton by everybody, should carry off his daughter, and so he made new conditions. He was to produce a man who could eat up a mountain of bread. The Simpleton did not hesitate long, but ran quickly off to the forest, and there in the same place sat a man who had fastened a strap round his body, making a very piteous face, and saying,

"I have eaten a whole bakehouse full of rolls, but what is the use of that when one is so hungry as I am? My stomach feels quite empty, and I am obliged to strap myself together, that I may not die of hunger."

The Simpleton was quite glad of this, and said,

"Get up quickly, and come along with me, and you shall have enough to eat."

He led him straight to the king's courtyard, where all the meal in the kingdom had been collected and baked into a mountain of bread. The man out of the forest settled himself down before it and hastened to eat, and in one day the whole mountain had disappeared.

Then the Simpleton asked for his bride the third time. The king, however, found one more excuse, and said he must have a ship that should be able to sail on land or on water.

"So soon," said he, "as you come sailing along with it, you shall have my daughter for your wife."

The Simpleton went straight to the forest, and there sat the little old grey man with whom he had shared his cake, and he said,

"I have eaten for you, and I have drunk for you, I will also give you the ship; and all because you were kind to me at the first."

Then he gave him the ship that could sail on land and on water, and when the king saw it he knew he could no longer withhold his daughter. The marriage took place immediately, and at the death

of the king the Simpleton possessed the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.

#### 65.—ALLERLEIRAUH or ALL-KINDS-OF-FUR or CAT-SKIN

*("Allerleirauh" is a fairy tale recorded by the Brothers Grimm. Since the second edition published in 1819, it has been recorded as Tale KHM 65. Andrew Lang included it in *The Green Fairy Book*. The title *Allerlei-Rauh* was written up to the 2nd edition. Speakers of the German, Dutch and English languages can do nothing at all with this strange title. It means "any kind of fur", "many-furred creature" or simply "animal fur". That the king wanted to marry his own daughter is a clear indication of intended incest. The French version, *Peau d'Ane* (donkey skin) by Charles Perrault, first appeared in 1694 and then again in the *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye* collection in 1697 Jacob Grimm's handwritten original version is based on a story in Karl Nehrlich's novel *Schilly*. It also influenced the first print from 1812, the text of which otherwise goes back to oral tradition by Dortchen Wild. Albert Ludwig Grimm (from Baden and not related to the brothers) designed a text "*Brunnenhold und Brunnenstark*" 1816 after the Brothers Grimm, which in turn had an effect on their later editions.)*

*Contents: A king promised his dying wife that he would not remarry unless it was to a woman who was as beautiful as she was, and when he looked for a new wife, he realised that the only woman that could match her beauty was his own daughter. The daughter tried to make the wedding impossible by asking for three dresses, one as golden as the sun, one as silver as the moon, and one as dazzling as the stars, and a mantle made from the fur of every kind of bird and animal in the kingdom. When her father provided them, she took them, with a gold ring, a gold spindle, and a gold reel, and ran from the castle the night before the wedding. She ran far away to another kingdom, and slept in a great forest there, but the young king of that place and his dogs found her while he was hunting. She asked the king to have pity on her and received a place in the kitchen, where she worked, and because she gave no name she was called "Allerleirauh." When the king held a ball, she snuck out and went to it in her golden dress. The next morning, the cook set her to make soup for the king, and she put her golden ring in it. The king found it and questioned the cook and then Allerleirauh, but she revealed nothing. The next ball, she went dressed in her silver dress and put the golden spindle in the soup, and the king again could discover nothing. The third ball, she went in the star dress, and the king slipped a golden ring on her finger without her noticing it and ordered that the last dance go longer than usual. She was not able to get away in time to change; she was able only to throw her fur mantle over her clothing before she had to cook the soup. When the king questioned her, he caught her hand, seeing the ring, and when she tried to pull it away, her mantle slipped, revealing the dress of stars. The king pulled off the mantle, revealing her, and they married.)*

There was once on a time a King who had a wife with golden hair, and she was so beautiful that her equal was not to be found on earth. It came to pass that she lay ill, and as she felt that she must soon die, she called the King and said, "If thou wishest to marry again after my death, take no one who is not quite as beautiful as I am, and who has not just such golden hair as I have:

this thou must promise me." And after the King had promised her this she closed her eyes and died.

For a long time the King could not be comforted, and had no thought of taking another wife. At length his councillors said, "There is no help for it, the King must marry again, that we may have a Queen." And now messengers were sent about far and wide, to seek a bride who equalled the late Queen in beauty. In the whole world, however, none was to be found, and even if one had been found, still there would have been no one who had such golden hair. So the messengers came home as they went.

Now the King had a daughter, who was just as beautiful as her dead mother, and had the same golden hair. When she was grown up the King looked at her one day, and saw that in every respect she was like his late wife, and suddenly felt a violent love for her. Then he spake to his councillors, "I will marry my daughter, for she is the counterpart of my late wife, otherwise I can find no bride who resembles her." When the councillors heard that, they were shocked, and said, "God has forbidden a father to marry his daughter, no good can come from such a crime, and the kingdom will be involved in the ruin." The daughter was still more shocked when she became aware of her father's resolution, but hoped to turn him from his design. Then she said to him, "Before I fulfil your wish, I must have three dresses, one as golden as the sun, one as silvery as the moon, and one as bright as the stars; besides this, I wish for a mantle of a thousand different kinds of fur and hair joined together, and one of every kind of animal in your kingdom must give a piece of his skin for it." But she thought, "To get that will be quite impossible, and thus I shall divert my father from his wicked intentions." The King, however, did not give it up, and the cleverest maidens in his kingdom had to weave the three dresses, one as golden as the sun, one as silvery as the moon, and one as bright as the stars, and his huntsmen had to catch one of every kind of animal in the whole of his kingdom, and take from it a piece of its skin, and out of these was made a mantle of a thousand different kinds of fur. At length, when all was ready, the King caused the mantle to be brought, spread it out before her, and said, "The wedding shall be to-morrow."

When, therefore, the King's daughter saw that there was no longer any hope of turning her father's heart, she resolved to run away from him. In the night whilst every one was asleep, she got up, and took three different things from her treasures, a golden ring, a golden spinning-wheel, and a golden reel. The three dresses of the sun, moon, and stars she put into a nutshell, put on her mantle of all kinds of fur, and blackened her face and hands with soot. Then she commended herself to God, and went away, and walked the whole night until she reached a great forest. And as she was tired, she got into a hollow tree, and fell asleep.

The sun rose, and she slept on, and she was still sleeping when it was full day. Then it so happened that the King to whom this forest belonged, was hunting in it. When his dogs came to the tree, they sniffed, and ran barking round about it. The King said to the huntsmen, "Just see what kind of wild beast has hidden itself in there." The huntsmen obeyed his order, and when they came back they said, "A wondrous beast is lying in the hollow tree; we have never before seen one like it. Its skin is fur of a thousand different kinds, but it is lying asleep." Said the King, "See if you can catch it alive, and then fasten it to the carriage, and we will take it with us." When the huntsmen laid hold of the maiden, she awoke full of terror, and cried to them, "I am a poor child, deserted by father and mother; have pity on me, and take me with you." Then said they, "Allerleirauh, thou wilt be useful in the kitchen, come with us, and thou canst sweep up the ashes." So they put her in the

carriage, and took her home to the royal palace. There they pointed out to her a closet under the stairs, where no daylight entered, and said, "Hairy animal, there canst thou live and sleep." Then she was sent into the kitchen, and there she carried wood and water, swept the hearth, plucked the fowls, picked the vegetables, raked the ashes, and did all the dirty work.

Allerleirauh lived there for a long time in great wretchedness. Alas, fair princess, what is to become of thee now! It happened, however, that one day a feast was held in the palace, and she said to the cook, "May I go up-stairs for a while, and look on? I will place myself outside the door." The cook answered, "Yes, go, but you must be back here in half-an-hour to sweep the hearth." Then she took her oil-lamp, went into her den, put off her fur-dress, and washed the soot off her face and hands, so that her full beauty once more came to light. And she opened the nut, and took out her dress which shone like the sun, and when she had done that she went up to the festival, and every one made way for her, for no one knew her, and thought no otherwise than that she was a king's daughter. The King came to meet her, gave his hand to her, and danced with her, and thought in his heart, "My eyes have never yet seen any one so beautiful!" When the dance was over she curtsied, and when the King looked round again she had vanished, and none knew whither. The guards who stood outside the palace were called and questioned, but no one had seen her.

She had, however, run into her little den, had quickly taken off her dress, made her face and hands black again, put on the fur-mantle, and again was Allerleirauh. And now when she went into the kitchen, and was about to get to her work and sweep up the ashes, the cook said, "Leave that alone till morning, and make me the soup for the King; I, too, will go upstairs awhile, and take a look; but let no hairs fall in, or in future thou shalt have nothing to eat." So the cook went away, and Allerleirauh made the soup for the king, and made bread soup and the best she could, and when it was ready she fetched her golden ring from her little den, and put it in the bowl in which the soup was served. When the dancing was over, the King had his soup brought and ate it, and he liked it so much that it seemed to him he had never tasted better. But when he came to the bottom of the bowl, he saw a golden ring lying, and could not conceive how it could have got there. Then he ordered the cook to appear before him.

The cook was terrified when he heard the order, and said to Allerleirauh, "Thou hast certainly let a hair fall into the soup, and if thou hast, thou shalt be beaten for it." When he came before the King the latter asked who had made the soup? The cook replied, "I made it." But the King said, "That is not true, for it was much better than usual, and cooked differently." He answered, "I must acknowledge that I did not make it, it was made by the rough animal." The King said, "Go and bid it come up here." When Allerleirauh came, the King said, "Who art thou?" "I am a poor girl who no longer has any father or mother." He asked further, "Of what use art thou in my palace?" She answered, "I am good for nothing but to have boots thrown at my head." He continued, "Where didst thou get the ring which was in the soup?" She answered, "I know nothing about the ring." So the King could learn nothing, and had to send her away again.

After a while, there was another festival, and then, as before, Allerleirauh begged the cook for leave to go and look on. He answered, "Yes, but come back again in half-an-hour, and make the King the bread soup which he so much likes." Then she ran into her den, washed herself quickly, and took out of the nut the dress which was as silvery as the moon, and put it on. Then she went up and was like a princess, and the King stepped forward to

meet her, and rejoiced to see her once more, and as the dance was just beginning they danced it together. But when it was ended, she again disappeared so quickly that the King could not observe where she went. She, however, sprang into her den, and once more made herself a hairy animal, and went into the kitchen to prepare the bread soup. When the cook had gone up-stairs, she fetched the little golden spinning-wheel, and put it in the bowl so that the soup covered it.

Then it was taken to the King, who ate it, and liked it as much as before, and had the cook brought, who this time likewise was forced to confess that Allerleirauh had prepared the soup. Allerleirauh again came before the King, but she answered that she was good for nothing else but to have boots thrown at her head, and that she knew nothing at all about the little golden spinning-wheel.

When, for the third time, the King held a festival, all happened just as it had done before. The cook said, "Faith rough-skin, thou art a witch, and always putteth something in the soup which makes it so good that the King likes it better than that which I cook," but as she begged so hard, he let her go up at the appointed time. And now she put on the dress which shone like the stars, and thus entered the hall. Again the King danced with the beautiful maiden, and thought that she never yet had been so beautiful. And whilst she was dancing, he contrived, without her noticing it, to slip a golden ring on her finger, and he had given orders that the dance should last a very long time. When it was ended, he wanted to hold her fast by her hands, but she tore herself loose, and sprang away so quickly through the crowd that she vanished from his sight. She ran as fast as she could into her den beneath the stairs, but as she had been too long, and had stayed more than half-an-hour she could not take off her pretty dress, but only threw over it her furmantle, and in her haste she did not make herself quite black, but one finger remained white. Then Allerleirauh ran into the kitchen, and cooked the bread soup for the King, and as the cook was away, put her golden reel into it. When the King found the reel at the bottom of it, he caused Allerleirauh to be summoned, and then he espied the white finger, and saw the ring which he had put on it during the dance. Then he grasped her by the hand, and held her fast, and when she wanted to release herself and run away, her mantle of fur opened a little, and the star-dress shone forth. The King clutched the mantle and tore it off. Then her golden hair shone forth, and she stood there in full splendour, and could no longer hide herself. And when she had washed the soot and ashes from her face, she was more beautiful than anyone who had ever been seen on earth. But the King said, "Thou art my dear bride, and we will never more part from each other." Thereupon the marriage was solemnised, and they lived happily until their death.

## 66.—THE HARE'S BRIDE.

*("The Hare's Bride" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the second edition of 1819 at position 66 (KHM 66). The short text uses simple, childlike motifs. The Brothers Grimm received the fairy tale in a letter from Georg Friedrich Fallenstein from Berlin in 1815; he heard it from an old farmer's wife near Buckow in the Wendenland. The fairy tale is written in a mix of Upper German and Low German, as could be found in Hesse or other areas south of the Benrather line\* at the time of the Grimms. The Low German in Grimm's Dialect Fairy Tales is incomprehensible to Standard German and especially to Upper German speakers of the South, as*

*it resembles Dutch more than Standard German. [\* The "Benrather Line" marks the northernmost area of the second or "High German" sound shift and is associated with the sound shift (from k [maken, ik] to ch [machen, ich]). This dialect boundary runs from west to east, from Dunkerque via Leuven, Aachen, Düsseldorf, Kassel, Magdeburg to Berlin and Frankfurt/Oder. North of the line, people speak Dutch, Frisian, Low German (Low German), English and Scandinavian. The "Speyer Line" (about 100-300 km south of it) separates the mixed language area (High German or Central German) from the real upper German of the south: Alsace-Lorraine, Baden-Württemberg, Switzerland, Austria, Bavaria, Thuringia. That means: Linguistically, the entire Germanic language area of Europe is divided into three, from west to east.]*

*Contents: A woman sends her daughter out to chase away the bunny that is eating the cabbage in the garden. The little hare always invites her to sit on his tail and come along. The third time she goes with him. The little hare lets her cook kale and millet, fetches the wedding guests and tells her to uncover three times. But the girl just cries. When the girl has to serve food for a third time, she puts a straw doll in her place, puts the doll on her own clothes and goes home. The little hare smacks the doll's head, causing her bonnet to fall off and revealing that it's just a doll. Then the little hare goes away and is sad.)*

There was once a woman and her daughter who lived in a pretty garden with cabbages; and a little hare came into it, and during the winter time ate all the cabbages. Then says the mother to the daughter, "Go into the garden, and chase the hare away." The girl says to the little hare, "Shoo-shoo, hare, you are still eating up all our cabbages." Says the hare, "Come, maiden, and seat yourself on my little hare's tail, and come with me into my little hare's hut." The girl will not do it. Next day the hare again comes and eats the cabbages, then says the mother to the daughter, "Go into the garden, and drive the hare away." The girl says to the hare, "Shoo-shoo, little hare, you are still eating all the cabbages." The little hare says, "Maiden, seat thyself on my little hare's tail, and come with me into my little hare's hut." The maiden refuses. The third day the hare comes again, and eats the cabbages. On this the mother says to the daughter, " Go into the garden, and hunt the hare away." Says the maiden, "Shoo-shoo, little hare, you are still eating all our cabbages." Says the little hare, "Come, maiden, seat thyself on my little hare's tail, and come with me into my little hare's hut." The girl seats herself on the little hare's tail, and then the hare takes her far away to his little hut, and says, "Now cook green cabbage and millet-seed, and I will invite the wedding-guests." Then all the wedding-guests assembled. (Who were the wedding guests?) That I can tell you as another told it to me. They were all hares, and the crow was there as parson to marry the bride and bridegroom, and the fox as clerk, and the altar was under the rainbow.

The girl, however, was sad, for she was all alone. The little hare comes and says, "Open the doors, open the doors, the wedding-guests are merry." The bride says nothing, but weeps. The little hare goes away. The little hare comes back and says, "Take off the lid, take off the lid, the wedding-guests are hungry." The bride again says nothing, and weeps. The little hare goes away. The little hare comes back and says, "Take off the lid, take off the lid, the wedding-guests are waiting." Then the bride says nothing, and the hare goes away, but she dresses a straw-doll in her clothes, and gives her a spoon to stir with, and sets her by the pan with the millet-seed, and goes back to her mother. The little hare comes

once more and says, "Take off the lid, take off the lid," and gets up, and strikes the doll on the head so that her cap falls off.

Then the little hare sees that it is not his bride, and goes away and is sorrowful.

## 67.—THE TWELVE HUNTSMEN.

*(“The Twelve Huntsmen” is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm as tale number 67 in their Grimm’s Fairy Tales. In the 1st edition it was called “The King with the Lion.” The Grimms noted on the origin “from Hesse” (by Jeanette Hassenpflug). The motif is the forgotten first bride, a theme common in sagas. The saying that it “almost broke the heart of the first bride” comes originally from legal practice. “You are mine and I am thine” is a betrothal formula common in medieval and later folk literature. Andrew Lang included it in The Green Fairy Book.)*

*Contents: Once there was prince who was engaged to a beautiful maiden whom he loved. One day, the prince was summoned to his father’s deathbed and was so grief-stricken that he promised he would marry the neighboring princess whom his father wished he would marry. After his father died and the prince became king, he felt bound by his promise to marry the other princess. His fiancee heard of the new king’s promise and asked her father for eleven maidens who looked exactly like her. Each maiden dressed as huntsmen went to the king’s court. At court, the king had a lion who knew everything. It told him that the huntsmen were women, and to test them, the king should put peas on the floor: a man’s firm step would crush them, while a woman’s would make them roll. The maiden heard this and warned her companions to step firmly. And so, when the huntsmen stepped on the peas, they were crushed. The lion then said the king should put spinning wheels in the room, betraying the maidens’ interest. Once again, the maiden learned of the lion’s plan and warned her companions. The lion soon fell from favour as the king believed he did not know everything, as once thought. When they went out for a hunt, it is said that the king’s bride is coming, the real bride fainted and fell off the horse. The king wants to help, takes off her glove, sees the ring, recognises her, kisses her and promises her loyalty: “Thou art mine, and I am thine, and no one in the world can alter that.” He leaves the other bride say, “he already has a wife, and a man who had just found an old dish did not require a new one.”)*

There was once a King's son who was betrothed to a maiden whom he loved very much. And when he was sitting beside her and very happy, news came that his father lay sick unto death, and desired to see him once again before his end. Then he said to his beloved, "I must now go and leave thee, I give thee a ring as a remembrance of me. When I am King, I will return and fetch thee." So he rode away, and when he reached his father, the latter was dangerously ill, and near his death. He said to him, "Dear son, I wished to see thee once again before my end, promise me to marry as I wish," and he named a certain King's daughter who was to be his wife. The son was in such trouble that he did not think what he was doing, and said, "Yes, dear father, your will shall be done," and thereupon the King shut his eyes, and died.

When therefore the son had been proclaimed King, and the time of mourning was over, he was forced to keep the promise which he had given his father, and caused the King's daughter to be asked in marriage, and she was promised to him. His first betrothed heard of this, and fretted so much about his faithlessness that she nearly died. Then her father said to her, "Dearest child, why art thou so

sad? Thou shalt have whatsoever thou wilt." She thought for a moment and said, "Dear father, I wish for eleven girls exactly like myself in face, figure, and size." The father said, "If it be possible, thy desire shall be fulfilled," and he caused a search to be made in his whole kingdom, until eleven young maidens were found who exactly resembled his daughter in face, figure, and size.

When they came to the King's daughter, she had twelve suits of huntsmen's clothes made, all alike, and the eleven maidens had to put on the huntsmen's clothes, and she herself put on the twelfth suit. Thereupon she took leave of her father, and rode away with them, and rode to the court of her former betrothed, whom she loved so dearly. Then she inquired if he required any huntsmen, and if he would take the whole of them into his service. The King looked at her and did not know her, but as they were such handsome fellows, he said, "Yes," and that he would willingly take them, and now they were the King's twelve huntsmen.

The King, however, had a lion which was a wondrous animal, for he knew all concealed and secret things. It came to pass that one evening he said to the King, "Thou thinkest thou hast twelve huntsmen?" - "Yes," said the King, "they are twelve huntsmen." The lion continued, "Thou art mistaken, they are twelve girls." The King said, "That cannot be true! How wilt thou prove that to me?" - "Oh, just let some peas be strewn in thy ante-chamber," answered the lion, "and then thou wilt soon see it. Men have a firm step, and when they walk over the peas none of them stir, but girls trip and skip, and drag their feet, and the peas roll about." The King was well pleased with the counsel, and caused the peas to be strewn.

There was, however, a servant of the King's who favored the huntsmen, and when he heard that they were going to be put to this test he went to them and repeated everything, and said, "The lion wants to make the King believe that you are girls." Then the King's daughter thanked him, and said to her maidens, "Put on some strength, and step firmly on the peas." So next morning when the King had the twelve huntsmen called before him, and they came into the ante-chamber where the peas were lying, they stepped so firmly on them, and had such a strong, sure walk, that not one of the peas either rolled or stirred. Then they went away again, and the King said to the lion, "Thou hast lied to me, they walk just like men." The lion said, "They have got to know that they were going to be put to the test, and have assumed some strength. Just let twelve spinning-wheels be brought into the ante-chamber some day, and they will go to them and be pleased with them, and that is what no man would do." The King liked the advice, and had the spinning-wheels placed in the ante-chamber.

But the servant, who was well disposed to the huntsmen, went to them, and disclosed the project. Then when they were alone the King's daughter said to her eleven girls, "Put some constraint on yourselves, and do not look round at the spinning-wheels." And next morning when the King had his twelve huntsmen summoned, they went through the ante-chamber, and never once looked at the spinning wheels. Then the King again said to the lion, "Thou hast deceived me, they are men, for they have not looked at the spinning-wheels." The lion replied, "They have learnt that they were going to be put to the test, and have restrained themselves." The King, however, would no longer believe the lion.

The twelve huntsmen always followed the King to the chase, and his liking for them continually increased. Now it came to pass that once when they were out hunting, news came that the King's betrothed was approaching. When the true bride heard that, it hurt her so much that her heart was almost broken, and she fell fainting to the ground. The King thought something had

happened to his dear huntsman, ran up to him, wanted to help him, and drew his glove off. Then he saw the ring which he had given to his first bride, and when he looked in her face he recognised her. Then his heart was so touched that he kissed her, and when she opened her eyes he said, "Thou art mine, and I am thine, and no one in the world can alter that." He sent a messenger to the other bride, and entreated her to return to her own kingdom, for he had a wife already, and a man who had just found an old dish did not require a new one. Thereupon the wedding was celebrated, and the lion was again taken into favour, because, after all, he had told the truth.

#### 68.—THE THIEF AND HIS MASTER.

(*"The Thief and His Master"* is a fairy tale (original title: "De Gaudeif un sien Meester") collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales as tale number KHM 68. It is written in Low German. The Grimms noted "From the Münsterland" (probably from Jenny von Droste zu Hülshoff).

*Contents: Jan is told by the sexton behind the altar that his son should learn to steal quickly. Then he thinks it comes from God and brings his son into the forest to a hut with an old woman and her son. He teaches him thieves. The father should come after a year and only pay if he no longer recognises his son. He complains to a male who advises him to throw a crust of bread in front of a basket in the chimney. The birdie that comes out is his son. On the way home, the son lets his father sell him as a sighthound, then as a horse. But the master thief buys the horse and his father forgets to take the bridle off him. When the master-thief stables him, he asks the maid to take off the bridle, and she is so surprised that he talks that she does so. The son and the master-thief interchange a transformation chase — first sparrows, then fish — with throwing lots, and the son ends it by turning into a fox when the master is a cock, and biting its head off.)*

Hans wished to put his son to learn a trade, so he went into the church and prayed to our Lord God to know which would be most advantageous for him. Then the clerk got behind the altar, and said, "Thieving, thieving."

On this Hans goes back to his son, and tells him he is to learn thieving, and that the Lord God had said so. So he goes with his son to seek a man who is acquainted with thieving. They walk a long time and come into a great forest, where stands a little house with an old woman in it. Hans says, "Do you know of a man who is acquainted with thieving?" "You can learn that here quite well," says the woman, "my son is a master of it."

So he speaks with the son, and asks if he knows thieving really well? The master-thief says, "I will teach him well. Come back when a year is over, and then if you recognise your son, I will take no payment at all for teaching him; but if you don't know him, you must give me two hundred thalers."

The father goes home again, and the son learns witch craft and thieving, thoroughly. When the year is out, the father is full of anxiety to know how he is to contrive to recognise his son. As he is thus going about in his trouble, he meets a little dwarf, who says, "Man, what ails you, that you are always in such trouble?"

"Oh," says Hans, "a year ago I placed my son with a master-thief who told me I was to come back when the year was out, and that if I then did not know my son when I saw him, I was to pay two hundred thalers; but if I did know him I was to pay nothing, and now I am afraid of not knowing him and can't tell where I am to get the money." Then the dwarf tells him to take a small basket of

bread with him, and to stand beneath the chimney. "There on the cross-beam is a basket, out of which a little bird is peeping, and that is your son."

Hans goes thither, and throws a little basket full of black bread in front of the basket with the bird in it, and the little bird comes out, and looks up. "Hollo, my son, art thou here?" says the father, and the son is delighted to see his father, but the master-thief says, "The devil must have prompted you, or how could you have known your son?" "Father, let us go," said the youth.

Then the father and son set out homeward. On the way a carriage comes driving by. Hereupon the son says to his father, "I will change myself into a large greyhound, and then you can earn a great deal of money by me."

Then the gentleman calls from the carriage, "My man, will you sell your dog?" "Yes," says the father. "How much do you want for it?" "Thirty thalers." "Eh, man, that is a great deal, but as it is such a very fine dog I will have it." The gentleman takes it into his carriage, but when they have driven a little farther the dog springs out of the carriage through the window, and goes back to his father, and is no longer a greyhound.

They go home together. Next day there is a fair in the neighbouring town, so the youth says to his father, "I will now change myself into a beautiful horse, and you can sell me; but when you have sold me, you must take off my bridle, or I cannot become a man again." Then the

father goes with the horse to the fair, and the master-thief comes and buys the horse for a hundred thalers, but the father forgets, and does not take off the bridle. So the man goes home with the horse, and puts it in the stable.

When the maid crosses the threshold, the horse says, "Take off my bridle, take off my bridle." Then the maid stands still, and says, "What, canst thou speak?" So she goes and takes the bridle off, and the horse becomes a sparrow, and flies out at the door, and the wizard becomes a sparrow also, and flies after him. Then they come together and cast lots, but the master loses, and betakes himself to the water and is a fish. Then the youth also becomes a fish, and they cast lots again, and the master loses. So the master changes himself into a cock, and the youth becomes a fox, and bites the master's head off, and he died and has remained dead to this day.

#### 69.—JORINDA AND JORINGEL.

(*"Jorinde and Joringel"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 69). The tale is found virtually exclusively in Germany, barring a Swedish variant. It comes from Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling's autobiography Heinrich Stilling's youth from 1777. Despite some details, the story is told briefly. The name of the two protagonists comes from Jorinker, a passerine bird in the Paridae family (true tit).

*Contents: An old sorceress lives in a castle in the forest. She turns into a cat or night owl during the day. She lures animals to slaughter them. If you get too close to the castle, you can no longer move. She turns maidens into nightingales, which she keeps in the castle. Jorinde and Joringel are a young couple who accidentally come near the castle. First they cry and become very sad, then Jorinde turns into a nightingale, and while Joringel cannot move, the witch catches her and takes her away. Joringel begs her to set her free, but she won't budge. Joringel spends a long time abroad as a shepherd and often walks around the castle. Then he dreams of a blood-red flower with a pearl in the middle.*

*He wanders for nine days and finds the flower in the morning with a drop of dew in the center. The witch is powerless against this, although she sprays poison and bile. When she tries to carry away a bird, he recognises Jorinde and frees the 7,000 other birds as well.)*

There was once an old castle in the midst of a large and thick forest, and in it an old woman who was a witch dwelt all alone. In the day-time she changed herself into a cat or a screech-owl, but in the evening she took her proper shape again as a human being. She could lure wild beasts and birds to her, and then she killed and boiled and roasted them. If any one came within one hundred paces of the castle he was obliged to stand still, and could not stir from the place until she bade him be free. But whenever an innocent maiden came within this circle, she changed her into a bird, and shut her up in a wicker-work cage, and carried the cage into a room in the castle. She had about seven thousand cages of rare birds in the castle.

Now, there was once a maiden who was called Jorinda, who was fairer than all other girls. She and a handsome youth named Joringel had promised to marry each other. They were still in the days of betrothal, and their greatest happiness was being together. One day in order that they might be able to talk together in quiet they went for a walk in the forest. "Take care," said Joringel, "that you do not go too near the castle."

It was a beautiful evening; the sun shone brightly between the trunks of the trees into the dark green of the forest, and the turtle-doves sang mournfully upon the young boughs of the birch-trees.

Jorinda wept now and then: she sat down in the sunshine and was sorrowful. Joringel was sorrowful too; they were as sad as if they were about to die. Then they looked around them, and were quite at a loss, for they did not know by which way they should go home. The sun was still half above the mountain and half set.

Joringel looked through the bushes, and saw the old walls of the castle close at hand. He was horror-stricken and filled with deadly fear. Jorinda was singing—

"My little bird, with the necklace red,  
Sings sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,  
He sings that the dove must soon be dead,  
Sings sorrow, sor—jug, jug, jug."

Joringel looked for Jorinda. She was changed into a nightingale, and sang "jug, jug, jug." A screech-owl with glowing eyes flew three times round about her, and three times cried "to-whoo, to-whoo, to-whoo!"

Joringel could not move: he stood there like a stone, and could neither weep nor speak, nor move hand or foot.

The sun had now set. The owl flew into the thicket, and directly afterwards there came out of it a crooked old woman, yellow and lean, with large red eyes and a hooked nose, the point of which reached to her chin. She muttered to herself, caught the nightingale, and took it away in her hand.

Joringel could neither speak nor move from the spot; the nightingale was gone. At last the woman came back, and said in a hollow voice, "Greet thee, Zachiel. If the moon shines on the cage, Zachiel, let him loose at once." Then Joringel was freed. He fell on his knees before the woman and begged that she would give him back his Jorinda, but she said that he should never have her again, and went away. He called, he wept, he lamented, but all in vain, "Ah, what is to become of me?"

Joringel went away, and at last came to a strange village; there he kept sheep for a long time. He often walked round and round the castle, but not too near to it. At last he dreamt one night that

he found a blood-red flower, in the middle of which was a beautiful large pearl; that he picked the flower and went with it to the castle, and that everything he touched with the flower was freed from enchantment; he also dreamt that by means of it he recovered his Jorinda.

In the morning, when he awoke, he began to seek over hill and dale if he could find such a flower. He sought until the ninth day, and then, early in the morning, he found the blood-red flower. In the middle of it there was a large dew-drop, as big as the finest pearl.

Day and night he journeyed with this flower to the castle. When he was within a hundred paces of it he was not held fast, but walked on to the door. Joringel was full of joy; he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open. He walked in through the courtyard, and listened for the sound of the birds. At last he heard it. He went on and found the room from whence it came, and there the witch was feeding the birds in the seven thousand cages.

When she saw Joringel she was angry, very angry, and scolded and spat poison and gall at him, but she could not come within two paces of him. He did not take any notice of her, but went and looked at the cages with the birds; but there were many hundred nightingales, how was he to find his Jorinda again?

Just then he saw the old woman quietly take away a cage with a bird in it, and go towards the door.

Swiftly he sprang towards her, touched the cage with the flower, and also the old woman. She could now no longer bewitch any one; and Jorinda was standing there, clasping him round the neck, and she was as beautiful as ever!

## 70.—THE THREE SONS OF FORTUNE.

(*"The three Sons of Fortune" is a farce in the children's and house fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm from the second edition of 1819 (KHM 70). The Grimms noted "from the Paderborn region" (from the von Haxthausen family).*

*Contents: A father inherits a rooster, a scythe and a cat to his three sons. That doesn't seem worth much, but they just have to look for a country where the like is still unknown. Each of the three doesn't succeed until they get to an island. In the first, people do not know the time at night, the second try to harvest their grain with cannons set up near the fields, and the third suffer from a plague of mice. Each brother returns home with a donkey, horse or mule laden with gold. After the third brother left, people were frightened by the screams of the cat, thirsty from catching mice. The councilors send a page to her as herald, to summon her to vacate the castle or to present that force is being used against her. He misinterprets the cat's 'meow, meow' as 'not at all'. The castle is shot on fire, the cat escapes.)*

A father once called his three sons before him, and he gave to the first a cock, to the second a scythe, and to the third a cat. "I am already aged," said he, "my death is nigh, and I have wished to take thought for you before my end; money I have not, and what I now give you seems of little worth, but all depends on your making a sensible use of it. Only seek out a country where such things are still unknown, and your fortune is made."

After the father's death the eldest went away with his cock, but wherever he came the cock was already known; in the towns he saw him from a long distance, sitting upon the steeples and turning round with the wind, and in the villages he heard more than one

crowding; no one would show any wonder at the creature, so that it did not look as if he would make his fortune by it.

At last, however, it happened that he came to an island where the people knew nothing about cocks, and did not even understand how to divide their time. They certainly knew when it was morning or evening, but at night, if they did not sleep through it, not one of them knew how to find out the time.

"Look!" said he, "what a proud creature! it has a ruby-red crown upon its head, and wears spurs like a knight; it calls you three times during the night, at fixed hours, and when it calls for the last time, the sun soon rises. But if it crows by broad daylight, then take notice, for there will certainly be a change of weather."

The people were well pleased; for a whole night they did not sleep, and listened with great delight as the cock at two, four, and six o'clock, loudly and clearly proclaimed the time. They asked if the creature were for sale, and how much he wanted for it? "About as much gold as an ass can carry," answered he. "A ridiculously small price for such a precious creature!" they cried unanimously, and willingly gave him what he had asked.

When he came home with his wealth his brothers were astonished, and the second said, "Well, I will go forth and see whether I cannot get rid of my scythe as profitably." But it did not look as if he would, for labourers met him everywhere, and they had scythes upon their shoulders as well as he.

At last, however, he chanced upon an island where the people knew nothing of scythes. When the corn was ripe there, they took cannon out to the fields and shot it down. Now this was rather an uncertain affair; many shot right over it, others hit the ears instead of the stems, and shot them away, whereby much was lost, and besides all this, it made a terrible noise. So the man set to work and mowed it down so quietly and quickly that the people opened their mouths with astonishment. They agreed to give him what he wanted for the scythe, and he received a horse laden with as much gold as it could carry.

And now the third brother wanted to take his cat to the right man. He fared just like the others; so long as he stayed on the mainland there was nothing to be done. Every place had cats, and there were so many of them that new-born kittens were generally drowned in the ponds.

At last he sailed over to an island, and it luckily happened that no cats had ever yet been seen there, and that the mice had got the upper hand so much that they danced upon the tables and benches whether the master were at home or not. The people complained bitterly of the plague; the King himself in his palace did not know how to secure himself against them; mice squeaked in every corner, and gnawed whatever they could lay hold of with their teeth. But now the cat began her chase, and soon cleared a couple of rooms, and the people begged the King to buy the wonderful beast for the country. The King willingly gave what was asked, which was a mule laden with gold, and the third brother came home with the greatest treasure of all.

The cat made herself merry with the mice in the royal palace, and killed so many that they could not be counted. At last she grew warm with the work and thirsty, so she stood still, lifted up her head and cried, "Mew. Mew!" When they heard this strange cry, the King and all his people were frightened, and in their terror ran all at once out of the palace. Then the King took counsel what was best to be done; at last it was determined to send a herald to the cat, and demand that she should leave the palace, or if not, she was to expect that force would be used against her. The councillors said, "Rather will we let ourselves be plagued with the mice, for to that misfortune we are accustomed, than give up our lives to such

a monster as this." A noble youth, therefore, was sent to ask the cat "whether she would peaceably quit the castle?" But the cat, whose thirst had become still greater, merely answered, "Mew! Mew!" The youth understood her to say, "Most certainly not! most certainly not!" and took this answer to the King. "Then," said the councillors, "she shall yield to force." Cannon were brought out, and the palace was soon in flames. When the fire reached the room where the cat was sitting, she sprang safely out of the window; but the besiegers did not leave off until the whole palace was shot down to the ground.

## 71.—HOW SIX MEN GOT ON IN THE WORLD.

(*"How Six Made Their Way in the World"* (KHM 71). The Grimms noted "from Zwehrn" (probably from Dorothea Viehmann). *"How Six Men got on in the World"* (Hunt, 1884), *"How Six Travelled through the World"* (Wehnert, 1853), and *"Fritz and his Friends."* are some of the English titles given for this tale. This story is about discharged soldiers. The demobilisation of troops has always been a political and social problem (see: *Thirty Years' War*, or *Freicorps*). The fairy tale now reverses reality in that the exploited and then released soldier, together with his comrades, hold the king (the government) accountable because those are the ones who are actually responsible for the misery.

*Contents: As the war is over, a soldier is dismissed from service by the king with a small allowance. On the way he meets, one after the other, a man who collects whole oak trees for firewood and ties them together with another oak tree, a hunter who wants to shoot the eye out of a fly two miles away, a man who blows out of one nostril to power seven windmills, and a runner, who has to unbuckle a leg to keep from going too fast, and a man who can unleash a freeze with a magician's hat. The soldier asks them to follow him: "If we (six) are together, we should probably come through the whole world." They get to the royal court. The king, his daughter and the court are megalomaniac, unscrupulous and cruel - among other things, they try to burn the six comrades in an iron cage. Thanks to their wonderful arts, the Six survive the adventure and finally win the king's entire treasury.)*

There was once a man who understood all kinds of arts; he served in war, and behaved well and bravely, but when the war was over he received his dismissal, and three farthings for his expenses on the way. "Stop," said he, "I shall not be content with this. If I can only meet with the right people, the King will yet have to give me all the treasure of the country." Then full of anger he went into the forest, and saw a man standing therein who had plucked up six trees as if they were blades of corn. He said to him, "Wilt thou be my servant and go with me?"

"Yes," he answered, "but, first, I will take this little bundle of sticks home to my mother," and he took one of the trees, and wrapped it round the five others, lifted the bundle on his back, and carried it away. Then he returned and went with his master, who said, "We two ought to be able to get through the world very well," and when they had walked on for a short while they found a huntsman who was kneeling, had shouldered his gun, and was about to fire. The master said to him, "Huntsman, what art thou going to shoot?" He answered, "Two miles from here a fly is sitting on the branch of an oaktree, and I want to shoot its left eye out." "Oh, come with me," said the man, "if we three are together, we certainly ought to be able to get on in the world!"

The huntsman was ready, and went with him, and they came to seven windmills whose sails were turning round with great speed, and yet no wind was blowing either on the right or the left, and no leaf was stirring. Then said the man, "I know not what is driving the windmills, not a breath of air is stirring," and he went onwards with his servants, and when they had walked two miles they saw a man sitting on a tree who was shutting one nostril, and blowing out of the other. "Good gracious! what are you doing up there?" He answered, "Two miles from here are seven windmills; look, I am blowing them till they turn round." "Oh, come with me," said the man. "If we four are together, we shall carry the whole world before us!"

Then the blower came down and went with him, and after a while they saw a man who was standing on one leg and had taken off the other, and laid it beside him. Then the master said, "You have arranged things very comfortably to have a rest." "I am a runner," he replied, "and to stop myself running far too fast, I have taken off one of my legs, for if I run with both, I go quicker than any bird can fly." "Oh, go with me. If we five are together, we shall carry the whole world before us." So he went with them, and it was not long before they met a man who wore a cap, but had put it quite on one ear. Then the master said to him, "Gracefully, gracefully, don't stick your cap on one ear, you look just like a tom-fool!" "I must not wear it otherwise," said he, "for if I set my hat straight, a terrible frost comes on, and all the birds in the air are frozen, and drop dead on the ground." "Oh, come with me," said the master. "If we six are together, we can carry the whole world before us."

Now the six came to a town where the King had proclaimed that whosoever ran a race with his daughter and won the victory, should be her husband, but whosoever lost it, must lose his head. Then the man presented himself and said, "I will, however, let my servant run for me." The King replied, "Then his life also must be staked, so that his head and thine are both set on the victory." "When that Avas settled and made secure, the man buckled the other leg on the runner, and said to him, "Now be nimble, and help us to win." It was fixed that the one who was the first to bring some water from a far distant well, was to be the victor. The runner received a pitcher, and the King's daughter one too, and they began to run at the same time, but in an instant, when the King's daughter had got a very little way, the people who were looking on could see no more of the runner, and it was just as if the wind had whistled by.

In a short time he reached the well, filled his pitcher with water, and turned back. Half-way home, however, he was overcome with fatigue, and set his pitcher down, lay down himself, and fell asleep. He had, however, made a pillow of a horse's skull which was lying on the ground, in order that he might lie uncomfortably, and soon wake up again.

In the meantime the King's daughter, who could also run very well—quite as well as any ordinary mortal can—had reached the well, and was hurrying back with her pitcher full of water, and when she saw the runner lying there asleep, she was glad and said, "My enemy is delivered over into my hands," emptied his pitcher, and ran on. And now all would have been lost if by good luck the huntsman had not been standing at the top of the castle, and had not seen everything with his sharp eyes.

Then said he, "The King's daughter shall still not prevail against us;" and he loaded his gun, and shot so cleverly, that he shot the horse's skull away from under the runner's head without hurting him. Then the runner awoke, leapt up, and saw that his pitcher was empty, and that the King's daughter was already far in

advance. He did not lose heart, however, but ran back to the well with his pitcher, again drew some water, and was still at home again, ten minutes before the King's daughter. "Behold!" said he, "I have not bestirred myself till now, it did not deserve to be called running before."

But it pained the King, and still more his daughter, that she should be carried off by a common disbanded soldier like that; so they took counsel with each other how to get rid of him and his companions. Then said the King to her, "I have thought of a way; don't be afraid, they shall not come back again." And he said to them, "You shall now make merry together, and eat and drink," and he conducted them to a room which had a floor of iron, and the doors also were of iron, and the windows were guarded with iron bars. There was a table in the room covered with delicious food, and the King said to them, "Go in, and enjoy yourselves." And when they were inside, he ordered the doors to be shut and bolted. Then he sent for the cook, and commanded him to make a fire under the room until the iron became red-hot. This the cook did, and the six who were sitting at table began to feel quite warm, and they thought the heat was caused by the food; but as it became still greater, and they wanted to get out, and found that the doors and windows were bolted, they became aware that the King must have an evil intention, and wanted to suffocate them.

"He shall not succeed, however," said the one with the cap. "I will cause a frost to come, before which the fire shall be ashamed, and creep away." Then he put his cap on straight, and immediately there came such a frost that all heat disappeared, and the food on the dishes began to freeze.

When an hour or two had passed by, and the King believed that they had perished in the heat, he had the doors opened to behold them himself. But when the doors were opened, all six were standing there, alive and well, and said that they should very much like to get out to warm themselves, for the very food was fast frozen to the dishes with the cold. Then, full of anger, the King went down to the cook, scolded him, and asked why he had not done what he had been ordered to do. But the cook replied, "There is heat enough there, just look yourself." Then the King saw that a fierce fire was burning under the iron room, and perceived that there was no getting the better of the six in this way.

Again the King considered how to get rid of his unpleasant guests, and caused their chief to be brought and said, "If thou wilt take gold and renounce my daughter, thou shalt have as much as thou wilt."

"Oh, yes, Lord King," he answered, "give me as much as my servant can carry, and I will not ask for your daughter."

On this the King was satisfied, and the other continued, "In fourteen days, I will come and fetch it." Thereupon he summoned together all the tailors in the whole kingdom, and they were to sit for fourteen days and sew a sack. And when it was ready, the strong one who could tear up trees had to take it on his back, and go with it to the King. Then said the King, "Who can that strong fellow be who is carrying a bundle of linen on his back that is as big as a house?" and he was alarmed and said, "What a lot of gold he can carry away!" Then he commanded a ton of gold to be brought; it took sixteen of his strongest men to carry it, but the strong one snatched it up in one hand, put it in his sack, and said, "Why don't you bring more at the same time?—that hardly covers the bottom!" Then, little by little, the King caused all his treasure to be brought thither, and the strong one pushed it into the sack, and still the sack was not half full with it." "Bring more," cried he, "these few crumbs don't fill it." Then seven thousand carts with gold had to be gathered together in the whole kingdom, and the

strong one thrust them and the oxen harnessed to them into his sack. "I will examine it no longer," said he, "but will just take what comes, so long as the sack is but full." When all that was inside, there was still room for a great deal more; then he said, "I will just make an end of the thing; people do sometimes tie up a sack even when it is not full." So he took it on his back, and went away with his comrades. When the King now saw how one single man was carrying away the entire wealth of the country, he became enraged, and bade his horsemen mount and pursue the six, and ordered them to take the sack away from the strong one. Two regiments speedily overtook the six, and called out, "You are prisoners, put down the sack with the gold, or you will all be cut to pieces!" "What say you?" cried the blower, "that we are prisoners! Either than that should happen, all of you shall dance about in the air." And he closed one nostril, and with the other blew on the two regiments.

Then they were driven away from each other, and carried into the blue sky over all the mountains—one here, the other there. One sergeant cried for mercy; he had nine wounds, and was a brave fellow who did not deserve illtreatment.

The blower stopped a little so that he came down without injury, and then the blower said to him, "Now go home to thy King, and tell him he had better send some more horsemen, and I will blow them all into the air." When the King was informed of this he said, "Let the rascals go. They have the best of it." Then the six conveyed the riches home, divided it amongst them, and lived in content until their death.

## 72.—THE WOLF AND THE MAN.

(*"The wolf and man"* is an animal fairy tale in the children's and house fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 at position 72 (KHM 72). The Grimms noted "from Hesse". A story from Schweich and one from Bavaria (from Ludwig Aurbacher; preserved in Grimm's records).

*Contents: The fox tells the wolf about human strength. The wolf does not believe it. The fox shows him a discharged soldier, "There used to be one", then a schoolchild, "First he wants to become one", then a hunter with a double-barrelled gun. The fox retreats while the wolf charges at the man. The hunter shoots the buckshot into the wolf's face and hits him with the hunting knife. The wolf runs back to the fox howling.)*

Once on a time the fox was talking to the wolf of the strength of man; how no animal could withstand him, and how all were obliged to employ cunning in order to preserve themselves from him. Then the wolf answered, "If I had but the chance of seeing a man for once, I would set on him notwithstanding." "I can help thee to do that," said the fox. "Come to me early to-morrow morning, and I will show thee one." The wolf presented himself betimes, and the fox took him out on the road by which the huntsmen went daily. First came an old discharged soldier. "Is that a man?" inquired the wolf. "No," answered the fox, "that was one." Afterwards came a little boy who was going to school. "Is that a man?" "No, that is going to be one." At length came a hunter with his double-barrelled gun at his back, and hanger by his side. Said the fox to the wolf, "Look, there comes a man, thou must attack him, but I will take myself off to my hole."

The wolf then rushed on the man. When the huntsman saw him he said, "It is a pity that I have not loaded with a bullet," aimed, and fired his -small shot in his face. The wolf pulled a very wry face,

but did not let himself be frightened, and attacked him again, on which the huntsman gave him the second barrel. The wolf swallowed his pain, and rushed on the huntsman, but he drew out his bright hanger, and gave him a few cuts with it right and left, so that, bleeding everywhere, he ran howling back to the fox. "Well, brother wolf," said the fox, "how hast thou got on with man?" "Ah!" replied the wolf, "I never imagined the strength of man to be what it is! First, he took a stick from his shoulder, and blew into it, and then something flew into my face which tickled me terribly; then he breathed once more into the stick, and it flew into my nose like lightning and hail; when I was quite close, he drew a white rib out of his side, and he beat me so with it that I was all but left lying dead." "See what a braggart thou art!" said the fox. "Thou throwest thy hatchet so far that thou canst not fetch it back again!"

## 73.—THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

(*"The wolf and the fox"* is an animal fairy tale in the children's and house fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition (KHM 73). Grimm's comments note "from Hesse". A story from Schweich and one from Bavaria (from Ludwig Aurbacher; preserved in Grimm's records)

*Contents: The wolf is the boss of the fox because he is stronger and the fox wants to get rid of his boss. One day the fox has to get food and he proposes to go to the farm to get a lamb. After eating the lamb, the wolf wants more. He now goes to the farm himself, but the mother of the lamb notices him and starts to scream. The farmers see the wolf and beat him terribly. The fox asks the wolf why he is such a glutton. The next day they go into the field and the fox has to get food. He goes to get pancakes from the farm and when the wolf has eaten six pancakes, he wants more. He goes to the farm, but lets the bowl fall to pieces. The woman hears the noise and the servants beat him. The fox asks again why the wolf is such a glutton. On the third day the fox has to fetch food and proposes to fetch the flesh of a slaughtered animal. The wolf wants to go right now and eats greedily, but the fox keeps looking around as he eats and often walks to the hole through which they entered. He always tests whether he has not become too fat due to the large amount of food. The wolf does not want to leave until all the food is gone, but then the farmer enters the cellar. The fox jumps out through the hole, but the wolf is too fat and is beaten to death. The fox is happy to get rid of the old wolverine and runs into the woods.)*

The wolf had the fox with him, and whatsoever the wolf wished, that the fox was compelled to do, for he was the weaker, and he would gladly have been rid of his master.

It chanced that once as they were going through the forest, the wolf said, "Red-fox, get me something to eat, or else I will eat thee thyself." Then the fox answered, "I know a farm-yard where there are two young lambs; if thou art inclined, we will fetch one of them." That suited the wolf, and they went thither, and the fox stole the little lamb, took it to the wolf, and went away. The wolf devoured it, but was not satisfied with one; he wanted the other as well, and went to get it. As, however, he did it so awkwardly, the mother of the little lamb heard him, and began to cry out terribly, and to bleat so that the farmer came running there. They found the wolf, and beat him so mercilessly, that he went to the fox limping and howling. "Thou hast misled me finely," said he; "I wanted to fetch the other lamb, and the country folks surprised me, and have

beaten me to a jelly." The fox replied, "Why art thou such a glutton?" Next day they again went into the country, and the greedy wolf once more said, "Red-fox, get me something to eat, or I will eat thee thyself." Then answered the fox, "I know a farmhouse where the wife is baking pancakes to-night; we will get some of them for ourselves."

They went there, and the fox slipped round the house, and peeped and sniffed about until he discovered where the dish was, and then drew down six pancakes and carried them to the wolf. "There is something for thee to eat," said he to him, and then went his way.

The wolf swallowed down the pancakes in an instant, and said, "They make one want more," and went thither and tore the whole dish down so that it broke in pieces.

This made such a great noise that the woman came out, and when she saw the wolf she called the people, who hurried there, and beat him as long as their sticks would hold together, till with two lame legs, and howling loudly, he got back to the fox in the forest. "How abominably thou hast misled me!" cried he, "the peasants caught me, and tanned my skin for me." But the fox replied, "Why art thou such a glutton?"

On the third day, when they were out together, and the wolf could only limp along painfully, he again said, "Red-fox, get me something to eat, or I will eat thee thyself." The fox answered, "I know a man who has been killing, and the salted meat is lying in a barrel in the cellar; we will get that." Said the wolf, "I will go when thou dost, that thou mayest help me if I am not able to get away." "I am willing," said the fox, and showed him the by-paths and ways by which at length they reached the cellar. There was meat in abundance, and the wolf attacked it instantly and thought, "There is plenty of time before I need leave off!"

"The fox liked it also, but looked about everywhere, and often ran to the hole by which they had come in, and tried if his body was still thin enough to slip through it. The wolf said, "Dear fox, tell me why thou art running here and there so much, and jumping in and out?"

"I must see that no one is coming," replied the crafty fellow. "Don't eat too much!" Then said the wolf, "I shall not leave until the barrel is empty." In the meantime the farmer, who had heard the noise of the fox's jumping, came into the cellar. When the fox saw him he was out of the hole at one bound. The wolf wanted to follow him, but he had made himself so fat with eating that he could no longer get through, but stuck fast.

Then came the farmer with a cudgel and struck him dead, but the fox bounded into the forest, glad to be rid of the old glutton.

#### 74.—GOSSIP WOLF AND THE FOX or THE FOX AND HIS COUSIN or THE FOX AND THE GODMOTHER.

*("The fox and the mother godmother" is an animal fairy tale in the children's and house fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 74). The Grimms noted in 1856 "from Deutschböhmien" (Sudetenland, Czech Republic).*

*Contents: The she-wolf invites the fox to be her godmother for her newborn cub because he is closely related and clever. The fox first acts respectable and enjoys it at the festival. Then he shows her a farm where she can get a sheep. Under the pretense of getting a chicken, he escapes and rests until the she-wolf comes back after the peasants have doused her with lye. He pretends to have been beaten himself and lets himself be carried home. Then he laughs at her and jumps away.)*

The she-wolf brought forth a young one, and invited the fox to be godfather. "After all, he is a near relative of ours," said she, "he has a good understanding, and much talent; he can instruct my little son, and help him forward in the world." The fox, too, appeared quite honest, and said, "Worthy Mrs. Gossip, I thank you for the honour which you are doing me; I will, however, conduct myself in such a way that you shall be repaid for it." He enjoyed himself at the feast, and made merry; afterwards he said, "Dear Mrs. Gossip, it is our duty to take care of the child, it must have good food that it may be strong.

I know a sheep-fold from which we might fetch a nice morsel." The wolf was pleased with the ditty, and she went out with the fox to the farm-yard. He pointed out the fold from afar, and said, "You will be able to creep in there without being seen, and in the meantime I will look about on the other side to see if I can pick up a chicken." He, however, did not go there, but sat down at the entrance to the forest, stretched his legs and rested.

The she-wolf crept into the stable. A dog was lying there, and it made such a noise that the peasants came running out, caught Gossip Wolf, and poured a strong burning mixture, which had been prepared for washing, over her skin. At last she escaped, and dragged herself outside.

There lay the fox, who pretended to be full of complaints, and said, "Ah, dear Mistress Gossip, how ill I have fared, the peasants have fallen on me, and have broken every limb I have; if you do not want me to lie where I am and perish, you must carry me away." The she-wolf herself was only able to go away slowly, but she was in such concern about the fox that she took him on her back, and slowly carried him perfectly safe and sound to her house.

Then the fox cried to her, "Farewell, dear Mistress Gossip, may the roasting you have had do you good," laughed heartily at her, and bounded off.

#### 75.—THE FOX AND THE CAT.

*("The Fox and the Cat" is an animal fairy tale in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 75). Grimm's note from 1856 notes the place of Schweich (probably Friedrich Wilhelm Carové) and compares it with Reinhart Fox. Reineke Fuchs is the main character of an epic in verse and prose, the tradition of which goes back to the European Middle Ages. A Low German verse version "Reynke de vos" printed in Lübeck in 1498 became a bestseller in the 16th century in the Low German and Dutch-speaking world.*

*Contents: The cat meets the fox and gives him a friendly greeting because he is considered to be so clever. But the fox is haughty and boasts that he has mastered a hundred arts and a bag of tricks, while the cat modestly admits that her only art is to climb a tree to escape from the dogs. When the dogs come, the cat jumps up a tree while they grab the fox. She calls to him: "Untie the sack, Herr Fuchs, untie the sack!" and "Your hundred arts get stuck. If you could have crawled up like me, your life would not have been lost.")*

It happened that the cat met the fox in a forest, and as she thought to herself, "He is clever and full of experience, and much esteemed in the world," she spoke to him in a friendly way. "Good-day, dear Mr. Fox, how are you? How is all with you? How are you getting through this dear season?" The fox, full of all kinds of arrogance, looked at the cat from head to foot, and for a long time did not know whether he would give any answer or not.

At last he said, "Oh, thou wretched beard-cleaner, thou piebald fool, thou hungry mouse-hunter, what canst thou be thinking of? Dost thou venture to ask how I am getting on? What hast thou learnt? How many arts dost thou understand?" "I understand but one," replied the cat, modestly. "What art is that?" asked the fox. "When the hounds are following me, I can spring into a tree and save myself." "Is that all?" said the fox. "I am master of a hundred arts, and have into the bargain a sackful of cunning. Thou makest me sorry for thee; come vdih me, I will teach thee how people get away-from the hounds." Just then came a hunter with four dogs. The cat sprang nimbly up a tree, and sat down at the top of it, where the branches and foliage quite concealed her. "Open your sack, Mr. Fox, open your sack," cried the cat to him, but the dogs had already seized him, and were holding him fast. "Ah, Mr. Fox," cried the cat. "You with your hundred arts are left in the lurch! Had you been able to climb like me, you would not have lost your life."

#### 76.—THE PINK or THE CARNATION.

*("The Pink" or "The Carnation" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales as tale number 76. It is a contribution by Familie Hassenpflug.)*

*Contents: At her request, a childless queen receives a son from God whose dreams are fulfilled. The cook robs it while she is sleeping and drips her blood on her dress, whereupon the king has her walled in. But two angels bring her food as white doves. The cook goes away with the son and makes him wish for a castle with a garden and a companion. The son and she love each other. The cook is scared and wants to force her to murder him. She doesn't, fools him with the heart and lungs of a hind. The son curses the cook into a black poodle with a gold chain that eats coal. He looks after his mother, with the maiden carnation in her pocket, who otherwise doesn't want to come along, and the poodle. Then he lets himself be hired as a hunter, wishes for a lot of game, and is seated at his side by the king for the festival. He has a servant bring up his mother and clears everything up by having poodle and carnation show their shapes. The queen is taken, but she does not eat and dies. The king follows her out of grief. The son marries the maiden.)*

There was once on a time a Queen to whom God had given no children. Every morning she went into the garden and prayed to God in heaven to bestow on her a son or a daughter. Then an angel from heaven came to her and said, "Be at rest, thou shalt have a son with the power of wishing, so that whatsoever in the world he wishes for, that shall he have." Then she went to the King, and told him the joyful tidings, and when the time was come she gave birth to a son, and the King was filled with gladness. Every morning she went with the child to the garden where the wild beasts were kept, and washed herself there in a clear stream. It happened once when the child was a little older, that it was lying in her arms and she fell asleep. Then came the old cook, who knew that the child had the power of wishing, and stole it away, and he took a hen, and cut it in pieces, and dropped some of its blood on the Queen's apron and on her dress. Then he carried the child away to a secret place, where a nurse was obliged to suckle it, and he ran to the King and accused the Queen of having allowed her child to be taken from her by the wild beasts. When the King saw the blood on her apron, he believed this, fell into such a passion that he ordered a high tower to be built, in which neither sun nor

moon could be seen, and had his wife put into it, and walled up. Here she was to stay for seven years without meat or drink, and die of hunger. But God sent two angels from heaven in the shape of white doves, which flew to her twice a day, and carried her food until the seven years were over.

The cook, however, thought to himself, "If the child has the power of wishing, and I am here, he might very easily get me into trouble." So he left the palace and went to the boy, who was already big enough to speak, and said to him, "Wish for a beautiful palace for thyself with a garden, and all else that pertains to it." Scarcely were the words out of the boy's mouth, when everj<sup>h</sup> thing was there that he had wished for. After a while the cook said to him, "It is not well for thee to be so alone, wish for a pretty girl as a companion." Then the King's son wished for one, and she immediately stood before him, and was more beautiful than any painter could have painted her. The two played together, and loved each other with all their hearts, and the old cook went out hunting like a nobleman. The thought, however, occurred to him that the King's son might some day wish to be with his father, and thus bring him into great peril. So he went out and took the maiden aside, and said, "To-night when the boy is asleep, go to his bed and plunge this knife into his heart, and bring me his heart and tongue, and if thou dost not do it, thou shalt lose thy life." Thereupon he went away, and when he returned next day she had not done it, and said, "Why should I shed the blood of an innocent boy w<sup>h</sup>o has never harmed any one?" The cook once more said, "If thou dost not do it, it shall cost thee thy own life." When he had gone away, she had a little hind brought to her, and ordered her to be killed, and took her heart and tongue, and laid them on a plate, and when she saw the old man coming, she said to the boy, "Lie down in thy bed, and draw the clothes over thee." Then the wicked wretch came in and said, "Where are the boy's heart and tongue?" The girl reached the plate to him, but the King's son threw off the quilt, and said, "Thou old sinner, why didst thou want to kill me? Now will I pronounce thy sentence. Thou shalt become a black poodle and have a gold collar round thy neck, and shalt eat burning coals, till the flames burst forth from thy throat." And when he had spoken these words, the old man was changed into a poodle dog, and had a gold collar round his neck, and the cooks were ordered to bring up some live coals, and these he ate, until the flames broke forth from his throat. The King's son remained there a short while longer, and he thought of his mother, and wondered if she were still alive. At length he said to the maiden, "I will go home to my own country; if thou wilt go with me, I will provide for thee." "Ah," she replied, "the way is so long, and what shall I do in a strange land where I am unknown?" As she did not seem quite willing, and as they could not be parted from each other, he wished that she might be changed into a beautiful pink, and took her with him. Then he went away to his own country, and the poodle had to run after him. He went to the tower in which his mother was confined, and as it was so high, he wished for a ladder which would reach up to the very top. Then he mounted up and looked inside, and cried, "Beloved mother. Lady Queen, are you still alive, or are you dead?" She answered "I have just eaten, and am still satisfied," for she thought the angels were there. Said he, "I am your dear son, whom the wild beasts were said to have torn from your arms; but I am alive still, and will speedily deliver you." Then he descended again, and went to his father, and caused himself to be announced as a strange huntsman, and asked if he could give him a place. The King said yes, if he was skilful and could get game for him, he should come to him, but that deer had never taken up their quarters in any part of the

district or country. Then the huntsman promised to procure as much game for him as he could possibly use at the royal table. So he summoned all the huntsmen together, and bade them go out into the forest with him. And he went with them and made them form a great circle, open at one end where he stationed himself, and began to wish. Two hundred deer and more came running inside the circle at once, and the huntsmen shot them. Then they were all placed on sixty country carts, and driven home to the King, and for once he was able to deck his table with game, after having had none at all for years.

Now the King felt great joy at this, and commanded that his entire household should eat with him next day, and made a great feast. When they were all assembled together, he said to the huntsman, "As thou art so clever, thou shalt sit by me." He replied, "Lord King, your majesty must excuse me, I am a poor huntsman." But the King insisted on it, and said, "Thou shalt sit by me," until he did it. Whilst he was sitting there, he thought of his dearest mother, and wished that one of the King's principal servants would begin to speak of her, and would ask how it was faring with the Queen in the tower, and if she were alive still, or had perished. Hardly had he formed the wish than the marshal began, and said, "Your majesty, we live joyously here, but how is the Queen living in the tower? Is she still alive, or has she died?" But the King replied, "She let my dear son be torn to pieces by wild beasts; I will not have her named." Then the huntsman arose and said, "Gracious lord father, she is alive still, and I am her son, and I was not carried away by wild beasts, but by that wretch the old cook, who tore me from her arms when she was asleep, and sprinkled her apron with the blood of a chicken." Thereupon he took the dog with the golden collar, and said, "That is the wretch!" and caused live coals to be brought, and these the dog was compelled to devour before the sight of all, until flames burst forth from its throat. On this the huntsman asked the King if he would like to see the dog in his true shape, and wished him back into the form of the cook, in which he stood immediately, with his white apron, and his knife by his side. When the King saw him he fell into a passion, and ordered him to be cast into the deepest dungeon. Then the huntsman spake further and said, "Father, will you see the maiden who brought me up so tenderly and who was afterwards to murder me, but did not do it, though her own life depended on it?" The King replied, "Yes, I would like to see her." The son said, "Most gracious father, I will show her to you in the form of a beautiful flower," and he thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth the pink, and placed it on the royal table, and it was so beautiful that the King had never seen one to equal it. Then the son said, "Now will I show her to you in her own form," and wished that she might become a maiden, and she stood there looking so beautiful that no painter could have made her look more so.

And the King sent two waiting-maids and two attendants into the tower, to fetch the Queen and bring her to the royal table. But when she was led in she ate nothing, and said, "The gracious and merciful God who has supported me in the tower, will speedily deliver me." She lived three days more, and then died happily, and when she was buried, the two white doves which had brought her food to the tower, and were angels of heaven, followed her body and seated themselves on her grave. The aged King ordered the cook to be torn in four pieces, but grief consumed the King's own heart, and he soon died. His son married the beautiful maiden whom he had brought with him as a flower in his pocket, and whether they are still alive or not, is known to God.

## 77.—CLEVER GRETHEL.

(*"Clever Gretel"* is a farce collected by the Brothers Grimm, KHM 77. The text is based exclusively on Andreas Strobl's sermon example "*Oster-Märk*" (in "*Ovum paschal novum*" or "*neugefärbte Oster-Ayr*" [newly coloured Easter Eggs], Salzburg 1710, pp. 23–26), as Wilhelm Grimm's surviving copy shows. He shortened excessive descriptions.

*Content: A housekeeper with the typical name "Gretel" who loves to eat and drink receives the order from her employer to roast two chickens for him and the expected guest. She sets to work, but when the host and guest are a little late, she eats first one chicken, then the other. To avoid being punished by her master, she plays him and the guest off against each other: she frightens the guest with the lie that the host wants to cut off both his ears, while she tells her master that the guest stole the chickens. The guest flees, the landlord runs after him and asks him with the shouted words: "Only one", leave him at least one chicken for dinner. But the guest thinks he has to give up one of his two ears and runs as much as he can. Meanwhile, Gretel sits happily in her kitchen.)*

There was once a cook named Gretel, who wore shoes with red rosettes, and when she walked out with them on, she turned herself this way and that, and thought, "You certainly are a pretty girl!" And when she came home she drank, in her gladness of heart, a draught of wine, and as wine excites a desire to eat, she tasted the best of whatever she was cooking until she was satisfied, and said, "The cook must know what the food is like."

It came to pass that the master one day said to her, "Gretel, there is a guest coming this evening; prepare me two fowls very daintily." "I will see to it, master," answered Gretel. She killed two fowls, scalded them, plucked them, put them on the spit, and towards evening set them before the fire, that they might roast. The fowls began to turn brown, and were nearly ready, but the guest had not yet arrived. Then Gretel called out to her master, "If the guest does not come, I must take the fowls away from the fire, but it will be a sin and a shame if they are not eaten directly, when they are juiciest." The master said, "I will run myself, and fetch the guest." When the master had turned his back, Gretel laid the spit with the fowls on one side, and thought, "Standing so long by the fire there, makes one hot and thirsty; who knows when they will come? Meanwhile, I will run into the cellar, and take a drink." She ran down, set a jug, said, "God bless it to thy use, Gretel," and took a good drink, and took yet another hearty draught.

Then she went and put the fowls down again to the fire, basted them, and drove the spit merrily round. But as the roast meat smelt so good, Gretel thought, "Something might be wrong, it ought to be tasted!" She touched it with her finger, and said, "Ah! how good fowls are! It certainly is a sin and a shame that they are not eaten directly!" She ran to the window, to see if the master was not coming with his guest, but she saw no one, and went back to the fowls and thought, "One of the wings is burning! I had better take it off and eat it." So she cut it off, ate it, and enjoyed it, and when she had done, she thought, "the other must go down too, or else master will observe that something is missing." When the two wings were eaten, she went and looked for her master, and did not see him. It suddenly occurred to her, "Who knows? They are perhaps not coming at all, and have turned in somewhere." Then she said, "Hallo, Gretel, enjoy yourself, one fowl has been cut into, take another drink, and eat it up entirely; when it is eaten

you will have some peace, why should God's good gifts be spoilt?" So she ran into the cellar again, took an enormous drink and ate up the one chicken in great glee. When one of the chickens was swallowed down, and still her master did not come, Gretel looked at the other and said, "Where one is, the other should be likewise, the two go together; what's right for the one is right for the other; I think if I were to take another draught it would do me no harm." So she took another hearty drink, and let the second chicken rejoin the first.

When she was just in the best of the eating, her master came and cried, "Haste thee, Gretel, the guest is coming directly after me!" "Yes, sir, I will soon serve up," answered Gretel. Meantime the master looked to see that the table was properly laid, and took the great knife, wherewith he was going to carve the chickens, and sharpened it on the steps. Presently the guest came, and knocked politely and courteously at the house-door. Gretel ran, and looked to see who was there, and when she saw the guest, she put her finger to her lips and said, "Hush! hush! get away as quickly as you can, if my master catches you it will be the worse for you; he certainly did ask you to supper, but his intention is to cut off your two ears. Just listen how he is sharpening the knife for it!" The guest heard the sharpening, and hurried down the steps again as fast as he could. Gretel was not idle; she ran screaming to her master, and cried, "You have invited a fine guest!" "Eh, why, Gretel? What do you mean by that?" "Yes," said she, "he has taken the chickens which I was just going to serve up, off the dish, and has run away with them!" "That's a nice trick!" said her master, and lamented the fine chickens. "If he had but left me one, so that something remained for me to eat." He called to him to stop, but the guest pretended not to hear. Then he ran after him with the knife still in his hand, crying, "Just one, just one," meaning that the guest should leave him just one chicken, and not take both. The guest, however, thought no otherwise than that he was to give up one of his ears, and ran as if fire were burning under him, in order to take them both home with him.

#### 78.—THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON.

(*"The Old Man and his Grandson"* is a moral parable in Grimm's Fairy Tales (KHM 78). It comes from Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling's autobiography *Heinrich Stillings Jünglingsjahre* (1778), but is attested earlier. Jung-Stilling's Version based on Johann Michael Moscherosch's admonition poem "*Kinderspiegel*" from 1643 in *Insomnis cura parentum*.

*Content: The old grandfather can no longer eat his soup properly, he spills it and it keeps running out of his mouth. Since his son and daughter-in-law are disgusted by it, he has to sit in the corner when he eats. When he also breaks his bowl, he only gets a wooden bowl from which he has to eat. Shortly thereafter, the four-year-old grandson collects little boards and explains to his parents that he wants to make a little trough that his father and mother can eat from when he grows up and they are old. Then the parents start crying and bring the grandfather back to the dining table.)*

There was once a very old man, whose eyes had become dim, his ears dull of hearing, his knees trembled, and when he sat at table he could hardly hold the spoon, and spilt the broth upon the table-cloth or let it run out of his mouth. His son and his son's wife were disgusted at this, so the old grandfather at last had to sit in the corner behind the stove, and they gave him his food in an

earthenware bowl, and not even enough of it. And he used to look towards the table with his eyes full of tears. Once, too, his trembling hands could not hold the bowl, and it fell to the ground and broke. The young wife scolded him, but he said nothing and only sighed. Then they bought him a wooden bowl for a few half-pence, out of which he had to eat.

They were once sitting thus when the little grandson of four years old began to gather together some bits of wood upon the ground. "What are you doing there?" asked the father. "I am making a little trough," answered the child, "for father and mother to eat out of when I am big." The man and his wife looked at each other for a while, and presently began to cry. Then they took the old grandfather to the table, and henceforth always let him eat with them, and likewise said nothing if he did spill a little of anything.

#### 79.—THE WATER-NIX.

(*"The Water Nixie"* or *"The Water-Nix"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 79. It came from Hanau in Hesse.

*Contents: A brother and sister fell into a well, where a nixie caught them and made them work for her. One Sunday while she was at church, they ran away. The nixie chased them. The girl threw a brush, which became a mountain with thousands of spikes, which the nixie got through with great effort. The boy threw a comb behind them, which became mountains with thousands of teeth, which the nixie got through with great effort. The girl threw a mirror behind them, which became a mountain too slick for the nixie to climb. She went back to get an axe, but before she could chop through the mountain, they escaped.)*

A little brother and sister were once playing by a well, and while they were thus playing, they both fell in. A water-nix lived down below, who said, "Now I have got you, now you shall work hard for me!" and carried them off with her. She gave the girl dirty tangled flax to spin, and she had to fetch water in a bucket with a hole in it, and the boy had to hew down a tree with a blunt axe, and they got nothing to eat but dumplings as hard as stones. Then at last the children became so impatient, that they waited until one Sunday, when the nix was at church, and ran away. But when church was over, the nix saw that the birds were flown, and followed them with great strides. The children saw her from afar, and the girl threw a brush behind her which formed an immense hill of bristles, with thousands and thousands of spikes, over which the nix was forced to scramble with great difficulty; at last, however, she got over. When the children saw this, the boy threw behind him a comb which made a great hill of combs with a thousand times a thousand teeth, but the nix managed to keep herself steady on them, and at last crossed over that. Then the girl threw behind her a looking-glass which formed a hill of mirrors, and was so slippery that it was impossible for the nix to cross it. Then she thought, "I will go home quickly and fetch my axe, and cut the hill of glass in half." Long before she returned, however, and had hewn through the glass, the children had escaped to a great distance, and the waternix was obliged to betake herself to her well again.

## 80.—THE DEATH OF THE LITTLE HEN.

*("The Death of the Little Hen" is a fairy tale in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (KHM 80). Grimm's note notes "from Hesse" and refers to "the terrifying story of the hen and the little hen" according to Charles Crodel in "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" by Clemens Brentano, 1808.)*

*Contents: The hen goes with the rooster to the nut mountain and agrees that whoever finds a nut will share it with the other. The hen finds the nut, but she wants to eat it alone. The nut is too thick and gets stuck in her throat. She yells at rooster and he runs to the well for water. The well will only water when it goes to the bride and asks for red silk. The rooster does this, but the bride first wants the rooster to get her wreath that has stuck to the willow. He gets this quickly and then brings the red silk to the well and gets water. Rooster brings the water to the hen, but she has now choked on the nut. Rooster starts to cry and all the animals come to mourn. Six mice build a cart and they'll bring the hen back in no time. But they meet the fox and he asks if he can ride with them. The wolf, the bear, the deer, the lion and all the animals of the forest also ride along. They come to the stream and see a straw on the bank. The straw offers to lie down over the stream, but during the ride the straw collapses. Six mice drown and then a coal fire comes and offers to lie across the stream. But coal hits the water and starts to hiss and is dead. A stone sees this and then wants to help the rooster and lies over the water. Rooster pulls the wagon herself and cannot get to the other side with the heavily loaded wagon. The car falls back and all residents drown. Rooster digs a grave and puts a hen in it, he makes a mound on it and sits on top of it until he dies himself. And then everyone was dead.)*

Once upon a time the little hen went with the little cock to the nut-hill, and they agreed together that whichever of them found a kernel of a nut should share it with the other. When the hen found a large, large nut, but said nothing about it, intending to eat the kernel herself. The kernel, however, was so large that she could not swallow it, and it remained sticking in her throat, so that she was alarmed lest she should be choked. Then she cried, "Cock, I entreat thee to run as fast as thou canst, and fetch me some water, or I shall choke." The little cock did run as fast as he could to the spring, and said, "Stream, thou art to give me some water; the little hen is lying on the nut-hill, and she has swallowed a large nut, and is choking." The well answered, "First run to the bride, and get her to give thee some red silk." The little cock ran to the bride and said, "Bride, you are to give me some red silk; I want to give red silk to the well, the well is to give me some water, I am to take the water to the little hen who is lying on the nut-hill and has swallowed a great nut-kernel, and is choking with it." The bride answered, "First run and bring me my little wreath which is hanging to a willow." So the little cock ran to the willow, and drew the wreath from the branch and took it to the bride, and the bride gave him some red silk for it, which he took to the well, who gave him some water for it. Then the little cock took the water to the hen, but when he got there the hen had choked in the meantime, and lay there dead and motionless. Then the cock was so distressed that he cried aloud, and every animal came to lament the little hen, and six mice built a little carriage to carry her to her grave, and when the carriage was ready they harnessed themselves to it, and the cock drove. On the way, however, they met the fox, who said, "Where art thou going, little cock?" "I am going to bury my little hen." "May I drive with thee?" "Yes, but seat thyself at the back of

the carriage, for in the front my little horses could not drag thee." Then the fox seated himself at the back, and after that the wolf, the bear, the stag, the lion, and all the beasts of the forest did the same. Then the procession went onwards, and they reached the stream. "How are we to get over?" said the little cock. A straw was lying by the stream, and it said, "I will lay myself straight across, and then you can drive over me." But when the six mice came to the bridge, the straw slipped and fell into the water, and the six mice all fell in and were drowned. Then they were again in difficulty, and a coal came and said, "I am large enough, I will lay myself across, and you shall drive over me." So the coal also laid itself across the water, but unhappily just touched it, on which the coal hissed, was extinguished and died. When a stone saw that, it took pity on the little cock, wished to help him, and laid itself over the water. Then the cock drew the carriage himself, but when he got it over and reached the shore with the dead hen, and was about to draw over the others who were sitting behind as well, there were too many of them, the carriage ran back, and they all fell into the water together, and were drowned. Then the little cock was left alone with the dead hen, and dug a grave for her and laid her in it, and made a mound above it, on which he sat down and fretted until he died too, and then every one was dead.

## 81.—BROTHER LUSTIG.

*("Bruder Lustig" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 81). The Brothers Grimm had the fairy tale by Georg Passy, who heard it from an old woman in Vienna. She had it probably from Weitra in Lower Austria. [Estimated coin value in the following text: One "Kreutzer" (or Kreuzer; so called due to its cross on its face) is an Upper German currency equivalent to an English tuppence or thruppence; Pre-decimal value: 1 Shilling = 12 Pennies, 1 Pounds = 240 Pennies.]*

*Contents: After the war, the soldier, Bruder Lustig, receives a loaf of bread and four kreutzers as a compensation. On the way he meets Saint Peter three times as a beggar, to whom he gives a quarter of the bread and a kreuzer each time. For the fourth kreuzer he gets a beer with his bread in the inn. When he meets Peter again and has nothing more to give, he goes with him to heal a sick person. Peter does not want a wage, but Brother Lustig accepts a lamb anyway. When it gets too heavy for him, he wants to cook it. But he should only start eating when Peter is back. When he doesn't come, he eats the lamb's heart and then claims that it doesn't have any. As they wade through water along the way, Peter causes the water to rise so that Brother Lustig will confess to eating the heart, but he does not confess. Saint Peter brings a deceased king's daughter to life. Then he divides the gold that Brother Lustig received for it into three parts: one for both of them and one for the person who ate the lamb's heart. When Brother Lustig takes two parts and is now convicted of lying, Peter leaves him. Brother Lustig is wasting the money. With the next dead king's daughter, he wants to imitate what he saw with Peter, but puts the bones together wrong. Peter comes and helps him. After the soldier has received his knapsack full of gold again, contrary to Peter's prohibition, Peter leaves him for good. Before that, he gives his satchel the ability to wish for anything in it. Brother Lustig applies this to two roast geese, one of which he gives away to two tradesmen, who are then mistaken for the thieves. He spends the night in a castle where he is attacked by nine devils, whom he kills by wishing them in his knapsack and having*

*the blacksmiths beat them on them. Only one escapes to hell. He remembers when Brother Lustig was standing in front of Hell's gates at the end of his life and won't let him in. Peter does not want to let him in at the gates of heaven, but Brother Lustig gives him his knapsack back and then wishes himself inside.)*

There was once on a time a great war, and when it came to an end, many soldiers were discharged. Then Brother Lustig also received his dismissal, and besides that, nothing but a small loaf of contract-bread, and four kreuzers in money, with which he departed. St. Peter had, however, placed himself in his way in the shape of a poor beggar, and when Brother Lustig came up, he begged alms of him. Brother Lustig replied, "Dear beggar-man, what am I to give you? I have been a soldier, and have received my dismissal, and have nothing but this little loaf of contract-bread, and four kreuzers of money; when that is gone, I shall have to beg as well as you. Still I will give you something." Thereupon he divided the loaf into four parts, and gave the apostle one of them, and a kreuzer likewise. St. Peter thanked him, went onwards, and threw himself again in the soldier's way as a beggar, but in another shape; and when he came up begged a gift of him as before. Brother Lustig spoke as he had done before, and again gave him a quarter of the loaf and one kreuzer. St. Peter thanked him, and went onwards, but for the third time placed himself in another shape as a beggar on the road, and spoke to Brother Lustig. Brother Lustig gave him also the third quarter of bread and the third kreuzer. St. Peter thanked him, and Brother Lustig went onwards, and had but a quarter of the loaf, and one kreuzer. With that he went into an inn, ate the bread, and ordered one kreuzer's worth of beer. When he had had it, he journeyed onwards, and then St. Peter, who had assumed the appearance of a discharged soldier, met and spoke to him thus: "Good day, comrade, canst thou not give me a bit of bread, and a kreuzer to get a drink?" "Where am I to procure it?" answered Brother Lustig; "I have been discharged, and I got nothing but a loaf of ammunition-bread and four kreuzers in money. I met three beggars on the road, and I gave each of them a quarter of my bread, and one kreuzer. The last quarter I ate in the inn, and had a drink with the last kreuzer. Now my pockets are empty, and if thou also hast nothing we can go a-begging together." "No," answered St. Peter, "we need not quite do that. I know a little about medicine, and I will soon earn as much as I require by that." "Indeed," said Brother Lustig, "I know nothing of that, so I must go and beg alone." "Just come with me," said St. Peter, "and if I earn anything, thou shalt have half of it." "All right," said Brother Lustig, so they went away together.

Then they came to a peasant's house inside which they heard loud lamentations and cries; so they went in, and there the husband was lying sick unto death, and very near his end, and his wife was crying and weeping quite loudly. "Stop that howling and crying," said St. Peter, "I will make the man well again," and he took a salve out of his pocket, and healed the sick man in a moment, so that he could get up, and was in perfect health. In great delight the man and his wife said, "How can we reward you? What shall we give you?" But St. Peter would take nothing, and the more the peasant folks offered him, the more he refused. Brother Lustig, however, nudged St. Peter, and said, "Take something; sure enough we are in need of it." At length the woman brought a lamb and said to St. Peter that he really must take that, but he would not. Then Brother Lustig gave him a poke in the side, and said, "Do take it, you stupid fool; we are in great want of it!" Then St. Peter said at last, "Well, I will take the lamb, but I won't carry it;

if thou wilt insist on having it, thou must carry it." "That is nothing," said Brother Lustig, "I will easily carry it," and took it on his shoulder. Then they departed and came to a wood, but Brother Lustig had begun to feel the lamb heavy, and he was hungry, so he said to St. Peter, "Look, that's a good place, we might cook the lamb there, and eat it." "As you like," answered St. Peter, "but I can't have anything to do with the cooking; if thou wilt cook, there is a kettle for thee, and in the meantime I will walk about a little until it is ready. Thou must, however, not begin to eat until I have come back, I will come at the right time." "Well, go, then," said Brother Lustig, "I understand cookery, I will manage it." Then St. Peter went away, and Brother Lustig killed the lamb, lighted a fire, threw the meat into the kettle, and boiled it. The lamb was, however, quite ready, and the apostle Peter had not come back, so Brother Lustig took it out of the kettle, cut it up, and found the heart. "That is said to be the best part," said he, and tasted it, but at last he ate it all up. At length St. Peter returned and said, "Thou mayst eat the whole of the lamb thyself, I will only have the heart, give me that." Then Brother Lustig took a knife and fork, and pretended to look anxiously about amongst the lamb's flesh, but not to be able to find the heart, and at last he said abruptly, "There is none here." "But where can it be?" said the apostle. "I don't know," replied Brother Lustig, "but look, what fools we both are, to seek for the lamb's heart, and neither of us to remember that a lamb has no heart!" "Oh," said St. Peter, "that is something quite new! Every animal has a heart, why is a lamb to have none?" "No, be assured, my brother," said Brother Lustig, "that a lamb has no heart; just consider it seriously, and then you will see that it really has none." "Well, it is all right," said St. Peter, "if there is no heart, then I want none of the lamb; thou mayst eat it alone." "What I can't eat now, I will carry away in my knapsack," said Brother Lustig, and he ate half the lamb, and put the rest in his knapsack.

They went farther, and then St. Peter caused a great stream of water to flow right across their path, and they were obliged to pass through it. Said St. Peter, "Do thou go first." "No," answered Brother Lustig, "thou must go first," and he thought, "if the water is too deep I will stay behind." Then St. Peter strode through it, and the water just reached to his knee. So Brother Lustig began to go through also, but the water grew deeper and reached to his throat. Then he cried, "Brother, help me!" St. Peter said, "Then wilt thou confess that thou hast eaten the lamb's heart?" "No," said he, "I have not eaten it." Then the water grew deeper still, and rose to his mouth. "Help me, brother," cried the soldier. St. Peter said, "Then wilt thou confess that thou hast eaten the lamb's heart?" "No," he replied, "I have not eaten it." St. Peter, however, would not let him be drowned, but made the water sink and helped him through it.

Then they journeyed onwards, and came to a kingdom where they heard that the King's daughter lay sick unto death. "Hollo, brother!" said the soldier to St. Peter, "this is a chance for us; if we can heal her we shall be provided for, for life!" But St. Peter was not half quick enough for him, "Come, lift your legs, my dear brother," said he, "that we may get there in time." But St. Peter walked slower and slower, though Brother Lustig did all he could to drive and push him on, and at last they heard that the princess was dead. "Now we are done for!" said Brother Lustig; "that comes of thy sleepy way of walking!" "Just be quiet," answered St. Peter, "I can do more than cure sick people; I can bring dead ones to life again." "Well, if thou canst do that," said Brother Lustig, "it's all right, but thou shouldst earn at least half the kingdom for us by that." Then they went to the royal palace, where every one

was in great grief, but St. Peter told the King that he would restore his daughter to life. He was taken to her, and said, "Bring me a kettle and some water," and when that was brought, he bade every one go out, and allowed no one to remain with him but Brother Lustig. Then he cut off all the dead girl's limbs, and threw them in the water, lighted a fire beneath the kettle, and boiled them. And when the flesh had fallen away from the bones, he took out the beautiful white bones, and laid them on a table, and arranged them together in their natural order. When he had done that, he stepped forward and said three times, "In the name of the holy Trinity, dead woman, arise." And at the third time, the princess arose, living, healthy and beautiful. Then the King was in the greatest joy, and said to St. Peter, "Ask for thy reward; even if it were half my kingdom, I would give it thee." But St. Peter said, "I want nothing for it." "Oh, thou tomfool!" thought Brother Lustig to himself, and nudged his comrade's side, and said, "Don't be so stupid! If thou hast no need of anything, I have." St. Peter, however, would have nothing, but as the King saw that the other would very much like to have something, he ordered his treasurer to fill Brother Lustig's knapsack with gold. Then they went on their way, and when they came to a forest, St. Peter said to Brother Lustig, "Now, we will divide the gold." "Yes," he replied, "we will." So St. Peter divided the gold, and divided it into three heaps. Brother Lustig thought to himself, "What craze has he got in his head now? He is making three shares, and there are only two of us!" But St. Peter said, "I have divided it exactly; there is one share for me, one for thee, and one for him who ate the lamb's heart."

"Oh, I ate that!" replied Brother Lustig, and hastily swept up the gold. "You may trust what I say." "But how can that be true," said St. Peter, "when a lamb has no heart?" "Eh, what, brother, what can you be thinking of? Lambs have hearts like other animals, why should they only have none?" "Well, so be it," said St. Peter, "keep the gold to yourself, but I will stay with you no longer; I will go my way alone." "As you like, dear brother," answered Brother Lustig. "Farewell."

Then St. Peter went a different road, but Brother Lustig thought, "It is a good thing that he has taken himself off, he is a strange saint, after all." Then he had money enough, but did not know how to manage it, squandered it, gave it away, and when some time had gone by, once more had nothing. Then he arrived in a certain country where he heard that the King's daughter was dead. "Oh, ho!" thought he, "that may be a good thing for me; I will bring her to life again, and see that I am paid as I ought to be." So he went to the King, and offered to raise the dead girl to life again. Now the King had heard that a discharged soldier was travelling about and bringing dead persons to life again, and thought that Brother Lustig was the man; but as he had no confidence in him, he consulted his councillors first, who said that he might give it a trial as his daughter was dead. Then Brother Lustig ordered water to be brought to him in a kettle, bade every one go out, cut the limbs off, threw them in the water and lighted a fire beneath, just as he had seen St. Peter do. The water began to boil, the flesh fell off, and then he took the bones out and laid them on the table, but he did not know the order in which to lay them, and placed them all wrong and in confusion. Then he stood before them and said, "In the name of the most holy Trinity, dead maiden, I bid thee arise," and he said this thrice, but the bones did not stir. So he said it thrice more, but also in vain: "Confounded girl that you are, get up!" cried he. "Get up, or it shall be worse for you!" When he had said that, St. Peter suddenly appeared in his former shape as a discharged soldier; he entered by the window

and said, "Godless man, what art thou doing? How can the dead maiden arise, when thou hast thrown about her bones in such confusion?" "Dear brother, I have done everything to the best of my ability," he answered. "This once, I will help thee out of thy difficulty, but one thing I tell thee, and that is that if ever thou undertakest anything of the kind again, it will be the worse for thee, and also that thou must neither demand nor accept the smallest thing from the King for this!" Thereupon St. Peter laid the bones in their right order, said to the maiden three times, "In the name of the most holy Trinity, dead maiden, arise," and the King's daughter arose, healthy and beautiful as before. Then St. Peter went away again by the window, and Brother Lustig was rejoiced to find that all had passed off so well, but was very much vexed to think that after all he was not to take anything for it. "I should just like to know," thought he, "what fancy that fellow has got in his head, for what he gives with one hand he takes away with the other—there is no sense whatever in it!" Then the King offered Brother Lustig whatsoever he wished to have, but he did not dare to take anything; however, by hints and cunning, he contrived to make the King order his knapsack to be filled with gold for him, and with that he departed. When he got out, St. Peter was standing by the door, and said, "Just look what a man thou art; did I not forbid thee to take anything, and there thou hast thy knapsack full of gold!" "How can I help that," answered Brother Lustig, "if people will put it in for me?" "Well, I tell thee this, that if ever thou settest about anything of this kind again thou shalt suffer for it!" "Eh, brother, have no fear now I have money, why should I trouble myself with washing bones?" "Faith," said St. Peter, "the gold will last a long time! In order that after this thou mayst never tread in forbidden paths, I will bestow on thy knapsack this property, namely, that whatsoever thou wishest to have inside it, shall be there. Farewell, thou wilt now never see me more." "Good-bye," said Brother Lustig, and thought to himself, "I am very glad that thou hast taken thyself off, thou strange fellow; I shall certainly not follow thee." But of the magical power which had been bestowed on his knapsack, he thought no more.

Brother Lustig travelled about with his money, and squandered and wasted what he had as before. When at last he had no more than four kreuzers, he passed by an inn and thought, "The money must go," and ordered three kreuzers' worth of wine and one kreuzer's worth of bread for himself. As he was sitting there drinking, the smell of roast goose made its way to his nose. Brother Lustig looked about and peeped, and saw that the host had two geese standing in the oven. Then he remembered that his comrade had said that whatsoever he wished to have in his knapsack should be there, so he said, "Oh, ho! I must try that with the geese." So he went out, and when he was outside the door, he said, "I wish those two roasted geese out of the oven and in my knapsack," and when he had said that, he unbuckled it and looked in, and there they were inside it. "Ah, that's right!" said he, "now I am a made man!" and went away to a meadow and took out the roast meat. When he was in the midst of his meal, two journeymen came up and looked at the second goose, which was not yet touched, with hungry eyes. Brother Lustig thought to himself, "One is enough for me," and called the two men up and said, "Take the goose, and eat it to my health." They thanked him, and went with it to the inn, ordered themselves a half bottle of wine and a loaf, took out the goose which had been given them, and began to eat. The hostess saw them and said to her husband, "Those two are eating a goose; just look and see if it is not one of ours, out of the oven." The landlord ran thither, and behold the

oven was empty! "What!" cried he, "you thievish crew, you want to eat goose as cheap as that? Pay for it this moment; or I will wash you well with green hazel-sap." The two said, "We are no thieves, a discharged soldier gave us the goose, outside there in the meadow." "You shall not throw dust in my eyes that way! the soldier was here—but he went out by the door, like an honest fellow. I looked after him myself; you are the thieves and shall pay!" But as they could not pay, he took a stick, and cudgelled them out of the house.

Brother Lustig went his way and came to a place where there was a magnificent castle, and not far from it a wretched inn. He went to the inn and asked for a night's lodging, but the landlord turned him away, and said, "There is no more room here, the house is full of noble guests." "It surprises me that they should come to you and not go to that splendid castle," said Brother Lustig. "Ah, indeed," replied the host, "but it is no slight matter to sleep there for a night; no one who has tried it so far, has ever come out of it alive."

"If others have tried it," said Brother Lustig, "I will try it too."

"Leave it alone," said the host, "it will cost you your neck." "It won't kill me at once," said Brother Lustig, "just give me the key, and some good food and wine." So the host gave him the key, and food and wine, and with this Brother Lustig went into the castle, enjoyed his supper, and at length, as he was sleepy, he lay down on the ground, for there was no bed. He soon fell asleep, but during the night was disturbed by a great noise, and when he awoke, he saw nine ugly devils in the room, who had made a circle, and were dancing around him. Brother Lustig said, "Well, dance as long as you like, but none of you must come too close." But the devils pressed continually nearer to him, and almost stepped on his face with their hideous feet. "Stop, you devils' ghosts," said he, but they behaved still worse. Then Brother Lustig grew angry, and cried, "Hola! but I will soon make it quiet," and got the leg of a chair and struck out into the midst of them with it. But nine devils against one soldier were still too many, and when he struck those in front of him, the others seized him behind by the hair, and tore it unmercifully. "Devils' crew," cried he, "it is getting too bad, but wait. Into my knapsack, all nine of you!" In an instant they were in it, and then he buckled it up and threw it into a corner. After this all was suddenly quiet, and Brother Lustig lay down again, and slept till it was bright day. Then came the inn-keeper, and the nobleman to whom the castle belonged, to see how he had fared; but when they perceived that he was merry and well they were astonished, and asked, "Have the spirits done you no harm, then?" "The reason why they have not," answered Brother Lustig, "is because I have got the whole nine of them in my knapsack! You may once more inhabit your castle quite tranquilly, none of them will ever haunt it again." The nobleman thanked him, made him rich presents, and begged him to remain in his service, and he would provide for him as long as he lived. "No," replied Brother Lustig, "I am used to wandering about, I will travel farther." Then he went away, and entered into a smithy, laid the knapsack, which contained the nine devils on the anvil, and asked the smith and his apprentices to strike it. So they smote with their great hammers with all their strength, and the devils uttered howls which were quite pitiable. When he opened the knapsack after this, eight of them were dead, but one which had been lying in a fold of it, was still alive, slipped out, and went back again to hell. Thereupon Brother Lustig travelled a long time about the world, and those who know them can tell many a story about him, but at last he grew old, and thought of his end, so he went to a hermit who was known to be a pious man, and said to him, "I am tired of wandering about, and want now to behave in such a manner that I

shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven." The hermit replied, "There are two roads, one is broad and pleasant, and leads to hell, the other is narrow and rough, and leads to heaven." "I should be a fool," thought Brother Lustig, "if I were to take the narrow, rough road." So he set out and took the broad and pleasant road, and at length came to a great black door, which was the door of Hell. Brother Lustig knocked, and the door-keeper peeped out to see who was there. But when he saw Brother Lustig, he was terrified, for he was the very same ninth devil who had been shut up in the knapsack, and had escaped from it with a black eye. So he pushed the bolt in again as quickly as he could, ran to the devil's lieutenant, and said, "There is a fellow outside with a knapsack, who wants to come in, but as you value your lives don't allow him to enter, or he will wish the whole of hell into his knapsack. He once gave me a frightful hammering when I was inside it." So they called out to Brother Lustig that he was to go away again, for he should not get in there! If they won't have me here," thought he, "I will see if I can find a place for myself in Heaven, for I must be somewhere." So he turned about and went onwards until he came to the door of Heaven, where he knocked. St. Peter was sitting hard by as door-keeper. Brother Lustig recognised him at once, and thought, "Here I find an old friend, I shall get on better." But St. Peter said, "I really believe that thou wantest to come into Heaven." "Let me in, brother; I must get in somewhere; if they would have taken me into Hell, I should not have come here." "No," said St. Peter, "thou shalt not enter." "Then if thou wilt not let me in, take thy knapsack back, for I will have nothing at all from thee." "Give it here, then," said St. Peter. Then Brother Lustig gave him the knapsack into Heaven through the bars, and St. Peter took it, and hung it up beside his seat. Then said Brother Lustig, "And now I wish myself inside my knapsack," and in a second he was in it, and in Heaven, and St. Peter was forced to let him stay there.

## 82.—GAMBLING HANSEL.

*("Gambling Hansel" is a fairy tale in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the second edition of 1819 (KHM 82). It is written in Middle Bavarian. According to Hans-Jörg Uther, it comes from the German-Bohemian (today: Czech) Friedberg and appears to have been sent to Jacob Grimm by Simon Sechter in 1815. [Coin in the following text: A "groschen" had a value similar to that of a "kreuzer". The kreutzer was used in the Upper German Catholic south, but the groschen in the Lower German Protestant north. See introduction to previous story. With Martin Luther's Reformation and the schism in the Church, the North was forced to issue its own money, independent of the Catholic South. A separate Protestant culture developed.]*

*Content: Spielhansl only ever plays and gambles away everything. Then God and Peter visit him. Because he has nothing to offer them, Peter sends him to the baker with three groschen. But the players lure him to them and also take the three groschen from him. He pretends to have lost her, gets three groschen and buys the bread. In the morning he is allowed to ask for three mercies and wishes for cards and dice, with which he always wins, and a fruit tree that no one can climb down without his order. From then on he gains so much that Peter advises God to send him death. Death wants to take him out of the game with him, but Spielhansl sends him up the tree and keeps him up there for seven years so that nobody dies anymore. Only on God's command does he let him*

*down, and death takes him with him. However, he finds admission neither in heaven nor in purgatory, but only in hell with Lucifer, from whom he wins his devils. With them he pulls out hop poles, which they push against the sky until he is allowed in. Inside he's playing again and making a fuss. Then they throw him out, and his soul divides and enters all players on earth.)*

Once upon a time there was a man who did nothing but gamble, and for that reason people never called him anything but Gambling Hansel, and as he never ceased to gamble, he played away his house and all that he had. Now the very day before his creditors were to take his house from him, came the Lord and St. Peter, and asked him to give them shelter for the night. Then Gambling Hansel said, "For my part, you may stay the night, but I cannot give you a bed or anything to eat." So the Lord said he was just to take them in, and they themselves would buy something to eat, to which Gambling Hansel made no objection. Thereupon St. Peter gave him three groschen, and said he was to go to the baker's and fetch some bread. So Gambling Hansel went, but when he reached the house where the other gambling vagabonds were gathered together, they, although they had won all that he had, greeted him clamorously, and said, "Hansel, do come in." "Oh," said he, "do you want to win the three groschen, too?" On this they would not let him go. So he went in, and played away the three groschen also. Meanwhile St. Peter and the Lord were waiting, and as he was so long in coming, they set out to meet him. When Gambling Hansel came, however, he pretended that the money had fallen into the gutter, and kept raking about in it all the while to find it, but our Lord already knew that he had lost it in play. St. Peter again gave him three groschen, and now he did not allow himself to be led away once more, but fetched them the loaf. Our Lord then inquired if he had no wine, and he said, "Alack, sir, the casks are all empty!" But the Lord said he was to go down into the cellar, for the best wine was still there. For a long time he would not believe this, but at length he said, "Well, I will go down, but I know that there is none there." When he turned the tap, however, lo and behold, the best of wine ran out! So he took it to them, and the two passed the night there. Early next day our Lord told Gambling Hansel that he might beg three favours. The Lord expected that he would ask to go to Heaven; but Gambling Hansel asked for a pack of cards with which he could win everything, for dice with which he would win everything, and for a tree whereon every kind of fruit would grow, and from which no one who had climbed up, could descend until he bade him do so. The Lord gave him all that he had asked, and departed with St. Peter.

And now Gambling Hansel at once set about gambling in real earnest, and before long he had gained half the world. Upon this St. Peter said to the Lord, "Lord, this thing must not go on, he will win, and thou lose, the whole world. We must send Death to him." When Death appeared, Gambling Hansel had just seated himself at the gaming-table, and Death said, "Hansel, come out a while." But Gambling Hansel said, "Just wait a little until the game is done, and in the meantime get up into that tree out there, and gather a little fruit that we may have something to munch on our way." Thereupon Death climbed up, but when he wanted to come down again,\* he could not, and Gambling Hansel left him up there for seven years, during which time no one died.

So St. Peter said to the Lord, "Lord, this thing must not go on. People no longer die; we must go ourselves." And they went themselves, and the Lord commanded Hansel to let Death come down. So Hansel went at once to Death and said to him, "Come

down," and Death took him directly and put an end to him. They went away together and came to the next world, and then Gambling Hansel made straight for the door of Heaven, and knocked at it. "Who is there?" "Gambling Hansel." "Ah, we will have nothing to do with him! Begone!" So he went to the door of Purgatory, and knocked once more, "Who is there?" "Gambling Hansel." "Ah, there is quite enough weeping and wailing here without him. We do not want to gamble, just go away again."

Then he went to the door of Hell, and there they let him in. There was, however, no one at home but old Lucifer and the crooked devils who had just been doing their evil work in the world. And no sooner was Hansel there than he sat down to gamble again. Lucifer, however, had nothing to lose, but his misshapen devils, and Gambling Hansel won them from him, as with his cards he could not fail to do. And now he was off again with his crooked devils, and they went to Hohenfueit and pulled up a hop-pole, and with it went to Heaven and began to thrust the pole against it, and Heaven began to crack. So again St. Peter said, "Lord, this thing cannot go on, we must let him in, or he will throw us down from Heaven." And they let him in. But Gambling Hansel instantly began to play again, and there was such a noise and confusion that there was no hearing what they themselves were saying. Therefore St. Peter once more said, "Lord, this cannot go on, we must throw him down, or he will make all Heaven rebellious." So they went to him at once, and threw him down, and his soul broke into fragments, and went into the gambling vagabonds who are living this very day.

### 83.—HANS IN LUCK

*("Hans in Luck" is a farce in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 83). It comes from the magazine "Wünschelruthe", where Friedrich August Wernicke wrote it a year earlier (b. 1818, Issue 33) under the title "Hans Wohlgemut". Hans in Luck looks like an ironic fairy tale which inverts the modern "from rags to riches" story into the opposite. It can be interpreted as anti-materialistic as Hans deliberately and gradually gets rid of his riches.*

*Contents: Hans is paid a head-sized lump of gold for seven years of work. He exchanges it for a horse, the horse for a cow, the cow for a pig, the pig for a goose, and the goose he gives for a whetstone along with a simple field stone. He has the feeling that he always exchanges in such a way that everything he desires arrives and feels favoured by luck "like a Sunday child". Finally, when he is about to drink, the two heavy stones fall into a well. Finally he is happy not to have to carry the heavy stones anymore.)*

Hans had served his master for seven years, so he said to him, "Master, my time is up. Now I would like to go back home to my mother. Give me my wages."

The master answered, "You have served me faithfully and honestly. As the service was, so shall the reward be." And he gave Hans a piece of gold as big as his head. Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, wrapped up the lump in it, put it on his shoulder, and set out on the way home. As he went on, always putting one leg before the other, he saw a horseman trotting quickly and merrily by on a lively horse.

Ah, said Hans quite loud, "what a fine thing it is to ride. There you sit as on a chair, never stumbling over a stone, saving your shoes, and making your way without even knowing it."

The rider, who had heard him, stopped and called out, "Hey there, Hans, then why are you going on foot?"

I must, answered he, "for I have this lump to carry home. It is true that it is gold, but I cannot hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder."

I will tell you what, said the rider. "Let's trade. I will give you my horse, and you can give me your lump."

With all my heart, said Hans. "But I can tell you, you will be dragging along with it."

The rider got down, took the gold, and helped Hans up, then gave him the bridle tight in his hands and said, "If you want to go fast, you must click your tongue and call out, 'jup, jup.'"

Hans was heartily delighted as he sat upon the horse and rode away so bold and free. After a little while he thought that it ought to go faster, and he began to click with his tongue and call out, "jup, jup." The horse started a fast trot, and before Hans knew where he was, he was thrown off and lying in a ditch which separated the fields from the highway. The horse would have escaped if it had not been stopped by a peasant, who was coming along the road and driving a cow before him.

Hans pulled himself together and stood up on his legs again, but he was vexed, and said to the peasant, "It is a poor joke, this riding, especially when one gets hold of a mare like this, that kicks and throws one off, so that one has a chance of breaking one's neck. Never again will I mount it. Now I like your cow, for one can walk quietly behind her, and moreover have one's milk, butter, and cheese every day without fail. What would I not give to have such a cow?"

Well, said the peasant, "if it would give you so much pleasure, I do not mind trading the cow for the horse." Hans agreed with the greatest delight, and the peasant jumped upon the horse and rode quickly away.

Hans drove his cow quietly before him, and thought over his lucky bargain. "If only I have a morsel of bread -- and that can hardly fail me -- I can eat butter and cheese with it as often as I like. If I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk. My goodness, what more can I want?"

When he came to an inn he stopped, and to celebrate his good fortune, he ate up everything he had with him -- his dinner and supper -- and all he had, and with his last few farthings had half a glass of beer. Then he drove his cow onwards in the direction of his mother's village.

As noon approached, the heat grew more oppressive, and Hans found himself upon a moor which would take at least another hour to cross. He felt very hot, and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth with thirst. "I can find a cure for this," thought Hans. "I will milk the cow now and refresh myself with the milk." He tied her to a withered tree, and as he had no pail, he put his leather cap underneath, but try as he would, not a drop of milk came. And because he was working in a clumsy way, the impatient beast at last gave him such a blow on his head with its hind foot, that he fell to the ground, and for a long time did not know where he was. By good fortune a butcher just then came along the road with a pushcart, in which lay a young pig.

What sort of a trick is this? he cried, and helped good Hans up. Hans told him what had happened.

The butcher gave him his flask and said, "Take a drink and refresh yourself. The cow will certainly give no milk. It is an old beast. At the best it is only fit for the plow, or for the butcher."

Well, well, said Hans, as he stroked his hair down on his head. "Who would have thought it? Certainly it is a fine thing when one can slaughter a beast like that for oneself. What meat one has! But

I do not care much for beef, it is not juicy enough for me. But to have a young pig like that! It tastes quite different, and there are sausages as well."

Listen, Hans, said the butcher. "To do you a favor, I will trade, and will let you have the pig for the cow."

God reward you for your kindness, said Hans as he gave up the cow. The pig was unbound from the cart, and the cord by which it was tied was put in his hand. Hans went on, thinking to himself how everything was going just as he wished. If anything troublesome happened to him, it was immediately set right.

Presently he was joined by a lad who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They greeted one another, and Hans began to tell of his good luck, and how he had always made such good trades. The boy told him that he was taking the goose to a christening feast.

"Just heft her," he added, taking hold of her by the wings. "Feel how heavy she is. She has been fattened up for the last eight weeks. Anyone who bites into her after she has been roasted will have to wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth."

Yes, said Hans, hefting her with one hand, "she weighs a lot, but my pig is not so bad either."

Meanwhile the lad looked suspiciously from one side to the other, and shook his head. "Look here, he said at last. "It may not be all right with your pig. In the village through which I passed, the mayor himself had just had one stolen out of its sty. I fear -- I fear that you have got hold of it there. They have sent out some people and it would be a bad business if they caught you with the pig. At the very least, you would be shut up in the dark hole."

Good Hans was terrified. "For goodness' sake," he said. "help me out of this fix. You know more about this place than I do. Take my pig and leave me your goose."

I am taking a risk, answered the lad, "but I do not want to be the cause of your getting into trouble." So he took the cord in his hand, and quickly drove the pig down a bypath. Good Hans, free from care, went homewards with the goose under his arm.

When I think about it properly, he said to himself, "I have even gained by the trade. First there is the good roast meat, then the quantity of fat which will drip from it, and which will give me goose fat for my bread for a quarter of a year, and lastly the beautiful white feathers. I will have my pillow stuffed with them, and then indeed I shall go to sleep without being rocked. How glad my mother will be!"

As he was going through the last village, there stood a scissors grinder with his cart, as his wheel whirred he sang,

I sharpen scissors and quickly grind,  
My coat blows out in the wind behind.

Hans stood still and looked at him. At last he spoke to him and said, "All's well with you, as you are so merry with your grinding."

Yes, answered the scissors grinder, "this trade has a golden foundation. A real grinder is a man who as often as he puts his hand into his pocket finds gold in it. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

I did not buy it, but traded my pig for it.

And the pig?

I got it for a cow.

And the cow?

I got it for a horse.

And the horse?

For that I gave a lump of gold as big as my head.

And the gold?

Well, that was my wages for seven years' service.

You have known how to look after yourself each time, said the grinder. "If you can only get on so far as to hear the money jingle in your pocket whenever you stand up, you will have made your fortune."

How shall I manage that? said Hans.

You must become a grinder, as I am. Nothing particular is needed for it but a grindstone. Everything else takes care of itself. I have one here. It is certainly a little worn, but you need not give me anything for it but your goose. Will you do it?

How can you ask? answered Hans. "I shall be the luckiest fellow on earth. If I have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket, why should I ever worry again?" And he handed him the goose and received the grindstone in exchange.

Now, said the grinder, picking up an ordinary heavy stone that lay nearby, "here is another good stone for you as well, which you can use to hammer on and straighten your old nails. Carry it along with you and take good care of it."

Hans loaded himself with the stones, and went on with a contented heart, his eyes shining with joy. "I must have been born with lucky skin," he cried. "Everything I want happens to me just as if I were a Sunday's child."

Meanwhile, as he had been on his legs since daybreak, he began to feel tired. Hunger also tormented him, for in his joy at the bargain by which he got the cow he had eaten up all his store of food at once. At last he could only go on with great difficulty, and was forced to stop every minute. The stones, too, weighed him down dreadfully, and he could not help thinking how nice it would be if he would not have to carry them just then.

He crept like a snail until he came to a well in a field, where he thought that he would rest and refresh himself with a cool drink of water. In order that he might not damage the stones in sitting down, he laid them carefully by his side on the edge of the well. Then he sat down on it, and was about to bend over and drink, when he slipped, pushed against the stones, and both of them fell into the water. When Hans saw them with his own eyes sinking to the bottom, he jumped for joy, and then knelt down, and with tears in his eyes thanked God for having shown him this favor also, and delivered him in so good a way, and without his having any need to reproach himself, from those heavy stones which had been the only things that troubled him.

No one under the sun is as fortunate as I am, he cried out. With a light heart and free from every burden he now ran on until he was at home with his mother.

#### 84.—HANS MARRIED.

(*"Hans married"* is a farce in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 84) and comes from Johannes Praetorius' magazine "Wünschelruthe" from 1667. Its model was a pseudonym "Ernst Wolgemuth from Warhausen im Warnethal" published farcical book "500 main pills" Grimm wrote the title *Hans marries*.

*Contents:* Hans's nephew wants to find him a rich wife and he gives Hans a newly minted shiny penny and fires up the stove. He gets milk and white bread and tells him to crumble the bread in the milk. The matchmaker goes to a rich farmer's daughter in patched trousers and says that Hans is a rich, sensible man. The miserly man asks how the estate is doing and the marriage broker says that he has something to say. He is warm and can do no less than himself, says the nephew, while patting his pants. The miser agrees to the marriage. The young woman goes out into the field

to view her groom's ground. Hans goes to her in his Sunday coat and patched smock and he knocks on the patch of his smock when he says that the patch is his. Someone tells of having been present as a wedding guest with a veil of snow. The veil melted as the sun rose and the cobweb dress tore. The glass slippers bumped against a stone and shattered.)

There was once on a time a young peasant named Hans, whose uncle wanted to find him a rich wife. He therefore seated Hans behind the stove, and had it made very hot. Then he fetched a pot of milk and plenty of white bread, gave him a bright newly-coined farthing in his hand, and said, "Hans, hold that farthing fast, crumble the white bread into the milk, and stay where you are, and do not stir from that spot till I come back." "Yes," said Hans, "I will do all that." Then the woarer put on a pair of old patched trousers, went to a rich peasant's daughter in the next village, and said, "Won't you marry my nephew Hans—you will get an honest and sensible man who will suit you?" The covetous father asked, "How is it with regard to his means? Has he bread to break?" "Dear friend," replied the woarer, "my young nephew has a snug berth, a nice bit of money in hand, and plenty of bread to break, besides he has quite as many patches as I have," (and as he spoke, he slapped the patches on his trousers, but in that district small pieces of land were called patches also.) "If you will give yourself the trouble to go home with me, you shall see at once that all is as I have said." Then the miser did not want to lose this good opportunity, and said, "If that is the case, I have nothing further to say against the marriage."

So the wedding was celebrated on the appointed day, and when the young wife went out of doors to see the bridegroom's property, Hans took off his Sunday coat and put on his patched suiock-frock and said, "I might spoil my good coat." Then together they went out and wherever a boundary line came in sight, or fields and meadows were divided from each other, Hans pointed with his finger and then slapped either a large or a small patch on his smock-frock, and said, "That patch is mine, and that too, my dearest, just look at it," meaning thereby that his wife should not stare at the broad land, but look at his garment, which was his own. "Were you indeed at the wedding?" "Yes, indeed I was there, and in full dress. My head-dress was of snow; then the sun came out, and it was melted. My coat was of cobwebs, and I had to pass by some thorns which tore it off me, my shoes were of glass, and I pushed against a stone and they said, "Klink," and broke in two.

#### 85.—THE GOLD-CHILDREN.

(*"The Gold-Children"* is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 at position 85 (KHM 85). Before that it was at position 63. The tale comes from Hesse.

*Contents:* A poor fisherman catches a golden fish that gives him a castle with good food for the rest of his life as long as he does not tell anyone the reason. But his wife will not let him rest. When he tells her it is all gone. The whole thing repeats itself when he catches the fish again. The third time the fish advises him to cut it in six pieces and give two each to his wife and two to his horse and bury two. From this come two golden lilies, two golden foals and two golden sons. When they grow up, they ride out into the world. One returns home when people in an inn mock them. The other, disguised in a bearskin, happily rides through a forest of robbers. He's marrying a girl. His father wants to kill the bearskin. But

*when he sees him in bed in the morning, he's glad he did not do it. Following a dream, the golden child goes hunting a deer and finds a witch who turns it to stone. His brother, seeing the fallen lily, comes and forces him free.)*

There was once a poor man and a poor woman who had nothing but a little cottage, and who earned their bread by fishing, and always lived from hand to mouth. But it came to pass one day when the man was sitting by the water-side, and casting his net, that he drew out a fish entirely of gold. As he was looking at the fish, full of astonishment, it began to speak and said, "Hark you, fisherman, if you will throw me back again into the water, I will change your little hut into a splendid castle." Then the fisherman answered, "Of what use is a castle to me, if I have nothing to eat?" The gold fish continued, "That shall be taken care of, there will be a cupboard in the castle in which, when you open it, shall be dishes of the most delicate meats, and as many of them as you can desire." "If that be true," said the man, "then I can well do you a favour." "Yes," said the fish, "there is, however, the condition that you shall disclose to no one in the world, whosoever he may be, whence your good luck has come, if you speak but one single word, all will be over." Then the man threw the wonderful fish back again into the water, and went home. But where his hovel had formerly stood, now stood a great castle. He opened wide his eyes, entered, and saw his wife dressed in beautiful clothes, sitting in a splendid room, and she was quite delighted, and said, "Husband, how has all this come to pass? It suits me very well." "Yes," said the man, "it suits me too, but I am frightfully hungry, just give me something to eat." Said the wife. "But I have got nothing and don't know where to find anything in this new house." "There is no need of your knowing," said the man, "for I see yonder a great cupboard, just unlock it." When she opened it, there stood cakes, meat, fruit, wine, quite a bright prospect.

Then the woman cried joyfully, "What more can you want, my dear?" and they sat down, and ate and drank together. When they had had enough, the woman said, "But, husband, whence come all these riches?" "Alas," answered he, "do not question me about it, for I dare not tell you anything; if I disclose it to any one, then all our good fortune will fly." "Very good," said she, "if I am not to know anything, then I do not want to know anything." However, she was not in earnest; she never rested day or night, and she goaded her husband until in his impatience he revealed that all was owing to a wonderful golden fish which he had caught, and to which in return he had given its liberty. And as soon as the secret was out, the splendid castle with the cupboard immediately disappeared, they were once more in the old fisherman's hut, and the man was obliged to follow his former trade and fish. But fortune would so have it, that he once more drew out the golden fish. "Listen," said the fish, "if you will throw me back into the water again, I will once more give you the castle with the cupboard full of roast and boiled meats ; only be firm, for your life's sake don't reveal from whom you have it, or you will lose it all again!" "I will take good care," answered the fisherman, and threw the fish back into the water. Now at home everything was once more in its former magnificence, and the wife was overjoyed at their good fortune, but curiosity left her no peace, so that after a couple of days she began to ask again how it had come; to pass, and how he had managed to secure it. The man kept silence for a short time, but at last she made him so angry that he broke out, and betrayed the secret. In an instant the castle disappeared, and they were back again in their old hut. "Now you have got what you want," said he; "and we can gnaw at a bare bone again."

"Ah," said the woman, "I had rather not have riches if I am not to know from whom they come, for then I have no peace." The man went back to fish, and after a while he chanced to draw out the gold fish for a third time. "Listen," said the fish, "I see very well that I am fated to fall into your hands, take me home and cut me into six pieces; give your wife two of them to eat, two to your horse and bury two of them in the ground, then they will bring you a blessing." The fisherman took the fish home with him, and did as it had bidden him. It came to pass, however, that from the two pieces that were buried in the ground two golden lilies sprang up, that the horse had two golden foals, and the fisherman's wife bore two children who were made entirely of gold. The children grew up, became tall and handsome, and the lilies and horses grew likewise. Then they said, "Father, we want to mount our golden steeds and travel out in the world." But he answered sorrowfully, "How shall I bear it if you go away, and I know not how it fares with you?" Then they said, "The two golden lilies remain here. By them you can see how it is with us; if they are fresh, then we are in health; if they are withered, we are ill; if they perish, then we are dead." So they rode forth and came to an inn, in which were many people, and when they perceived the gold-children they began to laugh, and jeer. When one of them heard the mocking he felt ashamed and would not go out into the world, but turned back and went home again to his father. But the other rode forward and reached a great forest. As he was about to enter it, the people said, "It is not safe for you to ride through, the wood is full of robbers who would treat you badly. You will fare ill, and when they see that you are all of gold, and your horse likewise, they will assuredly kill you." But he would not allow himself to be frightened, and said, "I must and will ride through it." Then he took bear-skins and covered himself and his horse with them, 80 that the gold was no more to be seen, and rode fearlessly into the forest. When he had ridden onward a little he heard a rustling in the bushes, and heard voices speaking together. From one side came cries of, "There is one," but from the other, "Let him go, 'tis an idle fellow, as poor and bare as a church-mouse, what should we gain from him?" So the gold-child rode joyfully through the forest, and no evil befell him. One day he entered a village wherein he saw a maiden, who was so beautiful that he did not believe that any more beautiful than she, existed in the world. And as such a mighty love took possession of him, he went up to her and said, "I love thee with my whole heart, wilt thou be my wife?" He, too, pleased the maiden so much that she agreed and said, "Yes, I will be thy wife, and be true to thee thy whole life long." Then they were married, and just as they were in the greatest happiness, home came the father of the bride, and when he saw that his daughter's wedding was being celebrated, he was astonished, and said, "Where is the bridegroom?" They showed him the gold-child, who, however, still wore his bear-skins. Then the father said wrathfully, "A vagabond shall never have my daughter!" and was about to kill him. Then the bride begged as hard as she could, and said, "He is my husband, and I love him with all my heart!" until at last he allowed himself to be appeased. Nevertheless the idea never left his thoughts, so that next morning he rose early, wishing to see whether his daughter's husband was a common ragged beggar. But when he peeped in, he saw a magnificent golden man in the bed, and the cast-off bear-skins lying on the ground. Then he went back and thought, "What a good thing it was that I restrained my anger! I should have committed a great crime." But the gold-child dreamed that he rode out to the chase of a splendid stag, and when he awoke in the morning, he said to his wife, "I must go out hunting." She was uneasy, and begged him to stay

there, and said, "You might easily meet with a great misfortune," but he answered, "I must and will go."

Thereupon he got up, and rode forth into the forest, and it was not long before a fine stag crossed his path exactly according to his dream. He aimed and was about to shoot it, when the stag ran away. He gave chase over hedges and ditches for the whole day without feeling tired, but in the evening the stag vanished from his sight, and when the gold-child looked round him, he was standing before a little house, wherein was a witch. He knocked, and a little old woman came out and asked, "What are you doing so late in the midst of the great forest?" "Have you not seen a stag?" "Yes," answered she, "I know the stag well," and thereupon a little dog which had come out of the house with her, barked at the man violently. "Wilt thou be silent, thou odious toad," said he, "or I will shoot thee dead." Then the witch cried out in a passion, "What! will you slay my little dog?" and immediately transformed him, so that he lay like a stone, and his bride awaited him in vain, and thought, "That which I so greatly dreaded, which lay so heavily on my heart, has come upon him!" But at home the other brother was standing by the goldlilies, when one of them suddenly drooped. "Good heavens!" said he, "my brother has met with some great misfortune! I must away to see if I can possibly rescue him." Then the father said, "Stay here, if I lose you also, what shall I do?" But he answered, "I must and will go forth!"

Then he mounted his golden horse, and rode forth and entered the great forest, where his brother lay turned to stone. The old witch came out of her house and called him, wishing to entrap him also, but he did not go near her, but said, "I will shoot you, if you will not bring my brother to life again." She touched the stone, though very unwillingly, with her forefinger, and he was immediately restored to his human shape. But the two gold-children rejoiced, when they saw each other again, kissed and caressed each other, and rode away together out of the forest, the one home to his bride, the other to his father. The father then said, "I knew well that you had rescued your brother, for the golden lily suddenly rose up and blossomed out again." Then they lived happily, and all prospered with them until their death.

#### 86.—THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

(*"The Fox and the Geese"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales as tale number KHM 86. The fairy tale formed the end of the first volume (called "First Part" by the Grimms) as number 86) of the children's and Household Tales, which appeared in 1812. So it had a similar function as *The Golden Key* (KHM 200) as an open conclusion to the entire collection of fairy tales.

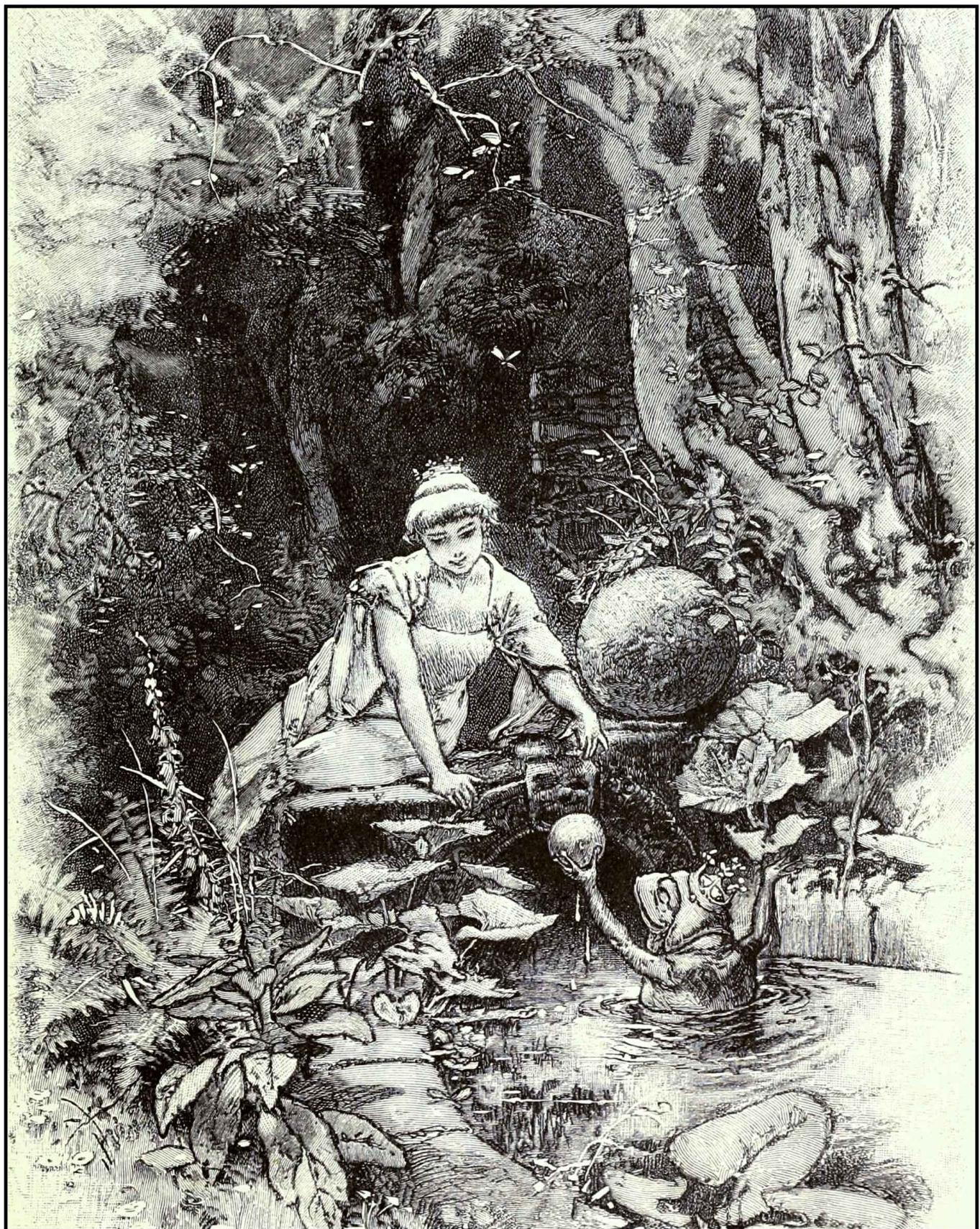
*Contents: The fox wants to eat a flock of geese and will not listen to any request other than that they may say a prayer. They get permission to pray first, and pray on and on, and the story will continue when they stop.)*

The fox once came to a meadow in which there was a flock of fine fat geese, on which he smiled and said, "I come at the nick of time, you are sitting together quite beautifully, so that I can eat you up one after the other." The geese cackled with terror, sprang up, and began to wail and beg piteously for their lives. But the fox would listen to nothing, and said, "There is no mercy to be had! You must die." At length one of them took heart and said, "If we poor geese are to yield up our vigorous young lives, show us the only possible favour and allow us one more prayer, that we may not die

in our sins, and then we will place ourselves in a row, so that you can always pick yourself out the fattest." "Yes," said the fox, "that is reasonable, and a pious request. Pray away, I will wait till you are done." Then the first began a good long prayer, for ever saying, "Ga! Ga!" and as she would make no end, the second did not wait until her turn came, but began also, "Ga! Ga!" The third and fourth followed her, and soon they were all cackling together. (When they have done praying, the story shall be continued further, but at present they are still praying without stopping.)

**ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM**





Kinder- und Hausmärchen, KHM 99.

Restoration: Lord Henfield. 2019.

## THE FROG PRINCE (PRINCE FROG)

Engraving by Hermann Wilhelm Vogel 1910



Restoration: Lord Henfield. 2019.

Ludwig Emil Grimm fec. Cassel. 1819.

**SECOND PART (TWEED DEEL)**  
Engraving by Ludwig Emil Grimm 1819



## 87.—THE POOR MAN AND THE RICH MAN.

(*"The Poor Man and the Rich Man"* is a fairy tale in the Brothers Grimm's *Children's and Household Tales* at position 87 (KHM 87) of the entire collection. It is at the first position of the second volume, which appeared in 1815. There it was number 1. The annotations note "from the Schwalm area" in Hesse (probably from Ferdinand Siebert from Treysa).

*Contents: The good Lord on his travels wants to stop by a rich man's house in the evening because he probably will not be a burden to him, but he is turned away. The poor man in the house opposite and his wife give him a friendly welcome, eat with him and insist that he sleep in their bed. In the morning God grants them three wishes and the man chooses happiness, health and gets a nicer house. When the rich man hears this, he gets angry. His wife lets him ride after the wanderer and also ask for three wishes. God advises against it, but on the way home he thinks frantically how he could wish enough. His restless horse bothers him so much that he wishes it dead. He runs with the saddle on his back and curses his wife, who is at home, that she has to be on the saddle. At home he wants to think about his remaining wish alone, but has to put his wife off the saddle.)*

In olden times, when the Lord himself still used to walk about on this earth amongst men, it once happened that he was tired and overtaken by the darkness before he could reach an inn. Now there stood on the road before him two houses facing each other; the one large and beautiful, the other small and poor. The large one belonged to a rich man, and the small one to a poor man.

Then the Lord thought, "I shall be no burden to the rich man, I will stay the night with him." When the rich man heard some one knocking at his door, he opened the window and asked the stranger what he wanted. The Lord answered, "I only ask for a night's lodging."

Then the rich man looked at the traveller from head to foot, and as the Lord was wearing common clothes, and did not look like one who had much money in his pocket, he shook his head, and said, "No, I cannot take you in, my rooms are full of herbs and seeds; and if I were to lodge every one who knocked at my door, I might very soon go begging myself. Go somewhere else for a lodging," and with this he shut down the window and left the Lord standing there.

So the Lord turned his back on the rich man, and went across to the small house and knocked. He had hardly done so when the poor man opened the little door and bade the traveller come in. "Pass the night with me, it is already dark," said he; "you cannot go any further to-night." This pleased the Lord, and he went in. The poor man's wife shook hands with him, and welcomed him, and said he was to make himself at home and put up with what they had got; they had not much to offer him, but what they had they would give him with all their hearts. Then she put the potatoes on the fire, and while they were boiling, she milked the goat, that they might have a little milk with them. When the cloth was laid, the Lord sat down with the man and his wife, and he enjoyed their coarse food, for there were happy faces at the table. When they had had supper and it was bed-time, the woman called her husband apart and said, "Hark you, dear husband, let us make up a bed of straw for ourselves to-night, and then the poor traveller can sleep in our bed and have a good rest, for he has been

walking the whole day through, and that makes one weary." "With all my heart," he answered. "I will go and offer it to him;" and he went to the stranger and invited him, if he had no objection, to sleep in their bed and rest his limbs properly. But the Lord was unwilling to take their bed from the two old folks; however, they would not be satisfied, until at length he did it and lay down in their bed, while they themselves lay on some straw on the ground.

Next morning they got up before daybreak, and made as good a breakfast as they could for the guest. When the sun shone in through the little window, and the Lord had got up, he again ate with them, and then prepared to set out on his journey.

But as he was standing at the door he turned round and said, "As you are so kind and good, you may wish three things for yourselves and I will grant them." Then the man said, "What else should I wish for but eternal happiness, and that we two, as long as we live, may be healthy and have every day our daily bread; for the third wish, I do not know what to have." And the Lord said to him, "Will you wish for a new house instead of this old one?" "Oh, yes," said the man; "if I can have that, too, I should like it very much." And the Lord fulfilled his wish, and changed their old house into a new one, again gave them his blessing, and went on.

The sun was high when the rich man got up and leaned out of his window and saw, on the opposite side of the way, a new clean-looking house with red tiles and bright windows where the old hut used to be. He was very much astonished, and called his wife and said to her, "Tell me, what can have happened? Last night there was a miserable little hut standing there, and to-day there is a beautiful new house. Run over and see how that has come to pass."

So his wife went and asked the poor man, and he said to her, "Yesterday evening a traveller came here and asked for a night's lodging, and this morning when he took leave of us he granted us three wishes—eternal happiness, health during this life and our daily bread as well, and, besides this, a beautiful new house instead of our old hut."

When the rich man's wife heard this, she ran back in haste and told her husband how it had happened. The man said, "I could tear myself to pieces! If I had but known that! The traveller came to our house too, and wanted to sleep here, and I sent him away." "Quick!" said his wife, "get on your horse. You can still catch the man up, and then you must ask to have three wishes granted you."

The rich man followed the good counsel and galloped away on his horse, and soon came up with the Lord. He spoke to him softly and pleasantly, and begged him not to take it amiss that he had not let him in directly; he was looking for the front-door key, and in the meantime the stranger had gone away, if he returned the same way he must come and stay with him. "Yes," said the Lord; "if I ever come back again, I will do so." Then the rich man asked if he might not wish for three things too, as his neighbour had done? "Yes," said the Lord, he might, but it would not be to his advantage, and he had better not wish for anything; but the rich man thought that he could easily ask for something which would add to his happiness, if he only knew that it would be granted. So the Lord said to him, "Ride home, then, and three wishes which you shall form, shall be fulfilled."

The rich man had now gained what he wanted, so he rode home, and began to consider what he should wish for. As he was thus thinking he let the bridle fall, and the horse began to caper about, so that he was continually disturbed in his meditations, and could not collect his thoughts at all. He patted its neck, and said, "Gently, Lisa," but the horse only began new tricks. Then at last he was angry, and cried quite impatiently, "I wish your neck was broken!" Directly he had said the words, down the horse fell on

the ground, and there it lay dead and never moved again. And thus was his first wish fulfilled. As he was miserly by nature, he did not like to leave the harness lying there; so he cut it off, and put it on his back; and now he had to go on foot. "I have still two wishes left," said he, and comforted himself with that thought.

And now as he was walking slowly through the sand, and the sun was burning hot at noon-day, he grew quite hot-tempered and angry. The saddle hurt his back, and he had not yet any idea what to wish for. "If I were to wish for all the riches and treasures in the world," said he to himself, "I should still think of all kinds of things besides later on, I know that, beforehand. But I will manage so that there is nothing at all left me to wish for afterwards." Then he sighed and said, "Ah, if I were but that Bavarian peasant, who likewise had three wishes granted to him, and knew quite well what to do, and in the first place wished for a great deal of beer, and in the second for as much beer as he was able to drink, and in the third for a barrel of beer into the bargain."

Many a time he thought he had found it, but then it seemed to him to be, after all, too little. Then it came into his mind, what an easy life his wife had, for she stayed at home in a cool room and enjoyed herself. This really did vex him, and before he was aware, he said, "I just wish she was sitting there on this saddle, and could not get off it, instead of my having to drag it along on my back." And as the last word was spoken, the saddle disappeared from his back, and he saw that his second wish had been fulfilled. Then he really did feel warm. He began to run and wanted to be quite alone in his own room at home, to think of something really large for his last wish. But when he arrived there and opened the parlour-door, he saw his wife sitting in the middle of the room on the saddle, crying and complaining, and quite unable to get off it. So he said, "Do bear it, and I will wish for all the riches on earth for thee, only stay where thou art." She, however, called him a fool, and said, "What good will all the riches on earth do me, if I am to sit on this saddle? Thou hast wished me on it, so thou must help me off." So whether he would or not, he was forced to let his third wish be that she should be quit of the saddle, and able to get off it, and immediately the wish was fulfilled. So he got nothing by it but vexation, trouble, abuse, and the loss of his horse; but the poor people lived happily, quietly, and piously until their happy death.

#### 88.—THE SINGING, SOARING LARK or THE SINGING, SPRINGING LARK.

(*"The Singing, Soaring Lark"* or *"The Singing, Springing Lark"* is a fairy tale in the Brothers Grimm's *Children's and Household Tales* (KHM 88). Larks are passerine birds of the family Alaudidae and of the Order of Passeriformes (singing birds). An important background theme are griffins\* and dragons\*.

[\* The griffin or lion-eagle (Akkadian: karabu [c.2500 BC], Hebrew-Aramaic: cherub [c.900 BC], Greek: grypos, Latin: gryphus, Old High German: grifo) is, like the sphinx, a mythical hybrid creature made of body-parts from different animals. Most often it appears as a lion with a bird's head and wings. Suspicions are growing that in ancient times, nomadic gold miners, in the vast deserts of Central Asia, have found fossils of "Protoceratops" dinosaurs whose remains are common in the Cretaceous deposits of this region. Pliny the Elder (23–79 AD) wrote that "these people are constantly at war over their mines with the griffins, a kind of wild winged beast commonly reported to dig gold out of mines". (See: *Natural History* by Gaius Plinius Secundus, p. 3459, middle

column, 8th line, *Grand Bible, Internet Archive*.) Almost the same applies to the mythological figure of the dragon or serpent dragon (Greek: drakon, Latin: draco, Old High German: Lindwurm) whose body is represented in Asia and Europe as a winged lizard with a raptor's head. A raptor is a long-tailed, carnivorous, feathered dinosaur similar to a Tyrannosaurus Rex but smaller. Dinosaurs are the direct ancestors of birds, which (after the meteorite impact 65 million years ago) survived because of their ability to fly. The oldest Sumerian depictions of griffins and dragons can be found on cylinder seals from around 3000 BC. The oldest written mention of a dragon can be found in the Sumerian "Kesh Temple Hymn" from around 2600 BC. [See: p. 5249, paragraphs 75-86, *Grand Bible, Internet Archive*.]

*Contents: There is a man with three daughters. One day, he must leave on a journey and asks each of his daughters what they would like him to bring back. The oldest wants diamonds, the second pearls, and the youngest a singing, springing lark. The man is able to find diamonds and pearls, but he fails to find a lark. On his journey home, the man sees a lark in a tall tree, and orders his servant to catch it. Suddenly a lion springs out and threatens to kill them both for trying to steal the lark. In exchange for their lives and the lark, the lion demands that the man bring him the first thing to meet him on his return home. The man fears it will be his youngest daughter who greets him, but his servant persuades him to accept the bargain. Just as the man has feared, his youngest daughter is the first to greet him. When told of his promise, the daughter consoles her father and sets out the next morning to meet the lion. At the lion's castle, she is greeted by lions that, at night, turn human and she marries the lion whose lark her father had tried to take and lives with him, sleeping by day. One night the lion tells her that her oldest sister is marrying and offers to send her with his lions. She goes, and her family is glad to see her. After her return, the lion tells her that her second sister is marrying, and she says he must go with her and their child. The lion tells her that if any candlelight falls on him, he will be transformed into a dove for seven years. The youngest daughter has a chamber built to protect him, but the door is made of green wood, and it warps, making a crack. When her sister's wedding procession goes by, candlelight falls on him, and he turns into a dove. The dove tells his wife that for every seven steps she takes, he will drop a feather and a drop of blood, and perhaps she can track him by that, and flies off. When the seven years are nearly up, the youngest daughter loses the trail. She climbs up to the sun and asks after the white dove; the sun does not know, but gives her a casket. She then asks the moon, who does not know, but gives her an egg. She asks the night wind, and it can not help her but tells her to wait for the others; the east and west wind can not, but the south wind says that the dove was again a lion and fighting a dragon that is an enchanted princess near the Red Sea. The night wind advises her to strike the lion and dragon with a certain reed, to allow the lion to win and both creatures to regain their form, and then to escape on the back of a griffin. It gives her a nut that will grow to a nut tree in the middle of the sea, which would allow the griffin to rest. The youngest daughter stops the fight, but the princess also regains her form and takes the man who had been a lion with her on the griffin. The daughter follows until she finds a castle where the princess and her husband are to be married. She opens the casket and finds a dazzling dress in it. She brings it to the castle, and the princess buys it from her, the price being that the daughter is to spend the night in her husband's bedchamber. But it is to no avail because the princess has a page give him a sleeping draught. Though the daughter pleads with him, he thinks it is the wind's whistling. The*

*next day, she opens the egg. It holds a chicken with twelve golden chicks. The princess again buys them for the same price, but this time her husband asks the page what was the wind the previous night, and the page confesses to the draught. He does not drink it the second night, and he and his wife flee on the griffin to their home.)*

There was once on a time a man who was about to set out on a long journey, and on parting he asked his three daughters what he should bring back with him for them. Whereupon the eldest wished for pearls, the second wished for diamonds, but the third said, "Dear father, I should like a singing, soaring lark." The father said, "Yes, if I can get it, you shall have it," kissed all three, and set out. Now when the time had come for him to be on his way home again, he had brought pearls and diamonds for the two eldest, but he had sought everywhere in vain for a singing, soaring lark for the youngest, and he was very unhappy about it, for she was his favourite child. Then his road lay through a forest, and in the midst of it was a splendid castle, and near the castle stood a tree, but quite on the top of the tree, he saw a singing, soaring lark. "Aha, you come just at the right moment!" he said, quite delighted, and called to his servant to climb up and catch the little creature. But as he approached the tree, a lion leapt from beneath it, shook himself, and roared till the leaves on the tree trembled. "He who tries to steal my singing, soaring lark," he cried, "will I devour." Then the man said, "I did not know that the bird belonged to thee. I will make amends for the wrong I have done and ransom myself with a large sum of money, only spare my life." The lion said, "Nothing can save thee, unless thou wilt promise to give me for mine own what first meets thee on thy return home; but if thou wilt do that, I will grant thee thy life, and thou shalt have the bird for thy daughter, into the bargain." But the man hesitated and said, "That might be my youngest daughter, she loves me best, and always runs to meet me on my return home." The servant, however, was terrified and said, "Why should your daughter be the very one to meet you, it might as easily be a cat, or dog?" Then the man allowed himself to be over-persuaded, took the singing, soaring lark, and promised to give the lion whatsoever should first meet him on his return home.

When he reached home and entered his house, the first who met him was no other than his youngest and dearest daughter, who came running up, kissed and embraced him, and when she saw that he had brought with him a singing, soaring lark, she was beside herself with joy. The father, however, could not rejoice, but began to weep, and said, "My dearest child, I have bought the little bird dear. In return for it, I have been obliged to promise thee to a savage lion, and when he has thee he will tear thee in pieces and devour thee," and he told her all, just as it had happened, and begged her not to go there, come what might. But she consoled him and said, "Dearest father, indeed your promise must be fulfilled. I will go thither and soften the lion, so that I may return to thee safely." Next morning she had the road pointed out to her, took leave, and went fearlessly out into the forest. The lion, however, was an enchanted prince and was by day a lion, and all his people were lions with him, but in the night they resumed their natural human shapes. On her arrival she was kindly received and led into the castle. When night came, the lion turned into a handsome man, and their wedding was celebrated with great magnificence. They lived happily together, remained awake at night, and slept in the daytime. One day he came and said, "Tomorrow there is a feast in thy father's house, because thy eldest sister is to be married, and if thou art inclined to go there, my

lions shall conduct thee." She said, "Yes, I should very much like to see my father again," and went thither, accompanied by the lions. There was great joy when she arrived, for they had all believed that she had been torn in pieces by the lion, and had long ceased to live. But she told them what a handsome husband she had, and how well off she was, remained with them while the wedding-feast lasted, and then went back again to the forest. When the second daughter was about to be married, and she was again invited to the wedding, she said to the lion, "This time I will not be alone, thou must come with me." The lion, however, said that it was too dangerous for him, for if when there a ray from a burning candle fell on him, he would be changed into a dove, and for seven years long would have to fly about with the doves. She said, "Ah, but do come with me, I will take great care of thee, and guard thee from all light." So they went away together, and took with them their little child as well. She had a chamber built there, so strong and thick that no ray could pierce through it; in this he was to shut himself up when the candles were lit for the wedding-feast. But the door was made of green wood which warped and left a little crack which no one noticed. The wedding was celebrated with magnificence, but when the procession with all its candles and torches came back from church, and passed by this apartment, a ray about the breadth of a hair fell on the King's son, and when this ray touched him, he was transformed in an instant, and when she came in and looked for him, she did not see him, but a white dove was sitting there. The dove said to her, "For seven years must I fly about the world, but at every seventh step that thou takest I will let fall a drop of red blood and a white feather, and these will show thee the way, and if thou followest the trace thou canst release me." Thereupon the dove flew out at the door, and she followed him, and at every seventh step a red drop of blood and a little white feather fell down and showed her the way.

So she went continually further and further in the wide world, never looking about her or resting, and the seven years were almost past; then she rejoiced and thought that they would soon be delivered, and yet they were so far from it! Once when they were thus moving onwards, no little feather and no drop of red blood fell, and when she raised her eyes the dove had disappeared. And as she thought to herself, "In this no man can help thee," she climbed up to the sun, and said to him, "Thou shinest into every crevice, and over every peak, hast not thou seen a white dove flying?" "No," said the sun, "I have seen none, but I present thee with a casket, open it when thou art in sorest need." Then she thanked the sun, and went on until evening came and the moon appeared; she then asked her, "Thou shinest the whole night through, and on every field and forest, hast thou not seen a white dove flying?" "No," said the moon, "I have seen no dove, but here I give thee an egg, break it when thou art in great need." She thanked the moon, and went on until the night wind came up and blew on her, then she said to it, "Thou blowest over every tree and under every leaf, hast thou not seen a white dove flying?" "No," said the night wind, "I have seen none, but I will ask the three other winds, perhaps they have seen it." The east wind and the west wind came, and had seen nothing, but the south wind said, "I have seen the white dove, it has flown to the Red Sea, there it has become a lion again, for the seven years are over, and the lion is there fighting with a dragon; the dragon, however, is an enchanted princess." The night wind then said to her, "I will advise thee; go to the Red Sea, on the right bank are some tall reeds, count them, break off the eleventh, and strike the dragon with it, then the lion will be able to subdue it, and both then will regain their human form. After that, look round and thou wilt see the griffin which is by the Red Sea; swing

thyself, with thy beloved, on to his back, and the bird will carry you over the sea to your own home. Here is a nut for thee, when thou art above the centre of the sea, let the nut fall, it will immediately shoot up, and a tall nut-tree will grow out of the water on which the griffin may rest; for if he cannot rest, he will not be strong enough to carry you across, and if thou forgettest to throw down the nut, he will let you fall into the sea."

Then she went thither, and found everything as the night wind had said. She counted the reeds by the sea, and cut off the eleventh, struck the dragon therewith, whereupon the lion overcame it, and immediately both of them regained their human shapes. But when the princess, who had before been the dragon, was delivered from enchantment, she took the youth by the arm, seated herself on the griffin, and carried him off with her. There stood the poor maiden who had wandered so far and was again forsaken. She sat down and cried, but at last she took courage and said, "Still I will go as far as the wind blows and as long as the cock crows, until I find him," and she went forth by long, long roads, until at last she came to the castle where both of them were living together; there she heard that soon a feast was to be held, in which they would celebrate their wedding, but she said, "God still helps me," and opened the casket that the sun had given her. A dress lay therein as brilliant as the sun itself. So she took it out and put it on, and went up into the castle, and every one, even the bride herself, looked at her with astonishment. The dress pleased the bride so well that she thought it might do for her wedding-dress, and asked if it was for sale? "Not for money or land," answered she, "but for flesh and blood." The bride asked her what she meant by that, then she said, "Let me sleep a night in the chamber where the bridegroom sleeps." The bride would not, yet wanted very much to have the dress; at last she consented, but the page was to give the prince a sleeping-draught. When it was night, therefore, and the youth was already asleep, she was led into the chamber; she seated herself on the bed and said, "I have followed after thee for seven years. I have been to the sun and the moon, and the four winds, and have enquired for thee, and have helped thee against the dragon; wilt thou, then, quite forget me?" But the prince slept so soundly that it only seemed to him as if the wind were whistling outside in the fir-trees. When therefore day broke, she was led out again, and had to give up the golden dress. And as that even had been of no avail, she was sad, went out into a meadow, sat down there, and wept. While she was sitting there, she thought of the egg which the moon had given her; she opened it, and there came out a clucking hen with twelve chickens all of gold, and they ran about chirping, and crept again under the old hen's wings; nothing more beautiful was ever seen in the world! Then she arose, and drove them through the meadow before her, until the bride looked out of the window. The little chickens pleased her so much that she immediately came down and asked if they were for sale. "Not for money or land, but for flesh and blood; let me sleep another night in the chamber where the bridegroom sleeps." The bride said, "Yes," intending to cheat her as on the former evening. But when the prince went to bed he asked the page what the murmuring and rustling in the night had been? On this the page told all; that he had been forced to give him a sleeping-draught, because a poor girl had slept secretly in the chamber, and that he was to give him another that night. The prince said, "Pour out the draught by the bed-side." At night, she was again led in, and when she began to relate how ill all had fared with her, he immediately recognised his beloved wife by her voice, sprang up and cried, "Now I really am released! I have been as it were in a dream, for the strange princess has bewitched me so that I have been

compelled to forget thee, but God has delivered me from the spell at the right time." Then they both left the castle secretly in the night, for they feared the father of the princess, who was a sorcerer, and they seated themselves on the griffin which bore them across the Red Sea, and when they were in the midst of it, she let fall the nut. Immediately a tall nut-tree grew up, whereon the bird rested, and then carried them home, where they found their child, who had grown tall and beautiful, and they lived thenceforth happily until their death.

## 89.—THE GOOSE-GIRL.

*("The Goose Girl" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm and first published in Grimm's Fairy Tales in 1815 (KHM 89). According to Jacob Grimm, he followed the tale version he recorded from Dorothea Viehmann from Niederzwehren (in Hesse, near Kassel). The story was first translated into English by Edgar Taylor in 1826, then by many others, such as Lucy Crane in 1881 and Margaret Hunt in 1884. Andrew Lang included it in The Blue Fairy Book in 1889.*

*Contents: A queen whose husband died a long time ago sends her only daughter far away to marry a king's son. She gives her a maid, a talking horse named Falada, and a cloth with three drops of her blood as a travel talisman. But the daughter loses this cloth when she has to bend over a stream because the maid refuses to give her water with the golden cup. The maid even forces the princess to swap horses and clothes and then makes her swear not to tell anyone about it. The princess humbly tolerates all this. When they arrive at the castle in reversed roles, the prince receives the maid as his bride, and the old king sends the king's daughter out to look after the geese with a little boy named Conrad. The false bride has the horse Falada's head chopped off because she fears he will betray him, but at the request of the king's daughter the butcher nails the head under the gate through which she and Conrad go every day with the geese. There, the princess always talks to the horsehead as she passes by, who addresses her as "maiden queen". On the goose meadow, she loosens her shiny golden hair to braid it again, and Conrad tries to pluck out a few of her hair. But she casts a spell that causes a gust of wind to blow the little hat off the girl's head. He has to run after him, and by the time he comes back, she'll be done with the hairdo. Conrad complains to the king, and he secretly observes the two of them the following day and finds everything that Conrad reported. In the evening he takes the king's daughter aside and demands an explanation. But she refuses to speak, citing the oath she had taken. The king lets her complain to the furnace and overhears her unnoticed. The king's son learns the truth. The king lets the false bride make her own judgement, and she is dragged to death in a spiked barrel. A magnificent wedding is celebrated.)*

There was once upon a time an old Queen whose husband had been dead for many years, and she had a beautiful daughter. When the princess grew up she was betrothed to a prince who lived at a great distance. When the time came for her to be married, and she had to journey forth into the distant kingdom, the aged Queen packed up for her many costly vessels of silver and gold, and trinkets also of gold and silver; and cups and jewels, in short, everything which appertained to a royal dowry, for she loved her child with all her heart. She likewise sent her maid in waiting, who was to ride with her, and hand her over to the bridegroom, and each had a horse for the journey, but the horse of the King's

daughter was called Falada, and could speak. So when the hour of parting had come, the aged mother went into her bedroom, took a small knife and cut her finger with it until it bled, then she held a white handkerchief to it into which she let three drops of blood fall, gave it to her daughter and said, "Dear child, preserve this carefully, it will be of service to you on your way."

So they took a sorrowful leave of each other; the princess put the piece of cloth in her bosom, mounted her horse, and then went away to her bridegroom. After she had ridden for a while she felt a burning thirst, and said to her waiting-maid, "Dismount, and take my cup which thou hast brought with thee for me, and get me some water from the stream, for I should like to drink." "If you are thirsty," said the waiting-maid, "get off your horse yourself, and lie down and drink out of the water, I don't choose to be your servant." So in her great thirst the princess alighted, bent down over the water in the stream and drank, and was not allowed to drink out of the golden cup. Then she said, "Ah, Heaven!" and the three drops of blood answered, "If thy mother knew this, her heart would break." But the King's daughter was humble, said nothing, and mounted her horse again. She rode some miles further, but the day was warm, the sun scorched her, and she was thirsty once more, and when they came to a stream of water, she again cried to her waiting-maid, "Dismount, and give me some water in my golden cup," for she had long ago forgotten the girl's ill words. But the waiting-maid said still more haughtily, "If you wish to drink, drink as you can, I don't choose to be your maid." Then in her great thirst the King's daughter alighted, bent over the flowing stream, wept and said, "Ah, Heaven!" and the drops of blood again replied, "If thy mother knew this, her heart would break." And as she was thus drinking and leaning right over the stream, the handkerchief with the three drops of blood fell out of her bosom, and floated away with the water without her observing it, so great was her trouble. The waiting-maid, however, had seen it, and she rejoiced to think that she had now power over the bride, for since the princess had lost the drops of blood, she had become weak and powerless. So now when she wanted to mount her horse again, the one that was called Falada, the waiting-maid said, "Falada is more suitable for me, and my nag will do for thee," and the princess had to be content with that. Then the waiting-maid, with many hard words, bade the princess exchange her royal apparel for her own shabby clothes; and at length she was compelled to swear by the clear sky above her, that she would not say one word of this to any one at the royal court, and if she had not taken this oath she would have been killed on the spot. But Falada saw all this, and observed it well.

The waiting-maid now mounted Falada, and the true bride the bad horse, and thus they travelled onwards, until at length they entered the royal palace. There were great rejoicings over her arrival, and the prince sprang forward to meet her, lifted the waiting-maid from her horse, and thought she was his consort. She was conducted upstairs, but the real princess was left standing below. Then the old King looked out of the window and saw her standing in the courtyard, and how dainty and delicate and beautiful she was, and instantly went to the royal apartment, and asked the bride about the girl she had with her who was standing down below in the courtyard, and who she was? "I picked her up on my way for a companion; give the girl something to work at, that she may not stand idle." But the old King had no work for her, and knew of none, so he said, "I have a little boy who tends the geese, she may help him." The boy was called Conrad, and the true bride had to help him to tend the geese. Soon afterwards the false bride said to the young King, "Dearest husband, I beg you to

do me a favour." He answered, "I will do so most willingly." "Then send for the knacker, and have the head of the horse on which I rode here cut off, for it vexed me on the way." In reality, she was afraid that the horse might tell how she had behaved to the King's daughter. Then she succeeded in making the King promise that it should be done, and the faithful Falada was to die; this came to the ears of the real princess, and she secretly promised to pay the knacker a piece of gold if he would perform a small service for her. There was a great dark-looking gateway in the town, through which morning and evening she had to pass with the geese: would he be so good as to nail up Falada's head on it, so that she might see him again, more than once. The knacker's man promised to do that, and cut off the head, and nailed it fast beneath the dark gateway.

Early in the morning, when she and Conrad drove out their flock beneath this gateway, she said in passing,

"Alas, Falada, hanging there!"

Then the head answered,

"Alas, young Queen, how ill you fare!  
If this your tender mother knew,  
Her heart would surely break in two."

Then they went still further out of the town, and drove their geese into the country. And when they had come to the meadow, she sat down and unbound her hair which was like pure gold, and Conrad saw it and delighted in its brightness, and wanted to pluck out a few hairs. Then she said,

"Blow, blow, thou gentle wind, I say.  
Blow Conrad's little hat away,  
And make him chase it here and there,  
Until I have braided all my hair.  
And bound it up again."

And there came such a violent wind that it blew Conrad's hat far away across country, and he was forced to run after it. When he came back she had finished combing her hair and was putting it up again, and he could not get any of it. Then Conrad was angry, and would not speak to her, and thus they watched the geese until the evening, and then they went home.

Next day when they were driving the geese out through the dark gateway, the maiden said,

"Alas, Falada, hanging there!"  
Falada answered,  
"Alas, young Queen, how ill you fare!  
If this your tender mother knew,  
Her heart would surely break in two."

And she sat down again in the field and began to comb out her hair, and Conrad ran and tried to clutch it, so she said in haste,

"Blow, blow, thou gentle wind, I say,  
Blow Conrad's little hat away,  
And make him chase it here and there,  
Until I have braided all my hair.  
And bound it up again."

Then the wind blew, and blew his little hat off his head and far away, and Conrad was forced to run after it, and when he came back, her hair had been put up a long time, and he could get none of it, and so they looked after their geese till evening came.

But in the evening after they had got home, Conrad went to the old King, and said, "I won't tend the geese with that girl any longer!" "Why not?" inquired the aged King. "Oh, because she vexes me the whole day long." Then the aged King commanded him to relate what it was that she did to him. And Conrad said, "In the morning when we pass beneath the dark gateway with the flock, there is a sorry horse's head on the wall, and she says to it,

"Alas, Falada, hanging there!"  
 And the head replies,  
 "Alas, young Queen how ill you fare!  
 If this your tender mother knew,  
 Her heart would surely break in two."  
 And Conrad went on to relate what happened on the goose pasture, and how when there he had to chase his hat.

The aged King commanded him to drive his flock out again next day, and as soon as morning came, he placed himself behind the dark gateway, and heard how the maiden spoke to the head of Falada, and then he too went into the country, and hid himself in the thicket in the meadow. There he soon saw with his own eyes the goosegirl and the goose-boy bringing their flock, and how after a while she sat down and unbraided her hair, which shone with radiance. And soon she said,

"Blow, blow, thou gentle wind, I say,  
 Blow Conrad's little hat away,  
 And make him chase it here and there.  
 Until I have braided all my hair,  
 And bound it up again."

Then came a blast of wind and carried off Conrad's hat, so that he had to run far away, while the maiden quietly went on combing and plaiting her hair, all of which the King observed. Then, quite unseen, he went away, and when the goose-girl came home in the evening, he called her aside, and asked why she did all these things. "I may not tell you that, and I dare not lament my sorrows to any human being, for I have sworn not to do so by the heaven which is above me; if I had not done that, I should have lost my life." He urged her and left her no peace, but he could draw nothing from her. Then said he, "If thou wilt not tell me anything, tell thy sorrows to the iron-stove there," and he went away. Then she crept into the iron-stove, and began to weep and lament, and emptied her whole heart, and said, "Here am I deserted by the whole world, and yet I am a King's daughter, and a false waiting-maid has by force brought me to such a pass that I have been compelled to put off my royal apparel, and she has taken my place with my bridegroom, and I have, to perform menial service as a goose-girl. If my mother did but know that, her heart would break." The aged King, however, was standing outside by the pipe of the stove, and was listening to what she said, and heard it. Then he came back again, and bade her come out of the stove. And royal garments were placed on her, and it was marvellous how beautiful she was! The aged King summoned his son, and revealed to him that he had got the false bride who was only a waiting-maid, but that the true one was standing there, as the sometime goose-girl. The young King rejoiced with all his heart when he saw her beauty and youth, and a great feast was made ready to which all the people and all good friends were invited. At the head of the table sat the bridegroom with the King's daughter at one side of him, and the waiting-maid on the other, but the waiting-maid was blinded, and did not recognise the princess in her dazzling array. When they had eaten and drunk, and were merry, the aged King asked the waiting-maid as a riddle, what a person deserved who had behaved in such and such a way to her master, and at the same time related the whole story, and asked what sentence such an one merited? Then the false bride said, "She deserves no better fate than to be stripped entirely naked, and put in a barrel which is studded inside with pointed nails, and two white horses should be harnessed to it, which will drag her along through one street after another, till she is dead." "It is thou," said the aged King, "and thou hast pronounced thine own sentence, and thus shall it be done unto thee." And when the sentence had been carried out, the

young King married his true bride, and both of them reigned over their kingdom in peace and happiness.

## 90.—THE YOUNG GIANT.

("*The young giant*" is a fairy tale in the *Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm* (KHM 90). In the 1st edition the title was "*Of a young giant*". Grimm's comment: "from the Leine area" (probably from Georg August Friedrich Goldmann, Hanover, Lower Saxony).

*Contents: A farmer takes his son, who is only the size of his thumb, to the field because he is crying and wants to go with him. A giant takes him there and suckles him on his breast until he can uproot trees. When the young giant comes home, his parents are frightened of him. He plows much better than his father, but they cannot feed him or get him an iron stick that he will not break. He gets a job with a blacksmith without pay, in return he wants to give him two blows on the day of pay. But because he breaks the iron apart and heaves the anvil into the ground, he is dismissed immediately, only hits the blacksmith once over the haystack and goes on with the thickest iron rod as a stick. He becomes a foreman for a bailiff, as stingy as the smith, whom he only wants to trick three times a year. He gets up two hours after the others to chop wood, eats in peace and yet is faster than everyone else. After a year, the bailiff wants to avoid the blows, asks for time to think it over and first sends him to clean the well, where a millstone is dropped on his head, then he grinds grain in an enchanted mill. There he dines with invisible people at a table. Then they slap him in the dark, but he always hits back until morning. So the mill is redeemed. Then he kicks the cowardly magistrate and his wife, so that they are blown up through the window.)*

Once on a time a countryman had a son who was as big as a thumb, and did not become any bigger, and during several years did not grow one hair's breadth. Once when the father was going out to plough, the little one said, "Father, I will go out with you." "Thou wouldest go out with me?" said the father. "Stay here, thou wilt be of no use out there, besides thou mightst get lost!" Then Thumbling began to cry, and for the sake of peace his father put him in his pocket, and took him with him. When he was outside in the field, he took him out again, and set him in a freshly-cut furrow. Whilst he was there, a great giant came over the hill. "Dost thou see that great bogie?" said the father, for he wanted to frighten the little fellow to make him good; "he is coming to fetch thee." The giant, however, had scarcely taken two steps with his long legs before he was in the furrow. He took up little Thumbling carefully with two fingers, examined him, and without saying one word went away with him. His father stood by, but could not utter a sound for terror, and he thought nothing else but that his child was lost, and that as long as he lived he should never set eyes on him again.

The giant, however, carried him home, suckled him, and Thumbling grew and became tall and strong after the manner of giants. When two years had passed, the old giant took him into the forest, wanted to try him, and said, "Pull up a stick for thyself." Then the boy was already so strong that he tore up a young tree out of the earth by the roots. But the giant thought, "We must do better than that," took him back again, and suckled him two years longer. When he tried him, his strength had increased so much that he could tear an old tree out of the ground. That was still not enough for the giant; he again suckled him for

two years, and when he then went with him into the forest and said, "Now, just tear up a proper stick for me," the boy tore up the strongest oak-tree from the earth, so that it split, and that was a mere trifle to him. "Now that will do," said the giant, "thou art perfect," and took him back to the field from whence he had brought him. His father was there following the plough. The young giant went up to him, and said, "Does my father see what a fine man his son has grown into?"

The farmer was alarmed, and said, "No, thou art not my son; I don't want thee—leave me!" "Truly I am your son; allow me to do your work, I can plough as well as you, nay better." "No, no, thou art not my son, and thou canst not plough—go away!" However, as he was afraid of this great man, he left hold of the plough, stepped back and stood at one side of the piece of land. Then the youth took the plough, and just pressed it with one hand, but his grasp was so strong that the plough went deep into the earth. The farmer could not bear to see that, and called to him, "If thou art determined to plough, thou must not press so hard on it, that makes bad work." The youth, however, unharnessed the horses, and drew the plough himself, saying, "Just go home, father, and bid my mother make ready a large dish of food, and in the meantime I will go over the field." Then the farmer went home, and ordered his wife to prepare the food; but the youth ploughed the field which was two acres large, quite alone, and then he harnessed himself to the harrow, and harrowed the whole of the land, using two harrows at once. When he had done it, he went into the forest, and pulled up two oak-trees, laid them across his shoulders, and hung one harrow on them behind and one before, and also one horse behind and one before, and carried all as if it had been a bundle of straw, to his parents' house. When he entered the yard, his mother did not recognise him, and asked, "Who is that horrible tall man?" The farmer said, "That is our son." She said, "No, that cannot be our son, we never had such a tall one, ours was a little thing." She called to him, "Go away, we do not want thee!" The youth was silent, but led his horses to the stable, gave them some oats and hay, and all that they wanted. When he had done this, he went into the parlour, sat down on the bench and said, "Mother, now I should like something to eat, will it soon be ready?" Then she said, "Yes," and brought in two immense dishes full of food, which would have been enough to satisfy herself and her husband for a week. The youth, however, ate the whole of it himself, and asked if she had nothing more to set before him. "No," she replied, "that is all we have." "But that was only a taste, I must have more." She did not dare to oppose him, and went and put a huge caldron full of food on the fire, and when it was ready, carried it in. "At length come a few crumbs," said he, and ate all there was, but it was still not sufficient to appease his hunger. Then said he, "Father, I see well that with you I shall never have food enough; if you will get me an iron staff which is strong, and which I cannot break against my knees, I will go out into the world." The farmer was glad, put his two horses in his cart, and fetched from the smith a staff so large and thick that the two horses could only just bring it away. The youth laid it across his knees, and snap! he broke it in two in the middle like a bean-stick, and threw it away. The father then harnessed four horses, and brought a bar which was so long and thick, that the four horses could only just drag it. The son snapped this also in twain against his knees, threw it away, and said, "Father, this can be of no use to me, you must harness more horses, and bring a stronger staff." So the father harnessed eight horses, and brought one which was so long and thick, that the eight horses could only just carry it. When the son took it in his hand, he broke a bit from the top of it

also, and said, "Father, I see that you will not be able to procure me any such staff as I want, I will remain no longer with you."

So he went away, and gave out that he was a smith's apprentice. He arrived at a village, wherein lived a smith who was a greedy fellow, who never did a kindness to any one, but wanted everything for himself. The youth went into the smithy to him, and asked if he needed a journeyman. "Yes," said the smith, and looked at him, and thought, "That is a strong fellow who will strike out well, and earn his bread." So he asked, "How much wages dost thou want?" "I don't want any at all," he replied, "only every fortnight, when the other journeymen are paid, I will give thee two blows, and thou must bear them." The miser was heartily satisfied, and thought he would thus save much money. Next morning, the strange journeyman was to begin to work, but when the master brought the glowing bar, and the youth struck his first blow, the iron flew asunder, and the anvil sank so deep into the earth, that there was no bringing it out again. Then the miser grew angry, and said, "Oh, but I can't make any use of you, you strike far too powerfully; what will you have for the one blow?"

Then said he, "I will only give you quite a small blow, that's all." And he raised his foot, and gave him such a kick that he flew away over four loads of hay. Then he sought out the thickest iron bar in the smithy for himself, took it as a stick in his hand, and went onwards.

When he had walked for some time, he came to a small farm, and asked the bailiff if he did not require a head-servant. "Yes," said the bailiff, "I can make use of one; you look a strong fellow who can do something, how much a year do you want as wages?" He again replied that he wanted no wages at all, but that every year he would give him three blows, which he must bear. Then the bailiff was satisfied, for he, too, was a covetous fellow. Next morning all the servants were to go into the wood, and the others were already up, but the head-servant was still in bed. Then one of them called to him, "Get up, it is time; we are going into the wood, and thou must go with us." "Ah," said he quite roughly and surlily, "you may just go, then; I shall be back again before any of you." Then the others went to the bailiff, and told him that the head-man was still lying in bed, and would not go into the wood with them. The bailiff said they were to awake him again, and tell him to harness the horses. The head-man, however, said as before, "Just go there, I shall be back again before any of you." And then he stayed in bed two hours longer. At length he arose from the feathers, but first he got himself two bushels of peas from the loft, made himself some broth with them, ate it at his leisure, and when that was done, went and harnessed the horses, and drove into the wood. Not far from the wood was a ravine through which he had to pass, so he first drove the horses on, and then stopped them, and went behind the cart, took trees and brushwood, and made a great barricade, so that no horse could get through. When he was entering the wood, the others were just driving out of it with their loaded carts to go home; then said he to them, "Drive on, I will still get home before you do." He did not drive far into the wood, but at once tore two of the very largest trees of all out of the earth, threw them on his cart, and turned round. When he came to the barricade, the others were still standing there, not able to get through. "Don't you see," said he, "that if you had stayed with me, you would have got home just as quickly, and would have had another hour's sleep?" He now wanted to drive on, but his horses could not work their way through, so he unharnessed them, laid them at the top of the cart, took the shafts in his own hands, and drew it over, and he did this just as easily as if it had been laden

with feathers. When he was over, he said to the others, "There, you see, I have got over quicker than you," and drove on, and the others had to stay where they were. In the yard, however, he took a tree in his hand, showed it to the bailiff, and said, "Isn't that a fine bundle[1] of wood?" Then said the bailiff to his wife, "The servant is a good one, if he does sleep long, he is still home before the others." So he served the bailiff a year, and when that was over, and the other servants were getting their wages, he said it was time for him to have his too. The bailiff, however, was afraid of the blows which he was to receive, and earnestly entreated him to excuse him from having them; for rather than that, he himself would be head-servant, and the youth should be bailiff. "No," said he, "I will not be a bailiff, I am head-servant, and will remain so, but I will administer that which we agreed on." The bailiff was willing to give him whatsoever he demanded, but it was of no use, the head-servant said no to everything. Then the bailiff did not know what to do, and begged for a fortnight's delay, for he wanted to find some way of escape. The head-servant consented to this delay. The bailiff summoned all his clerks together, and they were to think the matter over, and give him advice. The clerks pondered for a long time, but at last they said that no one was sure of his life with the head-servant, for he could kill a man as easily as a midge, and that the bailiff ought to make him get into the well and clean it, and when he was down below, they would roll up one of the mill-stones which was lying there, and throw it on his head; and then he would never return to daylight. The advice pleased the bailiff, and the head-servant was quite willing to go down the well. When he was standing down below at the bottom, they rolled down the largest mill-stone and thought they had broken his skull, but he cried, "Chase away those hens from the well, they are scratching in the sand up there, and throwing the grains into my eyes, so that I can't see." So the bailiff cried, "Sh-sh,"—and pretended to frighten the hens away. When the head-servant had finished his work, he climbed up and said, "Just look what a beautiful neck-tie I have on," and behold it was the mill-stone which he was wearing round his neck. The head-servant now wanted to take his reward, but the bailiff again begged for a fortnight's delay. The clerks met together and advised him to send the head-servant to the haunted mill to grind corn by night, for from thence as yet no man had ever returned in the morning alive. The proposal pleased the bailiff, he called the head-servant that very evening, and ordered him to take eight bushels of corn to the mill, and grind it that night, for it was wanted. So the head-servant went to the loft, and put two bushels in his right pocket, and two in his left, and took four in a wallet, half on his back, and half on his breast, and thus laden went to the haunted mill. The miller told him that he could grind there very well by day, but not by night, for the mill was haunted, and that up to the present time whosoever had gone into it at night had been found in the morning, lying dead inside. He said, "I will manage it, just you go away to bed. Then he went into the mill, and poured out the corn. About eleven o'clock he went into the miller's room, and sat down on the bench. When he had sat there a while, a door suddenly opened, and a large table came in, and on the table, wine and roasted meats placed themselves, and much good food besides, but everything came of itself, for no one was there to carry it. After this the chairs pushed themselves up, but no people came, until all at once he beheld fingers, which handled knives and forks, and laid food on the plates, but with this exception he saw nothing. As he was hungry, and saw the food, he, too, placed himself at the table, ate with those who were eating, and enjoyed it. When he had had enough, and the others also had quite emptied their dishes, he

distinctly heard all the candles being suddenly snuffed out, and as it was now pitch dark, he felt something like a box on the ear. Then he said, "If anything of that kind comes again, I shall strike out in return." And when he had received a second box on the ear, he, too, struck out. And so it continued the whole night, he took nothing without returning it, but repaid everything with interest, and did not lay about him in vain. At daybreak, however, everything ceased. When the miller had got up, he wanted to look after him, and wondered if he were still alive. Then the youth said, "I have eaten my fill, have received some boxes on the ear, but I have given some in return." The miller rejoiced, and said that the mill was now released from the spell, and wanted to give him much money as a reward. But he said, "Money, I will not have, I have enough of it." So he took his meal on his back, went home, and told the bailiff that he had done what he had been told to do, and would now have the reward agreed on. When the bailiff heard that, he was seriously alarmed and quite beside himself; he walked backwards and forwards in the room, and drops of perspiration ran down from his forehead. Then he opened the window to get some fresh air, but before he was aware the head-servant had given him such a kick that he flew through the window out into the air, and so far away that no one ever saw him again. Then said the head-servant to the bailiff's wife, "If he does not come back, you must take the other blow." She cried, "No, no, I cannot bear it," and opened the other window, because drops of perspiration were running down her forehead. Then he gave her such a kick that she, too, flew out, and as she was lighter she went much higher than her husband. Her husband cried, "Do come to me," but she replied, "Come thou to me, I cannot come to thee." And they hovered about there in the air, and could not get to each other, and whether they are still hovering about, or not, I do not know, but the young giant took up his iron bar, and went on his way.

[Klafterstück. A klafter of wood is, according to Mr. Baring Gould, 144 cubic feet, but 44 feet are deducted for the space between the blocks, consequently it equals 100 feet of solid wood.—Tr.]

#### 91.—THE ELVES or THE GNOME.

(*"The Gnome"* is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales, tale number 91. The fairy tale comes from Paderborn and was written in Low German.

*Contents: A rich king curses anyone who takes an apple from his tree. The youngest daughter says he probably does not mean her, picks one and offers it to her two sisters too. Then they sink underground. The king promises to marry one of the three to anyone who finds her. So three huntsmen come into a house where food is always warm, which they eventually eat. They draw lots so that two of them always look for the daughters while one stays there. The first two are beaten by a little man who first asks for bread and then attacks them when they try to pick it up for him. The youngest does not do it, but sparks it. Then it shows him a dry well into which he has to lower himself alone, since his companions mean it dishonestly with him. Below, the king's daughters have to scratch the heads of three dragons, which he has to cut off. He tells the brothers, who wind themselves down with the rope, but then let it be pulled up again. But the youngest frees the king's daughters. He has her pulled up, then he puts a stone in the basket instead of himself. The brothers cut the rope and let the king marry them off to their daughters, who are not allowed to reveal anything. The youngest walks around below until he finds a*

*flute. When he blows it, gnomes come and carry him up. When he comes into the castle, the daughters faint. The king lets her tell the oven her secret and overhears her. The evil brothers are hanged, the youngest is married to the youngest.)*

There was once on a time a rich King who had three daughters, who daily went to walk in the palace garden, and the King was a great lover of all kinds of fine trees, but there was one for which he had such an affection, that if anyone gathered an apple from it he wished him a hundred fathoms under ground. And when harvest time came, the apples on this tree were all as red as blood. The three daughters went every day beneath the tree and looked to see if the wind had not blown down an apple, but they never by any chance found one, and the tree was so loaded with them that it was almost breaking, and the branches hung down to the ground. Then the King's youngest child had a great desire for an apple, and said to her sisters, "Our father loves us far too much to wish us underground, it is my belief that he would only do that to people who were strangers." And while she was speaking, the child plucked off quite a large apple, and ran to her sisters, saying, "Just taste, my dear little sisters, for never in my life have I tasted anything so delightful." Then the two other sisters also ate some of the apple, whereupon all three sank deep down into the earth, where they could hear no cock crow.

When mid-day came, the King wished to call them to come to dinner, but they were nowhere to be found. He sought them everywhere in the palace and garden, but could not find them. Then he was much troubled, and made known to the whole land that whosoever brought his daughters back again should have one of them to wife. Hereupon so many young men went about the country in search, that there was no counting them, for every one loved the three children because they were so kind to all, and so fair of face. Three young huntsmen also went out, and when they had travelled about for eight days, they arrived at a great castle, in which were beautiful apartments, and in one room a table was laid on which were delicate dishes which were still so warm that they were smoking, but in the whole of the castle no human being was either to be seen or heard. They waited there for half a day, and the food still remained warm and smoking, and at length they were so hungry that they sat down and ate, and agreed with each other that they would stay and live in that castle, and that one of them, who should be chosen by casting lots, should remain in the house, and the two others seek the King's daughters. They cast lots, and the lot fell on the eldest; so next day the two younger went out to seek, and the eldest had to stay at home. At mid-day came a small, small mannikin and begged for a piece of bread, then the huntsman took the bread which he had found there, and cut a round off the loaf and was about to give it to him, but whilst he was giving it to the mannikin, the latter let it fall, and asked the huntsman to be so good as to give him that piece again. The huntsman was about to do so and stooped, on which the mannikin took a stick, seized him by the hair, and gave him a good beating. Next day, the second stayed at home, and he fared no better. When the two others returned in the evening, the eldest said, "Well, how have you got on?"

"Oh, very badly," said he, and then they lamented their misfortune together, but they said nothing about it to the youngest, for they did not like him at all, and always called him Stupid Hans, because he did not exactly belong to the forest. On the third day, the youngest stayed at home, and again the little mannikin came and begged for a piece of bread. When the youth gave it to him, the elf let it fall as before, and asked him to be so

good as to give him that piece again. Then said Hans to the little mannikin, "What! canst thou not pick up that piece thyself? If thou wilt not take as much trouble as that for thy daily bread, thou dost not deserve to have it." Then the mannikin grew very angry and said he was to do it, but the huntsman would not, and took my dear mannikin, and gave him a thorough beating. Then the mannikin screamed terribly, and cried, "Stop, stop, and let me go, and I will tell thee where the King's daughters are." When Hans heard that, he left off beating him and the mannikin told him that he was an earth-mannikin, and that there were more than a thousand like him, and that if he would go with him he would show him where the King's daughters were. Then he showed him a deep well, but there was no water in it. And the elf said that he knew well that the companions Hans had with him did not intend to deal honourably with him, therefore if he wished to deliver the King's children, he must do it alone. The two other brothers would also be very glad to recover the King's daughters, but they did not want to have any trouble or danger. Hans was therefore to take a large basket, and he must seat himself in it with his hanger and a bell, and be let down. Below were three rooms, and in each of them was a princess, with a many-headed dragon, whose heads she was to comb and trim, but he must cut them off. And having said all this, the elf vanished. When it was evening the two brothers came and asked how he had got on, and he said, "pretty well so far," and that he had seen no one except at mid-day when a little mannikin had come who had begged for a piece of bread, that he had given some to him, but that the mannikin had let it fall and had asked him to pick it up again; but as he did not choose to do that, the elf had begun to lose his temper, and that he had done what he ought not, and had given the elf a beating, on which he had told him where the King's daughters were. Then the two were so angry at this that they grew green and yellow. Next morning they went to the well together, and drew lots who should first seat himself in the basket, and again the lot fell on the eldest, and he was to seat himself in it, and take the bell with him. Then he said, "If I ring, you must draw me up again immediately." When he had gone down for a short distance, he rang, and they at once drew him up again. Then the second seated himself in the basket, but he did just the same as the first, and then it was the turn of the youngest, but he let himself be lowered quite to the bottom. When he had got out of the basket, he took his hanger, and went and stood outside the first door and listened, and heard the dragon snoring quite loudly. He opened the door slowly, and one of the princesses was sitting there, and had nine dragon's heads lying upon her lap, and was combing them. Then he took his hanger and hewed at them, and the nine fell off. The princess sprang up, threw her arms round his neck, embraced and kissed him repeatedly, and took her stomacher, which was made of red gold, and hung it round his neck. Then he went to the second princess, who had a dragon with five heads to comb, and delivered her also, and to the youngest, who had a dragon with four heads, he went likewise. And they all rejoiced, and embraced him and kissed him without stopping. Then he rang very loud, so that those above heard him, and he placed the princesses one after the other in the basket, and had them all drawn up, but when it came to his own turn he remembered the words of the elf, who had told him that his comrades did not mean well by him. So he took a great stone which was lying there, and placed it in the basket, and when it was about half way up, his false brothers above cut the rope, so that the basket with the stone fell to the ground, and they thought that he was dead, and ran away with the three princesses, making them promise to tell their father that it was they who had delivered

them, and then they went to the King, and each demanded a princess in marriage.

In the meantime the youngest huntsman was wandering about the three chambers in great trouble, fully expecting to have to end his days there, when he saw, hanging on the wall, a flute; then said he, "Why dost thou hang there, no one can be merry here?" He looked at the dragon's head likewise and said, "You too cannot help me now." He walked backwards and forwards for such a long time that he made the surface of the ground quite smooth. But at last other thoughts came to his mind, and he took the flute from the wall, and played a few notes on it, and suddenly a number of elves appeared, and with every note that he sounded one more came. Then he played until the room was entirely filled. They all asked what he desired, so he said he wished to get above ground back to daylight, on which they seized him by every hair that grew on his head, and thus they flew with him on to the earth again. When he was above ground, he at once went to the King's palace, just as the wedding of one princess was about to be celebrated, and he went to the room where the King and his three daughters were. When the princesses saw him they fainted. Hereupon the King was angry, and ordered him to be put in prison at once, because he thought he must have done some injury to the children. When the princesses came to themselves, however, they entreated the King to set him free again. The King asked why, and they said that they were not allowed to tell that, but their father said that they were to tell it to the stove. And he went out, listened at the door, and heard everything. Then he caused the two brothers to be hanged on the gallows, and to the third he gave his youngest daughter, and on that occasion I wore a pair of glass shoes, and I struck them against a stone, and they said, "Klink," and were broken.

## 92.—THE KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN.

(*"The King of the Golden Mountain"* (German: *Der König vom goldenen Berg*) is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales (KHM 92). The tale was taken down from a soldier; there is also a variant collected from Zwehrn (*Dorothea Viehmann*).

*Contents: A businessman accidentally gives his son to a black man. After the twelve-year period has expired, however, they disagree and the son has to go down the river in a boat. The father thinks he is dead. The son finds an enchanted castle. At the request of the king's daughter, who has been transformed into a snake, he redeems the kingdom. In addition, he lets black men beat him to death in three nights without saying a word, and she brings him back to life. He marries her and becomes king. After eight years he wants to see his family again. She doesn't want that and makes him promise not to wish her to be his parents with the wish ring she gives him. He breaks the promise out of anger when his parents don't believe his story. She is so angry about this that she leaves him alone at the river without the ring to take another man. On his way back to the castle he meets three giants from whom he takes a magical cloak, sword and shoes. In doing so, he takes back his wife and rulership.)*

There was a certain merchant who had two children, a boy and a girl; they were both young, and could not walk. And two richly-laden ships of his sailed forth to sea with all his property on board, and just as he was expecting to win much money by them, news came that they had gone to the bottom, and now instead of being a rich man he was a poor one, and had nothing left but one field outside the town. In order to drive his misfortune a little out of his

thoughts, he went out to this field, and as he was walking backwards and forwards in it, a little black mannikin stood suddenly by his side, and asked why he was so sad, and what he was taking so much to heart. Then said the merchant, "If thou couldst help me I would willingly tell thee." "Who knows?" replied the black dwarf. "Perhaps, I can help thee." Then the merchant told him that all he possessed had gone to the bottom of the sea, and that he had nothing left but this field. "Do not trouble thyself," said the dwarf. "If thou wilt promise to give me the first thing that rubs itself against thy leg when thou art at home again, and to bring it here to this place in twelve years' time, thou shalt have as much money as thou wilt." The merchant thought, "What can that be but my dog?" and did not remember his little boy, so he said yes, gave the black man a written and sealed promise, and went home.

When he reached home, his little boy was so delighted that he held by a bench, tottered up to him and seized him fast by the legs. The father was shocked, for he remembered his promise, and now knew what he had pledged himself to do; as, however, he still found no money in his chest, he thought the dwarf had only been jesting. A month afterwards he went up to the garret, intending to gather together some old tin and to sell it, and saw a great heap of money lying. Then he was happy again, made purchases, became a greater merchant than before, and felt that this world was well governed. In the meantime the boy grew tall, and at the same time sharp and clever. But the nearer the twelfth year approached the more anxious grew the merchant, so that his distress might be seen in his face. One day his son asked what ailed him, but the father would not say. The boy, however, persisted so long, that at last he told him that without being aware of what he was doing, he had promised him to a black dwarf, and had received much money for doing so. He said likewise that he had set his hand and seal to this, and that now when twelve years had gone by he would have to give him up. Then said the son, "Oh, father, do not be uneasy, all will go well. The black man has no power over me." The son had himself blessed by the priest, and when the time came, father and son went together to the field, and the son made a circle and placed himself inside it with his father. Then came the black dwarf and said to the old man, "Hast thou brought with thee that which thou hast promised me?" He was silent, but the son asked, "What dost thou want here?" Then said the black dwarf, "I have to speak with thy father, and not with thee." The son replied, "Thou hast betrayed and misled my father, give back the writing." "No," said the black dwarf, "I will not give up my rights." They spoke together for a long time after this, but at last they agreed that the son, as he did not belong to the enemy of mankind, nor yet to his father, should seat himself in a small boat, which should lie on water which was flowing away from them, and that the father should push it off with his own foot, and then the son should remain given up to the water. So he took leave of his father, placed himself in a little boat, and the father had to push it off with his own foot. The boat capsized so that the keel was uppermost, and the father believed his son was lost, and went home and mourned for him.

The boat, however, did not sink, but floated quietly away, and the boy sat safely inside it, and it floated thus for a long time, until at last it stopped by an unknown shore. Then he landed and saw a beautiful castle before him, and set out to go to it. When he entered it, however, he found that it was bewitched. He went through every room, but all were empty until he reached the last, where a snake lay coiled in a ring. The snake, however, was an enchanted maiden, who rejoiced to see him, and said, "Hast thou come, oh, my deliverer? I have already waited twelve years for thee;

this kingdom is bewitched, and thou must set it free." "How can I do that?" he inquired. "To-night come twelve black men, covered with chains who will ask what thou art doing here; keep silence, however; give them no answer, and let them do what they will with thee; they will torment thee, beat thee, stab thee; let everything pass, only do not speak; at twelve o'clock, they must go away again. On the second night twelve others will come; on the third, four-and-twenty, who will cut off thy head, but at twelve o'clock their power will be over, and then if thou hast endured all, and hast not spoken the slightest word, I shall be released. I will come to thee, and will have, in a bottle, some of the water of life. I will rub thee with that, and then thou wilt come to life again, and be as healthy as before." Then said he, "I will gladly set thee free." And everything happened just as she had said; the black men could not force a single word from him, and on the third night the snake became a beautiful princess, who came with the water of life and brought him back to life again. So she threw herself into his arms and kissed him, and there was joy and gladness in the whole castle. After this their marriage was celebrated, and he was King of the Golden Mountain.

They lived very happily together, and the Queen bore a fine boy. Eight years had already gone by, when the King bethought him of his father; his heart was moved, and he wished to visit him. The Queen, however, would not let him go away, and said, "I know beforehand that it will cause my unhappiness;" but he suffered her to have no rest until she consented. At their parting she gave him a wishing-ring, and said, "Take this ring and put it on thy finger, and then thou wilt immediately be transported whithersoever thou wouldest be, only thou must promise me not to use it in wishing me away from this place and with thy father." That he promised her, put the ring on his finger, and wished himself at home, just outside the town where his father lived. Instantly he found himself there, and made for the town, but when he came to the gate, the sentries would not let him go in, because he wore such strange and yet such rich and magnificent clothing. Then he went to a hill where a shepherd was watching his sheep, changed clothes with him, put on his old shepherd's-coat, and then entered the town without hindrance. When he came to his father, he made himself known to him, but he did not at all believe that the shepherd was his son, and said he certainly had had a son, but that he was dead long ago; however, as he saw he was a poor, needy shepherd, he would give him something to eat. Then the shepherd said to his parents, "I am verily your son. Do you know of no mark on my body by which you could recognise me?" "Yes," said his mother, "our son had a raspberry mark under his right arm." He slipped back his shirt, and they saw the raspberry under his right arm, and no longer doubted that he was their son. Then he told them that he was King of the Golden Mountain, and a king's daughter was his wife, and that they had a fine son of seven years old. Then said the father, "That is certainly not true; it is a fine kind of king who goes about in a ragged shepherd's-coat." On this the son fell in a passion, and without thinking of his promise, turned his ring round, and wished both his wife and child with him. They were there in a second, but the Queen wept, and reproached him, and said that he had broken his word, and had brought misfortune upon her. He said, "I have done it thoughtlessly, and not with evil intention," and tried to calm her, and she pretended to believe this; but she had mischief in her mind.

Then he led her out of the town into the field, and showed her the stream where the little boat had been pushed off, and then he said, "I am tired; sit down, I will sleep awhile on thy lap." And he laid his head on her lap, and fell asleep. When he was asleep, she

first drew the ring from his finger, then she drew away the foot which was under him, leaving only the slipper behind her, and she took her child in her arms, and wished herself back in her own kingdom. When he awoke, there he lay quite deserted, and his wife and child were gone, and so was the ring from his finger, the slipper only was still there as a token. "Home to thy parents thou canst not return," thought he, "they would say that thou wast a wizard; thou must be off, and walk on until thou arrivest in thine own kingdom." So he went away and came at length to a hill by which three giants were standing, disputing with each other because they did not know how to divide their father's property. When they saw him passing by, they called to him and said little men had quick wits, and that he was to divide their inheritance for them. The inheritance, however, consisted of a sword, which had this property that if any one took it in his hand, and said, "All heads off but mine," every head would lie on the ground; secondly, of a cloak which made any one who put it on invisible; thirdly, of a pair of boots which could transport the wearer to any place he wished in a moment. He said, "Give me the three things that I may see if they are still in good condition." They gave him the cloak, and when he had put it on, he was invisible and changed into a fly. Then he resumed his own form and said, "The cloak is a good one, now give me the sword." They said, "No, we will not give thee that; if thou wert to say, 'All heads off but mine,' all our heads would be off, and thou alone wouldest be left with thine." Nevertheless they gave it to him with the condition that he was only to try it against a tree. This he did, and the sword cut in two the trunk of a tree as if it had been a blade of straw. Then he wanted to have the boots likewise, but they said, "No, we will not give them; if thou hadst them on thy feet and wert to wish thyself at the top of the hill, we should be left down here with nothing." "Oh, no," said he, "I will not do that." So they gave him the boots as well. And now when he had got all these things, he thought of nothing but his wife and his child, and said just as it were to himself, "Oh, if I were but on the Golden Mountain," and at the same moment he vanished from the sight of the giants, and thus their inheritance was divided. When he was near his palace, he heard sounds of joy, and fiddles, and flutes, and the people told him that his wife was celebrating her wedding with another. Then he fell into a rage, and said, "False woman, she betrayed and deserted me whilst I was asleep!" So he put on his cloak, and unseen by all went into the palace. When he entered the dining-hall a great table was spread with delicious food, and the guests were eating and drinking, and laughing, and jesting. She sat on a royal seat in the midst of them in splendid apparel, with a crown on her head. He placed himself behind her, and no one saw him. When she put a piece of meat on a plate for herself, he took it away and ate it, and when she poured out a glass of wine for herself, he took it away and drank it. She was always helping herself to something, and yet she never got anything, for plate and glass disappeared immediately. Then dismayed and ashamed, she arose and went to her chamber and wept, but he followed her there. She said, "Has the devil power over me, or did my deliverer never come?" Then he struck her in the face, and said, "Did thy deliverer never come? It is he who has thee in his power, thou traitor. Have I deserved this from thee?" Then he made himself visible, went into the hall, and cried, "The wedding is at an end, the true King has returned." The kings, princes and councillors who were assembled there, ridiculed and mocked him, but he did not trouble to answer them, and said, "Will you go away, or not?" On this they tried to seize him and pressed upon him, but he drew his sword and said, "All heads off but mine," and all the heads rolled on the ground,

and he alone was master, and once more King of the Golden Mountain.

### 93.—THE RAVEN.

(*"The Raven"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, number KHM 93 in their *Children's and Household Tales*. Probably "from the Leine area" (Georg August Friedrich Goldmann, Hanover, Lower Saxony).

*Contents: A girl is cursed by her angry mother in the form of a raven and flies from her arm into a dark forest. She explains to a man how he can redeem her: In a house in the woods there is an old woman whose food and drink he should not take, but wait for her on the Tan Hucke in the garden. On the first day she came in a carriage with four white stallions, on the second with four red, and on the third with four black. But every time he takes a sip of the old woman's wine and falls asleep. The king's daughter gives him bread, a piece of meat and a bottle of wine that will never be used up, a golden ring and a letter that he can redeem when he comes to Stromberg Castle. On his way he meets two giants in a dark forest. Because he has the inexhaustible food, they don't eat him, but look for the castle for him and carry him the long way. It stands on a glass mountain. He sees the king's daughter, but cannot go up to her, and lives in a hut downstairs for a year. He takes a magic stick, a camouflage cloak and a horse from three robbers. With that he rides up, breaks open the gate with the stick and invisibly throws the ring into the golden chalice filled with wine of the Virgin. She finds her savior on horseback in front of the castle. When she greets him, he dismounts and they marry.)*

There was once on a time a Queen who had a little daughter who was still so young that she could not walk. One day the child was naughty, and the mother might say what she liked, but the child would not be quiet. Then she became impatient, and as the ravens were flying about the palace, she opened the window and said, "I wish you were a raven and would fly away, and then I should have some rest." Scarcely had she spoken the words, before the child was changed into a raven, and flew from her arms out of the window. It flew into a dark forest, and stayed in it a long time, and the parents heard nothing of their child. Then one day a man was on his way through this forest and heard the raven crying, and followed the voice, and when he came nearer, the bird said, "I am a King's daughter by birth, and am bewitched, but thou canst set me free." "What am I to do?" asked he. She said, "Go further into the forest, and thou wilt find a house, wherein sits an aged woman, who will offer thee meat and drink, but thou must accept nothing; for if thou eatest or drinkest anything, thou wilt fall into a sleep, and then thou wilt not be able to deliver me. In the garden behind the house there is a great heap of tan, and on this thou shalt stand and wait for me. For three days I will come every afternoon at two o'clock in a carriage. On the first day four white horses will be harnessed to it, then four chestnut horses, and lastly four black ones; but if thou art not awake, but sleeping, I shall not be set free." The man promised to do everything that she desired, but the raven said, "Alas! I know already that thou wilt not deliver me; thou wilt accept something from the woman." Then the man once more promised that he would certainly not touch anything either to eat or to drink. But when he entered the house the old woman came to him and said, "Poor man, how faint you are; come and refresh yourself; eat and drink." "No," said the man, "I will not eat or drink." She, however, let him have no peace, and said, "If

you will not eat, take one drink out of the glass; one is nothing." Then he let himself be persuaded, and drank. Shortly before two o'clock in the afternoon he went into the garden to the tan heap to wait for the raven. As he was standing there, his weariness all at once became so great that he could not struggle against it, and lay down for a short time, but he was determined not to go to sleep. Hardly, however, had he lain down, than his eyes closed of their own accord, and he fell asleep and slept so soundly that nothing in the world could have aroused him. At two o'clock the raven came driving up with four white horses, but she was already in deep grief and said, "I know he is asleep." And when she came into the garden, he was indeed lying there asleep on the heap of tan. She alighted from the carriage, went to him, shook him, and called him, but he did not awake. Next day about noon, the old woman came again and brought him food and drink, but he would not take any of it. But she let him have no rest and persuaded him until at length he again took one drink out of the glass. Towards two o'clock he went into the garden to the tan heap to wait for the raven, but all at once felt such a great weariness that his limbs would no longer support him. He could not stand upright, and was forced to lie down, and fell into a heavy sleep. When the raven drove up with four brown horses, she was already full of grief, and said, "I know he is asleep." She went to him, but there he lay sleeping, and there was no wakening him. Next day the old woman asked what was the meaning of this? He was neither eating nor drinking anything; did he want to die? He replied, "I am not allowed to eat or drink, and will not do so." She, however, set a dish with meat, and a glass with wine before him, and when he smelt it he could not resist, and swallowed a deep draught. When the time came, he went out into the garden to the heap of tan, and waited for the King's daughter; but he became still more weary than on the day before, and lay down and slept as soundly as if he had been a stone. At two o'clock the raven came with four black horses, and the coachman and everything else was black. She was already in the deepest grief, and said, "I know that he is asleep and cannot deliver me." When she came to him, there he was lying fast asleep. She shook him and called him, but she could not waken him. Then she laid a loaf beside him, and after that a piece of meat, and thirdly a bottle of wine, and he might consume as much of all of them as he liked, but they would never grow less. After this she took a gold ring from her finger, and put it on his, and her name was graven on it. Lastly, she laid a letter beside him wherein was written what she had given him, and that none of the things would ever grow less; and in it was also written, "I see right well that thou wilt never be able to deliver me here, but if thou art still willing to deliver me, come to the golden castle of Stromberg; it lies in thy power, of that I am certain." And when she had given him all these things, she seated herself in her carriage, and drove to the golden castle of Stromberg.

When the man awoke and saw that he had slept, he was sad at heart, and said, "She has certainly driven by, and I have not set her free." Then he perceived the things which were lying beside him, and read the letter wherein was written how everything had happened. So he arose and went away, intending to go to the golden castle of Stromberg, but he did not know where it was. After he had walked about the world for a long time, he entered into a dark forest, and walked for fourteen days without stopping, and still could not find his way out. Then it was once more evening, and he was so tired that he lay down in a thicket and fell asleep. Next day he went onwards, and in the evening, as he was again about to lie down beneath some bushes, he heard such a howling and crying that he could not go to sleep. And when the time came

when people light the candles, he saw one glimmering, and arose and went towards it. Then he came to a house which seemed very small, for in front of it a great giant was standing. He thought to himself, "If I go in, and the giant sees me, it will very likely cost me my life."

At length he ventured it and went in. When the giant saw him, he said, "It is well that thou comest, for it is long since I have eaten; I will at once eat thee for my supper." "I'd rather you would leave that alone," said the man, "I do not like to be eaten; but if thou hast any desire to eat, I have quite enough here to satisfy thee." "If that be true," said the giant, "thou mayst be easy, I was only going to devour thee because I had nothing else." Then they went, and sat down to the table, and the man took out the bread, wine, and meat which would never come to an end. "This pleases me well," said the giant, and ate to his heart's content. Then the man said to him, "Canst thou tell me where the golden castle of Stromberg is?" The giant said, "I will look in my map; all the towns, and villages, and houses are to be found in it." He brought out the map which he had in the room and looked for the castle, but it was not to be found in it. "It's no matter!" said he, "I have some still larger maps in my cupboard upstairs, and we will look in them." But there, too, it was in vain. The man now wanted to go onwards, but the giant begged him to wait a few days longer until his brother, who had gone out to bring some provisions, came home. When the brother came home they inquired about the golden castle of Stromberg. He replied, "When I have eaten and have had enough, I will look in the map." Then he went with them up to his chamber, and they searched in his map, but could not find it. Then he brought out still older maps, and they never rested until they found the golden castle of Stromberg, but it was many thousand miles away. "How am I to get there?" asked the man. The giant said, "I have two hours' time, during which I will carry you into the neighbourhood, but after that I must be at home to suckle the child that we have." So the giant carried the man to about a hundred leagues from the castle, and said, "Thou canst very well walk the rest of the way alone." And he turned back, but the man went onwards day and night, until at length he came to the golden castle of Stromberg. It stood on a glass-mountain, and the bewitched maiden drove in her carriage round the castle, and then went inside it. He rejoiced when he saw her and wanted to climb up to her, but when he began to do so he always slipped down the glass again. And when he saw that he could not reach her, he was filled with trouble, and said to himself, "I will stay down here below, and wait for her." So he built himself a hut and stayed in it for a whole year, and every day saw the King's daughter driving about above, but never could go to her. Then one day he saw from his hut three robbers who were beating each other, and cried to them, "God be with ye!" They stopped when they heard the cry, but as they saw no one, they once more began to beat each other, and that too most dangerously. So he again cried, "God be with ye." Again they stopped, looked round about, but as they saw no one they went on beating each other. Then he cried for the third time, "God be with ye," and thought, "I must see what these three are about," and went thither and asked why they were beating each other so furiously. One of them said that he had found a stick, and that when he struck a door with it, that door would spring open. The next said that he had found a mantle, and that whenever he put it on, he was invisible, but the third said he had found a horse on which a man could ride everywhere, even up the glass-mountain. And now they did not know whether they ought to have these things in common, or whether they ought to divide them. Then the man said, "I will give you something in exchange

for these three things. Money indeed have I not, but I have other things of more value; but first I must try yours to see if you have told the truth." Then they put him on the horse, threw the mantle round him, and gave him the stick in his hand, and when he had all these things they were no longer able to see him. So he gave them some vigorous blows and cried, "Now, vagabonds, you have got what you deserve: are you satisfied?" And he rode up the glass-mountain, but when he came in front of the castle at the top, it was shut. Then he struck the door with his stick, and it sprang open immediately. He went in and ascended the stairs until he came to the hall where the maiden was sitting with a golden cup full of wine before her. She, however, could not see him because he had the mantle on. And when he came up to her, he drew from his finger the ring which she had given him, and threw it into the cup so that it rang. Then she cried, "That is my ring, so the man who is to deliver me must be here." They searched the whole castle and did not find him, but he had gone out, and had seated himself on the horse and thrown off the mantle. When they came to the door, she saw him and cried aloud in her delight. Then he alighted and took the King's daughter in his arms, but she kissed him and said, "Now hast thou set me free, and to-morrow we will celebrate our wedding."

#### 94.—THE PEASANT'S WISE DAUGHTER.

(*"The Peasant's Wise Daughter"*, *"The Peasant's Clever Daughter"* or *"The Clever Lass"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm as tale number 94 in Children's and Household Tales. The Grimms noted "from Zwehrn" (Dorothea Viehmann).

*Contents: A peasant begged some land from the king. When he and his daughter dug the field, they found a mortar made of gold. The daughter warned that if they gave it to the king for his kindness, he would ask for the pestle as well; the father gave it nonetheless, and the king asked for the pestle and put him in prison until he got it. The peasant lamented his folly in not listening to his daughter. The king had him brought before him again, and asked what he meant. The peasant explained. The king summoned the daughter and set her riddle: to come to him neither naked nor clothed, neither walking nor riding, neither on the road nor off it. If she guessed it, she had proved her cleverness and would marry him. She wrapped herself in fish net, and tied it to a donkey's tail so that it had to drag her along, and she kept only one toe touching the ground. The king agreed that she had guessed the riddle; he freed her father and married her. Some years later, a mare gave birth to a foal that ran off and lay down under an ox. Both the peasant who owned the mare and the one who owned the ox claimed it; the king said it belonged where it was found. The peasant who owned the mare went to the queen for help. She told him to take a fishing net and pretend to fish on dry land where the king would see; when the king said it was impossible, he was to say it was no more impossible than oxen giving birth to foals. The peasant did so, and the king gave him the foal but got from him that the queen had given him the advice. He sent the queen back to her father, saying she could take only one thing, what she valued most, from the castle. The queen gave him a sleeping draught and took him back to her father's house. When he woke, she told him that it was him what she valued most in the castle; thus he took her back with him to the castle and once again recognised her as his wife.)*

There was once a poor peasant who had no land, but only a small house, and one daughter. Then said the daughter, "We ought to ask our lord the King for a bit of newly-cleared land." When the King heard of their poverty, he presented them with a bit of land, which she and her father dug up, and intended to sow with a little corn and grain of that kind. When they had dug nearly the whole of the field, they found in the earth a mortar made of pure gold. "Listen," said the father to the girl, "as our lord the King has been so gracious and presented us with the field, we ought to give him this mortar in return for it." The daughter, however, would not consent to this, and said, "Father, if we have the mortar without having the pestle as well, we shall have to get the pestle, so you had much better say nothing about it." He would, however, not obey her, but took the mortar and carried it to the King, said that he had found it in the cleared land, and asked if he would accept it as a present. The King took the mortar, and asked if he had found nothing besides that? "No," answered the countryman. Then the King said that he must now bring him the pestle. The peasant said they had not found that, but he might just as well have spoken to the wind; he was put in prison, and was to stay there until he produced the pestle. The servants had daily to carry him bread and water, which is what people get in prison, and they heard how the man cried out continually, "Ah! if I had but listened to my daughter! Alas, alas, if I had but listened to my daughter!" Then the servants went to the King and told him how the prisoner was always crying, "Ah! if I had but listened to my daughter!" and would neither eat nor drink. So he commanded the servants to bring the prisoner before him, and then the King asked the peasant why he was always crying, "Ah! if I had but listened to my daughter!" and what it was that his daughter had said. "She told me that I ought not to take the mortar to you, for I should have to produce the pestle as well." "If you have a daughter who is as wise as that, let her come here." She was therefore obliged to appear before the King, who asked her if she really was so wise, and said he would set her a riddle, and if she could guess that, he would marry her. She at once said yes, she would guess it. Then said the King, "Come to me not clothed, not naked, not riding, not walking, not in the road, and not out of the road, and if thou canst do that I will marry thee." So she went away, put off everything she had on, and then she was not clothed, and took a great fishing net, and seated herself in it and wrapped it entirely round and round her, and then she was not naked, and she hired an ass, and tied the fisherman's net to its tail, so that it was forced to drag her along, and that was neither riding nor walking. The ass had also to drag her in the ruts, so that she only touched the ground with her great toe, and that was neither being in the road nor out of the road. And when she arrived in that fashion, the King said she had guessed the riddle and fulfilled all the conditions. Then he ordered her father to be released from the prison, took her to wife, and gave into her care all the royal possessions.

Now when some years had passed, the King was once drawing up his troops on parade, when it happened that some peasants who had been selling wood stopped with their waggons before the palace; some of them had oxen yoked to them, and some horses. There was one peasant who had three horses, one of which was delivered of a young foal, and it ran away and lay down between two oxen which were in front of the waggon. When the peasants came together, they began to dispute, to beat each other and make a disturbance, and the peasant with the oxen wanted to keep the foal, and said one of the oxen had given birth to it, and the other said his horse had had it, and that it was his. The quarrel came

before the King, and he gave the verdict that the foal should stay where it had been found, and so the peasant with the oxen, to whom it did not belong, got it. Then the other went away, and wept and lamented over his foal. Now he had heard how gracious his lady the Queen was because she herself had sprung from poor peasant folks, so he went to her and begged her to see if she could not help him to get his foal back again. Said she, "Yes, I will tell thee what to do, if thou wilt promise me not to betray me. Early to-morrow morning, when the King parades the guard, place thyself there in the middle of the road by which he must pass, take a great fishing-net and pretend to be fishing; go on fishing too, and empty out the net as if thou hadst got it full"—and then she told him also what he was to say if he was questioned by the King. The next day, therefore, the peasant stood there, and fished on dry ground. When the King passed by, and saw that, he sent his messenger to ask what the stupid man was about? He answered, "I am fishing." The messenger asked how he could fish when there was no water whatever there? The peasant said, "It is as easy for me to fish on dry land as it is for an ox to have a foal." The messenger went back and took the answer to the King, who ordered the peasant to be brought to him and told him that this was not his own idea, and he wanted to know whose it was? The peasant must confess that at once. The peasant, however, would not do so, and said always, God forbid he should! the idea was his own. They laid him, however, on a heap of straw, and beat him and tormented him so long that at last he admitted that he had got the idea from the Queen.

When the King reached home again, he said to his wife, "Why hast thou behaved so falsely to me? I will not have thee any longer for a wife; thy time is up, go back to the place from whence thou camest—to thy peasant's hut." One favour, however, he granted her; she might take with her the one thing that was dearest and best in her eyes; and thus was she dismissed. She said, "Yes, my dear husband, if you command this, I will do it," and she embraced him and kissed him, and said she would take leave of him. Then she ordered a powerful sleeping draught to be brought, to drink farewell to him; the King took a long draught, but she took only a little. He soon fell into a deep sleep, and when she perceived that, she called a servant and took a fair white linen cloth and wrapped the King in it, and the servant was forced to carry him into a carriage that stood before the door, and she drove with him to her own little house. She laid him in her own little bed, and he slept one day and one night without awakening, and when he awoke he looked round and said, "Good God! where am I?" He called his attendants, but none of them were there. At length his wife came to his bedside and said, "My dear lord and King, you told me I might bring away with me from the palace that which was dearest and most precious in my eyes—I have nothing more precious and dear than yourself, so I have brought you with me." Tears rose to the King's eyes and he said, "Dear wife, thou shalt be mine and I will be thine," and he took her back with him to the royal palace and was married again to her, and at the present time they are very likely still living.

#### 95.—OLD HILDEBRAND.

*("Old Hildebrand" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Children's and Household Tales (KHM 95). It is written in an Austrian dialect which is a form of Bavarian Upper German.*

*Contents: A peasant's wife and the parson fancied each other, so the wife feigned illness, and the parson preached that whoever had*

*(an ill family member could go to the Cuckoo's Mountain in Italy, and get laurel leaves that would cure the ill person. The peasant, Hildebrand, left to get them, and the parson came to his house. But on the way, Hildebrand met his cousin, an egg merchant, who alerted him and brought him to the house in his cart. The parson and the wife began to sing, the merchant sang, and Hildebrand sang that it was enough. He jumped from the basket and beat the parson out of the house.)*

Once upon a time lived a peasant and his wife, and the parson of the village had a fancy for the wife, and had wished for a long while to spend a whole day happily with her, and the peasant woman, too, was quite willing. One day, therefore, he said to the woman, "Listen, my dear friend, I have now thought of a way by which we can for once spend a whole day happily together. I'll tell you what; on Wednesday, you must take to your bed, and tell your husband you are ill, and if you only complain and act being ill properly, and go on doing it until Sunday when I have to preach, I will then say in my sermon that whosoever has at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother or whosoever else it may be, and makes a pilgrimage to the Göckerli hill in Italy, where you can get a peck of laurel-leaves for a kreuzer, the sick child, the sick husband, the sick wife, the sick father, or sick mother, the sick sister, or whosoever else it may be, will be restored to health immediately."

"I will manage it," said the woman directly. Now therefore, on the Wednesday, the peasant woman took to her bed, and complained and lamented as agreed on, and her husband did everything for her that he could think of, but nothing did her any good, and when Sunday came the woman said, "I feel as ill as if I were going to die at once, but there is one thing I should like to do before my end—I should like to hear the parson's sermon that he is going to preach to-day." On that the peasant said, "Ah, my child, do not do it—thou mightest make thyself worse if thou wert to get up. Look, I will go to the sermon, and will attend to it very carefully, and will tell thee everything the parson says."

"Well," said the woman, "go, then, and pay great attention, and repeat to me all that thou hearest." So the peasant went to the sermon, and the parson began to preach and said, if any one had at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother or any one else, and would make a pilgrimage to the Göckerli hill in Italy, where a peck of laurel-leaves costs a kreuzer, the sick child, sick husband, sick wife, sick father, sick mother, sick sister, brother, or whosoever else it might be, would be restored to health instantly, and whosoever wished to undertake the journey was to go to him after the service was over, and he would give him the sack for the laurel-leaves and the kreuzer. Then no one was more rejoiced than the peasant, and after the service was over, he went at once to the parson, who gave him the bag for the laurel-leaves and the kreuzer. After that he went home, and even at the house door he cried, "Hurrah! dear wife, it is now almost the same thing as if thou wert well! The parson has preached to-day that whosoever had at home a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother or whoever it might be, and would make a pilgrimage to the Göckerli hill in Italy, where a peck of laurel-leaves costs a kreuzer, the sick child, sick husband, sick wife, sick father, sick mother, sick sister, brother, or whosoever else it was, would be cured immediately, and now I have already got the bag and the kreuzer from the parson, and will at once begin my journey so that thou mayst get well the faster," and thereupon he

went away. He was, however, hardly gone before the woman got up, and the parson was there directly.

But now we will leave these two for a while, and follow the peasant, who walked on quickly without stopping, in order to get the sooner to the Göckerli hill, and on his way he met his gossip. His gossip was an egg-merchant, and was just coming from the market, where he had sold his eggs. "May you be blessed," said the gossip, "where are you off to so fast?"

"To all eternity, my friend," said the peasant, "my wife is ill, and I have been to-day to hear the parson's sermon, and he preached that if any one had in his house a sick child, a sick husband, a sick wife, a sick father, a sick mother, a sick sister, brother or any one else, and made a pilgrimage to the Göckerli hill in Italy, where a peck of laurel-leaves costs a kreuzer, the sick child, the sick husband, the sick wife, the sick father, the sick mother, the sick sister, brother, or whosoever else it was, would be cured immediately, and so I have got the bag for the laurel-leaves and the kreuzer from the parson, and now I am beginning my pilgrimage." "But listen, gossip," said the egg-merchant to the peasant, "are you, then, stupid enough to believe such a thing as that? Don't you know what it means? The parson wants to spend a whole day alone with your wife in peace, so he has given you this job to do to get you out of the way."

"My word!" said the peasant. "How I'd like to know if that's true!"

"Come, then," said the gossip, "I'll tell you what to do. Get into my egg-basket and I will carry you home, and then you will see for yourself." So that was settled, and the gossip put the peasant into his egg-basket, and carried him home.

When they got to the house, hurrah! but all was going merrily there! The woman had already had nearly everything killed that was in the farmyard, and had made pancakes, and the parson was there, and had brought his fiddle with him. The gossip knocked at the door, and the woman asked who was there. "It is I, gossip," said the egg-merchant, "give me shelter this night; I have not sold my eggs at the market, so now I have to carry them home again, and they are so heavy that I shall never be able to do it, for it is dark already."

"Indeed, my friend," said the woman, "thou comest at a very inconvenient time for me, but as thou art here it can't be helped, come in, and take a seat there on the bench by the stove." Then she placed the gossip and the basket which he carried on his back on the bench by the stove. The parson, however, and the woman were as merry as possible. At length the parson said, "Listen, my dear friend, thou canst sing beautifully; sing something to me." "Oh," said the woman, "I cannot sing now, in my young days indeed I could sing well enough, but that's all over now."

"Come," said the parson once more, "do sing some little song."  
On that the woman began and sang,  
"I've sent my husband away from me  
To the Göckerli hill in Italy."  
Thereupon the parson sang,  
"I wish 'twas a year before he came back,  
I'd never ask him for the laurel-leaf sack."  
Hallelujah.

Then the gossip who was in the background began to sing (but I ought to tell you the peasant was called Hildebrand), so the gossip sang,

"What art thou doing, my Hildebrand dear,  
There on the bench by the stove so near?"  
Hallelujah.  
And then the peasant sang from his basket,

"All singing I ever shall hate from this day,  
And here in this basket no longer I'll stay."

Hallelujah.

And he got out of the basket, and cudgelled the parson out of the house.

## 96.—THE THREE LITTLE BIRDS.

(*"The Three Little Birds"* is a Low German fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm at position 96 (KHM 96). It comes from the north-east of North Rhine-Westphalia, near the town of Höxter, where the Teutoburg Forest has with the Köterberg its highest peak.)

*Contents: Three cowherds on the Köterberg see the king riding with two ministers out hunting and they absolutely want to marry only them. The king hears this and grants her wish. The eldest becomes queen and has a son with a red star, another son and a daughter when the king is away. They throw the childless sisters into the Weser, whereupon a singing bird flies up, and say it was puppies and a cat. The king imprisons his wife. The children grow up with a fisherman. When the eldest finds out his fate, he goes to look for his father. He meets an old fisherwoman who carries him across the water, as well as the second who follows him. The daughter is given a rod and the advice to walk silently past a dog, through a lock, and take a bird and a glass of water from a tree in a well and hit the dog in the face on the way back. She also finds her brothers and the fisherwoman carries them home across the water. The bird they hang on the wall and the fisherman tell the king everything that the second son finds playing the flute on the hunt. He leads the children home, frees the emaciated mother, heals the daughter with water and marries the prince.)*

About a thousand or more years ago, there were in this country nothing but small kings, and one of them lived on the Keuterberg who was very fond of hunting. Once on a time when he was riding forth from his castle with his huntsmen, three girls were watching their cows upon the mountain, and when they saw the King with all his followers, the eldest girl pointed to him, and called to the two other girls, "Hilloa! hilloa! If I do not get that one, I will have none." Then the second girl answered from the other side of the hill, and pointed to the one who was on the King's right hand, "Hilloa! hilloa! If I do not get that one, I will have none." And then the youngest pointed to the one who was on the left hand, and cried, "Hilloa! hilloa! If I do not get him I will have no one." These, however, were the two ministers. The King heard all this, and when he had come back from the chase, he caused the three girls to be brought to him, and asked them what they had said yesterday on the mountain. They would not tell him that, so the King asked the eldest if she really would take him for her husband? Then she said, "Yes," and the two ministers married the two sisters, for they were all three fair and beautiful of face, especially the Queen, who had hair like flax. But the two sisters had no children, and once when the King was obliged to go from home he invited them to come to the Queen in order to cheer her, for she was about to bear a child. She had a little boy who brought a bright red star into the world with him. Then the two sisters said to each other that they would throw the beautiful boy into the water. When they had thrown him in (I believe it was into the Weser), a little bird flew up into the air, which sang,

"To thy death art thou sped,  
Until God's word be said.

In the white lily bloom,  
Brave boy, is thy tomb."

When the two heard that, they were frightened to death, and ran away in great haste. When the King came home they told him that the Queen had been delivered of a dog. Then the King said, "What God does, is well done!" But a fisherman who dwelt near the water fished the little boy out again while he was still alive, and as his wife had no children they reared him. When a year had gone by, the King again went away, and the Queen had another little boy, whom the false sisters likewise took and threw into the water. Then up flew a little bird again and sang,

"To thy death art thou sped,  
Until God's word be said.  
In the white lily bloom,  
Brave boy, is thy tomb."

And when the King came back, they told him that the Queen had once more given birth to a dog, and he again said, "What God does, is well done." The fisherman, however, fished this one also out of the water, and reared him.

Then the King again journeyed forth, and the Queen had a little girl, whom also the false sisters threw into the water. Then again a little bird flew up on high and sang,

"To thy death art thou sped,  
Until God's word be said.  
In the white lily bloom,  
Brave boy, is thy tomb."

And when the King came home they told him that the Queen had been delivered of a cat. Then the King grew angry, and ordered his wife to be cast into prison, and therein was she shut up for many long years.

In the meantime the children had grown up. Then the eldest once went out with some other boys to fish, but the other boys would not have him with them, and said, "Go thy way, foundling."

Hereupon he was much troubled, and asked the old fisherman if that was true? The fisherman told him that once when he was fishing he had drawn him out of the water. So the boy said he would go forth and seek his father. The fisherman, however, entreated him to stay, but he would not let himself be hindered, and at last the fisherman consented. Then the boy went on his way and walked for many days together, and at last he came to a great piece of water by the side of which stood an old woman fishing. "Good day, mother," said the boy.

"Many thanks," said she.  
"Thou wilt fish long enough before thou catchest anything."  
"And thou wilt seek long enough before thou findest thy father. How wilt thou get over the water?" said the woman.

"God knows."  
Then the old woman took him up on her back and carried him through it, and he sought for a long time, but could not find his father.

When a year had gone by, the second boy set out to seek his brother. He came to the water, and all fared with him just as with his brother. And now there was no one at home but the daughter, and she mourned for her brothers so much that at last she also begged the fisherman to let her set forth, for she wished to go in search of her brothers. Then she likewise came to the great piece of water, and she said to the old woman, "Good day, mother."

"Many thanks," replied the old woman.  
"May God help you with your fishing," said the maiden. When the old woman heard that, she became quite friendly, and carried her over the water, gave her a wand, and said to her, "Go, my daughter, ever onwards by this road, and when you come to a

great black dog, you must pass it silently and boldly, without either laughing or looking at it. Then you will come to a great high castle, on the threshold of which you must let the wand fall, and go straight through the castle, and out again on the other side. There you will see an old fountain out of which a large tree has grown, whereon hangs a bird in a cage which you must take down. Take likewise a glass of water out of the fountain, and with these two things go back by the same way. Pick up the wand again from the threshold and take it with you, and when you again pass by the dog strike him in the face with it, but be sure that you hit him, and then just come back here to me." The maiden found everything exactly as the old woman had said, and on her way back she found her two brothers who had sought each other over half the world. They went together to the place where the black dog was lying on the road; she struck it in the face, and it turned into a handsome prince who went with them to the river. There the old woman was still standing. She rejoiced much to see them again, and carried them all over the water, and then she too went away, for now she was freed. The others, however, went to the old fisherman, and all were glad that they had found each other again, but they hung the bird on the wall.

But the second son could not settle at home, and took his crossbow and went a-hunting. When he was tired he took his flute, and made music. The King, however, was hunting too, and heard that and went thither, and when he met the youth, he said, "Who has given thee leave to hunt here?"

"Oh, no one."

"To whom dost thou belong, then?"

"I am the fisherman's son."

"But he has no children."

"If thou wilt not believe, come with me."

That the King did and questioned the fisherman, who told everything to him, and the little bird on the wall began to sing,

"The mother sits alone

There in the prison small,

O King of royal blood,

These are thy children all.

The sisters twain so false.

They wrought the children woe,

There in the waters deep

Where the fishermen come and go."

Then they were all terrified, and the King took the bird, the fisherman and the three children back with him to the castle, and ordered the prison to be opened and brought his wife out again. She had, however, grown quite ill and weak. Then the daughter gave her some of the water of the fountain to drink, and she became strong and healthy. But the two false sisters were burnt, and the daughter married the prince.

## 97.—THE WATER OF LIFE.

(*"The Water of Life"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number 97. According to the Grimm's notes, the brothers combined their version from a Hessian and a Paderborn version. John Francis Campbell noted it as a parallel of the Scottish fairy tale, *The Brown Bear of the Green Glen*.

*Contents: The king is terminally ill. An old man tells his grieving sons about the water of life that would heal him. The eldest wants to find it so he can inherit the kingdom. On the way he is rude to a dwarf, who therefore curses him into a narrow gorge, as does the second, who moves out after his absence. The youngest, on the*

*other hand, comes through his advice to an enchanted castle, opens the gate with an iron rod and calms two lions with two loaves of bread. Inside he finds enchanted princes whose rings he pulls off, then a sword and bread, and a redeemed maiden who wants to marry him in a year. He falls asleep in a bed. He doesn't wake up until a quarter to twelve and quickly takes the water of life from the well before the castle gate slams shut at twelve. It still knocks off its heel. The dwarf tells him that the sword slays whole armies and that bread never runs out and releases the brothers when asked. The youngest rides with them through three kingdoms, which he rescues from trouble with bread and sword. On a boat trip, while he sleeps, his brothers swap his water for sea water. When he gives it to his father at home, whereupon he becomes even more ill, they accuse him of wanting to poison him and heal him with the water of life. They mock the youngest. The father wants to have him shot while hunting, but the hunter warns the prince, who then flees. When three wagons carrying gold and jewels arrive from the saved realms, the king is glad to learn that his command has not been carried out. The king's daughter recognises him because, thinking of her, he rides to her on the golden road, while the brothers did not want to damage the road. They marry. The brothers sail away.)*

There was once a King who had an illness, and no one believed that he would come out of it with his life. He had three sons who were much distressed about it, and went down into the palace-garden and wept. There they met an old man who inquired as to the cause of their grief. They told him that their father was so ill that he would most certainly die, for nothing seemed to cure him. Then the old man said, "I know of one more remedy, and that is the water of life; if he drinks of it he will become well again; but it is hard to find." The eldest said, "I will manage to find it," and went to the sick King, and begged to be allowed to go forth in search of the water of life, for that alone could save him. "No," said the King, 'the danger of it is too great. I would rather die.' But he begged so long that the King consented. The prince thought in his heart, "If I bring the water, then I shall be best beloved of my father, and shall inherit the kingdom." So he set out, and when he had ridden forth a little distance, a dwarf stood there in the road who called to him and said, "Whither away so fast?" "Silly shrimp," said the prince, very haughtily, "it is nothing to you," and rode on. But the little dwarf had grown angry, and had wished an evil wish. Soon after this the prince entered a ravine, and the further he rode the closer the mountains drew together, and at last the road became so narrow that he could not advance a step further; it was impossible either to turn his horse or to dismount from the saddle, and he was shut in there as if in prison. The sick King waited long for him, but he came not. Then the second son said, "Father, let me go forth to seek the water," and thought to himself, "If my brother is dead, then the kingdom will fall to me." At first the King would not allow him to go either, but at last he yielded, so the prince set out on the same road that his brother had taken, and he too met the dwarf, who stopped him to ask, whither he was going in such haste? "Little shrimp," said the prince, "that is nothing to thee," and rode on without giving him another look. But the dwarf bewitched him, and he, like the other, got into a ravine, and could neither go forwards nor backwards. So fare haughty people.

As the second son also remained away, the youngest begged to be allowed to go forth to fetch the water, and at last the King was obliged to let him go. When he met the dwarf and the latter asked him whither he was going in such haste, he stopped, gave him an

explanation, and said, "I am seeking the water of life, for my father is sick unto death." "Dost thou know, then, where that is to be found?" "No," said the prince. "As thou hast borne thyself as is seemly, and not haughtily like thy false brothers, I will give thee the information and tell thee how thou mayst obtain the water of life. It springs from a fountain in the courtyard of an enchanted castle, but thou wilt not be able to make thy way to it, if I do not give thee an iron wand and two small loaves of bread. Strike thrice with the wand on the iron door of the castle, and it will spring open: inside lie two lions with gaping jaws, but if thou throwest a loaf to each of them, they will be quieted, then hasten to fetch some of the water of life before the clock strikes twelve, else the door will shut again, and thou wilt be imprisoned." The prince thanked him, took the wand and the bread, and set out on his way. When he arrived, everything was as the dwarf had said. The door sprang open at the third stroke of the wand, and when he had appeased the lions with the bread, he entered into the castle, and came in a large and splendid hall, wherein sat some enchanted princes whose rings he drew off their fingers. A sword and a loaf of bread were lying there, which he carried away. After this, he entered a chamber, in which was a beautiful maiden who rejoiced when she saw him, kissed him, and told him that he had delivered her, and should have the whole of her kingdom, and that if he would return in a year their wedding should be celebrated; likewise she told him where the spring of the water of life was, and that he was to hasten and draw some of it before the clock struck twelve. Then he went onwards, and at last entered a room where there was a beautiful newly-made bed, and as he was very weary, he felt inclined to rest a little. So he lay down and fell asleep. When he awoke, it was striking a quarter to twelve. He sprang up in a fright, ran to the spring, drew some water in a cup which stood near, and hastened away. But just as he was passing through the iron door, the clock struck twelve, and the door fell to with such violence that it carried away a piece of his heel. He, however, rejoicing at having obtained the water of life, went homewards, and again passed the dwarf. When the latter saw the sword and the loaf, he said, "With these thou hast won great wealth; with the sword thou canst slay whole armies, and the bread will never come to an end." But the prince would not go home to his father without his brothers, and said, "Dear dwarf, canst thou not tell me where my two brothers are? They went out before I did in search of the water of life, and have not returned." "They are imprisoned between two mountains," said the dwarf. "I have condemned them to stay there, because they were so haughty." Then the prince begged until the dwarf released them; he warned him, however, and said, "Beware of them, for they have bad hearts." When his brothers came, he rejoiced, and told them how things had gone with him, that he had found the water of life, and had brought a cupful away with him, and had delivered a beautiful princess, who was willing to wait a year for him, and then their wedding was to be celebrated, and he would obtain a great kingdom. After that they rode on together, and chanced upon a land where war and famine reigned, and the King already thought he must perish, for the scarcity was so great. Then the prince went to him and gave him the loaf, wherewith he fed and satisfied the whole of his kingdom, and then the prince gave him the sword also, wherewith he slew the hosts of his enemies, and could now live in rest and peace. The prince then took back his loaf and his sword, and the three brothers rode on. But after this they entered two more countries where war and famine reigned, and each time the prince gave his loaf and his sword to the Kings, and had now delivered three kingdoms, and after that they went on board a ship

and sailed over the sea. During the passage, the two eldest conversed apart and said, "The youngest has found the water of life and not we, for that our father will give him the kingdom,—the kingdom which belongs to us, and he will rob us of all our fortune." They then began to seek revenge, and plotted with each other to destroy him. They waited until once when they found him fast asleep, then they poured the water of life out of the cup, and took it for themselves, but into the cup they poured salt sea-water. Now therefore, when they arrived at home, the youngest took his cup to the sick King in order that he might drink out of it, and be cured. But scarcely had he drunk a very little of the salt sea-water than he became still worse, than before. And as he was lamenting over this, the two eldest brothers came, and accused the youngest of having intended to poison him, and said that they had brought him the true water of life, and handed it to him. He had scarcely tasted it, when he felt his sickness departing, and became strong and healthy as in the days of his youth. After that they both went to the youngest, mocked him, and said, "You certainly found the water of life, but you have had the pain, and we the gain; you should have been sharper, and should have kept your eyes open. We took it from you whilst you were asleep at sea, and when a year is over, one of us will go and fetch the beautiful princess. But beware that you do not disclose aught of this to our father; indeed he does not trust you, and if you say a single word, you shall lose your life into the bargain, but if you keep silent, you shall have it as a gift."

The old King was angry with his youngest son, and thought he had plotted against his life. So he summoned the court together, and had sentence pronounced upon his son, that he should be secretly shot. And once when the prince was riding forth to the chase, suspecting no evil, the King's huntsman had to go with him, and when they were quite alone in the forest, the huntsman looked so sorrowful that the prince said to him, "Dear huntsman, what ails you?" The huntsman said, "I cannot tell you, and yet I ought." Then the prince said, "Say openly what it is, I will pardon you." "Alas!" said the huntsman, "I am to shoot you dead, the King has ordered me to do it." Then the prince was shocked, and said, "Dear huntsman, let me live; there, I give you my royal garments; give me your common ones in their stead." The huntsman said, "I will willingly do that, indeed I should not have been able to shoot you." Then they exchanged clothes, and the huntsman returned home; the prince, however, went further into the forest. After a time three waggons of gold and precious stones came to the King for his youngest son, which were sent by the three Kings who had slain their enemies with the prince's sword, and maintained their people with his bread, and who wished to show their gratitude for it. The old King then thought, "Can my son have been innocent?" and said to his people, "Would that he were still alive, how it grieves me that I have suffered him to be killed!" "He still lives," said the huntsman, "I could not find it in my heart to carry out your command," and told the King how it had happened. Then a stone fell from the King's heart, and he had it proclaimed in every country that his son, might return and be taken into favour again.

The princess, however, had a road made up to her palace which was quite bright and golden, and told her people that whosoever came riding straight along it to her, would be the right wooer and was to be admitted, and whoever rode by the side of it, was not the right one, and was not to be admitted. As the time was now close at hand, the eldest thought he would hasten to go to the King's daughter, and give himself out as her deliverer, and thus win her for his bride, and the kingdom to boot. Therefore he rode forth, and when he arrived in front of the palace, and saw the splendid

golden road, he thought it would be a sin and a shame if he were to ride over that, and turned aside, and rode on the right side of it. But when he came to the door, the servants told him that he was not the right man, and was to go away again. Soon after this the second prince set out, and when he came to the golden road, and his horse had put one foot on it, he thought it would be a sin and a shame to tread a piece of it off, and he turned aside and rode on the left side of it, and when he reached the door, the attendants told him he was not the right one, and was to go away again. When at last the year had entirely expired, the third son likewise wished to ride out of the forest to his beloved, with her to forget his sorrows. So he set out and thought of her so incessantly, and wished to be with her so much, that he never noticed the golden road at all. So his horse rode onwards up the middle of it, and when he came to the door, it was opened and the princess received him with joy, and said he was her deliverer, and lord of the kingdom, and their wedding was celebrated with great rejoicing. When it was over she told him that his father invited him to come to him, and had forgiven him. So he rode thither, and told him everything; how his brothers had betrayed him, and how he had nevertheless kept silence. The old King wished to punish them, but they had put to sea, and never came back as long as they lived.

#### 98.—DOCTOR KNOW-ALL.

("Doctor Know-all" is a farce collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 98 in Grimm's Fairy Tales. The Grimms noted "from Zwehrn" (by Dorothea Viehmann).

Contents: A poor farmer drove two oxen into town with a load of wood and sold it to a doctor for two talers. Now, seeing how well the doctor lived, he decided to become a doctor too. He bought an ABC book and from then on called himself "Doctor Know-It-All". When a large sum of money was stolen from a rich man, he was called to clear up the theft. Shortly thereafter, he and his wife were eating at the place where the victim had been robbed. When a servant served the first course, the Doctor All-Knowing said to his wife, "That was the first," meaning the first course. However, the servant involved in the theft thought; the doctor meant to imply that he was the first thief. The same spectacle repeated itself twice more. The doctor was asked to guess what was under a bowl and said to himself, "Oh, poor me crab!" Indeed, it was crabs. Then the four servants confessed their misdeeds to the doctor and showed him the money hiding place, with the request not to betray them. The doctor returned the rich man's money but did not say who stole it. So he got a generous reward from both sides and became a famous man.)

There was once on a time a poor peasant called Crabb, who drove with two oxen a load of wood to the town, and sold it to a doctor for two thalers. When the money was being counted out to him, it so happened that the doctor was sitting at table, and when the peasant saw how daintily he ate and drank, his heart desired what he saw, and he would willingly have been a doctor too. So he remained standing a while, and at length inquired if he too could not be a doctor. "Oh, yes," said the doctor, "that is soon managed." "What must I do?" asked the peasant. "In the first place, buy thyself an A B C book of the kind which has a cock on the frontispiece: in the second, turn thy cart and thy two oxen into money, and get thyself some clothes, and whatsoever else pertains to medicine; thirdly, have a sign painted for thyself with the words, 'I am Doctor Know-all,' and have that nailed up above thy

house-door." The peasant did everything that he had been told to do. When he had doctored people awhile, but not long, a rich and great lord had some money stolen. Then he was told about Doctor Know-all who lived in such and such a village, and must know what had become of the money. So the lord had the horses put in his carriage, drove out to the village, and asked Crabb if he were Doctor Know-all? Yes, he was, he said. Then he was to go with him and bring back the stolen money. "Oh, yes, but Grethe, my wife, must go too." The lord was willing, and let both of them have a seat in the carriage, and they all drove away together. When they came to the nobleman's castle, the table was spread, and Crabb was told to sit down and eat. "Yes, but my wife, Grethe, too," said he, and he seated himself with her at the table. And when the first servant came with a dish of delicate fare, the peasant nudged his wife, and said, "Grethe, that was the first," meaning that was the servant who brought the first dish. The servant, however, thought he intended by that to say, "That is the first thief," and as he actually was so, he was terrified, and said to his comrade outside, "The doctor knows all: we shall fare ill, he said I was the first." The second did not want to go in at all, but was forced. So when he went in with his dish, the peasant nudged his wife, and said, "Grethe, that is the second." This servant was just as much alarmed, and he got out. The third did not fare better, for the peasant again said, "Grethe, that is the third." The fourth had to carry in a dish that was covered, and the lord told the doctor that he was to show his skill, and guess what was beneath the cover. The doctor looked at the dish, had no idea what to say, and cried, "Ah, poor Crabb." When the lord heard that, he cried, "There! he knows who has the money!"

On this the servants looked terribly uneasy, and made a sign to the doctor that they wished him to go out for a moment. When therefore he went out, all four of them confessed to him that they had stolen the money, and said that they would willingly restore it and give him a heavy sum into the bargain, if he would not denounce them, for if he did they would be hanged. They led him to the spot where the money was concealed. With this the doctor was satisfied, and returned to the hall, sat down to the table, and said, "My lord, now will I search in my book where the gold is hidden." The fifth servant, however, crept into the stove to hear if the doctor knew still more. The Doctor, however, sat still and opened his A B C book, turned the pages backwards and forwards, and looked for the cock. As he could not find it immediately he said, "I know you are there, so you had better show yourself." Then the fellow in the stove thought that the doctor meant him, and full of terror, sprang out crying, "That man knows everything!" Then Doctor Know-all showed the count where the money was, but did not say who had stolen it, and received from both sides much money in reward, and became a renowned man.

#### 99.—THE SPIRIT IN THE BOTTLE.

("The Spirit in the Bottle" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 99 (Before: KHM 95). It comes from Zwehrn in Hesse (Dorothea Viehmann).

Contents: Once there was an old woodcutter and his young son. The woodcutter always wanted his son to go to school but they didn't have enough money, and after a few years he had to come home. The son insisted on going to the woods to work with his father, but the father didn't think he could handle the hard work. During a lunch break, instead of resting, he defied his father and went wandering through the forest, where he heard a voice saying

*it was trapped at the bottom of the tree. There he saw a bottle, but when he opened it a giant demon sprang out and said it would break his neck and kill him. The young woodcutter then challenged the demon spirit, saying that it did not have the ability to get back in the bottle. So the spirit, to show that he really could do whatever he wanted, re-entered the bottle to show the boy how strong he was, and the boy stopped the bottle up again. The demon, shocked, began begging the woodcutter's son to open the bottle again, but he refused unless the spirit promised to benefit the boy. The spirit pleaded with him and offered to make him rich. The boy decided it was worth the risk and released the demon. The spirit gave him a special cloth with one side that would turn any object into pure silver and the other side that would heal any wound. After turning his axe into silver, he tried to cut a tree in front of his father but bent the axe head. The father was extremely disappointed that he would have to replace the axe, which belonged to his neighbor. The boy went to sell the axe head and made 400 times more money than he needed to pay for the broken axe, and finally he told his father the story of the spirit in the bottle. After that the father recognised that the boy's cleverness had made them rich and was happy. The boy went back to school to become a doctor and became one of the most successful and famous doctors with the help of his magical cloth that healed wounds.)*

There was once a poor woodcutter who toiled from early morning till late night. When at last he had laid by some money he said to his boy, "You are my only child, I will spend the money which I have earned with the sweat of my brow on your education; if you learn some honest trade you can support me in my old age, when my limbs have grown stiff and I am obliged to stay at home." Then the boy went to a High School and learned diligently so that his masters praised him, and he remained there a long time. When he had worked through two classes, but was still not yet perfect in everything, the little pittance which the father had earned was all spent, and the boy was obliged to return home to him. "Ah," said the father, sorrowfully, "I can give you no more, and in these hard times I cannot earn a farthing more than will suffice for our daily bread." "Dear father," answered the son, "don't trouble yourself about it, if it is God's will, it will turn to my advantage I shall soon accustom myself to it." When the father wanted to go into the forest to earn money by helping to pile and stack wood and also to chop it, the son said, "I will go with you and help you." "Nay, my son," said the father, "that would be hard for you; you are not accustomed to rough work, and will not be able to bear it, besides I have only one axe and no money left wherewith to buy another." "Just go to the neighbour," answered the son, "he will lend you his axe until I have earned one for myself." The father then borrowed an axe of the neighbour, and next morning at break of day they went out into the forest together. The son helped his father and was quite merry and brisk about it. But when the sun was right over their heads, the father said, "We will rest, and have our dinner, and then we shall work as well again." The son took his bread in his hands, and said, "Just you rest, father, I am not tired; I will walk up and down a little in the forest, and look for birds' nests." "Oh, you fool," said the father, "why should you want to run about there? Afterwards you will be tired, and no longer able to raise your arm; stay here, and sit down beside me." The son, however, went into the forest, ate his bread, was very merry and peered in among the green branches to see if he could discover a bird's nest anywhere. So he went up and down to see if he could find a bird's nest, until at last he came to a great

dangerous-looking oak, which certainly was already many hundred years old, and which five men could not have spanned. He stood still and looked at it, and thought, "Many a bird must have built its nest in that." Then all at once it seemed to him that he heard a voice. He listened and became aware that some one was crying in a very smothered voice, "Let me out, let me out!" He looked around, but could discover nothing; nevertheless, he fancied that the voice came out of the ground. Then he cried, "Where art thou?" The voice answered, "I am here down amongst the roots of the oak-tree. Let me out! Let me out!" The scholar began to loosen the earth under the tree, and search among the roots, until at last he found a glass bottle in a little hollow. He lifted it up and held it against the light, and then saw a creature shaped like a frog, springing up and down in it. "Let me out! Let me out!" it cried anew, and the scholar thinking no evil, drew the cork out of the bottle. Immediately a spirit ascended from it, and began to grow, and grew so fast that in a very few moments he stood before the scholar, a terrible fellow as big as half the tree by which he was standing. "Knowest thou," he cried in an awful voice, "what thy wages are for having let me out?" "No," replied the scholar fearlessly, "how should I know that?" "Then I will tell thee," cried the spirit; "I must strangle thee for it." "Thou shouldst have told me that sooner," said the scholar, "for I should then have left thee shut up, but my head shall stand fast for all thou canst do; more persons than one must be consulted about that." "More persons here, more persons there," said the spirit. "Thou shalt have the wages thou hast earned. Dost thou think that I was shut up there for such a long time as a favour. No, it was a punishment for me. I am the mighty Mercurius. Whoso releases me, him must I strangle." "Softly," answered the scholar, "not so fast. I must first know that thou really wert shut up in that little bottle, and that thou art the right spirit. If, indeed, thou canst get in again, I will believe, and then thou mayst do as thou wilt with me." The spirit said haughtily, "That is a very trifling feat," drew himself together, and made himself as small and slender as he had been at first, so that he crept through the same opening, and right through the neck of the bottle in again. Scarcely was he within than the scholar thrust the cork he had drawn back into the bottle, and threw it among the roots of the oak into its old place, and the spirit was betrayed.

And now the scholar was about to return to his father, but the spirit cried very piteously, "Ah, do let me out! ah, do let me out!" "No," answered the scholar, "not a second time! He who has once tried to take my life shall not be set free by me, now that I have caught him again." "If thou wilt set me free," said the spirit, "I will give thee so much that thou wilt have plenty all the days of thy life." "No," answered the scholar, "thou wouldst cheat me as thou didst the first time." "Thou art playing away thy own good luck," said the spirit; "I will do thee no harm, but will reward thee richly." The scholar thought, "I will venture it, perhaps he will keep his word, and anyhow he shall not get the better of me." Then he took out the cork, and the spirit rose up from the bottle as he had done before, stretched himself out and became as big as a giant. "Now thou shalt have thy reward," said he, and handed the scholar a little bag just like a plaster, and said, "If thou spreadest one end of this over a wound it will heal, and if thou rubbest steel or iron with the other end it will be changed into silver." "I must just try that," said the scholar, and went to a tree, tore off the bark with his axe, and rubbed it with one end of the plaster. It immediately closed together and was healed. "Now, it is all right," he said to the spirit, "and we can part." The spirit thanked him for

his release, and the scholar thanked the spirit for his present, and went back to his father.

"Where hast thou been racing about?" said the father; "why hast thou forgotten thy work? I said at once that thou wouldest never get on with anything." "Be easy, father, I will make it up." "Make it up indeed," said the father angrily, "there's no art in that." "Take care, father, I will soon hew that tree there, so that it will split." Then he took his plaster, rubbed the axe with it, and dealt a mighty blow, but as the iron had changed into silver, the edge turned: "Hollo, father, just look what a bad axe you've given me, it has become quite crooked." The father was shucked and said, "Ah, what hast thou done? now I shall have to pay for that, and have not the wherewithal, and that is all the good I have got by thy work." "Don't get angry," said the son, "I will soon pay for the axe." "Oh, thou blockhead," cried the father, "wherewith wilt thou pay for it? Thou hast nothing but what I give thee. These are students' tricks that are sticking in thy head, but thou hast no idea of wood-cutting." After a while the scholar said, "Father, I can really work no more, we had better take a holiday." "Eh, what!" answered he. "Dost thou think I will sit with my hands lying in my lap like thee? I must go on working, but thou mayst take thyself off home." "Father, I am here in this wood for the first time, I don't know my way alone. Do go with me." As his anger had now abated, the father at last let himself be persuaded and went home with him. Then he said to the son, "Go and sell thy damaged axe, and see what thou canst get for it, and I must earn the difference, in order to pay the neighbour." The son took the axe, and carried it into town to a goldsmith, who tested it, laid it in the scales, and said, "It is worth four hundred thalers, I have not so much as that by me." The son said, "Give me what you have, I will lend you the rest." The goldsmith gave him three hundred thalers, and remained a hundred in his debt. The son thereupon went home and said, "Father, I have got the money, go and ask the neighbour what he wants for the axe." "I know that already," answered the old man, "one thaler six groschen." "Then give him two thalers, twelve groschen, that is double and enough; see, I have money in plenty," and he gave the father a hundred thalers, and said, "You shall never know want, live as comfortably as you like." "Good heavens!" said the father, "how hast thou come by these riches?" The scholar then told how all had come to pass, and how he, trusting in his luck, had made such a good hit. But with the money that was left, he went back to the High School and went on learning more, and as he could heal all wounds with his plaster, he became the most famous doctor in the whole world.

#### 100.—THE DEVIL'S SOOTY BROTHER.

(*"The Devil's Sooty Brother"* KHM 100 is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm and published in the first edition of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (Grimm's Fairy Tales) in 1815. The Grimms noted "from Zwehrn in Hesse" (Dorothea Viehmann).

*Contents: A discarded soldier comes across a little man, it's the devil. He may serve for seven years, but may not comb his hair, blow his nose, cut nails and hair, or rub moisture from his eyes. He goes to hell and stokes the fire under the cauldrons. He does the housework and wants to look in the cauldrons, but this is forbidden by the devil. He lifts a lid anyway, sees a non-commissioned officer in the cauldron and puts some extra wood on the fire. In the next cauldron he sees his ensign and in the third cauldron his general. He takes out the bellows and stokes the fires. Seven years he serves in hell and it seems like half a year. The*

*soldier wants to go home to see how his father is doing. He gets what he deserved and has to tie a backpack with dirt on his back, because he has looked in the cauldrons. Unwashed he must go about and when people ask where he comes from, he must answer: "from hell". His king is the devil and he is his sooty brother. The soldier is not satisfied with his wages and in the forest he wants to shake out his pack, but sees that it has become pure gold. He takes it to an inn and the innkeeper is startled by his appearance and does not let him in until he has seen the gold. Hans eats and drinks, but does not wash himself. The next night the innkeeper steals Hans's pack and he goes back to hell the next morning. The devil wants to help him and washes him and gives him a full whip. Hans must tell the innkeeper to return the stolen goods, otherwise the devil will get him and he will look just like sooty Hans. Hans gets the gold and something extra and the innkeeper asks him to keep quiet about the theft. Hans goes to his father and puts on a simple linen smock. As a musician he comes to an old king and he is allowed to marry the eldest daughter. However, she does not want to marry an ordinary man and then Hans gets the youngest daughter, who likes to marry him. When the king dies, Hans gets the whole country.)*

A disbanded soldier had nothing to live on, and did not know how to get on. So he went out into the forest, and when he had walked for a short time, he met a little man who was, however, the Devil. The little man said to him, "What ails you, you seem so very sorrowful?" Then the soldier said, "I am hungry, but have no money." The Devil said, "If you will hire yourself to me, and be my serving-man, you shall have enough for all your life? You shall serve me for seven years, and after that you shall again be free. But one thing I must tell you, and that is, you must not wash, comb, or trim yourself, or cut your hair or nails, or wipe the water from your eyes." The soldier said, "All right, if there is no help for it," and went off with the little man, who straightway led him down into hell. Then he told him what he had to do, he was to poke the fire under the kettles wherein the hell-broth was stewing, keep the house clean, drive all the sweepings behind the doors, and see that everything was in order, but if he once peeped into the kettles, it would go ill with him. The soldier said, "Good, I will take care." And then the old Devil went out again on his wanderings, and the soldier entered upon his new duties, made the fire, and swept the dirt well behind the doors, just as he had been bidden. When the old Devil came back again, he looked to see if all had been done, appeared satisfied, and went forth a second time. The soldier now took a good look on every side; the kettles were standing all round hell with a mighty fire below them, and inside they were boiling and sputtering. He would have given anything to look inside them, if the Devil had not so particularly forbidden him: at last, he could no longer restrain himself, slightly raised the lid of the first kettle, and peeped in, and there he saw his former corporal shut in. "Aha, old bird!" said he. "Do I meet you here? You once had me in your power, now I have you," and he quickly let the lid fall, poked the fire, and added a fresh log. After that, he went to the second kettle, raised its lid also a little, and peeped in; his former ensign was inside that. "Aha, old bird, so I find you here! you once had me in your power, now I have you." He closed the lid again, and fetched yet another log to make it really hot. Then he wanted to see who might be shut up in the third kettle—it was actually a general. "Aha, old bird, do I meet you here? Once you had me in your power, now I have you," and he fetched the bellows and made hell-fire flare well up under him. So he did his work seven years in hell, did not wash, comb, or trim himself, or cut his hair or nails, or

wash the water out of his eyes, and the seven years seemed so short to him that he thought he had only been half a year. Now when the time had fully gone by, the Devil came and said, "Well Hans, what have you done? " "I have poked the fire under the kettles, and I have swept all the dirt well behind the doors."

"But you have peeped into the kettles as well; it is lucky for you that you added fresh logs to them, or else your life would have been forfeited; now that your time is up, will you go home again?" "Yes," said the soldier, "I should very much like to see what my father is doing at home." The Devil said, "In order that you may receive the wages you have earned, go and fill your knapsack full of the sweepings, and take it home with you. You must also go unwashed and uncombed, with long hair on your head and beard, and with uncut nails and dim eyes, and when you are asked whence you come, you must say, "From hell," and when you are asked who you are, you are to say, "The Devil's sooty brother, and my King as well." The soldier held his peace, and did as the Devil bade him, but he was not at all satisfied with his wages. Then as soon as he was up in the forest again, he took his knapsack from his back, to empty it, but on opening it, the sweepings had become pure gold. "I should never have expected that," said he, and was well pleased, and entered the town. The landlord was standing; in front of the inn, and when he saw the soldier approaching, he was terrified, because Hans looked so horrible, worse than a scarecrow. He called to him and asked, "Whence comest thou?" "From hell." "Who art thou?" "The Devil's sooty brother, and my King as well." Then the host would not let him enter, "but when Hans showed him the gold, he came and unlatched the door himself. Hans then ordered the best room and attendance, ate, and drank his fill, but neither washed nor combed himself as the Devil had bidden him, and at last lay down to sleep. But the knapsack full of gold remained before the eyes of the landlord, and left him no peace, and during the night he crept in and stole it away. Next morning, however, when Hans got up and wanted to pay the landlord and travel further, behold, his knapsack was gone! But he soon composed himself and thought, "Thou hast been unfortunate from no fault of thine own," and straightway went back again to hell, complained of his misfortune to the old Devil, and begged for his help. The Devil said, "Seat yourself, I will wash, comb, and trim you, cut your hair and nails, and wash your eyes for you," and when he had done with him, he gave him the knapsack back again full of sweepings, and said, "Go and tell the landlord that he must return you your money, or else I will come and fetch him, and he shall poke the fire in your place." Hans went up and said to the landlord, "Thou hast stolen my money; if thou dost not return it, thou shalt go down to hell in my place, and wilt look as horrible as I." Then the land-lord gave him the money, and more besides, only begging him to keep it secret, and Hans was now a rich man.

He set out on his way home to his father, bought himself a shabby smock-frock to wear, and strolled about making music, for he had learned to do that while he was with the Devil in hell. There was, however, an old King in that country, before whom he had to play, and the King was so delighted with his playing, that he promised him his eldest daughter in marriage. But when she heard that she was to be married to a common fellow in a smock-frock, she said, "Rather than do it, I would go into the deepest water," and then the King gave him the youngest, who was quite willing to do it to please her father, and thus the Devil's sooty brother got the King's daughter, and when the aged King died, the whole kingdom likewise.

## 101.—BEARSKIN.

("*Bearskin*" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 101). Their story is based on the version collected by the von Haxthausen family (from Paderborn), and on the tale "*Vom Ursprung des Namens Bärnhäuter*", first published in 1670 by Hans Jakob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen. A variant from Sicily, "*Don Giovanni de la Fortuna*", was collected by Laura Gonzenbach in "*Sicilianische Märchen*". Laura Gonzenbach (1842–1878) was a Swiss fairy tale collector, active in Messina, who collected fairy tales in a number of Sicilian dialects, one of the few major collections of the nineteenth century to be compiled by a woman.

*Contents: A brave young soldier is not accepted anywhere after the end of the war, not even by his two brothers, and does not know what he can live on. On a heath under a ring of trees he meets the devil, who first tests his courage with a bear and then offers him a deal: he has to live and sleep in the dead bear's skin for seven years, is not allowed to wash or comb himself who cut nails and do not pray the Lord's Prayer. If he dies during this time, he belongs to the devil, he never runs out of money for it. The bearskin wanders around and enjoys life. Because he is kind to the poor, whom he asks to pray for him, and because he pays well, he is always tolerated, even though he looks worse every year. When he pays the debts of a poor man, he promises to marry one of his daughters. Only the youngest is willing and he gives her half of his ring before going away for the last three years. When the seven years are up, he allows himself to be washed by the devil, puts on good clothes and drives to his bride in a carriage with four white horses. She recognises him when she finds his half of the ring in her goblet of wine. Her two sisters, who often mocked her because of her husband but would now like to have the rich man, commit suicide. In the evening the devil comes and says: "You see, now I have two souls for your one."*

There was once a young fellow who enlisted as a soldier, conducted himself bravely, and was always the foremost when it rained bullets. So long as the war lasted, all went well, but when peace was made, he received his dismissal, and the captain said he might go where he liked. His parents were dead, and he had no longer a home, so he went to his brothers and begged them to take him in, and keep him until war broke out again. The brothers, however, were hard-hearted and said, "What can we do with thee? thou art of no use to us; go and make a living for thyself." The soldier had nothing left but his gun; he took that on his shoulder, and went forth into the world. He came to a wide heath, on which nothing was to be seen but a circle of trees; under these he sat sorrowfully down, and began to think over his fate. "I have no money," thought he, "I have learnt no trade but that of fighting, and now that they have made peace they don't want me any longer; so I see beforehand that I shall have to starve." All at once he heard a rustling, and when he looked round, a strange man stood before him, who wore a green coat and looked right stately, but had a hideous cloven foot. "I know already what thou art in need of," said the man; "gold and possessions shalt thou have, as much as thou canst make away with do what thou wilt, but first I must know if thou art fearless, that I may not bestow my money in vain." "A soldier and fear—how can those two things go together?" he answered; "thou canst put me to the proof." "Very well, then," answered the man, "look behind thee." The soldier turned round, and saw a large bear, which came growling towards him. "Oho!" cried the soldier, "I will tickle thy nose for thee, so

that thou shalt soon lose thy fancy for growling," and he aimed at the bear and shot it through the muzzle; it fell down and never stirred again. "I see quite well," said the stranger, "that thou art not wanting in courage, but there is still another condition which thou wilt have to fulfil." "If it does not endanger my salvation," replied the soldier, who knew very well who was standing by him. "If it does, I'll have nothing to do with it." "Thou wilt look to that for thyself," answered Greencoat; "thou shalt for the next seven years neither wash thyself, nor comb thy beard, nor thy hair, nor cut thy nails, nor say one paternoster. I will give thee a coat and a cloak, which during this time thou must wear. If thou diest during these seven years, thou art mine; if thou remainest alive, thou art free, and rich to boot, for all the rest of thy life." The soldier thought of the great extremity in which he now found himself, and as he so often had gone to meet death, he resolved to risk it now also, and agreed to the terms. The Devil took off his green coat, gave it to the soldier, and said, "If thou hast this coat on thy back and puttest thy hand into the pocket, thou wilt always find it full of money." Then he pulled the skin off the bear and said, "This shall be thy cloak, and thy bed also, for thereon shalt thou sleep, and in no other bed shalt thou lie, and because of this apparel shalt thou be called Bearskin." After this the Devil vanished.

The soldier put the coat on, felt at once in the pocket, and found that the thing was really true. Then he put on the bearskin and went forth into the world, and enjoyed himself, refraining from nothing that did him good and his money harm. During the first year his appearance was passable, but during the second he began to look like a monster. His hair covered nearly the whole of his face, his beard was like a piece of coarse felt, his fingers had claws, and his face was so covered with dirt that if cress had been sown on it, it would have come up. Whosoever saw him, ran away, but as he everywhere gave the poor money to pray that he might not die during the seven years, and as he paid well for everything he still always found shelter. In the fourth year, he entered an inn where the landlord would not receive him, and would not even let him have a place in the stable, because he was afraid the horses would be scared. But as Bearskin thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of ducats, the host let himself be persuaded and gave him a room in an outhouse. Bearskin was, however, obliged to promise not to let himself be seen, lest the inn should get a bad name.

As Bearskin was sitting alone in the evening, and wishing from the bottom of his heart that the seven years were over, he heard a loud lamenting in a neighbouring room. He had a compassionate heart, so he opened the door, and saw an old man weeping bitterly, and wringing his hands. Bearskin went nearer, but the man sprang to his feet and tried to escape from him. At last when the man perceived that Bearskin's voice was human he let himself be prevailed on, and by kind words Bearskin succeeded so far that the old man revealed the cause of his grief. His property had dwindled away by degrees, he and his daughters would have to starve, and he was so poor that he could not pay the innkeeper, and was to be put in prison. "If that is your only trouble," said Bearskin, "I have plenty of money." He caused the innkeeper to be brought thither, paid him and put a purse full of gold into the poor old man's pocket besides.

When the old man saw himself set free from all his troubles he did not know how to be grateful enough. "Come with me," said he to Bearskin; "my daughters are all miracles of beauty, choose one of them for thyself as a wife. When she hears what thou hast done for me, she will not refuse thee. Thou dost in truth look a little strange, but she will soon put thee to rights again." This pleased

Bearskin well, and he went. When the eldest saw him she was so terribly alarmed at his face that she screamed and ran away. The second stood still and looked at him from head to foot, but then she said, "How can I accept a husband who no longer has a human form? The shaven bear that once was here and passed itself off for a man pleased me far better, for at any rate it wore a hussar's dress and white gloves. If it were nothing but ugliness, I might get used to that." The youngest, however, said, "Dear father, that must be a good man to have helped you out of your trouble, so if you have promised him a bride for doing it, your promise must be kept." It was a pity that Bearskin's face was cohered with dirt and with hair, for if not they might have seen how delighted he was when he heard these words. He took a ring from his finger, broke it in two, and gave her one half, the other he kept for himself. He wrote his name, however, on her half, and hers on his, and begged her to keep her piece carefully, and then he took his leave and said, "I must still wander about for three years, and if I do not return then, thou art free, for I shall be dead. But pray to God to preserve my life."

The poor betrothed bride dressed herself entirely in black, and when she thought of her future bridegroom, tears came into her eyes. Nothing but contempt and mockery fell to her lot from her sisters, "Take care," said the eldest, "if thou givest him thy hand, he will strike his claws into it." "Beware!" said the second. "Bears like sweet things, and if he takes a fancy to thee, he will eat thee up." "Thou must always do as he likes," began the elder again, "or else he will growl." And the second continued, "but the wedding will be a merry one, for bears dance well." The bride was silent, and did not let them vex her. Bearskin, however, travelled about the world from one place to another, did good where he was able, and gave generously to the poor that they might pray for him.

At length, as the last day of the seven years dawned, he went once more out on to the heath, and seated himself beneath the circle of trees. It was not long before the wind whistled, and the Devil stood before him and looked angrily at him; then he threw Bearskin his old coat, and asked for his own green one back. "We have not got so far as that yet," answered Bearskin, "thou must first make me clean." Whether the Devil liked it or not, he was forced to fetch water, and wash Bearskin, comb his hair, and cut his nails. After this, he looked like a brave soldier, and was much handsomer than he had ever been before.

When the Devil had gone away, Bearskin was quite light-hearted. He went into the town, put on a magnificent velvet coat, seated himself in a carriage drawn by four white horses, and drove to his bride's house. No one recognised him, the father took him for a distinguished general, and led him into the room where his daughters were sitting. He was forced to place himself between the two eldest, they helped him to wine, gave him the best pieces of meat, and thought that in all the world they had never seen a handsomer man. The bride, however, sat opposite to him in her black dress, and never raised her eyes, nor spoke a word. When at length he asked the father if he would give him one of his daughters to wife, the two eldest jumped up, ran into their bedrooms to put on splendid dresses, for each of them fancied she was the chosen one. The stranger, as soon as he was alone with his bride, brought out his half of the ring, and threw it in a glass of wine which he reached across the table to her. She took the wine, but when she had drunk it, and found the half ring lying at the bottom, her heart began to beat. She got the other half, which she wore on a ribbon round her neck, joined them, and saw that the two pieces fitted exactly together. Then said he, "I am thy betrothed bridegroom, whom thou sawest as Bearskin, but

through God's grace I have again received my human form, and have once more become clean." He went up to her, embraced her, and gave her a kiss. In the meantime the two sisters came back in full dress, and when they saw that the handsome man had fallen to the share of the youngest, and heard that he was Bearskin, they ran out full of anger and rage. One of them drowned herself in the well, the other hanged herself on a tree. In the evening, some one knocked at the door, and when the bridegroom opened it, it was the Devil in his green coat, who said, "Seest thou, I have now got two souls in the place of thy one!"

## 102.—THE WILLOW-WREN AND THE BEAR.

*("The Willow-Wren and the Bear" is an animal fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm at position 102 (KHM 102). The story comes from Zwehrn in Lower Hesse (from Dorothea Viehmann).*

*Content: Bear and wolf are going for a walk in the forest. The bear wants to know which bird sings so beautifully. When he hears that it is the king of birds (the wren), he wants to see the palace. He looks into the nest after the parents have flown away. He says it's a poor palace and the children are dishonest. That offends her. Her father has to declare war on the bear, flying animals against four-legged friends. The gnat sniffs out the wily General Fuchs, who holds his tail up like a plume of feathers when he's going ahead, but low when it's time to run away. In battle, the wren has the hornet sting the fox's tail until it has to lower it and the entourage flees. The wren children are only satisfied when the bear comes and apologizes, then they eat again.)*

Once in summer-time the bear and the wolf were walking in the forest, and the bear heard a bird singing so beautifully that he said, "Brother wolf, what bird is it that sings so well?" "That is the King of the birds," said the wolf, "before whom we must bow down." It was, however, in reality the willow-wren (Zaunkönig). "If that's the case," said the bear, "I should very much like to see his royal palace; come, take me thither." "That is not done quite as you seem to think," said the wolf; "you must wait until the Queen comes." Soon afterwards, the Queen arrived with some food in her beak, and the lord King came too, and they began to feed their young ones. The bear would have liked to go at once, but the wolf held him back by the sleeve, and said, "No, you must wait until the lord and lady Queen have gone away again." So they observed the hole in which was the nest, and trotted away. The bear, however, could not rest until he had seen the royal palace, and when a short time had passed, again went to it. The King and Queen had just flown out, so he peeped in and saw five or six young ones lying in it. "Is that the royal palace?" cried the bear; "it is a wretched palace, and you are not King's children, you are disreputable children!" When the young wrens heard that, they were frightfully angry, and screamed, "No, that we are not! Our parents are honest people! Bear, thou wilt have to pay for that!"

The bear and the wolf grew uneasy, and turned back and went into their holes. The young willow-wrens, however, continued to cry and scream, and when their parents again brought food they said, "We will not so much as touch one fly's leg, no, not if we were dying of hunger, until you have settled whether we are respectable children or not; the bear has been here and has insulted us!" Then the old King said, "Be easy, he shall be punished," and he at once flew with the Queen to the bear's cave, and called in, "Old Growler, why hast thou insulted my, children? Thou shalt

suffer for it—we will punish thee by a bloody war." Thus war was announced to the Bear, and all four-footed animals were summoned to take part in it, oxen, asses, cows, deer, and every other animal the earth contained. And the willow-wren summoned everything which flew in the air, not only birds, large and small, but midges, and hornets, bees and flies had to come.

When the time came for the war to begin, the willow-wren sent out spies to discover who was the enemy's commander-in-chief. The gnat, who was the most crafty, flew into the forest where the enemy was assembled, and hid herself beneath a leaf of the tree where the watchword was to be given. There stood the bear, and he called the fox before him and said, "Fox, thou art the most cunning of all animals, thou shalt be general and lead us." "Good," said the fox, "but what signal shall we agree upon?" No one knew that, so the fox said, "I have a fine long bushy tail, which almost looks like a plume of red feathers. When I lift my tail up quite high, all is going well, and you must charge; but if I let it hang down, run away as fast as you can." When the gnat had heard that, she flew away again, and revealed everything, with the greatest minuteness, to the willow-wren. When day broke, and the battle was to begin, all the four-footed animals came running up with such a noise that the earth trembled. The willow-wren also came flying through the air with his army with such a humming, and whirring, and swarming that every one was uneasy and afraid, and on both sides they advanced against each other. But the willow-wren sent down the hornet, with orders to get beneath the fox's tail, and sting it with all his might. When the fox felt the first sting, he started so that he drew up one leg, with the pain, but he bore it, and still kept his tail high in the air; at the second sting, he was forced to put it down for a moment; at the third, he could hold out no longer, and screamed out and put his tail between his legs. When the animals saw that, they thought all was lost, and began to fly, each into his hole and the birds had won the battle.

Then the King and Queen flew home to their children and cried, "Children, rejoice, eat and drink to your heart's content, we have won the battle!" But the young wrens said, "We will not eat yet, the bear must come to the nest, and beg for pardon and say that we are honourable children, before we will do that." Then the willow-wren flew to the bear's hole and cried, "Growler, thou art to come to the nest to my children, and beg their pardon, or else every rib of thy body shall be broken." So the bear crept thither in the greatest fear, and begged their pardon. And now at last the young wrens were satisfied, and sat down together and ate and drank, and made merry till quite late into the night.

## 103.—SWEET PORRIDGE.

*("Sweet Porridge," often known in English under the title of "The Magic Porridge Pot", is a folkloric fairy tale recorded by the Brothers Grimm, as tale number 103 in Grimm's Fairy Tales, in the second volume 1815. Until the 2nd edition the title was "Of the sweet porridge". The Grimms noted "From Hesse" (from Henriette Dorothea Wild, Wilhelm Grimm's wife).*

*Contents: A child who lives alone with his poor mother goes begging for food. An old woman gives him a magic pot, which prepares sweet millet porridge on the command "potty, cook" and stops at the words "potty, stand". From then on they will never go hungry again. One day the girl is out of the house and the mother tells the pot "potty, cook" and the pot boils porridge. She didn't remember the second spell, so he doesn't stop there. The whole*

*town is already buried under mush when the child comes home and says to him "potty, stand". Then it stops boiling.)*

There was a poor but good little girl who lived alone with her mother, and they no longer had anything to eat. So the child went into the forest, and there an aged woman met her who was aware of her sorrow, and presented her with a little pot, which when she said, "Cook, little pot, cook," would cook good, sweet porridge, and when she said, "Stop, little pot," it ceased to cook. The girl took the pot home to her mother, and now they were freed from their poverty and hunger, and ate sweet porridge as often as they chose. Once on a time when the girl had gone out, her mother said, "Cook, little pot, cook." And it did cook and she ate till she was satisfied, and then she wanted the pot to stop cooking, but did not know the word. So it went on cooking and the porridge rose over the edge, and still it cooked on until the kitchen and whole house were full, and then the next house, and then the whole street, just as if it wanted to satisfy the hunger of the whole world, and there was the greatest distress, but no one knew how to stop it. At last when only one single house remained, the child came home and just said, "Stop, little pot," and it stopped and gave up cooking, and whosoever wished to return to the town had to eat his way back.

#### 104.—WISE FOLKS.

(*"The Clever People"* is a farce in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 7th edition of 1857 at position 104 (KHM 104). In 1856, the Grimms noted "from Hesse" (from *Dortchen Wild*, sister of Wilhelm Grimm's wife.

*Contents: Farmer Hans lets his wife Trine sell the three cows in his absence, but not for less than two hundred thalers, otherwise he wants to beat her up. The cattle dealer has no money with him and leaves her a cow as collateral. The angry man wants to they spare him if he finds someone even more stupid. On the street, a woman drives the wagon standing up so as not to bother the animals. He claims that he fell from heaven, her husband has no clothes there. She gets him her money and tells him so also her son, who goes in search of the heavenly messenger and gives him his horse so that he can return to heaven more quickly. He rides home satisfied.)*

One day a peasant took his good hazel-stick out of the corner and said to his wife, "Trina, I am going across country, and shall not return for three days. If during that time the cattle-dealer should happen to call and want to buy our three cows, you may strike a bargain at once, but not unless you can get two hundred thalers for them; nothing less, do you hear?" "For heaven's sake just go in peace," answered the woman, "I will manage that." "You, indeed," said the man. "You once fell on your head when you were a little child, and that affects you even now; but let me tell you this, if you do anything foolish, I will make your back black and blue, and not with paint, I assure you, but with the stick which I have in my hand, and the colouring shall last a whole year, you may rely on that." And having said that, the man went on his way.

Next morning the cattle-dealer came, and the woman had no need to say many words to him. When he had seen the cows and heard the price, he said, "I am quite willing to give that, honestly speaking, they are worth it. I will take the beasts away with me at once." He unfastened their chains and drove them out of the byre,

but just as he was going out of the yard-door, the woman clutched him by the sleeve and said, "You must give me the two hundred thalers now, or I cannot let the cows go." "True," answered the man, "but I have forgotten to buckle on my money-belt. Have no fear, however, you shall have security for my paying. I will take two cows with me and leave one, and then you will have a good pledge." The woman saw the force of this, and let the man go away with the cows, and thought to herself, "How pleased Hans will be when he finds how cleverly I have managed it!" The peasant came home on the third day as he had said he would, and at once inquired if the cows were sold? "Yes, indeed, dear Hans," answered the woman, "and as you said, for two hundred thalers. They are scarcely worth so much, but the man took them without making any objection." "Where is the money?" asked the peasant. "Oh, I have not got the money," replied the woman; "he had happened to forget his money-belt, but he will soon bring it, and he left good security behind him." "What kind of security?" asked the man. "One of the three cows, which he shall not have until he has paid for the other two. I have managed very cunningly, for I have kept the smallest, which eats the least." The man was enraged and lifted up his stick, and was just going to give her the beating he had promised her. Suddenly he let the stick fall and said, "You are the stupidest goose that ever waddled on God's earth, but I am sorry for you. I will go out into the highways and wait for three days to see if I find any one who is still stupider than you. If I succeed in doing so, you shall go scot-free, but if I do not find him, you shall receive your well-deserved reward without any discount."

He went out into the great highways, sat down on a stone, and waited for what would happen. Then he saw a peasant's waggon coming towards him, and a woman was standing upright in the middle of it, instead of sitting on the bundle of straw which was lying beside her, or walking near the oxen and leading them. The man thought to himself, "That is certainly one of the kind I am in search of," and jumped up and ran backwards and forwards in front of the waggon like one who is not very wise. "What do you want, my friend?" said the woman to him; "I don't know you, where do you come from?" "I have fallen down from Heaven," replied the man, "and don't know how to get back again, couldn't you drive me up?" "No," said the woman, "I don't know the way, but if you come from Heaven you can surely tell me how my husband, who has been there these three years, is. You must have seen him?" "Oh, yes, I have seen him, but all men can't get on well. He keeps sheep, and the sheep give him a great deal to do. They run up the mountains and lose their way in the wilderness, and he has to run after them and drive them together again. His clothes are all torn to pieces too, and will soon fall off his body. There is no tailor there, for Saint Peter won't let any of them in, as you know by the story." "Who would have thought it?" cried the woman, "I tell you what, I will fetch his Sunday coat which is still hanging at home in the cupboard, he can wear that and look respectable. You will be so kind as to take it with you." "That won't do very well," answered the peasant; "people are not allowed to take clothes into Heaven, they are taken away from one at the gate." "Then hark you," said the woman, "I sold my fine wheat yesterday and got a good lot of money for it, I will send that to him. If you hide the purse in your pocket, no one will know that you have it." "If you can't manage it any other way," said the peasant, "I will do you that favour." "Just sit still where you are," said she, "and I will drive home and fetch the purse, I shall soon be back again. I do not sit down on the bundle of straw, but stand up in the waggon, because it makes it lighter for the cattle." She

drove her oxen away, and the peasant thought, "That woman has a perfect talent for folly, if she really brings the money, my wife may think herself fortunate, for she will get no beating." It was not long before she came in a great hurry with the money, and with her own hands put it in his pocket. Before she went away, she thanked him again a thousand times for his courtesy.

When the woman got home again, she found her son who had come in from the field. She told him what unlooked-for things had befallen her, and then added, "I am truly delighted at having found an opportunity of sending something to my poor husband. Who would ever have imagined that he could be suffering for want of anything up in Heaven?" The son was full of astonishment. "Mother," said he, "it is not every day that a man comes from Heaven in this way, I will go out immediately, and see if he is still to be found; he must tell me what it is like up there, and how the work is done." He saddled the horse and rode off with all speed. He found the peasant who was sitting under a willow-tree, and was just going to count the money in the purse. "Have you seen the man who has fallen down from Heaven?" cried the youth to him. "Yes," answered the peasant, "he has set out on his way back there, and has gone up that hill, from whence it will be rather nearer; you could still catch him up, if you were to ride fast." "Alas," said the youth, "I have been doing tiring work all day, and the ride here has completely worn me out; you know the man, be so kind as to get on my horse, and go and persuade him to come here." "Aha!" thought the peasant, "here is another who has no wick in his lamp!" "Why should I not do you this favour?" said he, and mounted the horse and rode off in a quick trot. The youth remained sitting there till night fell, but the peasant never came back. "The man from Heaven must certainly have been in a great hurry, and would not turn back," thought he, "and the peasant has no doubt given him the horse to take to my father." He went home and told his mother what had happened, and that he had sent his father the horse so that he might not have to be always running about. "Thou hast done well," answered she, "thy legs are younger than his, and thou canst go on foot."

When the peasant got home, he put the horse in the stable beside the cow which he had as a pledge, and then, went to his wife and said, "Trina, as your luck would have it, I have found two who are still sillier fools than you; this time you escape without a beating, I will store it up for another occasion." Then he lighted his pipe, sat down in his grandfather's chair, and said, "It was a good stroke of business to get a sleek horse and a great purse full of money into the bargain, for two lean cows. If stupidity always brought in as much as that I would be quite willing to hold it in honour." So thought the peasant, but you no doubt prefer the simple folks.

## 105.—TALES OF THE PADDOCK

*"Stories about Snakes" or "Tales of the Paddock" is a fairy tale in the Children's And Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm, KHM 105. Its original title is "Märchen von der Unke", meaning "Fairytale of the Fire-bellied Toad". Fire-bellied toads (Bombina or Bombinatoridae) are a family of toad-like frogs (Anura).*

*Contents: [1st story] - A mother gives her son a saucer of milk with chunks every afternoon and he eats it in the yard. A snake always comes to drink and gives the boy golden toys and shiny stones and pearls. But one day the boy says that he also has to eat chunks and gently hits the snake on the head. The mother hears something and sees the snake, she kills the beast with a block of wood. The child changes and he loses his beautiful red cheeks and*

*becomes thinner and thinner. The barn owl screeches at night and robins gathered twigs for the funeral wreath. The child was lying on the bier shortly afterwards. [2nd story] - An orphan girl spins near the city wall and sees a snake coming out of a hole. She spreads out her blue silk handkerchief and the serpent returns with a crown of finely spun gold. When the snake returns, the crown is gone and he hits his head against the wall until he is dead. The girl might have gotten more treasure had she left the crown. [3rd story] - The toad appears when the child calls and asks about his little sister, Redstocking. The toad has not seen her and asks ... )*

### First Story.

There was once a little child whose mother gave her every afternoon a small bowl of milk and bread, and the child seated herself in the yard with it. When she began to eat however, a snake came creeping out of a crevice in the wall, dipped its little head in the dish, and ate with her. The child had pleasure in this, and when she was sitting there with her little dish and the snake did not come at once, she cried,

"Snake, snake, come swiftly  
Hither come, thou tiny thing,  
Thou shalt have thy crumbs of bread,  
Thou shall refresh thyself with milk."

Then the snake came in haste, and enjoyed its food. Moreover it showed gratitude, for it brought the child all kinds of pretty things from its hidden treasures, bright stones, pearls, and golden playthings. The snake, however, only drank the milk, and left the bread-crumbs alone. Then one day the child took its little spoon and struck the snake gently on its head with it, and said, "Eat the bread-crumbs as well, little thing." The mother, who was standing in the kitchen, heard the child talking to some one, and when she saw that she was striking a snake with her spoon, ran out with a log of wood, and killed the good little creature.

From that time forth, a change came over the child. As long as the snake had eaten with her, she had grown tall and strong, but now she lost her pretty rosy cheeks and wasted away. It was not long before the funeral bird began to cry in the night, and the redbreast to collect little branches and leaves for a funeral garland, and soon afterwards the child lay on her bier.

### Second Story.

An orphan child was sitting on the town walls spinning, when she saw a snake coming out of a hole low down in the wall. Swiftly she spread out beside this one of the blue silk handkerchiefs which snakes have such a strong liking for, and which are the only things they will creep on. As soon as the snake saw it, it went back, then returned, bringing with it a small golden crown, laid it on the handkerchief, and then went away again. The girl took up the crown, it glittered and was of delicate golden filagree work. It was not long before the snake came back for the second time, but when it no longer saw the crown, it crept up to the wall, and in its grief smote its little head against it as long as it had strength to do so, until at last it lay there dead. If the girl had but left the crown where it was, the snake would certainly have brought still more of its treasures out of the hole.

### Third Story.

A snake cries, "Huhu, huhu." A child says, "Come out." The snake comes out, then the child inquires about her little sister: "Hast thou not seen little Red-stockings?" The snake says, "No." "Neither have I." "Then I am like you. Huhu, huhu, huhu."

## 106.—THE POOR MILLER'S BOY AND THE CAT.

*("The poor Miller's Boy and the Cat" is a fairy tale in the Brothers Grimm's Children's and Household Tales (KHM 106). The Grimms noted "from Zwehrn" (from Dorothea Viehmann).*

*Contents: An old miller wants to give his mill to the farmhand who can get the best horse. The other two don't want to take Hans, the youngest, with them because they do not trust him and he does not want the mill, so they leave him in a cave at night. In the forest, a colourful kitten promises him a horse if he serves him for seven years. In her enchanted castle there are many kittens who play music while eating. When he does not want to dance with her, they put him to bed. He has to chop wood, make hay and finally build a house with tools made of copper, gold and silver. The kitten shows him the horses and then sends him home. There he is laughed at because his old torn clothes no longer fit him. He has to sleep in the goose pen. The next morning, a princess comes in a carriage with her horse, which is better than the horses of the other servants. Then she takes Hans to the house he built, which turned into a castle.)*

In a certain mill lived an old miller who had neither wife nor child, and three apprentices served under him. As they had been with him several years, he one day said to them, "I am old, and want to sit in the chimney-corner, go out, and whichever of you brings me the best horse home, to him will I give the mill, and in return for it he shall take care of me till my death." The third of the boys was, however, the drudge, who was looked on as foolish by the others; they begrimed the mill to him, and afterwards he would not have it. Then all three went out together, and when they came to the village, the two said to stupid Hans, "Thou mayst just as well stay here, as long as thou livest thou wilt never get a horse." Hans, however, went with them, and when it was night they came to a cave in which they lay down to sleep. The two sharp ones waited until Hans had fallen asleep, then they got up, and went away leaving him where he was. And they thought they had done a very clever thing, but it was certain to turn out ill for them. When the sun arose, and Hans woke up, he was lying in a deep cavern. He looked around on every side and exclaimed, "Oh, heavens, where am I?" Then he got up and clambered out of the cave, went into the forest, and thought, "Here I am quite alone and deserted, how shall I obtain a horse now?" Whilst he was thus walking full of thought, he met a small tabby-cat which said quite kindly, "Hans, where are you going?" "Alas, thou canst not help me." "I well know your desire," said the cat. "You wish to have a beautiful horse. Come with me, and be my faithful servant for seven years long, and then I will give you one more beautiful than any you have ever seen in your whole life." "Well, this is a wonderful cat!" thought Hans, "but I am determined to see if she is telling the truth." So she took him with her into her enchanted castle, where there were nothing but cats who were her servants. They leapt nimbly upstairs and downstairs, and were merry and happy. In the evening when they sat down to dinner, three of them had to make music. One played the bassoon, the other the fiddle, and the third put the trumpet to his lips, and blew out his cheeks as much as he possibly could. When they had dined, the table was carried away, and the cat said, "Now, Hans, come and dance with me." "No," said he, "I won't dance with a pussy cat. I have never done that yet." "Then take him to bed," said she to the cats. So one of them lighted him to his bed-room, one pulled his shoes off, one his stockings, and at last one of them blew out the candle. Next morning they returned and helped him out of bed, one put

his stockings on for him, one tied his garters, one brought his shoes, one washed him, and one dried his face with her tail. "That feels very soft!" said Hans. He, however, had to serve the cat, and chop some wood every day, and to do that he had an axe of silver, and the wedge and saw were of silver and the mallet of copper. So he chopped the wood small; stayed there in the house and had good meat and drink, but never saw any one but the tabby-cat and her servants. Once she said to him, "Go and mow my meadow, and dry the grass," and gave him a scythe of silver, and a whetstone of gold, but bade him deliver them up again carefully. So Hans went thither, and did what he was bidden, and when he had finished the work, he carried the scythe, whetstone, and hay to the house, and asked if it was not yet time for her to give him his reward. "No," said the cat, "you must first do something more for me of the same kind, there is timber of silver, carpenter's axe, square, and everything that is needful, all of silver, with these build me a small house." Then Hans built the small house, and said that he had now done everything, and still he had no horse. Nevertheless, the seven years had gone by with him as if they were six months. The cat asked him if he would like to see her horses? "Yes," said Hans. Then she opened the door of the small house, and when she had opened it, there stood twelve horses,—such horses, so bright and shining, that his heart rejoiced at the sight of them. And now she gave him to eat and to drink, and said, "Go home, I will not give thee thy horse away with thee; but in three days' time I will follow thee and bring it." So Hans set out, and she showed him the way to the mill. She had, however, never once given him a new coat, and he had been obliged to keep on his dirty old smock-frock, which he had brought with him, and which during the seven years had everywhere become too small for him. When he reached home, the two other apprentices were there again as well, and each of them certainly had brought a horse with him, but one of them was a blind one, and the other lame. They asked Hans where his horse was? "It will follow me in three days' time." Then they laughed and said, "Indeed, stupid Hans, where wilt thou get a horse? It will be a fine one!" Hans went into the parlour, but the miller said he should not sit down to table, for he was so ragged and torn, that they would all be ashamed of him if any one came in. So they gave him a mouthful of food outside, and at night, when they went to rest, the two others would not let him have a bed, and at last he was forced to creep into the goose-house, and lie down on a little hard straw. In the morning when he awoke, the three days had passed, and a coach came with six horses and they shone so bright that it was delightful to see them!—and a servant brought a seventh as well, which was for the poor miller's boy. And a magnificent princess alighted from the coach and went into the mill, and this princess was the little tabby-cat whom poor Hans had served for seven years. She asked the miller where the miller's boy and drudge was? Then the miller said, "We cannot have him here in the mill, for he is so ragged; he is lying in the goose-house." Then the King's daughter said that they were to bring him immediately. So they brought him out, and he had to hold his little smock-frock together to cover himself. The servants unpacked splendid garments, and washed him and dressed him, and when that was done, no King could have looked more handsome. Then the maiden desired to see the horses which the other apprentices had brought home with them, and one of them was blind and the other lame. So she ordered the servant to bring the seventh horse, and when the miller saw it, he said that such a horse as that had never yet entered his yard. "And that is for the third miller's-boy," said she. "Then he must have the mill," said the miller, but the King's daughter said that the horse was there,

and that he was to keep his mill as well, and took her faithful Hans and set him in the coach, and drove away with him. They first drove to the little house which he had built with the silver tools, and behold it was a great castle, and everything inside it was of silver and gold; and then she married him, and he was rich, so rich that he had enough for all the rest of his life. After this, let no one ever say that any one who is silly can never become a person of importance.

## 107.—THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

*(“The two Wanderers” is a fairy tale in the children’s and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 5th edition of 1843 (KHM 107). The Grimms noted: “After a tale from Holstein” (by the student Mein of Kiel). This high-quality narrative is about acceptance or denial of our path of maturity in which the perception of deeper insights of relations is possible only by the eradication of ruthless egoism.*

*Contents: A light-hearted tailor and a grumpy shoemaker hike together. The tailor makes more money because people like him and is happy to share with the envious cobbler. A path of two days and one of seven lead through the forest to the royal city. Because they don’t know which one is the right one, the shoemaker buys bread for seven days, but the tailor only for two. When they still don’t arrive on the third day and the tailor can’t go any further on the fifth day because of hunger, the shoemaker gives him a piece of bread but puts out his eye for it. This is repeated on the seventh day. After the forest, the shoemaker leaves the blind tailor under a gallows. In the twilight, a hanged man with a crow on his head talks to the other, so that you can see who is washing himself with the rope. This is how the tailor is fulfilled. He thanks God. Along the way, he encounters a bay foal that he wants to ride, a stork, young ducklings, and a beehive of honey that he wants to eat, but always lets the animals move them to their mercy. He soon became famous in the city for his skills and became a court tailor. His former comrade, the court shoemaker, wants to make him harmless. He once told the king that the tailor had dared to retrieve the missing crown, then to depict the castle in wax, to let water bubble in the castle courtyard and to be able to get the king a son. The king threatens the tailor with banishment, imprisonment and death if he doesn’t do it, but the ducks, the bees, the horse and the stork help him. For his marriage to the eldest daughter of the king, the shoemaker has to make shoes for him and leave the city. He throws himself down under the gallows in anger and exhaustion. The crows peck out his eyes and he runs into the forest.)*

Hill and vale do not come together, but the children of men do, good and bad. In this way a shoemaker and a tailor once met with each other in their travels. The tailor was a handsome little fellow who was always merry and full of enjoyment. He saw the shoemaker coming towards him from the other side, and as he observed by his bag what kind of a trade he plied, he sang a little mocking song to him,

"Sew me the seam,  
Draw me the thread,  
Spread it over with pitch,  
Knock the nail on the head."

The shoemaker, however, could not endure a joke; he pulled a face as if he had drunk vinegar, and made a gesture as if he were about to seize the tailor by the throat. But the little fellow began

to laugh, reached him his bottle, and said, "No harm was meant, take a drink, and swallow your anger down." The shoemaker took a very hearty drink, and the storm on his face began to clear away. He gave the bottle back to the tailor, and said, "I spoke civilly to you; one speaks well after much drinking, but not after much thirst. Shall we travel together?" "All right," answered the tailor, "if only it suits you to go into a big town where there is no lack of work." "That is just where I want to go," answered the shoemaker. "In a small nest there is nothing to earn, and in the country, people like to go barefoot." They travelled therefore onwards together, and always set one foot before the other like a weasel in the snow.

Both of them had time enough, but little to bite and to break. When they reached a town they went about and paid their respects to the tradesmen, and because the tailor looked so lively and merry, and had such pretty red cheeks, every one gave him work willingly, and when luck was good the master's daughters gave him a kiss beneath the porch, as well. When he again fell in with the shoemaker, the tailor had always the most in his bundle. The ill-tempered shoemaker made a wry face, and thought, "The greater the rascal the more the luck," but the tailor began to laugh and to sing, and shared all he got with his comrade. If a couple of pence jingled in his pockets, he ordered good cheer, and thumped the table in his joy till the glasses danced, and it was lightly come, lightly, go, with him.

When they had travelled for some time, they came to a great forest through which passed the road to the capital. Two foot-paths, however, led through it, one of which was a seven days' journey, and the other only two, but neither of the travellers knew which way was the short one. They seated themselves beneath an oak-tree, and took counsel together how they should forecast, and for how many days they should provide themselves with bread. The shoemaker said, "One must look before one leaps, I will take with me bread for a week." "What!" said the tailor, "drag bread for seven days on one's back like a beast of burden, and not be able to look about. I shall trust in God, and not trouble myself about anything! The money I have in my pocket is as good in summer as in winter, but in hot weather bread gets dry, and mouldy into the bargain; even my coat does not go as far as it might. Besides, why should we not find the right way? Bread for two days, and that's enough." Each, therefore, bought his own bread, and then they tried their luck in the forest.

It was as quiet there as in a church. No wind stirred, no brook murmured, no bird sang, and through the thickly-leaved branches no sunbeam forced its way. The shoemaker spoke never a word, the heavy bread weighed down his back until the perspiration streamed down his cross and gloomy face. The tailor, however, was quite merry, he jumped about, whistled on a leaf, or sang a song, and thought to himself, "God in Heaven must be pleased to see me so happy."

This lasted two days, but on the third the forest would not come to an end, and the tailor had eaten up all his bread, so after all his heart sank down a yard deeper. In the meantime he did not lose courage, but relied on God and on his luck. On the third day he lay down in the evening hungry under a tree, and rose again next morning hungry still; so also passed the fourth day, and when the shoemaker seated himself on a fallen tree and devoured his dinner, the tailor was only a looker-on. If he begged for a little piece of bread the other laughed mockingly, and said, "Thou hast always been so merry, now thou canst try for once what it is to be sad: the birds which sing too early in the morning are struck by the hawk in the evening," in short he was pitiless. But on the fifth morning

the poor tailor could no longer stand up, and was hardly able to utter one word for weakness; his cheeks were white, and his eyes red. Then the shoemaker said to him, "I will give thee a bit of bread to-day, but in return for it, I will put out thy right eye." The unhappy tailor who still wished to save his life, could not do it in any other way; he wept once more with both eyes, and then held them out, and the shoemaker, who had a heart of stone, put out his right eye with a sharp knife. The tailor called to remembrance what his mother had formerly said to him when he had been eating secretly in the pantry. "Eat what one can, and suffer what one must." When he had consumed his dearly-bought bread, he got on his legs again, forgot his misery and comforted himself with the thought that he could always see enough with one eye. But on the sixth day, hunger made itself felt again, and gnawed him almost to the heart. In the evening he fell down by a tree, and on the seventh morning he could not raise himself up for faintness, and death was close at hand. Then said the shoemaker, "I will show mercy and give thee bread once more, but thou shalt not have it for nothing, I shall put out thy other eye for it." And now the tailor felt how thoughtless his life had been, prayed to God for forgiveness, and said, "Do what thou wilt, I will bear what I must, but remember that our Lord God does not always look on passively, and that an hour will come when the evil deed which thou hast done to me, and which I have not deserved of thee, will be requited. When times were good with me, I shared what I had with thee. My trade is of that kind that each stitch must always be exactly like the other. If I no longer have my eyes and can sew no more I must go a-begging. At any rate do not leave me here alone when I am blind, or I shall die of hunger." The shoemaker, however, who had driven God out of his heart, took the knife and put out his left eye. Then he gave him a bit of bread to eat, held out a stick to him, and drew him on behind him.

When the sun went down, they got out of the forest, and before them in the open country stood the gallows. Thither the shoemaker guided the blind tailor, and then left him alone and went his way. Weariness, pain, and hunger made the wretched man fall asleep, and he slept the whole night. When day dawned he awoke, but knew not where he lay. Two poor sinners were hanging on the gallows, and a crow sat on the head of each of them. Then one of the men who had been hanged began to speak, and said, "Brother, art thou awake?" "Yes, I am awake," answered the second. "Then I will tell thee something," said the first; "the dew which this night has fallen down over us from the gallows, gives every one who washes himself with it his eyes again. If blind people did but know this how many would regain their sight who do not believe that to be possible."

When the tailor heard that, he took his pocket-handkerchief, pressed it on the grass, and when it was moist with dew, washed the sockets of his eyes with it. Immediately was fulfilled what the man on the gallows had said, and a couple of healthy new eyes filled the sockets. It was not long before the tailor saw the sun rise behind the mountains; in the plain before him lay the great royal city with its magnificent gates and hundred towers, and the golden balls and crosses which were on the spires began to shine. He could distinguish every leaf on the trees, saw the birds which flew past, and the midges which danced in the air. He took a needle out of his pocket, and as he could thread it as well as ever he had done, his heart danced with delight. He threw himself on his knees, thanked God for the mercy he had shown him, and said his morning prayer. He did not forget also to pray for the poor sinners who were hanging there swinging against each other in the wind like the pendulums of clocks. Then he took his bundle on his back and

soon forgot the pain of heart he had endured, and went on his way singing and whistling.

The first thing he met was a brown foal running about the fields at large. He caught it by the mane, and wanted to spring on it and ride into the town. The foal, however, begged to be set free. "I am still too young," it said, "even a light tailor such as thou art would break my back in two—let me go till I have grown strong. A time may perhaps come when I may reward thee for it."

"Run off," said the tailor, "I see thou art still a giddy thing." He gave it a touch with a switch over its back, whereupon it kicked up its hind legs for joy, leapt over hedges and ditches, and galloped away into the open country.

But the little tailor had eaten nothing since the day before. "The sun to be sure fills my eyes," said he, "but the bread does not fill my mouth. The first thing that comes across me and is even half eatable will have to suffer for it." In the meantime a stork stepped solemnly over the meadow towards him. "Halt, halt!" cried the tailor, and seized him by the leg; "I don't know if thou art good to eat or not, but my hunger leaves me no great choice. I must cut thy head off, and roast thee." "Don't do that," replied the stork; "I am a sacred bird which brings mankind great profit, and no one does me an injury. Leave me my life, and I may do thee good in some other way." "Well, be off, Cousin Longlegs," said the tailor. The stork rose up, let its long legs hang down, and flew gently away.

"What's to be the end of this?" said the tailor to himself at last, "my hunger grows greater and greater, and my stomach more and more empty. Whatsoever comes in my way now is lost." At this moment he saw a couple of young ducks which were on a pond come swimming towards him. "You come just at the right moment," said he, and laid hold of one of them and was about to wring its neck. On this an old duck which was hidden among the reeds, began to scream loudly, and swam to him with open beak, and begged him urgently to spare her dear children. "Canst thou not imagine," said she, "how thy mother would mourn if any one wanted to carry thee off, and give thee thy finishing stroke?" "Only be quiet," said the good-tempered tailor, "thou shalt keep thy children," and put the prisoner back into the water.

When he turned round, he was standing in front of an old tree which was partly hollow, and saw some wild bees flying in and out of it. "There I shall at once find the reward of my good deed," said the tailor, "the honey will refresh me." But the Queen-bee came out, threatened him and said, "If thou touchest my people, and destroyest my nest, our stings shall pierce thy skin like ten thousand red-hot needles. But if thou wilt leave us in peace and go thy way, we will do thee a service for it another time."

The little tailor saw that here also nothing was to be done. "Three dishes empty and nothing on the fourth is a bad dinner!" He dragged himself therefore with his starved-out stomach into the town, and as it was just striking twelve, all was ready-cooked for him in the inn, and he was able to sit down at once to dinner. When he was satisfied he said, "Now I will get to work." He went round the town, sought a master, and soon found a good situation. As, however, he had thoroughly learnt his trade, it was not long before he became famous, and every one wanted to have his new coat made by the little tailor, whose importance increased daily. "I can go no further in skill," said he, "and yet things improve every day." At last the King appointed him court-tailor.

But how things do happen in the world! On the very same day his former comrade the shoemaker also became court-shoemaker. When the latter caught sight of the tailor, and saw that he had once more two healthy eyes, his conscience troubled him. "Before he takes revenge on me," thought he to himself, "I must dig a pit

for him." He, however, who digs a pit for another, falls into it himself. In the evening when work was over and it had grown dusk, he stole to the King and said, "Lord King, the tailor is an arrogant fellow and has boasted that he will get the gold crown back again which was lost in ancient times." "That would please me very much," said the King, and he caused the tailor to be brought before him next morning, and ordered him to get the crown back again, or to leave the town for ever. "Oho!" thought the tailor, "a rogue gives more than he has got. If the surly King wants me to do what can be done by no one, I will not wait till morning, but will go out of the town at once, to-day." He packed up his bundle, therefore, but when he was without the gate he could not help being sorry to give up his good fortune, and turn his back on the town in which all had gone so well with him. He came to the pond where he had made the acquaintance of the ducks; at that very moment the old one whose young ones he had spared, was sitting there by the shore, pluming herself with her beak. She knew him again instantly, and asked why he was hanging his head so? "Thou wilt not be surprised when thou hearest what has befallen me," replied the tailor, and told her his fate. "If that be all," said the duck, "we can help thee. The crown fell into the water, and lies down below at the bottom; we will soon bring it up again for thee. In the meantime just spread out thy handkerchief on the bank." She dived down with her twelve young ones, and in five minutes she was up again and sat with the crown resting on her wings, and the twelve young ones were swimming round about and had put their beaks under it, and were helping to carry it. They swam to the shore and put the crown on the handkerchief. No one can imagine how magnificent the crown was; when the sun shone on it, it gleamed like a hundred thousand carbuncles. The tailor tied his handkerchief together by the four corners, and carried it to the King, who was full of joy, and put a gold chain round the tailor's neck.

When the shoemaker saw that one stroke had failed, he contrived a second, and went to the King and said, "Lord King, the tailor has become insolent again; he boasts that he will copy in wax the whole of the royal palace, with everything that pertains to it, loose or fast, inside and out." The King sent for the tailor and ordered him to copy in wax the whole of the royal palace, with everything that pertained to it, movable or immovable, within and without, and if he did not succeed in doing this, or if so much as one nail on the wall were wanting, he should be imprisoned for his whole life under ground.

The tailor thought, "It gets worse and worse! No one can endure that?" and threw his bundle on his back, and went forth. When he came to the hollow tree, he sat down and hung his head. The bees came flying out, and the Queen-bee asked him if he had a stiff neck, since he held his head so awry? "Alas, no," answered the tailor, "something quite different weighs me down," and he told her what the King had demanded of him. The bees began to buzz and hum amongst themselves, and the Queen-bee said, "Just go borne again, but come back tomorrow at this time, and bring a large sheet with you, and then all will be well." So he turned back again, but the bees flew to the royal palace and straight into it through the open windows, crept round about into every corner, and inspected everything most carefully. Then they hurried back and modelled the palace in wax with such rapidity that any one looking on would have thought it was growing before his eyes. By the evening all was ready, and when the tailor came next morning, the whole of the splendid building was there, and not one nail in the wall or tile of the roof was wanting, and it was delicate withal, and white as snow, and smelt sweet as honey. The tailor wrapped it carefully

in his cloth and took it to the King, who could not admire it enough, placed it in his largest hall, and in return for it presented the tailor with a large stone house.

The shoemaker, however, did not give up, but went for the third time to the King and said, "Lord King, it has come to the tailor's ears that no water will spring up in the court-yard of the castle, and he has boasted that it shall rise up in the midst of the court-yard to a man's height and be clear as crystal." Then the King ordered the tailor to be brought before him and said, "If a stream of water does not rise in my court-yard by to-morrow as thou hast promised, the executioner shall in that very place make thee shorter by the head." The poor tailor did not take long to think about it, but hurried out to the gate, and because this time it was a matter of life and death to him, tears rolled down his face. Whilst he was thus going forth full of sorrow, the foal to which he had formerly given its liberty, and which had now become a beautiful chestnut horse, came leaping towards him. "The time has come," it said to the tailor, "when I can repay thee for thy good deed. I know already what is needful to thee, but thou shalt soon have help; get on me, my back can carry two such as thou." The tailor's courage came back to him; he jumped up in one bound, and the horse went full speed into the town, and right up to the court-yard of the castle. It galloped as quick as lightning thrice round it, and at the third time it fell violently down. At the same instant, however, there was a terrific clap of thunder, a fragment of earth in the middle of the court-yard sprang like a cannon-ball into the air, and over the castle, and directly after it a jet of water rose as high as a man on horseback, and the water was as pure as crystal, and the sunbeams began to dance on it. When the King saw that he arose in amazement, and went and embraced the tailor in the sight of all men. But good fortune did not last long. The King had daughters in plenty, one still prettier than the other, but he had no son. So the malicious shoemaker betook himself for the fourth time to the King, and said, "Lord King, the tailor has not given up his arrogance. He has now boasted that if he liked, he could cause a son to be brought to the Lord King through the air." The King commanded the tailor to be summoned, and said, "If thou causest a son to be brought to me within nine days, thou shalt have my eldest daughter to wife." "The reward is indeed great," thought the little tailor; "one would willingly do something for it, but the cherries grow too high for me, if I climb for them, the bough will break beneath me, and I shall fall."

He went home, seated himself cross-legged on his worktable, and thought over what was to be done. "It can't be managed," cried he at last, "I will go away; after all I can't live in peace here." He tied up his bundle and hurried away to the gate. "When he got to the meadow, he perceived his old friend the stork, who was walking backwards and forwards like a philosopher. Sometimes he stood still, took a frog into close consideration, and at length swallowed it down. The stork came to him and greeted him. "I see," he began, "that thou hast thy pack on thy back. Why art thou leaving the town?" The tailor told him what the King had required of him, and how he could not perform it, and lamented his misfortune. "Don't let thy hair grow grey about that," said the stork, "I will help thee out of thy difficulty. For a long time now, I have carried the children in swaddling-clothes into the town, so for once in a way I can fetch a little prince out of the well. Go home and be easy. In nine days from this time repair to the royal palace, and there will I come." The little tailor went home, and at the appointed time was at the castle. It was not long before the stork came flying thither and tapped at the window. The tailor opened it, and cousin Longlegs came carefully in, and walked with solemn steps

over the smooth marble pavement. He had, however, a baby in his beak that was as lovely as an angel, and stretched out its little hands to the Queen. The stork laid it in her lap, and she caressed it and kissed it, and was beside herself with delight. Before the stork flew away, he took his travelling bag off his back and handed it over to the Queen. In it there were little paper parcels with coloured sweetmeats, and they were divided amongst the little princesses. The eldest, however, had none of them, but got the merry tailor for a husband. "It seems to me," said he, "just as if I had won the highest prize. My mother was right after all, she always said that whoever trusts in God and only has good luck, can never fail."

The shoemaker had to make the shoes in which the little tailor danced at the wedding festival, after which he was commanded to quit the town for ever. The road to the forest led him to the gallows. Worn out with anger, rage, and the heat of the day, he threw himself down. When he had closed his eyes and was about to sleep, the two crows flew down from the heads of the men who were hanging there, and pecked his eyes out. In his madness he ran into the forest and must have died there of hunger, for no one has ever either seen him again or heard of him.

#### 108.—HANS THE HEDGEHOG.

(*"Hans The Hedgehog"* or *"Hans My Hedgehog"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 108). The tale was translated as *"Jack My Hedgehog"* by Andrew Lang and published in *The Green Fairy Book*. Their source was the German storyteller Dorothea Viehmann. The tale follows the events in the life of a diminutive half-hedgehog, half-human being named Hans, who eventually sheds his animal skin and turns wholly human after winning a princess.

*Contents: A wealthy but childless farmer wishes he had a child, even a hedgehog. He comes home to find that his wife has given birth to a baby boy that is a hedgehog from the waist up. They then name him "Hans My Hedgehog". After eight years, Hans leaves his family riding a shod cockerel (a mature cock) to seek his fortune. He goes off into the woods and watches over his donkeys and pigs. A few years later, a lost king stumbles upon Hans after hearing him play beautifully on the bagpipes. Hans makes a deal with the king: he will show him the way home if the king promises to sign over whatever first comes to meet him upon his return. However, the king thinks Hans is illiterate, and decides to trick him by writing an order that Hans should receive nothing. When they arrive at the kingdom, the king's daughter runs to greet him. The king tells her about the deal Hans has tried to make and how he has tricked him. Unconcerned by the betrayal, Hans continues to tend to his animals in the forest. A second lost king stumbles upon Hans and agrees to his deal. Upon his return, the second king's only daughter rushes out to greet him, and in doing so becomes the property of Hans. For the sake of her father, the princess happily agrees to Hans' deal. In time, Hans My Hedgehog goes to claim his promises. The first king attempts to withhold his daughter, but Hans forces him to give her up. Hans then makes her take off her clothes, pierces her with his prickles until she is bloody all over, and sends her back to the kingdom in disgrace. The second king agrees to the marriage; the princess holds herself bound by her promise and Hans My Hedgehog marries her. On their wedding night, he tells the king to build a fire and to post guards at his door. Hans removes his hedgehog skin and instructs the guards to throw the skin in the fire and watch it until it is*

*completely consumed. Hans appears black, as if he has been burned. After physicians clean him he is shown to be a handsome young gentleman. After several years Hans returns home to collect his father and they live together in the kingdom.)*

There was once a countryman who had money and land in plenty, but how rich soever he was, one thing was still wanting to his happiness—he had no children. Often when he went into the town with the other peasants they mocked him and asked why he had no children. At last he became angry, and when he got home he said, "I will have a child, even if it be a hedgehog." Then his wife had a child, that was a hedgehog in the upper part of his body, and a boy in the lower, and when she saw the child, she was terrified, and said, "See, there thou hast brought ill-luck on us." Then said the man, "What can be done now? The boy must be christened, but we shall not be able to get a godfather for him." The woman said, "And we cannot call him anything else but Hans the Hedgehog."

When he was christened, the parson said, "He cannot go into any ordinary bed because of his spikes." So a little straw was put behind the stove, and Hans the Hedgehog was laid on it. His mother could not suckle him, for he would have pricked her with his quills. So he lay there behind the stove for eight years, and his father was tired of him and thought, "If he would but die!" He did not die, however, but remained lying there. Now it happened that there was a fair in the town, and the peasant was about to go to it, and asked his wife what he should bring back with him for her. "A little meat and a couple of white rolls which are wanted for the house," said she. Then he asked the servant, and she wanted a pair of slippers and some stockings with clocks. At last he said also, "And what wilt thou have, Hans my Hedgehog?" "Dear father," he said, "do bring me bagpipes." When, therefore, the father came home again, he gave his wife what he had bought for her; meat and white rolls, and then he gave the maid the slippers, and the stockings with clocks; and, lastly, he went behind the stove, and gave Hans the Hedgehog the bagpipes. And when Hans the Hedgehog had the bagpipes, he said, "Dear father, do go to the forge and get the cock shod, and then I will ride away, and never come back again." On this, the father was delighted to think that he was going to get rid of him, and had the cock shod for him, and when it was done, Hans the Hedgehog got on it, and rode away, but took swine and asses with him which he intended to keep in the forest. When they got there he made the cock fly on to a high tree with him, and there he sat for many a long year, and watched his asses and swine until the herd was quite large, and his father knew nothing about him. While he was sitting in the tree, however, he played his bagpipes, and made music which was very beautiful. Once a King came travelling by who had lost his way and heard the music. He was astonished at it, and sent his servant forth to look all round and see from whence this music came. He spied about, but saw nothing but a little animal sitting up aloft on the tree, which looked like a cock with a hedgehog on it which made this music. Then the King told the servant he was to ask why he sat there, and if he knew the road which led to his kingdom. So Hans the Hedgehog descended from the tree, and said he would show the way if the King would write a bond and promise him whatever he first met in the royal courtyard as soon as he arrived at home. Then the King thought, "I can easily do that, Hans the Hedgehog understands nothing, and I can write what I like." So the King took pen and ink and wrote something, and when he had done it, Hans the Hedgehog showed him the way, and he got safely home. But his daughter, when she saw him from afar, was so overjoyed that she ran to meet him, and kissed him. Then he remembered

Hans the Hedgehog, and told her what had happened, and that he had been forced to promise whatsoever first met him when he got home, to a very strange animal which sat on a cock as if it were a horse, and made beautiful music, but that instead of writing that he should have what he wanted, he had written that he should not have it. Thereupon the princess was glad, and said he had done well, for she never would have gone away with the Hedgehog.

Hans the Hedgehog, however, looked after his asses and pigs, and was always merry and sat on the tree and played his bagpipes.

Now it came to pass that another King came journeying by with his attendants and runners, and he also had lost his way, and did not know how to get home again because the forest was so large. He likewise heard the beautiful music from a distance, and asked his runner what that could be, and told him to go and see. Then the runner went under the tree, and saw the cock sitting at the top of it, and Hans the Hedgehog on the cock. The runner asked him what he was about up there? "I am keeping my asses and my pigs; but what is your desire?" The messenger said that they had lost their way, and could not get back into their own kingdom, and asked if he would not show them the way. Then Hans the Hedgehog got down the tree with the cock, and told the aged King that he would show him the way, if he would give him for his own whatsoever first met him in front of his royal palace. The King said, "Yes," and wrote a promise to Hans the Hedgehog that he should have this. That done, Hans rode on before him on the cock, and pointed out the way, and the King reached his kingdom again in safety. When he got to the courtyard, there were great rejoicings. Now he had an only daughter who was very beautiful, she ran to meet him, threw her arms round his neck, and was delighted to have her old father back again. She asked him where in the world he had been so long. So he told her how he had lost his way, and had very nearly not come back at all, but that as he was travelling through a great forest, a creature, half hedgehog, half man, who was sitting astride a cock in a high tree, and making music, had shown him the way and helped him to get out, but that in return he had promised him whatsoever first met him in the royal court-yard, and how that was she herself, which made him unhappy now. But on this she promised that, for love of her father, she would willingly go with this Hans if he came.

Hans the Hedgehog, however, took care of his pigs, and the pigs multiplied until they became so many in number that the whole forest was filled with them. Then Hans the Hedgehog resolved not to live in the forest any longer, and sent word to his father to have every sty in the village emptied, for he was coming with such a great herd that all might kill who wished to do so. When his father heard that he was troubled, for he thought Hans the Hedgehog had died long ago. Hans the Hedgehog, however, seated himself on the cock, and drove the pigs before him into the village, and ordered the slaughter to begin. Ha!—but there was a killing and a chopping that might have been heard two miles off! After this Hans the Hedgehog said, "Father, let me have the cock shod once more at the forge, and then I will ride away and never come back as long as I live." Then the father had the cock shod once more, and was pleased that Hans the Hedgehog would never return again.

Hans the Hedgehog rode away to the first kingdom. There the King had commanded that whosoever came mounted on a cock and had bagpipes with him should be shot at, cut down, or stabbed by every one, so that he might not enter the palace. When, therefore, Hans the Hedgehog came riding thither, they all pressed forward against him with their pikes, but he spurred the cock and it flew up over the gate in front of the King's window and lighted there, and Hans cried that the King must give him what he had

promised, or he would take both his life and his daughter's. Then the King began to speak his daughter fair, and beg her to go away with Hans in order to save her own life and her father's. So she dressed herself in white, and her father gave her a carriage with six horses and magnificent attendants together with gold and possessions. She seated herself in the carriage, and placed Hans the Hedgehog beside her with the cock and the bagpipes, and then they took leave and drove away, and the King thought he should never see her again. He was, however, deceived in his expectation, for when they were at a short distance from the town, Hans the Hedgehog took her pretty clothes off, and pierced her with his hedgehog's skin until she bled all over. "That is the reward of your falseness," said he, "go your way, I will not have you!" and on that he chased her home again, and she was disgraced for the rest of her life.

Hans the Hedgehog, however, rode on further on the cock, with his bagpipes, to the dominions of the second King to whom he had shown the way. This one, however, had arranged that if any one resembling Hans the Hedgehog should come, they were to present arms, give him safe conduct, cry long life to him, and lead him to the royal palace.

But when the King's daughter saw him she was terrified, for he looked quite too strange. She remembered, however, that she could not change her mind, for she had given her promise to her father. So Hans the Hedgehog was welcomed by her, and married to her, and had to go with her to the royal table, and she seated herself by his side, and they ate and drank. When the evening came and they wanted to go to sleep, she was afraid of his quills, but he told her she was not to fear, for no harm would befall her, and he told the old King that he was to appoint four men to watch by the door of the chamber, and light a great fire, and when he entered the room and was about to get into bed, he would creep out of his hedgehog's skin and leave it lying there by the bedside, and that the men were to run nimbly to it, throw it in the fire, and stay by it until it was consumed. When the clock struck eleven, he went into the chamber, stripped off the hedgehog's skin, and left it lying by the bed. Then came the men and fetched it swiftly, and threw it in the fire; and when the fire had consumed it, he was delivered, and lay there in bed in human form, but he was coal-black as if he had been burnt. The King sent for his physician who washed him with precious salves, and anointed him, and he became white, and was a handsome young man. When the King's daughter saw that she was glad, and the next morning they arose joyfully, ate and drank, and then the marriage was properly solemnised, and Hans the Hedgehog received the kingdom from the aged King.

When several years had passed he went with his wife to his father, and said that he was his son. The father, however, declared he had no son—he had never had but one, and he had been born like a hedgehog with spikes, and had gone forth into the world. Then Hans made himself known, and the old father rejoiced and went with him to his kingdom.

My tale is done.  
And away it has run  
To little August's house.

#### 109.—THE SHROUD.

(*"The Shroud"* is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm at position 109 (KHM 109). The Grimms noted "from Bavaria" (perhaps about Ferdinand Philipp Grimm, also known as "The unknown Grimm brother"). Another

possible source for Grimm's version is the Munich doctor Johann Nepomuk von Ringseis, who used the story therapeutically. Child mortality was a cruel fate that befell almost all parents before the 2nd World War. About 25% of the Children did not survive the first year, 50% died before reaching puberty. This is still the case in poor countries where unscrupulous dictators and their cronies put tax revenues and development funds into their own pockets. Thanks to the draconian hygiene education of past generations and the development of modern medicine (such as antibiotics and vaccinations) mortality has fallen below 0.4%. Critics of the achievements of western civilisation ought to think about it.

*Content: A mother has a little boy that she loves very much. The child dies at the age of seven. The mother cries a lot and the child appears at night and cries with her. Finally it appears to its mother at night in its white shroud and says that the mother has to stop crying so that its shroud will dry. The mother comes to terms with her pain and the child finds rest.)*

There was once a mother who had a little boy of seven years old, who was so handsome and loveable that no one could look at him without liking him, and she herself worshipped him above everything in the world. Now it so happened that he suddenly became ill, and God took him to himself; and for this the mother could not be comforted, and wept both day and night. But soon afterwards, when the child had been buried, it appeared by night in the places where it had sat and played during its life, and if the mother wept, it wept also, and when morning came it disappeared. As, however, the mother would not stop crying, it came one night, in the little white shroud in which it had been laid in its coffin, and with its wreath of flowers round its head, and stood on the bed at her feet, and said, "Oh, mother, do stop crying, or I shall never fall asleep in my coffin, for my shroud will not dry because of all thy tears, which fall upon it." The mother was afraid when she heard that, and wept no more. The next night the child came again, and held a little light in its hand, and said, "Look, mother, my shroud is nearly dry, and I can rest in my grave." Then the mother gave her sorrow into God's keeping, and bore it quietly and patiently, and the child came no more, but slept in its little bed beneath the earth.

#### 110.—THE JEW AMONG THORNS.

*("The Jew Among Thorns," also known as "The Jew in the Brambles," is an antisemitic fairytale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 110). The tale has been told in Europe since the 15th century. In its earlier version, it did not depict a Jew but a Christian monk who is made to dance in a thorn bush by a boy who, to effect the punishing trick, plays either a flute or a fiddle. This anti-clerical leitmotif was often reprinted in jest books of that period and during the Renaissance. The Grimms knew at least 4 previous versions: Albrecht Dietrich's *Historia von einem Bawrenknecht* (1618), originally written as a rhymed theatre piece in 1599, Jakob Ayrer's *Fritz Dölla mit seiner gewünschten Geigen* (1620), and two oral versions from Hesse and the von Haxthausen family. A similar antisemitic tale in the collection is *The Good Bargain* (KHM 7) and *The bright Sun will bring it into the Light of Day* (KHM 115). That there is a virulent strain of antisemitism in Grimm's fairy-tales is not an exception but a rule in all branches of pre-World War II life. In some countries has antisemitism never vanished or even turns up again. (See introduction to KHM 7.)*

*Contents: After three years, a good servant only gets three hellers from his miserly master and is satisfied because he knows nothing about money. He meets a little man who asks him for the money and, seeing his good heart, grants him three wishes. He wishes for a bird's reed that hits everything, a violin to whose music everyone has to dance and that nobody can refuse his wish. He meets a Jew whom he shoots a bird out of a tree with a bird reed. But when he crawls through the thorns to fetch the bird, the farmhand makes him dance until he receives a large sum of money from him, which he – albeit only in the first two editions – had just bounced off a Christian. The Jew runs to the judge, who has the servant arrested and sentenced to death. On the scaffold, the servant begs to be allowed to play his violin again, whereupon the whole market place has to dance so long and so wildly until he is acquitted. Under the servant's threat that he will play again, the Jew screams that he has stolen the money and is hanged.)*

There was once a rich man, who had a servant who served him diligently and honestly: he was every morning the first out of bed, and the last to go to rest at night; and, whenever there was a difficult job to be done, which nobody cared to undertake, he was always the first to set himself to it. Moreover, he never complained, but was contented with everything, and always merry. When a year was ended, his master gave him no wages, for he said to himself, "That is the cleverest way; for I shall save something, and he will not go away, but stay quietly in my service." The servant said nothing, but did his work the second year as he had done it the first; and when at the end of this, likewise, he received no wages, he made himself happy, and still stayed on.

When the third year also was past, the master considered, put his hand in his pocket, but pulled nothing out. Then at last the servant said, "Master, for three years I have served you honestly, be so good as to give me what I ought to have; for I wish to leave, and look about me a little more in the world."

"Yes, my good fellow," answered the old miser; "you have served me industriously, and, therefore, you shall be cheerfully rewarded;" and he put his hand into his pocket, but counted out only three farthings, saying, "There, you have a farthing for each year; that is large and liberal pay, such as you would have received from few masters."

The honest servant, who understood little about money, put his fortune into his pocket, and thought, "Ah! now that I have my purse full, why need I trouble and plague myself any longer with hard work!" So on he went, up hill and down dale; and sang and jumped to his heart's content. Now it came to pass that as he was going by a thicket a little man stepped out, and called to him, "Whither away, merry brother? I see you do not carry many cares." "Why should I be sad?" answered the servant; "I have enough; three years' wages are jingling in my pocket."

"How much is your treasure?" the dwarf asked him.

"How much? Three farthings sterling, all told."

"Look here," said the dwarf, "I am a poor needy man, give me your three farthings; I can work no longer, but you are young, and can easily earn your bread."

And as the servant had a good heart, and felt pity for the old man, he gave him the three farthings, saying, "Take them in the name of Heaven, I shall not be any the worse for it."

Then the little man said, "As I see you have a good heart I grant you three wishes, one for each farthing, they shall all be fulfilled."

"Aha?" said the servant, "you are one of those who can work wonders! Well, then, if it is to be so, I wish, first, for a gun, which shall hit everything that I aim at; secondly, for a fiddle, which

when I play on it, shall compel all who hear it to dance; thirdly, that if I ask a favour of any one he shall not be able to refuse it."

"All that shall you have," said the dwarf; and put his hand into the bush, and only think, there lay a fiddle and gun, all ready, just as if they had been ordered. These he gave to the servant, and then said to him, "Whatever you may ask at any time, no man in the world shall be able to deny you."

"Heart alive! What can one desire more?" said the servant to himself, and went merrily onwards. Soon afterwards he met a Jew with a long goat's-beard, who was standing listening to the song of a bird which was sitting up at the top of a tree. "Good heavens," he was exclaiming, "that such a small creature should have such a fearfully loud voice! if it were but mine! if only some one would sprinkle some salt upon its tail!"

"If that is all," said the servant, "the bird shall soon be down here;" and taking aim he pulled the trigger, and down fell the bird into the thorn-bushes. "Go, you rogue," he said to the Jew, "and fetch the bird out for yourself!"

"Oh!" said the Jew, "leave out the rogue, my master, and I will do it at once. I will get the bird out for myself, as you really have hit it." Then he lay down on the ground, and began to crawl into the thicket.

When he was fast among the thorns, the good servant's humour so tempted him that he took up his fiddle and began to play. In a moment the Jew's legs began to move, and to jump into the air, and the more the servant fiddled the better went the dance. But the thorns tore his shabby coat for him, combed his beard, and pricked and plucked him all over the body. "Oh dear," cried the Jew, "what do I want with your fiddling? leave the fiddle alone, master; I do not want to dance."

But the servant did not listen to him, and thought, "You have fleeced people often enough, now the thornbushes shall do the same to you;" and he began to play over again, so that the Jew had to jump higher than ever, and scraps of his coat were left hanging on the thorns. "Oh, woe's me!" cried the Jew; "I will give the gentleman whatsoever he asks if only he leaves off fiddling—a purse full of gold." "If you are so liberal," said the servant, "I will stop my music; but this I must say to your credit, that you dance to it so well that it is quite an art;" and having taken the purse he went his way.

The Jew stood still and watched the servant quietly until he was far off and out of sight, and then he screamed out with all his might, "You miserable musician, you beer-house fiddler! wait till I catch you alone, I will hunt you till the soles of your shoes fall off! You ragamuffin! just put five farthings in your mouth, and then you may be worth three halfpence!" and went on abusing him as fast as he could speak. As soon as he had refreshed himself a little in this way, and got his breath again, he ran into the town to the justice.

"My lord judge," he said, "I have come to make a complaint; see how a rascal has robbed and ill-treated me on the public highway! a stone on the ground might pity me; my clothes all torn, my body pricked and scratched, my little all gone with my purse,—good ducats, each piece better than the last; for God's sake let the man be thrown into prison!"

"Was it a soldier," said the judge, "who cut you thus with his sabre?" "Nothing of the sort!" said the Jew; "it was no sword that he had, but a gun hanging at his back, and a fiddle at his neck; the wretch may easily be known."

So the judge sent his people out after the man, and they found the good servant, who had been going quite slowly along, and they found, too, the purse with the money upon him. As soon as he

was taken before the judge he said, "I did not touch the Jew, nor take his money; he gave it to me of his own free will, that I might leave off fiddling because he could not bear my music."

"Heaven defend us!" cried the Jew, "his lies are as thick as flies upon the wall."

But the judge also did not believe his tale, and said, "This is a bad defence, no Jew would do that." And because he had committed robbery on the public highway, he sentenced the good servant to be hanged. As he was being led away the Jew again screamed after him, "You vagabond! you dog of a fiddler! now you are going to receive your well-earned reward!" The servant walked quietly with the hangman up the ladder, but upon the last step he turned round and said to the judge, "Grant me just one request before I die."

"Yes, if you do not ask your life," said the judge.

"I do not ask for life," answered the servant, "but as a last favour let me play once more upon my fiddle." The Jew raised a great cry of "Murder! murder! for goodness' sake do not allow it! Do not allow it!" But the judge said, "Why should I not let him have this short pleasure? it has been granted to him, and he shall have it." However, he could not have refused on account of the gift which had been bestowed on the servant.

Then the Jew cried, "Oh! woe's me! tie me, tie me fast!" while the good servant took his fiddle from his neck, and made ready. As he gave the first scrape, they all began to quiver and shake, the judge, his clerk, and the hangman and his men, and the cord fell out of the hand of the one who was going to tie the Jew fast. At the second scrape all raised their legs, and the hangman let go his hold of the good servant, and made himself ready to dance. At the third scrape they all leaped up and began to dance; the judge and the Jew being the best at jumping. Soon all who had gathered in the market-place out of curiosity were dancing with them; old and young, fat and lean, one with another. The dogs, likewise, which had run there got up on their hind legs and capered about; and the longer he played, the higher sprang the dancers, so that they knocked against each other's heads, and began to shriek terribly.

At length the judge cried, quite out of breath, "I will give you your life if you will only stop fiddling." The good servant thereupon had compassion, took his fiddle and hung it round his neck again, and stepped down the ladder. Then he went up to the Jew, who was lying upon the ground panting for breath, and said, "You rascal, now confess, whence you got the money, or I will take my fiddle and begin to play again." "I stole it, I stole it!" cried he; "but you have honestly earned it." So the judge had the Jew taken to the gallows and hanged as a thief.

### 111.—THE SKILFUL HUNTSMAN.

(*"The Skillful Huntsman"* is a fairy tale in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (KHM 111). The annotations of the Grimms read "After two stories from Zwehrn" (one from Dorothea Viehmann).

*Contents: A young locksmith on the move is being trained as a hunter and is given a rifle by his master that always hits the mark. In a large forest at night he finds three giants roasting an ox over a fire. He shoots the bite out of your mouth three times, whereupon they offer him to go with them and steal the king's daughter from the tower behind the lake for them. He takes a boat across, shoots the guard dog before it can bark and goes in alone. In the first room he finds a silver saber with which you can kill anything, in the second room the sleeping king's daughter. He takes the right*

*half of her kerchief and her right slipper, which like the saber bears a gold star and her father's name, and a piece of her shirt. Calling the giants to crawl in through a hole, he cuts off their heads and then their tongues, which he keeps. When the king asks who killed the giants, an ugly one-eyed captain answers, who is supposed to marry the daughter. When she refuses, she has to go away in peasant clothes and sell crockery for a potter. The king orders peasant wagons, which break it down, but she goes back to the potter, and when he won't give her anything else, she tells her father that she wants to go out into the world. She has to sit out in the woods in a little house that says "Today for free, tomorrow for money" and cook for everyone. Even the hunter who has no money hears about it. There they recognise each other by the landmarks they have taken with them, with which they also prove it to their father. At the banquet, he unknowingly lets the captain choose his own judgement, after which he is torn into four pieces. The king's daughter and the hunter are married and live happily.)*

There was once a young fellow who had learnt the trade of locksmith, and told his father he would now go out into the world and seek his fortune. "Very well," said the father, "I am quite content with that," and gave him some money for his journey. So he travelled about and looked for work. After a time he resolved not to follow the trade of locksmith any more, for he no longer liked it, but he took a fancy for hunting. Then there met him in his rambles a huntsman dressed in green, who asked whence he came and whither he was going? The youth said he was a locksmith's apprentice, but that the trade no longer pleased him, and he had a liking for huntsmanship, would he teach it to him? "Oh, yes," said the huntsman, "if thou wilt go with me." Then the young fellow went with him, bound himself to him for some years, and learnt the art of hunting. After this he wished to try his luck elsewhere, and the huntsman gave him nothing in the way of payment but an air-gun, which had, however, this property, that it hit its mark without fail whenever he shot with it. Then he set out and found himself in a very large forest, which he could not get to the end of in one day. When evening came he seated himself in a high tree in order to escape from the wild beasts. Towards midnight, it seemed to him as if a tiny little light glimmered in the distance. Then he looked down through the branches towards it, and kept well in his mind where it was. But in the first place he took off his hat and threw it down in the direction of the light, so that he might go to the hat as a mark when he had descended. Then he got down and went to his hat, put it on again and went straight forwards. The farther he went, the larger the light grew, and when he got close to it he saw that it was an enormous fire, and that three giants were sitting by it, who had an ox on the spit, and were roasting it. Presently one of them said, "I must just taste if the meat will soon be fit to eat," and pulled a piece off, and was about to put it in his mouth when the huntsman shot it out of his hand. "Well, really," said the giant, "if the wind has not blown the bit out of my hand!" and helped himself to another. But when he was just about to bite into it, the huntsman again shot it away from him. On this the giant gave the one who was sitting next him a box on the ear, and cried angrily, "Why art thou snatching my piece away from me?" "I have not snatched it away," said the other, "a sharpshooter must have shot it away from thee." The giant took another piece, but could not, however, keep it in his hand, for the huntsman shot it out. Then the giant said, "That must be a good shot to shoot the bit out of one's very mouth, such an one would be useful to us." And he cried aloud, "Come here, thou sharpshooter, seat thyself at the fire beside us and eat thy fill, we will not hurt thee; but if thou

wilt not come, and we have to bring thee by force, thou art a lost man!" On this the youth went up to them and told them he was a skilled huntsman, and that whatever he aimed at with his gun, he was certain to hit. Then they said if he would go with them he should be well treated, and they told him that outside the forest there was a great lake, behind which stood a tower, and in the tower was imprisoned a lovely princess, whom they wished very much to carry off. "Yes," said he, "I will soon get her for you." Then they added, "But there is still something else, there is a tiny little dog, which begins to bark directly any one goes near, and as soon as it barks every one in the royal palace wakes up, and for this reason we cannot get there; canst thou undertake to shoot it dead?" "Yes," said he, "that will be a little bit of fun for me." After this he got into a boat and rowed over the lake, and as soon as he landed, the little dog came running out, and was about to bark, but the huntsman took his air-gun and shot it dead. When the giants saw that, they rejoiced, and thought they already had the King's daughter safe, but the huntsman wished first to see how matters stood, and told them that they must stay outside until he called them. Then he went into the castle, and all was perfectly quiet within, and every one was asleep. When he opened the door of the first room, a sword was hanging on the wall which was made of pure silver, and there was a golden star on it, and the name of the King, and on a table near it lay a sealed letter which he broke open, and inside it was written that whosoever had the sword could kill everything which opposed him. So he took the sword from the wall, hung it at his side and went onwards: then he entered the room where the King's daughter was lying sleeping, and she was so beautiful that he stood still and, holding his breath, looked at her. He thought to himself, "How can I give an innocent maiden into the power of the wild giants, who have evil in their minds?" He looked about further, and under the bed stood a pair of slippers, on the right one was her father's name with a star, and on the left her own name with a star. She wore also a great neck-kerchief of silk embroidered with gold, and on the right side was her father's name, and on the left her own, all in golden letters. Then the huntsman took a pair of scissors and cut the right corner off, and put it in his knapsack, and then he also took the right slipper with the King's name, and thrust that in. Now the maiden still lay sleeping, and she was quite sewn into her night-dress, and he cut a morsel from this also, and thrust it in with the rest, but he did all without touching her. Then he went forth and left her lying asleep undisturbed, and when he came to the gate again, the giants were still standing outside waiting for him, and expecting that he was bringing the princess. But he cried to them that they were to come in, for the maiden was already in their power, that he could not open the gate to them, but there was a hole through which they must creep. Then the first approached, and the huntsman wound the giant's hair round his hand, pulled the head in, and cut it off at one stroke with his sword, and then drew the rest of him in. He called to the second and cut his head off likewise, and then he killed the third also, and he was well pleased that he had freed the beautiful maiden from her enemies, and he cut out their tongues and put them in his knapsack. Then thought he, "I will go home to my father and let him see what I have already done, and afterwards I will travel about the world; the luck which God is pleased to grant me will easily find me."

But when the King in the castle awoke, he saw the three giants lying there dead. So he went into the sleeping-room of his daughter, awoke her, and asked who could have killed the giants? Then said she, "Dear father, I know not, I have been asleep." But when she arose and would have put on her slippers, the right one

was gone, and when she looked at her neck-kerchief it was cut, and the right corner was missing, and when she looked at her night-dress a piece was cut out of it. The King summoned his whole court together, soldiers and every one else who was there, and asked who had set his daughter at liberty, and killed the giants? Now it happened that he had a captain, who was one-eyed and a hideous man, and he said that he had done it. Then the old King said that as he had accomplished this, he should marry his daughter. But the maiden said, "Rather than marry him, dear father, I will go away into the world as far as my legs can carry me." But the King said that if she would not marry him she should take off her royal garments and wear peasant's clothing, and go forth, and that she should go to a potter, and begin a trade in earthen vessels. So she put off her royal apparel, and went to a potter and borrowed crockery enough for a stall, and she promised him also that if she had sold it by the evening, she would pay for it. Then the King said she was to seat herself in a corner with it and sell it, and he arranged with some peasants to drive over it with their carts, so that everything should be broken into a thousand pieces. When therefore the King's daughter had placed her stall in the street, by came the carts, and broke all she had into tiny fragments. She began to weep and said, "Alas, how shall I ever pay for the pots now?" The King had, however, wished by this to force her to marry the captain; but instead of that, she again went to the potter, and asked him if he would lend to her once more. He said, "No," she must first pay for the things she had already had. Then she went to her father and cried and lamented, and said she would go forth into the world. Then said he, "I will have a little hut built for thee in the forest outside, and in it thou shalt stay all thy life long and cook for every one, but thou shalt take no money for it." When the hut was ready, a sign was hung on the door whereon was written, "To-day given, to-morrow sold." There she remained a long time, and it was rumoured about the world that a maiden was there who cooked without asking for payment, and that this was set forth on a sign outside her door. The huntsman heard it likewise, and thought to himself, "That would suit thee. Thou art poor, and hast no money." So he took his air-gun and his knapsack, wherein all the things which he had formerly carried away with him from the castle as tokens of his truthfulness were still lying, and went into the forest, and found the hut with the sign, "To-day given, to-morrow sold." He had put on the sword with which he had cut off the heads of the three giants, and thus entered the hut, and ordered something to eat to be given to him. He was charmed with the beautiful maiden, who was indeed as lovely as any picture. She asked him whence he came and whither he was going, and he said, "I am roaming about the world." Then she asked him where he had got the sword, for that truly her father's name was on it. He asked her if she were the King's daughter? "Yes," answered she. "With this sword," said he, "did I cut off the heads of three giants." And he took their tongues out of his knapsack in proof. Then he also showed her the slipper, and the corner of the neck-kerchief, and the bit of the night-dress. Hereupon she was overjoyed, and said that he was the one who had delivered her. On this they went together to the old King, and fetched him to the hut, and she led him into her room, and told him that the huntsman was the man who had really set her free from the giants. And when the aged King saw all the proofs of this, he could no longer doubt, and said that he was very glad he knew how everything had happened, and that the huntsman should have her to wife, on which the maiden was glad at heart. Then she dressed the huntsman as if he were a foreign lord, and the King ordered a feast to be prepared. When they went to table, the

captain sat on the left side of the King's daughter, but the huntsman was on the right, and the captain thought he was a foreign lord who had come on a visit. When they had eaten and drunk, the old King said to the captain that he would set before him something which he must guess. "Supposing any one said that he had killed the three giants and he were asked where the giants' tongues were, and he were forced to go and look, and there were none in their heads, how could that happen?" The captain said, "Then they cannot have had any." "Not so," said the King. "Every animal has a tongue," and then he likewise asked what any one would deserve who made such an answer? The captain replied, "He ought to be torn in pieces." Then the King said he had pronounced his own sentence, and the captain was put in prison and then torn in four pieces; but the King's daughter was married to the huntsman. After this he brought his father and mother, and they lived with their son in happiness, and after the death of the old King he received the kingdom.

## 112.—THE FLAIL FROM HEAVEN.

(*"The Flail From Heaven"* is a Brothers Grimm fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm. Since the second edition published in 1819, it has been recorded as Tale KHM 112. The Grimms noted "From the Paderborn" (from the von Haxthausen family) and another story "from the Munsterland" (from the family of the author Jenny von Droste-Hülshoff).

*Contents: Two oxen grow such long horns while plowing that the farmer gives them to the butcher on the way home. In return he brings him a Maas turnip seed and gets a taler for each grain. On the way he loses a seed from which a tree grows into the sky. He climbs up and sees the angels threshing straw. The tree shakes, someone wants to cut it down. The farmer makes a rope out of the chaff from the threshing and lowers himself with a hoe and a flail. He gets into a hole, makes a flight of stairs with the hoe, and has the flail as proof.)*

A countryman was once going out to plough with a pair of oxen. When he got to the field, both the animals' horns began to grow, and went on growing, and when he wanted to go home they were so big that the oxen could not get through the gateway for them. By good luck a butcher came by just then, and he delivered them over to him, and made the bargain in this way, that he should take the butcher a measure of turnip-seed, and then the butcher was to count him out a Brabant thaler for every seed. I call that well sold! The peasant now went home, and carried the measure of turnip-seed to him on his back. On the way, however, he lost one seed out of the bag. The butcher paid him justly as agreed on, and if the peasant had not lost the seed, he would have had one thaler the more. In the meantime, when he went on his way back, the seed had grown into a tree which reached up to the sky. Then thought the peasant, "As thou hast the chance, thou must just see what the angels are doing up there above, and for once have them before thine eyes." So he climbed up, and saw that the angels above were threshing oats, and he looked on. While he was thus watching them, he observed that the tree on which he was standing, was beginning to totter; he peeped down, and saw that some one was just going to cut it down. "If I were to fall down from hence it would be a bad thing," thought he, and in his necessity he did not know how to save himself better than by taking the chaff of the oats which lay there in heaps, and twisting a rope of it. He likewise snatched a hoe and a flail which were lying about in heaven, and

let himself down by the rope. But he came down on the earth exactly in the middle of a deep, deep hole. So it was a real piece of luck that he had brought the hoe, for he hoed himself a flight of steps with it, and mounted up, and took the flail with him as a token of his truth, so that no one could have any doubt of his story.

### 113.—THE TWO KINGS' CHILDREN.

*("The Two Kings' Children" is a Westphalian fairy tale in Low German collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales, tale number KHM 113. According to notes of the Grimms, it is "from Paderborn" (by Ludowine von Haxthausen).*

*Contents: A 16-year-old prince, who, according to signs, is said to have died at the hands of a deer at this age, sees one on the hunt, but doesn't meet him. In front of the forest there is a big man who says he has been looking for him for a long time, takes him to his castle, eats with him and sets him tasks. First he has to keep watch over his three daughters one night and answer their hourly calls. In return, he promises him the eldest daughter, but if he fails, he must die. But they make a cairn answer for him so he can sleep. Then he has to cut down a forest, clean up a lake, rid a mountain of thorn bushes and build a castle on it. The glass tool doesn't hold up, but the youngest daughter ambushes him after dinner until he sleeps, letting meerkats do the work. When he still doesn't get her, he runs away with her at night. She sees her father coming and makes them both thorn bushes and roses, which the father pricks himself with and goes home. His wife sends him to break off the rose, but they become a church and a pastor who preaches. The father listens and goes home. Then the woman herself comes and drowns the lake with fish, into which the daughter turns them both, but has to spit it out again and gives her three walnuts to take with her. The prince keeps his bride waiting in a village to be picked up by carriages, but after a kiss from his mother he forgets her. She looks for a job and his mother finds a wife for him. When they are about to be married, the king's daughter stands next to him in a dress made from one of the nuts, which she only gives to his door for one night. But only the servants hear her calling. They give him the second time instead of the ordered sleep-a wake-up drink. But the mother locked the door. He waits until morning, apologises, and she takes the dress from the third nut to the wedding.)*

There was once on a time a King who had a little boy of whom it had been foretold that he should be killed by a stag when he was sixteen years of age, and when he had reached that age the huntsmen once went hunting with him. In the forest, the King's son was separated from the others, and all at once he saw a great stag which he wanted to shoot, but could not hit. At length he chased the stag so far that they were quite out of the forest, and then suddenly a great tall man was standing there instead of the stag, and said, "It is well that I have thee, I have already ruined six pairs of glass skates with running after thee, and have not been able to get thee." Then he took the King's son with him, and dragged him through a great lake to a great palace, and then he had to sit down to table with him and eat something. When they had eaten something together the King said, "I have three daughters, thou must keep watch over the eldest for one night, from nine in the evening till six in the morning, and every time the clock strikes, I will come myself and call, and if thou then givest me no answer, to-morrow morning thou shalt be put to death, but if thou always givest me an answer, thou shalt have her to wife."

When the young folks went to the bed-room there stood a stone image of St. Christopher, and the King's daughter said to it, "My father will come at nine o'clock, and every hour till it strikes three; when he calls, give him an answer instead of the King's son." Then the stone image of St. Christopher nodded its head quite quickly, and then more and more slowly till at last it stood still. The next morning the King said to him, "Thou hast done the business well, but I cannot give my daughter away, thou must now watch a night by my second daughter, and then I will consider with myself, whether thou canst have my eldest daughter to wife, but I shall come every hour myself, and when I call thee, answer me, and if I call thee and thou dost not reply, thy blood shall flow." Then they both went into the sleeping-room, and there stood a still larger stone image of St. Christopher, and the King's daughter said to it, "If my father calls, do you answer him." Then the great stone image of St. Christopher again nodded its head quite quickly and then more and more slowly, until at last it stood still again. And the King's son lay down on the threshold, put his hand under his head and slept. The next morning the King said to him, "Thou hast done the business really well, but I cannot give my daughter away; thou must now watch a night by the youngest princess, and then I will consider with myself whether thou canst have my second daughter to wife, but I shall come every hour myself, and when I call thee answer me, and if I call thee and thou answerest not, thy blood shall flow for me."

Then they once more went to the sleeping-room together, and there was a much greater and much taller image of St. Christopher than the two first had been. The King's daughter said to it, "When my father calls, do thou answer." Then the great tall stone image of St. Christopher nodded quite half an hour with its head, until at length the head stood still again. And the King's son laid himself down on the threshold of the door and slept. The next morning the King said, "Thou hast indeed watched well, but I cannot give thee my daughter now; I have a great forest, if thou cuttest it down for me between six o'clock this morning and six at night, I will think about it." Then he gave him a glass axe, a glass wedge, and a glass mallet. When he got into the wood, he began at once to cut, but the axe broke in two, then he took the wedge, and struck it once with the mallet, and it became as short and as small as sand. Then he was much troubled and believed he would have to die, and sat down and wept.

Now when it was noon the King said, "One of you girls must take him something to eat." No," said the two eldest, "We will not take it to him; the one by whom he last watched, can take him something." Then the youngest was forced to go and take him something to eat. When she got into the forest, she asked him how he was getting on? "Oh," said he, "I am getting on very badly." Then she said he was to come and just eat a little. "Nay," said he, "I cannot do that, I shall still have to die, so I will eat no more." Then she spoke so kindly to him and begged him just to try, that he came and ate something. When he had eaten something she said, "I will comb thy hair a while, and then thou wilt feel happier."

So she combed his hair, and he became weary and fell asleep, and then she took her handkerchief and made a knot in it, and struck it three times on the earth, and said, "Earth-workers, come forth." In a moment, numbers of little earth-men came forth, and asked what the King's daughter commanded? Then said she, "In three hours' time the great forest must be cut down, and the whole of the wood laid in heaps." So the little earth-men went about and got together the whole of their kindred to help them with the work. They began at once, and when the three hours were over, all was done, and they came back to the King's daughter and told her so.

Then she took her white handkerchief again and said, "Earth-workers, go home." On this they all disappeared.

When the King's son awoke, he was delighted, and she said, "Come home when it has struck six o'clock." He did as she told him, and then the King asked, "Hast thou made away with the forest?" "Yes," said the King's son. When they were sitting at table, the King said, "I cannot yet give thee my daughter to wife, thou must still do something more for her sake." So he asked what it was to be, then? "I have a great fish-pond," said the King. "Thou must go to it to-morrow morning and clear it of all mud until it is as bright as a mirror, and fill it with every kind of fish." The next morning the King gave him a glass shovel and said, "The fish-pond must be done by six o'clock." So he went away, and when he came to the fish-pond he stuck his shovel in the mud and it broke in two, then he stuck his hoe in the mud, and broke it also. Then he was much troubled. At noon the youngest daughter brought him something to eat, and asked him how he was getting on? So the King's son said everything was going very ill with him, and he would certainly have to lose his head. "My tools have broken to pieces again." "Oh," said she, "thou must just come and eat something, and then thou wilt be in another frame of mind." "No," said he, "I cannot eat, I am far too unhappy for that!" Then she gave him many good words until at last he came and ate something. Then she combed his hair again, and he fell asleep, so once more she took her handkerchief, tied a knot in it, and struck the ground thrice with the knot, and said, "Earth-workers, come forth." In a moment a great many little earth-men came and asked what she desired, and she told them that in three hours' time, they must have the fish-pond entirely cleaned out, and it must be so clear that people could see themselves reflected in it, and every kind of fish must be in it. The little earth-men went away and summoned all their kindred to help them, and in two hours it was done. Then they returned to her and said, "We have done as thou hast commanded." The King's daughter took the handkerchief and once more struck thrice on the ground with it, and said, "Earth-workers, go home again." Then they all went away.

When the King's son awoke the fish-pond was done. Then the King's daughter went away also, and told him that when it was six he was to come to the house. When he arrived at the house the King asked, "Hast thou got the fish-pond done?" "Yes," said the King's son. That was very good.

When they were again sitting at table the King said, "Thou hast certainly done the fish-pond, but I cannot give thee my daughter yet; thou must just do one thing more." "What is that, then?" asked the King's son. The King said he had a great mountain on which there was nothing but briars which must all be cut down, and at the top of it the youth must build up a great castle, which must be as strong as could be conceived, and all the furniture and fittings belonging to a castle must be inside it. And when he arose next morning the King gave him a glass axe and a glass gimlet with him, and he was to have all done by six o'clock. As he was cutting down the first briar with the axe, it broke off short, and so small that the pieces flew all round about, and he could not use the gimlet either. Then he was quite miserable, and waited for his dearest to see if she would not come and help him in his need. When it was mid-day she came and brought him something to eat. He went to meet her and told her all, and ate something, and let her comb his hair and fell asleep. Then she once more took the knot and struck the earth with it, and said, "Earth-workers, come forth!" Then came once again numbers of earth-men, and asked what her desire was. Then said she, "In the space of three hours they must cut down the whole of the briars, and a castle must be

built on the top of the mountain that must be as strong as any one could conceive, and all the furniture that pertains to a castle must be inside it. They went away, and summoned their kindred to help them and when the time was come, all was ready. Then they came to the King's daughter and told her so, and the King's daughter took her handkerchief and struck thrice on the earth with it, and said, "Earth-workers, go home," on which they all disappeared. When therefore the King's son awoke and saw everything done, he was as happy as a bird in air.

When it had struck six, they went home together. Then said the King, "Is the castle ready?" "Yes," said the King's son. When they sat down to table, the King said, "I cannot give away my youngest daughter until the two eldest are married." Then the King's son and the King's daughter were quite troubled, and the King's son had no idea what to do. But he went by night to the King's daughter and ran away with her. When they had got a little distance away, the King's daughter peeped round and saw her father behind her. "Oh," said she, "what are we to do? My father is behind us, and will take us back with him. I will at once change thee into a briar, and myself into a rose, and I will shelter myself in the midst of the bush." When the father reached the place, there stood a briar with one rose on it, then he was about to gather the rose, when the thorn came and pricked his finger so that he was forced to go home again. His wife asked why he had not brought their daughter back with him? So he said he had nearly got up to her, but that all at once he had lost sight of her, and a briar with one rose was growing on the spot.

Then said the Queen, "If thou hadst but gathered the rose, the briar would have been forced to come too." So he went back again to fetch the rose, but in the meantime the two were already far over the plain, and the King ran after them. Then the daughter once more looked round and saw her father coming, and said, "Oh, what shall we do now? I will instantly change thee into a church and myself into a priest, and I will stand up in the pulpit, and preach." When the King got to the place, there stood a church, and in the pulpit was a priest preaching. So he listened to the sermon, and then went home again.

Then the Queen asked why he had not brought their daughter with him, and he said, "Nay, I ran a long time after her, and just as I thought I should soon overtake her, a church was standing there and a priest was in the pulpit preaching." "Thou shouldst just have brought the priest," said his wife, "and then the church would soon have come. It is no use to send thee, I must go there myself." When she had walked for some time, and could see the two in the distance, the King's daughter peeped round and saw her mother coming, and said, "Now we are undone, for my mother is coming herself: I will immediately change thee into a fish-pond and myself into a fish."

When the mother came to the place, there was a large fish-pond, and in the midst of it a fish was leaping about and peeping out of the water, and it was quite merry. She wanted to catch the fish, but she could not. Then she was very angry, and drank up the whole pond in order to catch the fish, but it made her so ill that she was forced to vomit, and vomited the whole pond out again. Then she cried, "I see very well that nothing can be done now," and said that now they might come back to her. Then the King's daughter went back again, and the Queen gave her daughter three walnuts, and said, "With these thou canst help thyself when thou art in thy greatest need." So the young folks went once more away together. And when they had walked quite ten miles, they arrived at the castle from whence the King's son came, and close by it was a village. When they reached it, the King's son said, "Stay here,

my dearest, I will just go to the castle, and then will I come with a carriage and with attendants to fetch thee."

When he got to the castle they all rejoiced greatly at having the King's son back, again, and he told them he had a bride who was now in the village, and they must go with the carriage to fetch her. Then they harnessed the horses at once, and many attendants seated themselves outside the carriage. When the King's son was about to get in, his mother gave him a kiss, and he forgot everything which had happened, and also what he was about to do. On this his mother ordered the horses to be taken out of the carriage again, and every one went back into the house. But the maiden sat in the village and watched and watched, and thought he would come and fetch her, but no one came. Then the King's daughter took service in the mill which belonged to the castle, and was obliged to sit by the pond every afternoon and clean the tubs. And the Queen came one day on foot from the castle, and went walking by the pond, and saw the well-grown maiden sitting there, and said, "What a fine strong girl that is! She pleases me well!" Then she and all with her looked at the maid, but no one knew her. So a long time passed by during which the maiden served the miller honourably and faithfully. In the meantime, the Queen had sought a wife for her son, who came from quite a distant part of the world. When the bride came, they were at once to be married. And many people hurried together, all of whom wanted to see everything. Then the girl said to the miller that he might be so good as to give her leave to go also. So the miller said, "Yes, do go there." When she was about to go, she opened one of the three walnuts, and a beautiful dress lay inside it. She put it on, and went into the church and stood by the altar. Suddenly came the bride and bridegroom, and seated themselves before the altar, and when the priest was just going to bless them, the bride peeped half round and saw the maiden standing there. Then she stood up again, and said she would not be given away until she also had as beautiful a dress as that lady there. So they went back to the house again, and sent to ask the lady if she would sell that dress. No, she would not sell it, but the bride might perhaps earn it. Then the bride asked her how she was to do this? Then the maiden said if she might sleep one night outside the King's son's door, the bride might have what she wanted. So the bride said, "Yes, she was to do that." But the servants were ordered to give the King's son a sleeping drink, and then the maiden laid herself down on the threshold and lamented all night long. She had had the forest cut down for him, she had had the fish-pond cleaned out for him, she had had the castle built for him, she had changed him into a briar, and then into a church, and at last into a fish-pond, and yet he had forgotten her so quickly. The King's son did not hear one word of it, but the servants had been awakened, and had listened to it, and had not known what it could mean. The next morning when they were all up, the bride put on the dress, and went away to the church with the bridegroom. In the meantime the maiden opened the second walnut, and a still more beautiful dress was inside it. She put it on, and went and stood by the altar in the church, and everything happened as it had happened the time before. And the maiden again lay all night on the threshold which led to the chamber of the King's son, and the servant was once more to give him a sleeping-drink. The servant, however, went to him and gave him something to keep him awake, and then the King's son went to bed, and the miller's maiden bemoaned herself as before on the threshold of the door, and told of all that she had done. All this the King's son heard, and was sore troubled, and what was past came back to him. Then he wanted to go to her, but his mother had locked the door. The next morning, however, he went at once

to his beloved, and told her everything which had happened to him, and prayed her not to be angry with him for having forgotten her. Then the King's daughter opened the third walnut, and within it was a still more magnificent dress, which she put on, and went with her bridegroom to church, and numbers of children came who gave them flowers, and offered them gay ribbons to bind about their feet, and they were blessed by the priest, and had a merry wedding. But the false mother and the bride had to depart. And the mouth of the person who last told all this is still warm.

#### 114.—THE CUNNING LITTLE TAILOR.

(*"The Cunning [or: clever] Little Tailor"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, KHM 114. The Grimms noted "from the Schwalm region in Hessen" (perhaps from Ferdinand Siebert).

*Contents: A proud princess set a riddle to her wooers and sent them away when they could not answer. Three tailors came. Two were known for their cleverness and skill, and the third for his uselessness. The princess asked them what two colours were her hairs. The first said black and white; the second brown and red; the third gold and silver, and he was right. The princess demanded that he spend the night with a bear as well. In his stall, the tailor began to crack nuts. He offered the bear not nuts but pebbles, and the bear could not crack them. The tailor took one away, substituted a nut, and cracked it. The tailor began to fiddle, and the bear danced. The tailor offered to teach it, but first he had to cut its nails. He trapped it in a vise and left it there. The princess agreed to marry him. The other two tailors freed the bear. It came after the carriage. The tailor stuck his legs out the window and threatened the bear with the claim that they were a vise. It ran off.)*

There was once on a time a princess who was extremely proud. If a wooer came she gave him some riddle to guess, and if he could not find it out, he was sent contemptuously away. She let it be made known also that whosoever solved her riddle should marry her, let him be who he might. At length, therefore, three tailors fell in with each other, the two eldest of whom thought they had done so many dexterous bits of work successfully that they could not fail to succeed in this also; the third was a little useless landlouper, who did not even know his trade, but thought he must have some luck in this venture, for where else was it to come from? Then the two others said to him, "Just stay at home; thou canst not do much with thy little bit of understanding." The little tailor, however, did not let himself be discouraged, and said he had set his head to work about this for once, and he would manage well enough, and he went forth as if the whole world were his.

They all three announced themselves to the princess, and said she was to propound her riddle to them, and that the right persons were now come, who had understandings so fine that they could be threaded in a needle. Then said the princess, "I have two kinds of hair on my head, of what colour is it?" "If that be all," said the first, "it must be black and white, like the cloth which is called "pepper and salt." The princess said, "Wrongly guessed; let the second answer." Then said the second, "If it be not black and white, then it is brown and red, like my father's company coat." "Wrongly guessed," said the princess, "let the third give the answer, for I see very well he knows it for certain." Then the little tailor stepped boldly forth and said, "The princess has a silver and a golden hair on her head, and those are the two different colours." When the princess heard that, she turned pale and nearly fell down with terror, for the little tailor had guessed her riddle,

and she had firmly believed that no man on earth could discover it. When her courage returned she said, "Thou hast not won me yet by that; there is still something else that thou must do. Below, in the stable, is a bear with which thou shalt pass the night, and when I get up in the morning if thou art still alive, thou shalt marry me." She expected, however, she should thus get rid of the tailor, for the bear had never yet left any one alive who had fallen into his clutches. The little tailor did not let himself be frightened away, but was quite delighted, and said, "Boldly ventured is half won."

When therefore the evening came, our little tailor was taken down to the bear. The bear was about to set at the little fellow at once, and give him a hearty welcome with his paws: "Softly, softly," said the little tailor, "I will soon make thee quiet." Then quite composedly, and as if he had not an anxiety in the world, he took some nuts out of his pocket, cracked them, and ate the kernels. When the bear saw that, he was seized with a desire to have some nuts too. The tailor felt in his pockets, and reached him a handful; they were, however, not nuts, but pebbles. The bear put them in his mouth, but could get nothing out of them, let him bite as he would. "Eh!" thought he, "what a stupid blockhead I am! I cannot even crack a nut!" and then he said to the tailor, "Here, crack me the nuts." "There, see what a stupid fellow thou art!" said the little tailor, "to have such a great mouth, and not be able to crack a small nut!" Then he took the pebble and nimbly put a nut in his mouth in the place of it, and crack, it was in two! "I must try the thing again," said the bear: "when I watch you, I then think I ought to be able to do it too." So the tailor once more gave him a pebble, and the bear tried and tried to bite into it with all the strength of his body. But no one will imagine that he accomplished it. When that was over, the tailor took out a violin from beneath his coat, and played a piece on it to himself. When the bear heard the music, he could not help beginning to dance, and when he had danced a while, the thing pleased him so well that he said to the little tailor, "Hark you, is the fiddle heavy?" "Light enough for a child. Look, with the left hand I lay my fingers on it, and with the right I stroke it with the bow, and then it goes merrily, hop sa sa vivallalera!" "So," said the bear; "fiddling is a thing I should like to understand too, that I might dance whenever I had a fancy. What dost thou think of that? Wilt thou give me lessons?" "With all my heart," said the tailor, "if thou hast a talent for it. But just let me see thy claws, they are terribly long, I must cut thy nails a little." Then a vice was brought, and the bear put his claws in it, and the little tailor screwed it tight, and said, "Now wait until I come with the scissors," and he let the bear growl as he liked, and lay down in the corner on a bundle of straw, and fell asleep.

When the princess heard the bear growling so fiercely during the night, she believed nothing else but that he was growling for joy, and had made an end of the tailor. In the morning she arose careless and happy, but when she peeped into the stable, the tailor stood gaily before her, and was as healthy as a fish in the water. Now she could not say another word against the wedding because she had given a promise before every one, and the King ordered a carriage to be brought in which she was to drive to church with the tailor, and there she was to be married. When they had got into the carriage, the two other tailors, who had false hearts and envied him his good fortune, went into the stable and unscrewed the bear again. The bear in great fury ran after the carriage. The princess heard him snorting and growling; she was terrified, and she cried, "Ah, the bear is behind us and wants to get thee!" The tailor was quick and stood on his head, stuck his legs out of the window, and cried, "Dost thou see the vice? If thou dost not be off

thou shalt be put into it again." When the bear saw that, he turned round and ran away. The tailor drove quietly to church, and the princess was married to him at once, and he lived with her as happy as a woodlark. Whosoever does not believe this, must pay a thaler [dollar].

## 115.—THE BRIGHT SUN BRINGS IT TO LIGHT.

(*"The Bright Sun Brings It To Light"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales, tale number 115. The Grimms noted "from Zwehrn" (from Dorothea Viehmann). Whilst the stories "The Good Bargain" (KHM 7) and "The Jew Among Thorns" (KHM 110) are deemed antisemitic, this story is neither antisemitic nor anti-Jewish. It is about poverty, evil gossip and the rule of law. The Grimms could have used the name of an animal to denote the murderer instead. At that time, it should have been worrying that many crime stories were randomly connected to Jews just by using their name of identity. How would the people of the 19th century have felt if they witnessed the liberation of the concentration camps in Hitler's crumbling Nazi-Empire?

*Contents: An impoverished tailor robs and murders a Jew on the road, despite the Jew saying he has nothing worth stealing. As the Jew dies, he warns, "The bright sun will bring it to light." The man then settles down. One day, he sees the sunlight reflecting from his drink and jeers about its bringing "it" to light. His wife bothers him until he tells her what he means. She gossips about it, and the tailor is tried and executed.)*

A tailor's apprentice was travelling about the world in search of work, and at one time he could find none, and his poverty was so great that he had not a farthing to live on. Presently he met a Jew on the road, and as he thought he would have a great deal of money about him, the tailor thrust God out of his heart, fell on the Jew, and said, "Give me thy money, or I will strike thee dead." Then said the Jew, "Grant me my life, I have no money but eight farthings." But the tailor said, "Money thou hast; and it shall be produced," and used violence and beat him until he was near death. And when the Jew was dying, the last words he said were, "The bright sun will bring it to light," and thereupon he died. The tailor's apprentice felt in his pockets and sought for money, but he found nothing but eight farthings, as the Jew had said. Then he took him up and carried him behind a clump of trees, and went onwards to seek work. After he had travelled about a long while, he got work in a town with a master who had a pretty daughter, with whom he fell in love, and he married her, and lived in good and happy wedlock.

After a long time when he and his wife had two children, the wife's father and mother died, and the young people kept house alone. One morning, when the husband was sitting on the table before the window, his wife brought him his coffee, and when he had poured it out into the saucer, and was just going to drink, the sun shone on it and the reflection gleamed hither and thither on the wall above, and made circles on it. Then the tailor looked up and said, "Yes, it would like very much to bring it to light, and cannot!" The woman said, "Oh, dear husband, and what is that, then? What dost thou mean by that?" He answered, "I must not tell thee." But she said, "If thou lovest me, thou must tell me," and used her most affectionate words, and said that no one should ever know it, and left him no rest. Then he told her how years ago, when he was travelling about seeking work and quite worn out

and penniless, he had killed a Jew, and that in the last agonies of death, the Jew had spoken the words, "The bright sun will bring it to light." And now, the sun had just wanted to bring it to light, and had gleamed and made circles on the wall, but had not been able to do it. After this, he again charged her particularly never to tell this, or he would lose his life, and she did promise. When, however, he had sat down to work again, she went to her great friend and confided the story to her, but she was never to repeat it to any human being, but before two days were over, the whole town knew it, and the tailor was brought to trial, and condemned. And thus, after all, the bright sun did bring it to light.

## 116.—THE BLUE LIGHT.

*("The Blue Light" is a Brothers Grimm fairy tale about a discarded soldier who finds a magical object that provides him a supernatural helper. This story comes from Mecklenburg, the contributor, however, remains unknown. There are many of the features from Hans Christian Andersen's later work *The Tinderbox*.*

*Contents: A soldier becomes an invalid and is abdicated by his king. He pulls away and comes to a witch's house in the forest. The witch gives him three tasks, two of which he fails, and the third is to bring her a blue light from a dry well. He is lowered, finds the lamp, but becomes suspicious and does not want to hand it over until he is on solid ground. The enraged witch then lets him fall with the light. When he desperately lights his tobacco pipe at the blue light, a small, black man appears and asks: "Lord, what do you command?" bring the king's daughter to his room at night so that she can do maid service for him. Before dawn, the little man always brings them back. The third time she leads the king on the trail, the soldier is caught and led to the gallows. His last request (he must not ask for his life) is there to light a pipe. The male appears again, everything turns out well, and he gets the princess and the kingdom.)*

There was once on a time a soldier who for many years had served the King faithfully, but when the war came to an end could serve no longer because of the many wounds which he had received. The King said to him, "Thou mayst return to thy home, I need thee no longer, and thou wilt not receive any more money, for he only receives wages who renders me service for them." Then the soldier did not know how to earn a living, went away greatly troubled, and walked the whole day, until in the evening he entered a forest. When darkness came on, he saw a light, which he went up to, and came to a house wherein lived a witch. "Do give me one night's lodging, and a little to eat and drink," said he to her, "or I shall starve." "Oho!" she answered, "who gives anything to a runaway soldier? Yet will I be compassionate, and take you in, if you will do what I wish." "What do you wish?" said the soldier. "That you should dig all round my garden for me, to-morrow." The soldier consented, and next day laboured with all his strength, but could not finish it by the evening. "I see well enough," said the witch, "that you can do no more to-day, but I will keep you yet another night, in payment for which you must to-morrow chop me a load of wood, and make it small." The soldier spent the whole day in doing it, and in the evening the witch proposed that he should stay one night more. "To-morrow, you shall only do me a very trifling piece of work. Behind my house, there is an old dry well, into which my light has fallen, it burns blue, and never goes out, and you shall bring it up again for me." Next day the old

woman took him to the well, and let him down in a basket. He found the blue light, and made her a signal to draw him up again. She did draw him up, but when he came near the edge, she stretched down her hand and wanted to take the blue light away from him. "No," said he, perceiving her evil intention, "I will not give thee the light until I am standing with both feet upon the ground." The witch fell into a passion, let him down again into the well, and went away.

The poor soldier fell without injury on the moist ground, and the blue light went on burning, but of what use was that to him? He saw very well that he could not escape death. He sat for a while very sorrowfully, then suddenly he felt in his pocket and found his tobacco pipe, which was still half full. "This shall be my last pleasure," thought he, pulled it out, lit it at the blue light and began to smoke. When the smoke had circled about the cavern, suddenly a little black dwarf stood before him, and said, "Lord, what are thy commands?" "What commands have I to give thee?" replied the soldier, quite astonished". "I must do everything thou biddest me," said the little man. "Good," said the soldier; "then in the first place help me out of this well." The little man took him by the hand, and led him through an underground passage, but he did not forget to take the blue light with him. On the way the dwarf showed him the treasures which the witch had collected and hidden there, and the soldier took as much gold as he could carry. When he was above, he said to the little man, "Now go and bind the old witch, and carry her before the judge." In a short time she, with frightful cries, came riding by, as swift as the wind on a wild tom-cat, nor was it long after that before the little man reappeared. "It is all done," said he, "and the witch is already hanging on the gallows. What further commands has my lord?" inquired the dwarf. "At this moment, none," answered the soldier; "thou canst return home, only be at hand immediately, if I summon thee." "Nothing more is needed than that thou shouldst light thy pipe at the blue light, and I will appear before thee at once." Thereupon he vanished from his sight.

The soldier returned to the town from which he had come. He went to the best inn, ordered himself handsome clothes, and then bade the landlord furnish him a room as handsomely as possible. When it was ready and the soldier had taken possession of it, he summoned the little black mannikin and said, "I have served the King faithfully, but he has dismissed me, and left me to hunger, and now I want to take my revenge." "What am I to do?" asked the little man. "Late at night, when the King's daughter is in bed, bring her here in her sleep, she shall do servant's work for me." The mannikin said, "That is an easy thing for me to do, but a very dangerous thing for you, for if it is discovered, you will fare ill." When twelve o'clock had struck, the door sprang open, and the mannikin carried in the princess. "Aha! art thou there?" cried the soldier, "get to thy work at once! Fetch the broom and sweep the chamber." When she had done this, he ordered her to come to his chair, and then he stretched out his feet and said, "Pull off my boots for me," and then he threw them in her face, and made her pick them up again, and clean and brighten them. She, however, did everything he bade her, without opposition, silently and with half-shut eyes. When the first cock crowed, the mannikin carried her back to the royal palace, and laid her in her bed.

Next morning when the princess arose, she went to her father, and told him that she had had a very strange dream. "I was carried through the streets with the rapidity of lightning," said she, "and taken into a soldier's room, and I had to wait upon him like a servant, sweep his room, clean his boots, and do all kinds of menial work. It was only a dream, and yet I am just as tired as if I

really had done everything." "The dream may have been true," said the King, "I will give thee a piece of advice. Fill thy pocket full of peas, and make a small hole in it, and then if thou art carried away again, they will fall out and leave a track in the streets." But unseen by the King, the mannikin was standing beside him when he said that, and heard all. At night when the sleeping princess was again carried through the streets, some peas certainly did fall out of her pocket, but they made no track, for the crafty mannikin had just before scattered peas in every street there was. And again the princess was compelled to do servant's work until cock-crow.

Next morning the King sent his people out to seek the track, but it was all in vain, for in every street poor children were sitting, picking up peas, and saying, "It must have rained peas, last night." "We must think of something else," said the King; "keep thy shoes on when thou goest to bed, and before thou comest back from the place where thou art taken, hide one of them there, I will soon contrive to find it." The black mannikin heard this plot, and at night when the soldier again ordered him to bring the princess, revealed it to him, and told him that he knew of no expedient to counteract this stratagem, and that if the shoe were found in the soldier's house it would go badly with him." "Do what I bid thee," replied the soldier, and again this third night the princess was obliged to work like a servant, but before she went away, she hid her shoe under the bed.

Next morning the King had the entire town searched for his daughter's shoe. It was found at the soldier's, and the soldier himself, who at the entreaty of the dwarf had gone outside the gate, was soon brought back, and thrown into prison. In his flight he had forgotten the most valuable things he had, the blue light and the gold, and had only one ducat in his pocket. And now loaded with chains, he was standing at the window of his dungeon, when he chanced to see one of his comrades passing by. The soldier tapped at the pane of glass, and when this man came up, said to him, "Be so kind as to fetch me the small bundle I have left lying in the inn, and I will give you a ducat for doing it." His comrade ran thither and brought him what he wanted. As soon as the soldier was alone again, he lighted his pipe and summoned the black mannikin. "Have no fear," said the latter to his master. "Go wheresoever they take you, and let them do what they will, only take the blue light with you." Next day the soldier was tried, and though he had done nothing wicked, the judge condemned him to death. When he was led forth to die, he begged a last favour of the King. "What is it?" asked the King. "That I may smoke one more pipe on my way." "Thou mayst smoke three," answered the King, "but do not imagine that I will spare thy life." Then the soldier pulled out his pipe and lighted it at the blue light, and as soon as a few wreaths of smoke had ascended, the mannikin was there with a small cudgel in his hand, and said, "What does my lord command?" "Strike down to earth that false judge there, and his constable, and spare not the King who has treated me so ill." Then the mannikin fell on them like lightning, darting this way and that way, and whosoever was so much as touched by his cudgel fell to earth, and did not venture to stir again. The King was terrified; he threw himself on the soldier's mercy, and merely to be allowed to live at all, gave him his kingdom for his own, and the princess to wife.

## 117.—THE WILFUL CHILD.

*("The Willful Child" is a legend collected by the Brothers Grimm as tale number KHM 117. The fairy tale comes from Hesse. It is based on the popular belief that a child's hand that strikes its parents grows over its grave. The legend should originally have been meant as a warning against disobedient children.)*

*Contents: Because a child does not follow its mother, God causes it to become terminally ill. In the grave it always stretches out its arms and only finds rest after its mother hits it with a rod.)*

Once upon a time there was a child who was wilful, and would not do what her mother wished. For this reason God had no pleasure in her, and let her become ill, and no doctor could do her any good, and in a short time she lay on her death-bed. When she had been lowered into her grave, and the earth was spread over her, all at once her arm came out again, and stretched upwards, and when they had put it in and spread fresh earth over it, it was all to no purpose, for the arm always came out again. Then the mother herself was obliged to go to the grave, and strike the arm with a rod, and when she had done that, it was drawn in, and then at last the child had rest beneath the ground.

## 118.—THE THREE ARMY-SURGEONS.

*("The Three Army Surgeons" (KHM 118) is a Brothers Grimm fairy tale. The Grimms noted "from Zwehrn" in Hesse (from Dorothea Viehmann).*

*Contents: Three army surgeons (doctors) traveling through want to show their host that they can cut out their hands, hearts and eyes and use them again. A girl is supposed to keep the pieces overnight, but the cat steals them when she forgets to close the closet door because of her lover. The lover, a soldier, takes the hand of a hanged man and the heart and eye of a pig and a cat. The army surgeons use them in the morning. The host is impressed. But on the way they notice that someone always wants to run into the dung, someone reaches out when a rich man does not look at his money, and someone sees badly during the day but sees mice in the dark at night. You turn back. The girl runs away and the innkeeper has to pay her a lot of money.)*

Three army-surgeons who thought they knew their art perfectly, were travelling about the world, and they came to an inn where they wanted to pass the night. The host asked whence they came, and whither they were going? "We are roaming about the world and practising our art." "Just show me for once in a way what you can do," said the host. Then the first said he would cut off his hand, and put it on again early next morning; the second said he would tear out his heart, and replace it next morning; the third said he would cut out his eyes and heal them again next morning. "If you can do that," said the innkeeper, "you have learnt everything." They, however, had a salve, with which they rubbed themselves, which joined parts together, and they carried the little bottle in which it was, constantly with them. Then they cut the hand, heart and eyes from their bodies as they had said they would, and laid them all together on a plate, and gave it to the innkeeper. The innkeeper gave it to a servant who was to set it in the cupboard, and take good care of it. The girl, however, had a lover in secret, who was a soldier. When therefore the innkeeper, the three army-surgeons, and every one else in the house were asleep, the soldier came and wanted something to eat. The girl opened the cupboard

and brought him some food, and in her love forgot to shut the cupboard-door again; she seated herself at the table by her lover, and they chattered away together. While she sat so contentedly there thinking of no ill luck, the cat came creeping in, found the cupboard open, took the hand and heart and eyes of the three army-surgeons, and ran off with them. When the soldier had done eating, and the girl was taking away the things and going to shut the cupboard she saw that the plate which the innkeeper had given her to take care of, was empty. Then she said in a fright to her lover, "Ah, miserable girl, what shall I do? The hand is gone, the heart and the eyes are gone too, what will become of me in the morning?" "Be easy," said he, "I will help thee out of thy trouble—there is a thief hanging outside on the gallows, I will cut off his hand. Which hand was it?" "The right one." Then the girl gave him a sharp knife, and he went and cut the poor sinner's right hand off, and brought it to her. After this he caught the cat and cut its eyes out, and now nothing but the heart was wanting. "Have you not been killing, and are not the dead pigs in the cellar?" said he, "Yes," said the girl. "That's well," said the soldier, and he went down and fetched a pig's heart. The girl placed all together on the plate, and put it in the cupboard, and when after this her lover took leave of her, she went quietly to bed.

In the morning when the three army-surgeons got up, they told the girl she was to bring them the plate on which the hand, heart, and eyes were lying. Then she brought it out of the cupboard, and the first fixed the thief's hand on and smeared it with his salve, and it grew to his arm directly. The second took the cat's eyes and put them in his own head. The third fixed the pig's heart firm in the place where his own had been, and the innkeeper stood by, admired their skill, and said he had never yet seen such a thing as that done, and would sing their praises and recommend them to every one. Then they paid their bill, and travelled farther.

As they were on their way, the one with the pig's heart did not stay with them at all, but wherever there was a corner he ran to it, and rooted about in it with his nose as pigs do. The others wanted to hold him back by the tail of his coat, but that did no good; he tore himself loose, and ran wherever the dirt was thickest. The second also behaved very strangely; he rubbed his eyes, and said to the others, "Comrades, what is the matter? I don't see at all. Will one of you lead me, so that I do not fall." Then with difficulty they travelled on till evening, when they reached another inn. They went into the bar together, and there at a table in the corner sat a rich man counting money. The one with the thief's hand walked round about him, made a sudden movement twice with his arm, and at last when the stranger turned away, he snatched at the pile of money, and took a handful from it. One of them saw this and said, "Comrade, what art thou about? Thou must not steal—shame on thee!" "Eh," said he, "but how can I stop myself? My hand twitches, and I am forced to snatch things whether I will or not."

After this, they lay down to sleep, and while they were lying there it was so dark that no one could see his own hand. All at once the one with the cat's eyes awoke, aroused the others, and said, "Brothers, just look up, do you see the white mice running about there?" The two sat up, but could see nothing. Then said he, "Things are not right with us, we have not got back again what is ours. We must return to the inn-keeper, he has deceived us." They went back, therefore, the next morning, and told the host they had not got what was their own again; that the first had a thief's hand, the second cat's eyes, and the third a pig's heart. The innkeeper said that the girl must be to blame for that, and was going to call her, but when she had seen the three coming, she had run out by

the backdoor, and not come back. Then the three said he must give them a great deal of money, or they would set his house on fire.[1] He gave them what he had, and whatever he could get together, and the three went away with it. It was enough for the rest of their lives, but they would rather have had their own proper organs.

[*"Sonst liessen sie ihm den rothen Hahn übers Haus fliegen."* The symbol of a red cock for fire is of remote antiquity. (See *Völuspá*, 34, 35.) "I will set a red cock on your roof," is the incendiary's threat in Germany, where fire is compared to a cock flying from house to house.—Grimm's *'Deutsche Mythologie'*, p. 568. Red cock-crawling—a cant phrase for fire-raising in the south of Scotland. See Jamieson's *Et. Dict.*, where also the following extract from *Guy Mannering*, i. 39, is given: "'Weel, there's ane abune a', but we'll see if the red cock craw not in his bonnie barn-yard ae morning before day dawing.' 'What does she mean?' 'Fire-raising,' answered the laconic Dominie." Sir Walter Scott was, however, a German scholar at a time when German was little studied, and the picturesqueness of the expression may have induced him to import it into North Britain.—Tr.]

## 119.—THE SEVEN SWABIANS.

(*"The Seven Swabians"* is a farce about the adventures of seven Swabians who are portrayed as clumsy. The highlight is the fight with a monster that turns out to be a rabbit 2nd edition from 1819 (KHM 119) Grimm's note names Kirchhofs Wendunmuth as the source "1, St. 274". The term "Swabians" refers to people from the Swabia region in the southwest of Germany, though in Switzerland it refers to Germans in general.

*Content:* Seven Swabians are looking for adventure with a long spear. On the way (in the hay month) an insect buzzes in the twilight, the foremost, Herr Schulz, thinks it's a war drum. He escapes over a fence, steps on a rake, hitting him in the face with the handle, and surrenders, as do the others. A hare sleeps on a fallow field in the sun. They discuss what to do and the seven of them attack the supposed dragon with a spear until Herr Schulz is so scared that he talks so loudly that the rabbit runs away. On the Moselle they shout across the water how to get across and are not understood. Mr. Schulz misinterpreted the answer "what? wat!", wades in and sinks. His hat swims over, a frog croaks "wat, wat, wat", then the others follow and drown too.)

Seven Swabians were once together. The first was Master Schulz; the second, Jackli; the third, Marli; the fourth, Jergli; the fifth, Michal; the sixth, Hans; the seventh, Veitli: all seven had made up their minds to travel about the world to seek adventures, and perform great deeds. But in order that they might go in security and with arms in their hands, they thought it would be advisable that they should have one solitary, but very strong, and very long spear made for them. This spear all seven of them took in their hands at once; in front walked the boldest and bravest, and that was Master Schulz; all the others followed in a row, and Veitli was the last. Then it came to pass one day in the hay-making month (July), when they had walked a long distance, and still had a long way to go before they reached the village where they were to pass the night, that as they were in a meadow in the twilight a great beetle or hornet flew by them from behind a bush, and hummed in a menacing manner. Master Schulz was so terrified that he all but dropped the spear, and a cold perspiration broke out over his whole body. "Hark! hark!" cried he to his comrades, "Good heavens! I hear a drum." Jackli, who was behind him holding the

spear, and who perceived some kind of a smell, said, "Something is most certainly going on, for I taste powder and matches." At these words Master Schulz began to take to flight, and in a trice jumped over a hedge, but as he just happened to jump on to the teeth of a rake which had been left lying there after the hay-making, the handle of it struck against his face and gave him a tremendous blow. "Oh dear! Oh dear!" screamed Master Schulz. "Take me prisoner; I surrender! I surrender!" The other six all leapt over, one on the top of the other, crying, "If you surrender, I surrender too! If you surrender, I surrender too!" At length, as no enemy was there to bind and take them away, they saw that they had been mistaken, and in order that the story might not be known, and they be treated as fools and ridiculed, they all swore to each, other to hold their peace about it until one of them accidentally spoke of it.

Then they journeyed onwards. The second danger which they survived cannot be compared with the first. Some days afterwards, their path led them through a fallow-field where a hare was sitting sleeping in the sun. Her ears were standing straight up, and her great glassy eyes were wide open. All of them were alarmed at the sight of the horrible wild beast, and they consulted together as to what it would be the least dangerous to do. For if they were to run away, they knew that the monster would pursue and swallow them whole. So they said, "We must go through a great and dangerous struggle. Boldly ventured, is half won," and all seven grasped the spear, Master Schulz in front, and Veitli behind. Master Schulz was always trying to keep the spear back, but Veitli had become quite brave while behind, and wanted to dash forward and cried,

"Strike home, in every Swabian's name,  
Or else I wish ye may be lame."  
But Hans knew how to meet this, and said,  
"Thunder and lightning, it's fine to prate,  
But for dragon-hunting thou'rt aye too late."  
Michal cried,  
"Nothing is wanting, not even a hair,  
Be sure the Devil himself is there."  
Then it was Jergli's turn to speak,  
"If it be not, it's at least his mother,  
Or else it's the Devil's own step-brother."  
And now Marli had a bright thought, and said to Veitli,  
"Advance, Veitli, advance, advance,  
And I behind will hold the lance."

Veitli, however, did not attend to that, and Jackli said,  
'Tis Schulz's place the first to be,  
No one deserves that honour but he."  
Then Master Schulz plucked up his courage, and said, gravely,  
"Then let us boldly advance to the fight.  
And thus we shall show our valour and might."

Hereupon they all together set on the dragon. Master Schulz crossed himself and prayed for God's assistance, but as all this was of no avail, and he was getting nearer and nearer to the enemy, he screamed "Oho! Oho! ho! ho! ho!" in the greatest anguish. This awakened the hare, which in great alarm darted swiftly away. When Master Schulz saw her thus flying from the field of battle, he cried in his joy.

"Quick, Veitli, quick, look there, look there,  
The monster's nothing but a hare!"

But the Swabian allies went in search of further adventures, and came to the Moselle, a mossy, quiet, deep river, over which there are few bridges, and which in many places people have to cross in boats. As the seven Swabians did not know this, they called to a man who was working on the opposite side of the river, to know

how people contrived to get across. The distance and their way of speaking made the man unable to understand what they wanted, and he said "What? what?" in the way people speak in the neighbourhood of Treves. Master Schulz thought he was saying, "Wade, wade through the water," and as he was the first, began to set out and went into the Moselle. It was not long before he sank in the mud and the deep waves which drove against him, but his hat was blown on the opposite shore by the wind, and a frog sat down beside it, and croaked "Wat, wat, wat." The other six on the opposite side heard that, and said, "Oho, comrades, Master Schulz is calling us; if he can wade across, why cannot we?" So they all jumped into the water together in a great hurry, and were drowned, and thus one frog took the lives of all six of them, and not one of the Swabian allies ever reached home again.

## 120.—THE THREE APPRENTICES.

(*"The Three Apprentices" or "The Three Journeymen" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales as tale number KHM 120. The Grimms noted "a story from Zwehrn" (by Dorothea Viehmann) as the source.*

*Contents: Three apprentices banded together and agreed to work in the same town, but they had grown so poor that they thought they had to separate. A richly dressed man asked them to help him for money. One noticed that he had a horse's foot, but though he was the Devil, he assured them that he only wanted a soul that was already half his and not theirs. He gave them money and told them that, whenever they were spoken to, the first one was to say "All three of us"; the second, "For money"; and the third, "And quite right too!" They went and lived in an inn. The innkeeper thought they were mad, and they saw everything that happened there. A merchant gave the innkeeper money to take care of, for fear the apprentices would steal it. The innkeeper murdered the merchant in the night and blamed the apprentices; their answers to the questions seemed confessions of guilt, but the Devil appeared as they were about to be executed and freed them. They then announced that the innkeeper was the murderer, and where the bodies were to be found. The innkeeper was beheaded, the Devil got his soul, and the three apprentices had money for the rest of their lives.)*

There were once three apprentices, who had agreed to keep always together while travelling, and always to work in the same town. At one time, however, their masters had no more work to give them, so that at last they were in rags, and had nothing to live on. Then one of them said, "What shall we do? We cannot stay here any longer, we will travel once more, and if we do not find any work in the town we go to, we will arrange with the innkeeper there, that we are to write and tell him where we are staying, so that we can always have news of each other, and then we will separate." And that seemed best to the others also. They went forth, and met on the way a richly-dressed man who asked who they were, "We are apprentices looking for work; up to this time we have kept together, but if we cannot find anything to do we are going to separate." "There is no need for that," said the man, "if you will do what I tell you, you shall not want for gold or for work;—nay, you shall become great lords, and drive in your carriages!" One of them said, "If our souls and salvation be not endangered, we will certainly do it." "They will not," replied the man, "I have no claim on you." One of the others had, however, looked at his feet, and when he saw a horse's foot and a man's foot,

he did not want to have anything to do with him. The Devil, however, said, "Be easy, I have no designs on you, but on another soul, which is half my own already, and whose measure shall but run full." As they were now secure, they consented, and the Devil told them what he wanted. The first was to answer, "All three of us," to every question; the second was to say, "For money," and the third, "And quite right too!" They were always to say this, one after the other, but they were not to say one word more, and if they disobeyed this order, all their money would disappear at once, but so long as they observed it, their pockets would always be full. As a beginning, he at once gave them as much as they could carry, and told them to go to such and such an inn when they got to the town. They went to it, and the innkeeper came to meet them, and asked if they wished for anything to eat? The first replied, "All three of us." "Yes," said the host, "that is what I mean." The second said, "For money." "Of course," said the host. The third said, "And quite right too!" "Certainly it is right," said the host.

Good meat and drink were now brought to them, and they were well waited on. After the dinner came the payment, and the innkeeper gave the bill to the one who said, "All three of us," the second said, "For money," and the third, "And quite right too!" "Indeed it is right," said the host, "all three pay, and without money I can give nothing." They, however, paid still more than he had asked. The lodgers, who were looking on, said, "These people must be mad." "Yes, indeed they are," said the host, "they are not very wise." So they stayed some time in the inn, and said nothing else but "All three of us," "For money," and "And quite right too!" But they saw and knew all that was going on. It so happened that a great merchant came with a large sum of money, and said, "Sir host, take care of my money for me, here are three crazy apprentices who might steal it from me." The host did as he was asked. As he was carrying the trunk into his room, he felt that it was heavy with gold. Thereupon he gave the three apprentices a lodging below, but the merchant came up-stairs into a separate apartment. When it was midnight, and the host thought that all were asleep, he came with his wife, and they had an axe and struck the rich merchant dead; and after they had murdered him they went to bed again. When it was day there was a great outcry; the merchant lay dead in bed bathed in blood. All the guests ran at once, but the host said, "The three crazy apprentices have done this;" the lodgers confirmed it, and said, "It can have been no one else." The innkeeper, however, had them called, and said to them, "Have you killed the merchant?" "All three of us," said the first, "For money," said the second; and the third added, "And quite right too!" "There now, you hear," said the host, "they confess it themselves." They were taken to prison, therefore, and were to be tried. When they saw that things were going so seriously, they were after all afraid, but at night the Devil came and said, "Bear it just one day longer, and do not play away your luck, not one hair of your head shall be hurt."

The next morning they were led to the bar, and the judge said, "Are you the murderers!" "All three of us." "Why did you kill the merchant?" "For money." "You wicked wretches, you have no horror of your sins?" "And quite right too!" "They have confessed, and are still stubborn," said the judge, "lead them to death instantly." So they were taken out, and the host had to go with them into the circle. When they were taken hold of by the executioner's men, and were just going to be led up to the scaffold where the headsman was standing with naked sword, a coach drawn by four blood-red chestnut horses came up suddenly, driving so fast that fire flashed from the stones, and some one made signs from the window with a white handkerchief. Then said

the headsman, "It is a pardon coming," and "Pardon! pardon!" was called from the carriage also. Then the Devil stepped out as a very noble gentleman, beautifully dressed and said, "You three are innocent; you may now speak, make known what you have seen and heard." Then said the eldest, "We did not kill the merchant, the murderer is standing there in the circle," and he pointed to the innkeeper. "In proof of this, go into his cellar, where many others whom he has killed are still hanging." Then the judge sent the executioner's men thither, and they found it was as the apprentices said, and when they had informed the judge of this, he caused the innkeeper to be led up, and his head was cut off. Then said the Devil to the three, "Now I have got the soul which I wanted to have, and you are free, and have money for the rest of your lives."

## 121.—THE KING'S SON WHO FEARED NOTHING

*("The King's Son Who Feared Nothing" is a fairy tale in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 121). The Grimm's annotations noted "From Paderborn" (from the von Haxthausen family).*

*Contents: A king's son wanders into the world and plays with man-sized skittles in front of a giant's house. He tells him to get an apple from the tree of life for his bride. The king's son finds the garden with the tree. The wild animals that guard him do not harm him. When he breaks off the apple, the ring through which you have to reach through closes around his arm, giving him great strength. A lion wakes up and follows him as his master. He brings the apple to the giant, but his bride is not satisfied if he doesn't show her the ring as well. The giant first tries unsuccessfully to take it from the prince in battle, then steals it when they are bathing in the river, but the lion retrieves it. The giant gouges out the eyes of the king's son and then twice leads the blind man to a cliff to make him fall to his death, but the lion prevents it both times and throws the giant down. The lion leads the king's son to a stream whose water restores his sight. The king's son wanders on and meets a black maiden in an enchanted castle, who begs him to redeem her. To do this, he spends three nights in the castle and lets himself be tormented by little devils without being afraid or making a sound. The devils come every time at midnight, take no notice of him at first, play and talk about his presence before attacking him. In the morning the Virgin comes and heals him with the water of life, gradually fading away from her black colour. Finally the castle is redeemed, the king's son and the snow-white princess get married.)*

There was once a king's son, who was no longer content to stay at home in his father's house, and as he had no fear of anything, he thought, "I will go forth into the wide world, there the time will not seem long to me, and I shall see wonders enough." So he took leave of his parents, and went forth, and on and on from morning till night, and whichever way his path led it was the same to him. It came to pass that he got to the house of a giant, and as he was so tired he sat down by the door and rested. And as he let his eyes roam here and there, he saw the giant's playthings lying in the yard. These were a couple of enormous balls, and nine-pins as tall as a man. After a while he had a fancy to set the nine-pins up and then rolled the balls at them, and screamed and cried out when the nine-pins fell, and had a merry time of it. The giant heard the noise, stretched his head out of the window, and saw a man who was not taller than other men, and yet played with his nine-pins. "Little worm," cried he, "why art thou playing with my balls?

Who gave thee strength to do it?" The King's son looked up, saw the giant, and said, "Oh, thou blockhead, thou thinkest indeed that thou only hast strong arms, I can do everything I want to do." The giant came down and watched the bowling with great admiration, and said, "Child of man, if thou art one of that kind, go and bring me an apple of the tree of life." "What dost thou want with it?" said the King's son. "I do not want the apple for myself," answered the giant, "but I have a betrothed bride who wishes for it. I have travelled far about the world and cannot find the tree." "I will soon find it," said the King's son, "and I do not know what is to prevent me from getting the apple down." The giant said, "Thou really believest it to be so easy! The garden in which the tree stands is surrounded by an iron railing, and in front of the railing lie wild beasts, each close to the other, and they keep watch and let no man go in." "They will be sure to let me in," said the King's son. "Yes, but even if thou dost get into the garden, and seest the apple hanging to the tree, it is still not thine; a ring hangs in front of it, through which any one who wants to reach the apple and break it off, must put his hand, and no one has yet had the luck to do it." "That luck will be mine," said the King's son.

Then he took leave of the giant, and went forth over mountain and valley, and through plains and forests, until at length he came to the wondrous garden.

The beasts lay round about it, but they had put their heads down and were asleep. Moreover, they did not awake when he went up to them, so he stepped over them, climbed the fence, and got safely into the garden. There, in the very middle of it, stood the tree of life, and the red apples were shining upon the branches. He climbed up the trunk to the top, and as he was about to reach out for an apple, he saw a ring hanging before it; but he thrust his hand through that without any difficulty, and gathered the apple. The ring closed tightly on his arm, and all at once he felt a prodigious strength flowing through his veins. When he had come down again from the tree with the apple, he would not climb over the fence, but grasped the great gate, and had no need to shake it more than once before it sprang open with a loud crash. Then he went out, and the lion which had been lying down before, was awake and sprang after him, not in rage and fierceness, but following him humbly as its master.

The King's son took the giant the apple he had promised him, and said, "Seest thou, I have brought it without difficulty." The giant was glad that his desire had been so soon satisfied, hastened to his bride, and gave her the apple for which she had wished. She was a beautiful and wise maiden, and as she did not see the ring on his arm, she said, "I shall never believe that thou hast brought the apple, until I see the ring on thine arm." The giant said, "I have nothing to do but go home and fetch it," and thought it would be easy to take away by force from the weak man, what he would not give of his own free will. He therefore demanded the ring from him, but the King's son refused it. "Where the apple is, the ring must be also," said the giant; "if thou wilt not give it of thine own accord, thou must fight with me for it."

They wrestled with each other for a long time, but the giant could not get the better of the King's son, who was strengthened by the magical power of the ring. Then the giant thought of a stratagem, and said, "I have got warm with fighting, and so hast thou. We will bathe in the river, and cool ourselves before we begin again." The King's son, who knew nothing of falsehood, went with him to the water, and pulled off with his clothes the ring also from his arm, and sprang into the river. The giant instantly snatched the ring, and ran away with it, but the lion, which had observed the theft, pursued the giant, tore the ring out

of his hand, and brought it back to its master. Then the giant placed himself behind an oak-tree, and while the King's son was busy putting on his clothes again, surprised him, and put both his eyes out.

And now the unhappy King's son stood there, and was blind and knew not how to help himself. Then the giant came back to him, took him by the hand as if he were some one who wanted to guide him, and led him to the top of a high rock. There he left him standing, and thought, "Just two steps more, and he will fall down and kill himself, and I can take the ring from him." But the faithful lion had not deserted its master; it held him fast by the clothes, and drew him gradually back again. When the giant came and wanted to rob the dead man, he saw that his cunning had been in vain. "Is there no way, then, of destroying a weak child of man like that?" said he angrily to himself, and seized the King's son and led him back again to the precipice by another way, but the lion which saw his evil design, helped its master out of danger here also. When they had got close to the edge, the giant let the blind man's hand drop, and was going to leave him behind alone, but the lion pushed the giant so that he was thrown down and fell, dashed to pieces, on the ground.

The faithful animal again drew its master back from the precipice, and guided him to a tree by which flowed a clear brook. The King's son sat down there, but the lion lay down, and sprinkled the water in his face with its paws. Scarcely had a couple of drops wetted the sockets of his eyes, than he was once more able to see something, and remarked a little bird flying quite close by, which wounded itself against the trunk of a tree. On this it went down to the water and bathed itself therein, and then it soared upwards and swept between the trees without touching them, as if it had recovered its sight again. Then the King's son recognised a sign from God and stooped down to the water, and washed and bathed his face in it. And when he arose he had his eyes once more, brighter and clearer than they had ever been.

The King's son thanked God for his great mercy, and travelled with his lion onwards through the world. And it came to pass that he arrived before a castle which was enchanted. In the gateway stood a maiden of beautiful form and fine face, but she was quite black. She spoke to him and said, "Ah, if thou couldst but deliver me from the evil spell which is thrown over me." "What shall I do?" said the King's son. The maiden answered, "Thou must pass three nights in the great hall of this enchanted castle, but thou must let no fear enter thy heart. When they are doing their worst to torment thee, if thou bearest it without letting a sound escape thee, I shall be free. Thy life they dare not take." Then said the King's son, "I have no fear; with God's help I will try it." So he went gaily into the castle, and when it grew dark he seated himself in the large hall and waited. Everything was quiet, however, till midnight, when all at once a great tumult began, and out of every hole and corner came little devils. They behaved as if they did not see him, seated themselves in the middle of the room, lighted a fire, and began to gamble. When one of them lost, he said, "It is not right; some one is here who does not belong to us; it is his fault that I am losing." "Wait, you fellow behind the stove, I am coming," said another. The screaming became still louder, so that no one could have heard it without terror. The King's son stayed sitting quite quietly, and was not afraid; but at last the devils jumped up from the ground, and fell on him, and there were so many of them that he could not defend himself from them. They dragged him about on the floor, pinched him, pricked him, beat him, and tormented him, but no sound escaped from him. Towards morning they disappeared, and he was so exhausted that

he could scarcely move his limbs, but when day dawned the black maiden came to him. She bore in her hand a little bottle wherein was the water of life wherewith she washed him, and he at once felt all pain depart and new strength flow through his veins. She said, "Thou hast held out successfully for one night, but two more lie before thee." Then she went away again, and as she was going, he observed that her feet had become white. The next night the devils came and began their gambols anew. They fell on the King's son, and beat him much more severely than the night before, until his body was covered with wounds. But as he bore all quietly, they were forced to leave him, and when dawn appeared, the maiden came and healed him with the water of life. And when she went away, he saw with joy that she had already become white to the tips of her fingers. And now he had only one night more to go through, but it was the worst. The hob-goblins came again: "Art thou there still?" cried they, "thou shalt be tormented till thy breath stops." They pricked him and beat him, and threw him here and there, and pulled him by the arms and legs as if they wanted to tear him to pieces, but he bore everything, and never uttered a cry. At last the devils vanished, but he lay fainting there, and did not stir, nor could he raise his eyes to look at the maiden who came in, and sprinkled and bathed him with the water of life. But suddenly he was freed from all pain, and felt fresh and healthy as if he had awakened from sleep, and when he opened his eyes he saw the maiden standing by him, snow-white, and fair as day. "Rise," said she, "and swing thy sword three times over the stairs, and then all will be delivered." And when he had done that, the whole castle was released from enchantment, and the maiden was a rich King's daughter. The servants came and said that the table was already set in the great hall, and dinner served up. Then they sat down and ate and drank together, and in the evening the wedding was solemnised with great rejoicings.

#### 122.—DONKEY CABBAGES.

(*"Donkey Cabbages"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 122. The Grimm's notes mention "from German Bohemia" (a historical region in the Czech Republic). The man turning into a donkey can also be found in Apuleius (c. 150 AD).

*Contents: A young hunter is advised by an ugly mother in the forest for alms and his good heart to shoot nine birds that are fighting over a coat and swallow the bird's heart. The coat takes you everywhere and with the heart you can find a piece of gold every morning. He rests in a castle whose daughter he is in love with. But their witch mother forces her to take the bird's heart with an emetic and use the magic cloak to lure him up the grenade hill to the gems. There she leaves him sleeping. Three giants come, whom he hears saying that if he climbed higher, the clouds would carry him away. So he ends up in a herb garden. One type of lettuce turns him into a donkey back again. He goes back to the castle with his skin tanned and says he brings the king the best salad. The witch and the maid eat it, then he takes it to his beloved and drives the donkeys to a miller. He shall give the old one three slaps and one meal a day, the middle one one slap and three meals, and the youngest only three meals. When the old woman soon dies, he takes pity on her and transforms her back. The daughter confesses and wants to break out the heart, but is allowed to keep it and becomes his wife.)*

There was once a young huntsman who went into the forest to lie in wait. He had a fresh and joyous heart, and as he was going thither, whistling upon a leaf, an ugly old crone came up, who spoke to him and said: "Good-day, dear huntsman, truly you are merry and contented, but I am suffering from hunger and thirst, do give me an alms." The huntsman had compassion on the poor old creature, felt in his pocket, and gave her what he could afford. He was then about to go further, but the old woman stopped him and said, "Listen, dear huntsman, to what I tell you; I will make you a present in return for your kindness. Go on your way now, but in a little while you will come to a tree, whereon nine birds are sitting which have a cloak in their claws, and are plucking at it; take your gun and shoot into the midst of them, they will let the cloak fall down to you, but one of the birds will be hurt, and will drop down dead. Carry away the cloak, it is a wishing-cloak; when you throw it over your shoulders, you only have to wish to be in a certain place, and you will be there in the twinkling of an eye. Take out the heart of the dead bird and swallow it whole, and every morning early, when you get up, you will find a gold piece under your pillow." The huntsman thanked the wise woman, and thought to himself, "Those are fine things that she has promised me, if all does but come true." And verily when he had walked about a hundred paces, he heard in the branches above him such a screaming and twittering that he looked up and saw there a crowd of birds who were tearing a piece of cloth about with their beaks and claws, and tugging and fighting as if each wanted to have it all to himself. "Well," said the huntsman, "this is wonderful, it has really come to pass just as the old wife foretold!" and he took the gun from his shoulder, aimed and fired right into the midst of them, so that the feathers flew about. The birds instantly took to flight with loud outcries, but one dropped down dead, and the cloak fell at the same time. Then the huntsman did as the old woman had directed him, cut open the bird, sought the heart, swallowed it down, and took the cloak home with him.

Next morning, when he awoke, the promise occurred to him, and he wished to see if it also had been fulfilled. When he lifted up the pillow, the gold piece shone in his eyes, and next day he found another, and so it went on, every time he got up. He gathered together a heap of gold, but at last he thought, "Of what use is all my gold to me if I stay at home? I will go forth and see the world."

He then took leave of his parents, buckled on his huntsman's pouch and gun, and went out into the world. It came to pass, that one day he travelled through a dense forest, and when he came to the end of it, in the plain before him stood a fine castle. An old woman was standing with a wonderfully beautiful maiden, looking out of one of the windows. The old woman, however, was a witch and said to the maiden, "There comes one out of the forest, who has a wonderful treasure in his body, we must filch it from him, my dear daughter, it is more suitable for us than for him. He has a bird's heart about him, by means of which a gold piece lies every morning under his pillow." She told her what she was to do to get it, and what part she had to play, and finally threatened her, and said with angry eyes, "And if you do not attend to what I say, it will be the worse for you." Now when the huntsman came nearer he descried the maiden, and said to himself, "I have travelled about for such a long time, I will take a rest for once, and enter that beautiful castle. I have certainly money enough." Nevertheless, the real reason was that he had caught sight of the pretty girl.

He entered the house, and was well received and courteously entertained. Before long he was so much in love with the young witch that he no longer thought of anything else, and only saw things as she saw them, and did what she desired. The old woman

then said, "Now we must have the bird's heart, he will never miss it." She prepared a drink, and when it was ready, poured it into a cup and gave it to the maiden, who was to present it to the huntsman. She did so, saying, "Now, my dearest, drink to me." So he took the cup, and when he had swallowed the draught, he brought up the heart of the bird. The girl had to take it away secretly and swallow it herself, for the old woman would have it so. Thence-forward he found no more gold under his pillow, but it lay instead under that of the maiden, from whence the old woman fetched it away every morning; but he was so much in love and so befooled, that he thought of nothing else but of passing his time with the girl.

Then the old witch said, "We have the bird's heart, but we must also take the wishing-cloak away from him." The girl answered, "We will leave him that, he has lost his wealth." The old woman was angry and said, "Such a mantle is a wonderful thing, and is seldom to be found in this world. I must and will have it!" She gave the girl several blows, and said that if she did not obey, it should fare ill with her. So she did the old woman's bidding, placed herself at the window and looked on the distant country, as if she were very sorrowful. The huntsman asked, "Why dost thou stand there so sorrowfully?" "Ah, my beloved," was her answer, "over yonder lies the Garnet Mountain, where the precious stones grow. I long for them so much that when I think of them, I feel quite sad, but who can get them? Only the birds; they fly and can reach them, but a man never." "Hast thou nothing else to complain of?" said the huntsman. "I will soon remove that burden from thy heart." With that he drew her under his mantle, wished himself on the Garnet Mountain, and in the twinkling of an eye they were sitting on it together. Precious stones were glistening on every side so that it was a joy to see them, and together they gathered the finest and costliest of them. Now, the old woman had, through her sorceries, contrived that the eyes of the huntsman should become heavy. He said to the maiden, "We will sit down and rest awhile, I am so tired that I can no longer stand on my feet." Then they sat down, and he laid his head in her lap, and fell asleep. When he was asleep, she unfastened the mantle from his shoulders, and wrapped herself in it, picked up the garnets and stones, and wished herself back at home with them.

But when the huntsman had had his sleep out and awoke, and perceived that his sweetheart had betrayed him, and left him alone on the wild mountain, he said, "Oh, what treachery there is in the world!" and sat down there in care and sorrow, not knowing what to do. But the mountain belonged to some wild and monstrous giants who dwelt thereon and lived their lives there, and he had not sat long before he saw three of them coming towards him, so he lay down as if he were sunk in a deep sleep. Then the giants came up, and the first kicked him with his foot and said, "What sort of an earth-worm is lying curled up here? The second said, "Step upon him and kill him." But the third said, "That would indeed be worth your while; just let him live, he cannot remain here; and when he climbs higher, toward the summit of the mountain, the clouds will lay hold of him and bear him away." So saying they passed by. But the huntsman had paid heed to their words, and as soon as they were gone, he rose and climbed up to the summit of the mountain, and when he had sat there a while, a cloud floated towards him, caught him up, carried him away, and travelled about for a long time in the heavens. Then it sank lower, and let itself down on a great cabbage-garden, girt round by walls, so that he came softly to the ground on cabbages and vegetables.

Then the huntsman looked about him and said, "If I had but something to eat! I am so hungry, and my hunger will increase in

course of time; but I see here neither apples nor pears, nor any other sort of fruit, everywhere nothing but cabbages," but at length he thought, "At a pinch I can eat some of the leaves, they do not taste particularly good, but they will refresh me." With that he picked himself out a fine head of cabbage, and ate it, but scarcely had he swallowed a couple of mouthfuls than he felt very strange and quite different.

Four legs grew on him, a large head and two thick ears, and he saw with horror that he was changed into an ass. Still as his hunger increased every minute, and as the juicy leaves were suitable to his present nature, he went on eating with great zest. At last he arrived at a different kind of cabbage, but as soon as he had swallowed it, he again felt a change, and reassumed his former human shape.

Then the huntsman lay down and slept off his fatigue. When he awoke next morning, he broke off one head of the bad cabbages and another of the good ones, and thought to himself, "This shall help me to get my own again and punish treachery." Then he took the cabbages with him, climbed over the wall, and went forth to seek for the castle of his sweetheart. After wandering about for a couple of days he was lucky enough to find it again. He dyed his face brown, so that his own mother would not have known him; and begged for shelter; "I am so tired," said he, "that I can go no further." The witch asked, "Who are you, countryman, and what is your business?" "I am a king's messenger, and was sent out to seek the most delicious salad which grows beneath the sun. I have even been so fortunate as to find it, and am carrying it about with me; but the heat of the sun is so intense that the delicate cabbage threatens to wither, and I do not know if I can carry it any further."

When the old woman heard of the exquisite salad, she was greedy, and said, "Dear countryman, let me just taste this wonderful salad." "Why not?" answered he, "I have brought two heads with me, and will give you one of them," and he opened his pouch and handed her the bad cabbage. The witch suspected nothing amiss, and her mouth watered so for this new dish that she herself went into the kitchen and dressed it. When it was prepared she could not wait until it was set on the table, but took a couple of leaves at once, and put them in her mouth, but hardly had she swallowed them than she was deprived of her human shape, and she ran out into the courtyard in the form of an ass. Presently the maid-servant entered the kitchen, saw the salad standing there ready prepared, and was about to carry it up; but on the way, according to habit, she was seized by the desire to taste, and she ate a couple of leaves. Instantly the magic power showed itself, and she likewise became an ass and ran out to the old woman, and the dish of salad fell to the ground. Meantime the messenger eat beside the beautiful girl, and as no one came with the salad and she also was longing for it, she said, "I don't know what has become of the salad." The huntsman thought, "The salad must have already taken effect," and said, "I will go to the kitchen and inquire about it." As he went down he saw the two asses running about in the courtyard; the salad, however, was lying on the ground. "All right," said he, "the two have taken their portion," and he picked up the other leaves, laid them on the dish, and carried them to the maiden. "I bring you the delicate food myself," said he, "in order that you may not have to wait longer." Then she ate of it, and was, like the others, immediately deprived of her human form, and ran out into the courtyard in the shape of an ass.

After the huntsman had washed his face, so that the transformed ones could recognise him, he went down into the courtyard, and said, "Now you shall receive the wages of your treachery," and

bound them together, all three with one rope, and drove them along until he came to a mill. He knocked at the window, the miller put out his head, and asked what he wanted. "I have three unmanageable beasts," answered he, "which I don't want to keep any longer. Will you take them in, and give them food and stable room, and manage them as I tell you, and then I will pay you what you ask." The miller said, "Why not? but how am I to manage them?" The huntsman then said that he was to give three beatings and one meal daily to the old donkey, and that was the witch; one beating and three meals to the younger one, which was the servant-girl; and to the youngest, which was the maiden, no beatings and three meals, for he could not bring himself to have the maiden beaten. After that he went back into the castle, and found therein everything he needed.

After a couple of days, the miller came and said he must inform him that the old ass which had received three beatings and only one meal daily was dead; "the two others," he continued, "are certainly not dead, and are fed three times daily, but they are so sad that they cannot last much longer." The huntsman was moved to pity, put away his anger, and told the miller to drive them back again to him. And when they came, he gave them some of the good salad, so that they became human again. The beautiful girl fell on her knees before him, and said, "Ah, my beloved, forgive me for the evil I have done you; my mother drove me to it; it was done against my will, for I love you dearly. Your wishing-cloak hangs in a cupboard, and as for the bird's-heart I will take a vomiting potion." But he thought otherwise, and said, "Keep it; it is all the same, for I will take thee for my true wife." So the wedding was celebrated, and they lived happily together until their death.

### 123.—THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD.

(*"The Old Woman in the Wood"* (German: *Die Alte im Wald*) is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number 123. The Grimms heard the fairy tale in July 1813 from the von Haxthausen family in Bökendorf (town of Brakel, district of Höxter) in North Rhine-Westphalia.

*Contents: A poor maid is the only one who survives an attack while driving through the forest. It doesn't know how to help itself. A white dove comes and brings him little golden keys to unlock trees so that he can find everything he needs when he wants to eat, sleep or dress. Finally, the little dove asks the girl to go into a hut and, without paying any attention to the old woman there, select a simple ring from among many splendid ones and bring it to him. The girl follows this request and finds the ring in the beak of a caged bird, which the old woman tries to carry out. While she is waiting for the dove outside, the king's son, who was turned into a tree by the old witch, takes her in his arms and they get married and are happy.)*

A poor servant-girl was once travelling with the family with which she was in service, through a great forest, and when they were in the midst of it, robbers came out of the thicket, and murdered all they found. All perished together except the girl, who had jumped out of the carriage in a fright, and hidden herself behind a tree. When the robbers had gone away with their booty, she came out and beheld the great disaster. Then she began to weep bitterly, and said, "What can a poor girl like me do now? I do not know how to get out of the forest, no human being lives in it, so I must certainly starve." She walked about and looked for a road, but could find none. When it was evening she seated herself

under a tree, gave herself into God's keeping, and resolved to sit waiting there and not go away, let what might happen. When, however, she had sat there for a while, a white dove came flying to her with a little golden key in its mouth. It put the little key in her hand, and said, "Dost thou see that great tree, therein is a little lock, it opens with the tiny key, and there thou wilt find food enough, and suffer no more hunger." Then she went to the tree and opened it, and found milk in a little dish, and white bread to break into it, so that she could eat her fill. When she was satisfied, she said, "It is now the time when the hens at home go to roost, I am so tired I could go to bed too." Then the dove flew to her again, and brought another golden key in its bill, and said, "Open that tree there, and thou wilt find a bed." So she opened it, and found a beautiful white bed, and she prayed God to protect her during the night, and lay down and slept. In the morning the dove came for the third time, and again brought a little key, and said, "Open that tree there, and thou wilt find clothes." And when she opened it, she found garments beset with gold and with jewels, more splendid than those of any king's daughter. So she lived there for some time, and the dove came every day and provided her with all she needed, and it was a quiet good life.

Once, however, the dove came and said, "Wilt thou do something for my sake!" "With all my heart," said the girl. Then said the little dove, "I will guide thee to a small house; enter it, and inside it, an old woman will be sitting by the fire and will say, 'Good-day.' But on thy life give her no answer, let her do what she will, but pass by her on the right side; further on, there is a door, which open, and thou wilt enter into a room where a quantity of rings of all kinds are lying, amongst which are some magnificent ones with shining stones; leave them, however, where they are, and seek out a plain one, which must likewise be amongst them, and bring it here to me as quickly as thou canst." The girl went to the little house, and came to the door. There sat an old woman who stared when she saw her, and said, "Good day, my child." The girl gave her no answer, and opened the door. "Whither away," cried the old woman, and seized her by the gown, and wanted to hold her fast, saying, "That is my house; no one can go in there if I choose not to allow it." But the girl was silent, got away from her, and went straight into the room. Now there lay on the table an enormous quantity of rings, which gleamed and glittered before her eyes. She turned them over and looked for the plain one, but could not find it. While she was seeking, she saw the old woman and how she was stealing away, and wanting to get off with a birdcage which she had in her hand. So she went after her and took the cage out of her hand, and when she raised it up and looked into it, a bird was inside which had the plain ring in its bill. Then she took the ring, and ran quite joyously home with it, and thought the little white dove would come and get the ring, but it did not. Then she leant against a tree and determined to wait for the dove, and, as she thus stood, it seemed just as if the tree was soft and pliant, and was letting its branches down. And suddenly the branches twined around her, and were two arms, and when she looked round, the tree was a handsome man, who embraced and kissed her heartily, and said, "Thou hast delivered me from the power of the old woman, who is a wicked witch. She had changed me into a tree, and every day for two hours I was a white dove, and so long as she possessed the ring I could not regain my human form." Then his servants and his horses, who had likewise been changed into trees, were freed from the enchantment also, and stood beside him. And he led them forth to his kingdom, for he was a King's son, and they married, and lived happily.

## 124.—THE THREE BROTHERS.

*("The three Brothers" is a farce in the children's and household tales by the Brothers Grimm at point 124 (KHM 124). The Grimm's comment reads "From the Schwalm region" (Hesse).*

*Contents: A father promises his house to whichever of his three sons will make the best masterpiece. The eldest becomes a blacksmith, the second a barber, and the third a fencer. At home, one shaves a little beard from a rabbit while it is running, the other rips off the horseshoes of a team while it is running and shoes them again. But the third fences so fast that he doesn't get wet in the rain and gets the house. The three brothers continue to live together in their father's house and remain in unity to the grave.)*

There was once a man who had three sons, and nothing else in the world but the house in which he lived. Now each of the sons wished to have the house after his father's death; but the father loved them all alike, and did not know what to do; he did not wish to sell the house, because it had belonged to his forefathers, else he might have divided the money amongst them. At last a plan came into his head, and he said to his sons, "Go into the world, and try each of you to learn a trade, and, when you all come back, he who makes the best masterpiece shall have the house."

The sons were well content with this, and the eldest determined to be a blacksmith, the second a barber, and the third a fencing-master. They fixed a time when they should all come home again, and then each went his way.

It chanced that they all found skilful masters, who taught them their trades well. The blacksmith had to shoe the King's horses, and he thought to himself, "The house is mine, without doubt." The barber only shaved great people, and he too already looked upon the house as his own. The fencing-master got many a blow, but he only bit his lip, and let nothing vex him; "for," said he to himself, "if you are afraid of a blow, you'll never win the house."

When the appointed time had gone by, the three brothers came back home to their father; but they did not know how to find the best opportunity for showing their skill, so they sat down and consulted together. As they were sitting thus, all at once a hare came running across the field. "Ah, ha, just in time!" said the barber. So he took his basin and soap, and lathered away until the hare came up; then he soaped and shaved off the hare's whiskers whilst he was running at the top of his speed, and did not even cut his skin or injure a hair on his body. "Well done!" said the old man, "your brothers will have to exert themselves wonderfully, or the house will be yours."

Soon after, up came a nobleman in his coach, dashing along at full speed. "Now you shall see what I can do, father," said the blacksmith; so away he ran after the coach, took all four shoes off the feet of one of the horses whilst he was galloping, and put him on four new shoes without stopping him. "You are a fine fellow, and as clever as your brother," said his father; "I do not know to which I ought to give the house."

Then the third son said, "Father, let me have my turn, if you please; "and, as it was beginning to rain, he drew his sword, and flourished it backwards and forwards above his head so fast that not a drop fell upon him. It rained still harder and harder, till at last it came down in torrents; but he only flourished his sword faster and faster, and remained as dry as if he were sitting in a house. When his father saw this he was amazed, and said, "This is the master-piece, the house is yours!"

His brothers were satisfied with this, as was agreed beforehand; and, as they loved one another very much, they all three stayed together in the house, followed their trades, and, as they had learnt them so well and were so clever, they earned a great deal of money. Thus they lived together happily until they grew old; and at last, when one of them fell sick and died, the two others grieved so sorely about it that they also fell ill, and soon after died. And because they had been so clever, and had loved one another so much, they were all laid in the same grave.

## 125.—THE DEVIL AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

*("The Devil and his Grandmother" or "The Dragon and His Grandmother" (German: Der Teufel und seine Großmutter) is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, number 125. The Grimms noted "from Zwehrn" (from Dorothea Viehmann).*

*Contents: Three poorly paid soldiers desert and hide in the corn. But the army surrounds the field until they fear starvation. A dragon carries them out. The devil gives them a little whip that makes money. In return, they should be his after seven years if they can't solve a riddle. They live in abundance but do no evil. Eventually, two get scared that they won't be able to solve the riddle, but one is careless and, on the advice of an old woman, goes to a stone house in the forest. The devil's grandmother hides him there while she eavesdrops on the devil's riddle: "There's a dead monkey lying in the great North Sea, that's supposed to be her roast; and the rib of a whale shall be her silver spoon; and an old hollow horse's foot, that shall be her wine glass." The soldier tells the others. You answer the devil's questions and are allowed to keep the whip.)*

There was a great war, and the King had many soldiers, but gave them small pay, so small that they could not live upon it, so three of them agreed among themselves to desert. One of them said to the others, "If we are caught we shall be hanged on the gallows; how shall we manage it?" Another said, "Look at that great cornfield, if we were to hide ourselves there, no one could find us; the troops are not allowed to enter it, and to-morrow they are to march away." They crept into the corn, only the troops did not march away, but remained lying all round about it. They stayed in the corn for two days and two nights, and were so hungry that they all but died, but if they had come out, their death would have been certain. Then said they, "What is the use of our deserting if we have to perish miserably here?" But now a fiery dragon came flying through the air, and it came down to them, and asked why they had concealed themselves there? They answered, "We are three soldiers who have deserted because the pay was so bad, and now we shall have to die of hunger if we stay here, or to dangle on the gallows if we go out." "If you will serve me for seven years," said the dragon, "I will convey you through the army so that no one shall seize you." "We have no choice and are compelled to accept," they replied. Then the dragon caught hold of them with his claws, and carried them away through the air over the army, and put them down again on the earth far from it; but the dragon was no other than the Devil. He gave them a small whip and said, "Whip with it and crack it, and then as much gold will spring up round about as you can wish for; then you can live like great lords, keep horses, and drive your carriages, but when the seven years have come to an end, you are my property." Then he put before them a book which they were all three forced to sign. "I will, however, then set you a riddle," said he, "and if you can guess that,

you shall be free, and released from my power." Then the dragon flew away from them, and they went away with their whip, had gold in plenty, ordered themselves rich apparel, and travelled about the world. Wherever they were they lived in pleasure and magnificence, rode on horseback, drove in carriages, ate and drank, but did nothing wicked. The time slipped quickly away, and when the seven years were coming to an end, two of them were terribly anxious and alarmed; but the third took the affair easily, and said, "Brothers, fear nothing, my head is sharp enough, I shall guess the riddle." They went out into the open country and sat down, and the two pulled sorrowful faces. Then an aged woman came up to them who inquired why they were so sad? "Alas!" said they, "how can that concern you? After all, you cannot help us." "Who knows?" said she, "confide your trouble to me." So they told her that they had been the Devil's servants for nearly seven years, and that he had provided them with gold as plentifully as if it had been blackberries, but that they had sold themselves to him, and were forfeited to him, if at the end of the seven years they could not guess a riddle." The old woman said, "If you are to be saved, one of you must go into the forest, there he will come to a fallen rock which looks like a little house, he must enter that, and then he will obtain help." The two melancholy ones thought to themselves, "That will still not save us," and stayed where they were, but the third, the merry one, got up and walked on in the forest until he found the rock-house. In the little house, however, a very aged woman was sitting, who was the Devil's grandmother, and asked the soldier where he came from, and what he wanted there? He told her everything that had happened, and as he pleased her well, she had pity on him, and said she would help him. She lifted up a great stone which lay above a cellar, and said, "Conceal thyself there, thou canst hear everything that is said here; only sit still, and do not stir. When the dragon comes, I will question him about the riddle, he tells everything to me, so listen carefully to his answer." At twelve o'clock at night, the dragon came flying thither, and asked for his dinner. The grandmother laid the table, and served up food and drink, so that he was pleased, and they ate and drank together. In the course of conversation, she asked him what kind of a day he had had, and how many souls he had got? "Nothing went very well to-day," he answered, "but I have laid hold of three soldiers,—I have them safe." "Indeed! three soldiers, that's something like, but they may escape you yet." The Devil said mockingly, "They are mine! I will set them a riddle, which they will never in this world be able to guess!" "What riddle is that?" she inquired. "I will tell you. In the great North Sea lies a dead dog-fish, that shall be your roast meat, and the rib of a whale shall be your silver spoon, and a hollow old horse's hoof shall be your wine-glass." When the Devil had gone to bed, the old grandmother raised up the stone, and let out the soldier. "Hast thou paid particular attention to everything?" "Yes," said he, "I know enough, and will contrive to save myself." Then he had to go back another way, through the window, secretly and with all speed to his companions. He told them how the Devil had been overreached by the old grandmother, and how he had learned the answer to the riddle from him. Then they were all joyous, and of good cheer, and took the whip and whipped so much gold for themselves that it ran all over the ground. When the seven years had fully gone by, the Devil came with the book, showed the signatures, and said, "I will take you with me to hell. There you shall have a meal! If you can guess what kind of roast meat you will have to eat, you shall be free and released from your bargain, and may keep the whip as well." Then the first soldier began and said, "In the great North Sea lies a dead dog-fish, that no doubt is

the roast meat." The Devil was angry, and began to mutter "Hm! hm! hm!" and asked the second, "But what will your spoon be?" "The rib of a whale, that is to be our silver spoon." The Devil made a wry face, again growled, "Hm! hm! hm!" and said to the third, "And do you also know what your wine-glass is to be?" "An old horse's hoof is to be our wine-glass." Then the Devil flew away with a loud cry, and had no more power over them, but the three kept the whip, whipped as much money for themselves with it as they wanted, and lived happily to their end.

## 126.—FERDINAND THE FAITHFUL AND FERDINAND THE UNFAITHFUL

*("Ferdinand the Faithful and Ferdinand the Unfaithful" is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 126. The annotations of the Grimms say "From the Paderborner Region" (from the von Haxthausen family) The fairy tale is written in the Low German dialect of the East-Westphalian region, as it was probably spoken 200 years ago.)*

*(Contents: A couple does not have a child while they are rich, only when they are poor. The father cannot find a godfather. A beggar offers himself, who christens it Ferenand and leaves him a key to a lock on the heath with his mother. At the age of seven, when the other children are boasting about their godparents' gifts, he gets it. At fourteen the castle is there. There is mold in there. On his ride he first finds a quill, which he picks up when a voice calls, then a fish on the shore, which gives him a flute to save him, which he can blow when he is in trouble. He goes unfaithfully to the inn with a Ferenand who can read minds. A girl there gets him the post of royal outrider. Then Ferenand unfaithfully demands that she make him the king's servant, whom he persuades that Ferenand must faithfully fetch his lost love. Ferenand faithfully complains to his horse, which advises him to have the king give him a ship full of meat and one full of bread to please the giants and the birds around the island of the sleeping princess and with their help bring her home. When he has to go there a second time to get her writings, his pen falls into the water. They get the fish out for him. At court, the king's daughter cuts off his head and puts it back on. When she is supposed to show it on the king, she acts as if she can no longer put it on because she does not like him because he has no nose. Ferenand and the princess marry. His trusty horse transforms into a king's son as he rides with him three times in a heath marked by the horse.)*

Once on a time lived a man and a woman who so long as they were rich had no children, but when they were poor they had a little boy. They could, however, find no godfather for him, so the man said he would just go to another place to see if he could get one there. As he went, a poor man met him, who asked him where he was going. He said he was going to see if he could get a godfather, that he was poor, so no one would stand as godfather for him. "Oh," said the poor man, "you are poor, and I am poor; I will be godfather for you, but I am so ill off I can give the child nothing. Go home and tell the nurse that she is to come to the church with the child."

When they all got to the church together, the beggar was already there, and he gave the child the name of Ferdinand the Faithful.

When he was going out of the church, the beggar said, "Now go home, I can give you nothing, and you likewise ought to give me nothing." But he gave a key to the nurse, and told her when she got home she was to give it to the father, who was to take care of it

until the child was fourteen years old, and then he was to go on the heath where there was a castle which the key would fit, and that all which was therein should belong to him. Now when the child was seven years old and had grown very big, he once went to play with some other boys, and each of them boasted that he had got more from his godfather than the other; but the child could say nothing, and was vexed, and went home and said to his father, "Did I get nothing at all, then, from my godfather?" "Oh, yes," said the father, "thou hadst a key—if there is a castle standing on the heath, just go to it and open it." Then the boy went thither, but no castle was to be seen, or heard of.

After seven years more, when he was fourteen years old, he again went thither, and there stood the castle. When he had opened it, there was nothing within but a horse,—a white one. Then the boy was so full of joy because he had a horse, that he mounted on it and galloped back to his father. "Now I have a white horse, and I will travel," said he. So he set out, and as he was on his way, a pen was lying on the road. At first he thought he would pick it up, but then again he thought to himself, "Thou shouldst leave it lying there; thou wilt easily find a pen where thou art going, if thou hast need of one." As he was thus riding away, a voice called after him, "Ferdinand the Faithful, take it with thee." He looked around, but saw no one, then he went back again and picked it up. When he had ridden a little way farther, he passed by a lake, and a fish was lying on the bank, gasping and panting for breath, so he said, "Wait, my dear fish, I will help thee to get into the water," and he took hold of it by the tail, and threw it into the lake. Then the fish put its head out of the water and said, "As thou hast helped me out of the mud I will give thee a flute; when thou art in any need, play on it, and then I will help thee, and if ever thou lettest anything fall in the water, just play and I will reach it out to thee." Then he rode away, and there came to him a man who asked him where he was going. "Oh, to the next place." Then what his name was? "Ferdinand the Faithful." "So! then we have got almost the same name, I am called Ferdinand the Unfaithful." And they both set out to the inn in the nearest place.

Now it was unfortunate that Ferdinand the Unfaithful knew everything that the other had ever thought and every thing he was about to do; he knew it by means of all kinds of wicked arts. There was, however, in the inn an honest girl, who had a bright face and behaved very prettily. She fell in love with Ferdinand the Faithful because he was a handsome man, and she asked him whither he was going. "Oh, I am just travelling round about," said he. Then she said he ought to stay there, for the King of that country wanted an attendant or an outrider, and he ought to enter his service. He answered he could not very well go to any one like that and offer himself. Then said the maiden, "Oh, but I will soon do that for you." And so she went straight to the King, and told him that she knew of an excellent servant for him. He was well pleased with that, and had Ferdinand the Faithful brought to him, and wanted to make him his servant. He, however, liked better to be an outrider, for where his horse was, there he also wanted to be, so the King made him an outrider. When Ferdinand the Unfaithful learnt that, he said to the girl, "What! Dost thou help him and not me?" "Oh," said the girl, "I will help thee too." She thought, "I must keep friends with that man, for he is not to be trusted." She went to the King, and offered him as a servant, and the King was willing.

Now when the King met his lords in the morning, he always lamented and said, "Oh, if I had but my love with me." Ferdinand the Unfaithful was, however, always hostile to Ferdinand the Faithful. So once, when the King was complaining thus, he said, "You have the outrider, send him away to get her, and if he does

not do it, his head must be struck off." Then the King sent for Ferdinand the Faithful, and told him that there was, in this place or in that place, a girl he loved, and that he was to bring her to him, and if he did not do it he should die.

Ferdinand the Faithful went into the stable to his white horse, and complained and lamented "Oh, what an unhappy man I am!" Then some one behind him cried, "Ferdinand the Faithful, why wepest thou?" He looked round but saw no one, and went on lamenting; "Oh, my dear little white horse, now must I leave thee; now must I die." Then some one cried once more, "Ferdinand the Faithful, why wepest thou?" Then for the first time he was aware that it was his little white horse who was putting that question. "Dost thou speak, my little white horse; canst thou do that?" And again, he said, "I am to go to this place and to that, and am to bring the bride; canst thou tell me how I am to set about it?" Then answered the little white horse, "Go thou to the King, and say if he will give thee what thou must have, thou wilt get her for him. If he will give thee a ship full of meat, and a ship full of bread, it will succeed. Great giants dwell on the lake, and if thou takest no meat with thee for them, they will tear thee to pieces, and there are the large birds which would pick the eyes out of thy head if thou hadst no bread for them." Then the King made all the butchers in the land kill, and all the bakers bake, that the ships might be filled. When they were full, the little white horse said to Ferdinand the Faithful, "Now mount me, and go with me into the ship, and then when the giants come, say,

"Peace, peace, my dear little giants,  
I have had thought of ye,  
Something I have brought for ye;"  
and when the birds come, thou shalt again say,  
"Peace, peace, my dear little birds,  
I have had thought of ye,  
Something I have brought for ye;"

then they will do nothing to thee, and when thou comest to the castle, the giants will help thee. Then go up to the castle, and take a couple of giants with thee. There the princess lies sleeping; thou must, however, not awaken her, but the giants must lift her up, and carry her in her bed to the ship." And now everything took place as the little white horse had said, and Ferdinand the Faithful gave the giants and the birds what he had brought with him for them, and that made the giants willing, and they carried the princess in her bed to the King. And when she came to the King, she said she could not live, she must have her writings, they had been left in her castle. Then by the instigation of Ferdinand the Unfaithful, Ferdinand the Faithful was called, and the King told him he must fetch the writings from the castle, or he should die. Then he went once more into the stable, and bemoaned himself and said, "Oh, my dear little white horse, now I am to go away again, how am I to do it?" Then the little white horse said he was just to load the ships full again. So it happened again as it had happened before, and the giants and the birds were satisfied, and made gentle by the meat. When they came to the castle, the white horse told Ferdinand the Faithful that he must go in, and that on the table in the princess's bed-room lay the writings. And Ferdinand the Faithful went in, and fetched them. When they were on the lake, he let his pen fall into the water; then said the white horse, "Now I cannot help thee at all." But he remembered his flute, and began to play on it, and the fish came with the pen in its mouth, and gave it to him. So he took the writings to the castle, where the wedding was celebrated.

The Queen, however, did not love the King because he had no nose, but she would have much liked to love Ferdinand the

Faithful. Once, therefore, when all the lords of the court were together, the Queen said she could do feats of magic, that she could cut off any one's head and put it on again, and that one of them ought just to try it. But none of them would be the first, so Ferdinand the Faithful, again at the instigation of Ferdinand the Unfaithful, undertook it and she hewed off his head, and put it on again for him, and it healed together directly, so that it looked as if he had a red thread round his throat. Then the King said to her, "My child, and where hast thou learnt that?" "Yes," she said, "I understand the art; shall I just try it on thee also?" "Oh, yes," said he. But she cut off his head, and did not put it on again; but pretended that she could not get it on, and that it would not keep fixed. Then the King was buried, but she married Ferdinand the Faithful.

He, however, always rode on his white horse, and once when he was seated on it, it told him that he was to go on to the heath which he knew, and gallop three times round it. And when he had done that, the white horse stood up on its hind legs, and was changed into a King's son.

## 127.—THE IRON STOVE.

(*"The Iron Stove"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, as tale number 127. Dorothea Viehmann contributed the story to the Grimm's collection. The Brothers Grimm heard it from Dorothea Viehmann (from Zwehrn) in 1813.

*Contents: A king's son is enchanted by an old witch to sit in an iron oven in the forest. After many years, a king's daughter who has lost her way comes by. He sends her someone to lead her home in silence. For this she should come back with a knife, free him and marry him. Instead, she and her father send the beautiful miller's daughter, then the even more beautiful swineherd's daughter. Both scrape 24 hours without success and then give themselves away. Under threat, the princess has to come and free him herself. She likes him, but asks to be allowed to see her father again, which he will grant her if she only speaks three words. But because she speaks more, the iron stove is moved away. On her search, she comes across an old house with fat little toads. The old toad gives her three needles, three nuts and a plow wheel. In doing so, she overcomes a glass mountain, three cutting swords and rushing water and has herself employed as a maid in the prince's castle. She negotiates three times permission from his new bride to sleep in his chamber in exchange for the beautiful clothes made from the three nuts. Twice he only finds out about her nocturnal wailing from the servants, so that the third time he doesn't take the sleeping potion and flees with her. The house with the toads has become a castle with children. They marry and also take in the lonely father.)*

In the days when wishing was still of some use, a King's son was bewitched by an old witch, and shut up in an iron stove in a forest. There he passed many years, and no one could deliver him. Then a King's daughter came into the forest, who had lost herself, and could not find her father's kingdom again. After she had wandered about for nine days, she at length came to the iron stove. Then a voice came forth from it, and asked her, "Whence comest thou, and whither goest thou?" She answered, "I have lost my father's kingdom, and cannot get home again." Then a voice inside the iron stove said, "I will help thee to get home again, and that indeed most swiftly, if thou wilt promise to do what I desire of thee. I am the son of a far greater King than thy father, and I will marry thee."

Then was she afraid, and thought, "Good Heavens! What can I do with an iron stove?" But as she much wished to get home to her father, she promised to do as he desired. But he said, "Thou shalt return here, and bring a knife with thee, and scrape a hole in the iron." Then he gave her a companion who walked near her, but did not speak, but in two hours he took her home; there was great joy in the castle when the King's daughter came home, and the old King fell on her neck, and kissed her. She, however, was sorely troubled, and said, "Dear father, what I have suffered! I should never have got home again from the great wild forest, if I had not come to an iron stove, but I have been forced to give my word that I will go back to it, set it free, and marry it." Then the old King was so terrified that he all but fainted, for he had but this one daughter. They there fore resolved they would send, in her place, the miller's daughter, who was very beautiful. They took her there, gave her a knife, and said she was to scrape at the iron stove. So she scraped at it for four-and-twenty hours, but could not bring off the least morsel of it. When day dawned, a voice in the stove said, "It seems to me it is day outside." Then she answered, "It seems so to me too; I fancy I hear the noise of my father's mill."

"So thou art a miller's daughter! Then go thy way at once, and let the King's daughter come here." Then she went away at once, and told the old King that the man outside there, would have none of her—he wanted the King's daughter. They, however, still had a swine-herd's daughter, who was even prettier then the miller's daughter, and they determined to give her a piece of gold to go to the iron stove instead of the King's daughter. So she was taken thither, and she also had to scrape for four-and-twenty hours. She, however, made nothing of it. When day broke, a voice inside the stove cried, "It seems to me it is day outside!" Then answered she, "So it seems to me also; I fancy I hear my father's horn blowing."

"Then thou art a swine-herd's daughter! Go away at once, and tell the King's daughter to come, and tell her all must be done as was promised, and if she does not come, everything in the kingdom shall be ruined and destroyed, and not one stone be left standing on another." When the King's daughter heard that she began to weep, but now there was nothing for it but to keep her promise. So she took leave of her father, put a knife in her pocket, and went forth to the iron stove in the forest. When she got there, she began to scrape, and the iron gave way, and when two hours were over, she had already scraped a small hole. Then she peeped in, and saw a youth so handsome, and so brilliant with gold and with precious jewels, that her very soul was delighted. Now, therefore, she went on scraping, and made the hole so large that he was able to get out. Then said he, "Thou art mine, and I am thine; thou art my bride, and hast released me." He wanted to take her away with him to his kingdom, but she entreated him to let her go once again to her father, and the King's son allowed her to do so, but she was not to say more to her father than three words, and then she was to come back again. So she went home, but she spoke more than three words, and instantly the iron stove disappeared, and was taken far away over glass mountains and piercing swords; but the King's sun was set free, and no longer shut up in it. After this she bade good-bye to her father, took some money with her, but not much, and went back to the great forest, and looked for the iron stove, but it was nowhere to be found. For nine days she sought it, and then her hunger grew so great that she did not know what to do, for she could no longer live. When it was evening, she seated herself in a small tree, and made up her mind to spend the night there, as she was afraid of wild beasts. When midnight drew near she saw in the distance a small light, and thought, "Ah, there I should be saved!" She got down from the tree, and went towards

the light, but on the way she prayed. Then she came to a little old house, and much grass had grown all about it, and a small heap of wood lay in front of it. She thought, " Ah, whither have I come," and peeped in through the window, but she saw nothing inside but toads, big and little, except a table well covered with wine and roast meat, and the plates and glasses were of silver. Then she took courage, and knocked at the door. The fat toad cried,

"Little green waiting-maid,

Waiting-maid with the limping leg,

Little dog of the limping leg,

Hop hither and thither,

And quickly see who Ia without:"

and a small toad came walking by and opened the door to her. When she entered, they all bade her welcome, and she was forced to sit down. They asked, "Where hast thou come from, and whither art thou going?" Then she related all that had befallen her, and how because she had transgressed the order which had been given her not to say more than three words, the stove, and the King's son also, had disappeared, and now she was about to seek him over hill and dale until she found him. Then the old fat one said,

"Little green waiting-maid,

Waiting-maid with the limping leg,

Little dog of the limping leg.

Hop hither and thither,

And bring me the great box."

Then the little one went and brought the box. After this they gave her meat and drink, and took her to a well-made bed, which felt like silk and velvet, and she laid herself therein, in God's name, and slept. When morning came she arose, and the old toad gave her three needles out of the great box which she was to take with her; they would be needed by her, for she had to cross a high glass mountain, and go over three piercing swords and a great lake. If she did all this she would get her lover back again. Then she gave her three things, which she was to take the greatest care of, namely, three large needles, a plough-wheel, and three nuts. With these she travelled onwards, and when she came to the glass mountain which was so slippery, she stuck the three needles first behind her feet and then before them, and so got over it, and when she was over it, she hid them in a place which she marked carefully. After this she came to the three piercing swords, and then she seated herself on her plough-wheel, and rolled over them. At last she arrived in front of a great lake, and when she had crossed it, she came to a large and beautiful castle. She went in and asked for a place; she was a poor girl, she said, and would like to be hired. She knew, however, that the King's son whom she had released from the iron stove in the great forest was in the castle. Then she was taken as a scullery-maid at low wages. But, already the King's son had another maiden by his side whom he wanted to marry, for he thought that she had long been dead.

In the evening, when she had washed up and was done, she felt in her pocket and found the three nuts which the old toad had given her. She cracked one with her teeth, and was going to eat the kernel when lo and behold there was a stately royal garment in it! But when the bride heard of this she came and asked for the dress, and wanted to buy it, and said, "It is not a dress for a servant-girl." But she said, no, she would not sell it, but if the bride would grant her one thing she should have it, and that was, leave to sleep one night in her bridegroom's chamber. The bride gave her permission because the dress was so pretty, and she had never had one like it. When it was evening she said to her bridegroom, "That silly girl will sleep in thy room." "If thou art willing so am I," said

he. She, however, gave him a glass of wine in which she had poured a sleeping-draught. So the bridegroom and the scullery-maid went to sleep in the room, and he slept so soundly that she could not waken him.

She wept the whole night and cried, "I set thee free when thou wert in an iron stove in the wild forest, I sought thee, and walked over a glass mountain, and three sharp swords, and a great lake before I found thee, and yet thou wilt not hear me!"

The servants sat by the chamber-door, and heard how she thus wept the whole night through, and in the morning they told it to their lord. And the next evening when she had washed up, she opened the second nut, and a far more beautiful dress was within it, and when the bride beheld it, she wished to buy that also. But the girl would not take money, and begged that she might once again sleep in the bridegroom's chamber. The bride, however, gave him a sleeping-drink, and he slept so soundly that he could hear nothing. But the scullery-maid wept the whole night long, and cried, "I set thee free when thou wert in an iron stove in the wild forest, I sought thee, and walked over a glass mountain, and over three sharp swords and a great lake before I found thee, and yet thou wilt not hear me!" The servants sat by the chamber-door and heard her weeping the whole night through, and in the morning informed their lord of it. And on the third evening, when she had washed up, she opened the third nut, and within it was a still more beautiful dress which was stiff with pure gold. When the bride saw that she wanted to have it, but the maiden only gave it up on condition that she might for the third time sleep in the bridegroom's apartment. The King's son was, however, on his guard, and threw the sleeping-draught away. Now, therefore, when she began to weep and to cry, "Dearest love, I set thee free when thou wert in the iron stove in the terrible wild forest," the King's son leapt up and said, "Thou art the true one, thou art mine, and I am thine." Thereupon, while it was still night, he got into a carriage with her, and they took away the false bride's clothes so that she could not get up. When they came to the great lake, they sailed across it, and when they reached the three sharp-cutting swords they seated themselves on the plough-wheel, and when they got to the glass mountain they thrust the three needles in it, and so at length they got to the little old house; but when they went inside that, it was a great castle, and the toads were all disenchanted, and were King's children, and full of happiness. Then the wedding was celebrated, and the King's son and the princess remained in the castle, which was much larger than the castles of their fathers. As, however, the old King grieved at being left alone, they fetched him away, and brought him to live with them, and they had two kingdoms, and lived in happy wedlock.

A mouse did run,

The story is done.

## 128.—THE LAZY SPINNER.

(*"The Lazy Spinner"* or *"The Lazy Spinning Woman"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number 128. Grimm's note notes *"Aus Zwehrn"* (by Dorothea Viehmann). Laziness is an important theme in the Grimm's fairy tales because they were aware of how much poverty and lack of opportunities are increased by such an attitude to life. Successes like "from rags to riches" only come about through diligence, education and perseverance.

*Contents: A lazy woman did not like to spin and when she did, did not wind onto a reel, but left it on the bobbin. Her husband*

*complained, and she said she needed a reel to do that, but when he went to cut one, she sneaked after and called out that whoever cut a reel would die. This put him off cutting it, but he still complained. She then made some yarn and said it must be boiled. Then she put some tow in the pot instead and set her husband to watch. After some time, he opened the pot, saw the tow, and thought he had ruined the yarn. From then on, the husband did not dare complain.)*

In a certain village there once lived a man and his wife, and the wife was so idle that she would never work at anything; whatever her husband gave her to spin, she did not get done, and what she did spin she did not wind, but let it all remain entangled in a heap. If the man scolded her, she was always ready with her tongue, and said, "Well, how should I wind it, when I have no reel? Just you go into the forest and get me one." "If that is all," said the man, "then I will go into the forest, and get some wood for making reels." Then the woman was afraid that if he had the wood he would make her a reel of it, and she would have to wind her yarn off, and then begin to spin again. She bethought herself a little, and then a lucky idea occurred to her, and she secretly followed the man into the forest, and when he had climbed into a tree to choose and cut the wood, she crept into the thicket below where he could not see her, and cried,

"He who cuts wood for reels shall die,  
And he who winds, shall perish."

The man listened, laid down his axe for a moment, and began to consider what that could mean. "Hollo," he said at last, "what can that have been; my ears must have been singing, I won't alarm myself for nothing." So he again seized the axe, and began to hew, then again there came a cry from below:

"He who cuts wood for reels shall die,  
And he who winds shall perish."

He stopped, and felt afraid and alarmed, and pondered over the circumstance. But when a few moments had passed, he took heart again, and a third time he stretched out his hand for the axe, and began to cut. But some one called out a third time, and said loudly,

"He who cuts wood for reels shall die.  
And he who winds, shall perish."

That was enough for him, and all inclination had departed from him, so he hastily descended the tree, and set out on his way home. The woman ran as fast as she could by bye-ways so as to get home first. So when he entered the parlour, she put on an innocent look as if nothing had happened, and said, "Well, have you brought a nice piece of wood for reels?" "No," said he, "I see very well that winding won't do," and told her what had happened to him in the forest, and from that time forth left her in peace about it. Nevertheless after some time, the man again began to complain of the disorder in the house. "Wife," said he, "it is really a shame that the spun yarn should lie there all entangled!" "I'll tell you what," said she, "as we still don't come by any reel, go you up into the loft, and I will stand down below, and will throw the yarn up to you, and you will throw it down to me, and so we shall get a skein after all." "Yes, that will do," said the man. So they did that, and when it was done, he said, "The yarn is in skeins, now it must be boiled." The woman was again distressed; she certainly said, "Yes, we will boil it next morning early," but she was secretly contriving another trick.

Early in the morning she got up, lighted a fire, and put the kettle on, only instead of the yarn, she put in a lump of tow, and let it boil. After that she went to the man who was still lying in bed, and said to him, "I must just go out, you must get up and look after

the yarn which is in the kettle on the fire, but you must be at hand at once; mind that, for if the cock should happen to crow, and you are not attending to the yarn, it will become tow." The man was willing and took good care not to loiter. He got up as quickly as he could, and went into the kitchen. But when he reached the kettle and peeped in, he saw, to his horror nothing but a lump of tow. Then the poor man was as still as a mouse, thinking he had neglected it, and was to blame, and in future said no more about yarn and spinning. But you yourself must own she was an odious woman!

## 129.—THE FOUR SKILFUL BROTHERS.

(*"The Four Skillful Brothers"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 129). The Brothers Grimm published this tale in the second edition of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* in 1819. Grimm's annotation notes "from Paderborn" (from the von Haxthausen family).

*Contents: A poor father lets his four adult sons move out to learn a trade. They separate at a crossroads. Each is addressed by a man, and one is trained as a thief, one as a stargazer, one as a hunter, and one as a tailor. After four years they show their father their art. Five eggs are spotted in the treetop, taken away from the bird, shot around the corner, sewn back together and placed in the nest. When the chicks hatch, they only have a red stripe on their necks. When the king's daughter is kidnapped, the stargazer, who sees her sitting on a rock with a dragon, requests a ship. The thief steals them from under the sleeping dragon. When he wakes up and follows, the hunter shoots him dead, but he falls on the ship. The tailor sews it back together. Before the king, they disagree as to who deserves the princess as a reward. Everyone gets half of the kingdom.)*

There was once a poor man who had four sons, and when they were grown up, he said to them, "My dear children, you must now go out into the world, for I have nothing to give you, so set out, and go to some distance and learn a trade, and see how you can make your way." So the four brothers took their sticks, bade their father farewell, and went through the town-gate together. When they had travelled about for some time, they came to a cross-way which branched off in four different directions. Then said the eldest, "Here we must separate, but on this day four years, we will meet each other again at this spot, and in the meantime we will seek our fortunes."

Then each of them went his way, and the eldest met a man who asked him where he was going, and what he was intending to do? "I want to learn a trade," he replied. Then the other said, "Come with me, and be a thief." "No," he answered, "that is no longer regarded as a reputable trade, and the end of it is that one has to swing on the gallows." "Oh," said the man, "you need not be afraid of the gallows; I will only teach you to get such things as no other man could ever lay hold of, and no one will ever detect you." So he allowed himself to be talked into it, and while with the man became an accomplished thief, and so dexterous that nothing was safe from him, if he once desired to have it. The second brother met a man who put the same question to him—what he wanted to learn in the world. "I don't know yet," he replied. "Then come with me, and be an astronomer; there is nothing better than that, for nothing is hid from you." He liked the idea, and became such a skilful astronomer that when he had learnt everything, and was about to travel onwards, his master gave him a telescope and said

to him, "With that canst thou see whatsoever takes place either on earth or in heaven, and nothing can remain concealed from thee." A huntsman took the third brother into training, and gave him such excellent instruction in everything which related to huntsmanship, that he became an experienced hunter. When he went away, his master gave him a gun and said, "It will never fail you; whatsoever you aim at, you are certain to hit." The youngest brother also met a man who spoke to him, and inquired what his intentions were. "Would you not like to be a tailor?" said he. "Not that I know of," said the youth; "sitting doubled up from morning till night, driving the needle and the goose backwards and forwards, is not to my taste." "Oh, but you are speaking in ignorance," answered the man; "with me you would learn a very different kind of tailoring, which is respectable and proper, and for the most part very honourable." So he let himself be persuaded, and went with the man, and learnt his art from the very beginning. When they parted, the man gave the youth a needle, and said, "With this you can sew together whatever is given you, whether it is as soft as an egg or as hard as steel; and it will all become one piece of stuff, so that no seam will be visible."

When the appointed four years were over, the four brothers arrived at the same time at the cross-roads, embraced and kissed each other, and returned home to their father. "So now," said he, quite delighted, "the wind has blown you back again to me." They told him of all that had happened to them, and that each had learnt his own trade. Now they were sitting just in front of the house under a large tree, and the father said, "I will put you all to the test, and see what you can do." Then he looked up and said to his second son, "Between two branches up at the top of this tree, there is a chaffinch's nest, tell me how many eggs there are in it?" The astronomer took his glass, looked up, and said, "There are five." Then the father said to the eldest, "Fetch the eggs down without disturbing; the bird which is sitting hatching them." The skilful thief climbed up, and took the five eggs from beneath the bird, which never observed what he was doing, and remained quietly sitting where she was, and brought them down to his father. The father took them, and put one of them on each corner of the table, and the fifth in the middle, and said to the huntsman, "With one shot thou shalt shoot me the five eggs in two, through the middle." The huntsman aimed, and shot the eggs, all five as the father had desired, and that at one shot. He certainly must have had some of the powder for shooting round corners. "Now it's your turn," said the father to the fourth son; "you shall sew the eggs together again, and the young birds that are inside them as well, and you must do it so that they are not hurt by the shot." The tailor brought his needle, and sewed them as his father wished. When he had done this the thief had to climb up the tree again, and carry them to the nest, and put them back again under the bird without her being aware of it. The bird sat her full time, and after a few days the young ones crept out, and they had a red line round their necks where they had been sewn together by the tailor.

"Well," said the old man to his sons, "I begin to think you are worth more than green clover; you have used your time well, and learnt something good. I can't say which of you deserves the most praise. That will be proved if you have but an early opportunity of using your talents." Not long after this, there was a great uproar in the country, for the King's daughter was carried off by a dragon. The King was full of trouble about it, both by day and night, and caused it to be proclaimed that whosoever brought her back should have her to wife. The four brothers said to each other, "This would be a fine opportunity for us to show what we can do!" and resolved to go forth together and liberate the King's daughter.

"I will soon know where she is," said the astronomer, and looked through his telescope and said, "I see her already, she is far away from here on a rock in the sea, and the dragon is beside her watching her." Then he went to the King, and asked for a ship for himself and his brothers, and sailed with them over the sea until they came to the rock. There the King's daughter was sitting, and the dragon was lying asleep on her lap. The huntsman said, "I dare not fire, I should kill the beautiful maiden at the same time." "Then I will try my art," said the thief, and he crept thither and stole her away from under the dragon, so quietly and dexterously, that the monster never remarked it, but went on snoring. Full of joy, they hurried off with her on board ship, and steered out into the open sea; but the dragon, who when he awoke had found no princess there, followed them, and came snorting angrily through the air. Just as he was circling above the ship, and about to descend on it, the huntsman shouldered his gun, and shot him to the heart. The monster fell down dead, but was so large and powerful that his fall shattered the whole ship. Fortunately, however, they laid hold of a couple of planks, and swam about the wide sea. Then again they were in great peril, but the tailor, who was not idle, took his wondrous needle, and with a few stitches sewed the planks together, and they seated themselves upon them, and collected together all the fragments of the vessel. Then he sewed these so skilfully together, that in a very short time the ship was once more seaworthy, and they could go home again in safety.

When the King once more saw his daughter, there were great rejoicings. He said to the four brothers, "One of you shall have her to wife, but which of you it is to be you must settle among yourselves." Then a warm contest arose among them, for each of them preferred his own claim. The astronomer said, "If I had not seen the princess, all your arts would have been useless, so she is mine." The thief said, "What would have been the use of your seeing, if I had not got her away from the dragon? so she is mine." The huntsman said, "You and the princess, and all of you, would have been torn to pieces by the dragon if my ball had not hit him, so she is mine." The tailor said, "And if I, by my art, had not sewn the ship together again, you would all of you have been miserably drowned, so she is mine." Then the King uttered this saying, "Each of you has an equal light, and as all of you cannot have the maiden, none of you shall have her, but I will give to each of you, as a reward, half a kingdom." The brothers were pleased with this decision, and said, "It is better thus than that we should be at variance with each other." Then each of them received half a kingdom, and they lived with their father in the greatest happiness as long as it pleased God.

### 130.—ONE-EYE, TWO-EYES, AND THREE-EYES.

*("One-Eye, Two-Eyes, and Three-Eyes" is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 130. The fairy tale comes from Upper Lusatia (Landkreis Bautzen). It appeared in 1816 in Johann Gustav Büsching's magazine "Wöchentliche Nachrichten für Freunde der Geschichte, Kunst und Gelehrtheit des Mittelalters" (Vol. 2, pp. 17-26). It is an anomalous fairy tale, in that the protagonist is neither the youngest nor an only child, but the middle of three.)*

*Contents: A woman has three daughters: One-eye has only one eye, Two-eyes has two, and Three-eyes has three eyes. Two-eyes is treated badly by the others because they look like other people. Once, while she was tending the goat, when she was sitting hungrily in a grove and crying, a wise woman appeared to her and*

told her how she could say a spell to the goat and get fine food. The saying goes: kid, meck, table, deck! But as soon as she was full, she should say: kid, meck, little table, away! When Two-eyes, so full, does not eat anything at home, One-eye goes herding with her to find out why. Two-eyes manages to sing One-eye to sleep before she says his spell, but the next day he fails to do the same with Three-eyes, because she forgets to sing the third eye to sleep as well. Three-eyes reveals the secret to her mother, who kills the goat out of envy. When Two-eyes weeps because of the loss, the wise woman appears again and advises her to bury the goat's entrails in front of the front door. The next morning a tree with silver leaves and golden apples grew on this spot. Two-eyes is the only one who can pick the apples from the tree, but her mother does not thank her, takes them from her and treats her even harder than before. A young knight comes to the tree, but the sisters hide Two-Eyes in a barrel. When the knight asks who owns the tree, they claim it is theirs. However, they do not succeed in breaking fruit or twigs off the knight. From her prison, Two-eyes rolls golden apples at the knight's feet. He notices her, has her brought out, and enchanted by Two-eyes' beauty, he takes her and marries her. With Two-Eyes, the tree also disappears. When, a long time later, two beggars appear in front of the castle, Two-Eyes recognises them as her sisters. Despite all the evil they have done to her, she takes them in, causing her sisters to regret their actions.)

There was once a woman who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was called One-eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead, and the second. Two-eyes, because she had two eyes like other folks, and the youngest, Three-eyes, because she had three eyes; and her third eye was also in the centre of her forehead. However, as Two-eyes saw just as other human beings did, her sisters and her mother could not endure her. They said to her, "Thou, with thy two eyes, art no better than the common people; thou dost not belong to us!" They pushed her about, and threw old clothes to her, and gave her nothing to eat but what they left, and did everything that they could to make her unhappy. It came to pass that Two-eyes had to go out into the fields and tend the goat, but she was still quite hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat. So she sat down on a ridge and began to weep, and so bitterly that two streams ran down from her eyes. And once when she looked up in her grief, a woman was standing beside her, who said, "Why art thou weeping, little Two-eyes?" Two-eyes answered, "Have I not reason to weep, when I have two eyes like other people, and my sisters and mother hate me for it, and push me from one corner to another, throw old clothes at me, and give me nothing to eat but the scraps they leave? To-day they have given me so little that I am still quite hungry." Then the wise woman said, "Wipe away thy tears, Two-eyes, and I will tell thee something to stop thee ever suffering from hunger again; just say to thy goat,

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,

Cover the table with something to eat,"

and then a clean well-spread little table will stand before thee, with the most delicious food upon it of which thou mayst eat as much as thou art inclined for, and when thou hast had enough, and hast no more need of the little table, just say,

"Bleat, bleat, my little goat, I pray.

And take the table quite away,"

and then it will vanish again from thy sight." Hereupon the wise woman departed. But Two-eyes thought, "I must instantly make a trial, and see if what she said is true, for I am far too hungry," and she said,

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,  
Cover the table with something to eat,"

and scarcely had she spoken the words than a little table, covered with a white cloth, was standing there, and on it was a plate with a knife and fork, and a silver spoon; and the most delicious food was there also, warm and smoking as if it had just come out of the kitchen. Then Two-eyes said the shortest prayer she knew, "Lord God, be with us always, Amen," and helped herself to some food, and enjoyed it. And when she was satisfied, she said, as the wise woman had taught her,

"Bleat, bleat, my little goat, I pray,  
And take the table quite away,"

and immediately the little table and everything on it was gone again. "That is a delightful way of keeping house!" thought Two-eyes, and was quite glad and happy.

In the evening, when she went home with her goat, she found a small earthenware dish with some food, which her sisters had set ready for her, but she did not touch it. Next day she again went out with her goat, and left the few bits of broken bread which had been handed to her, lying untouched. The first and second time that she did this, her sisters did not remark it at all, but as it happened every time, they did observe it, and said, "There is something wrong about Two-eyes, she always leaves her food untasted, and she used to eat up everything that was given her; she must have discovered other ways of getting food." In order that they might learn the truth, they resolved to send One-eye with Two-eyes when she went to drive her goat to the pasture, to observe what Two-eyes did when she was there, and whether any one brought her anything to eat and drink. So when Two-eyes set out the next time, One-eye went to her and said, "I will go with you to the pasture, and see that the goat is well taken care of, and driven where there is food." But Two-eyes knew what was in One-eye's mind, and drove the goat into high grass and said, "Come, One-eye, we will sit down, and I will sing something to you." One-eye sat down and was tired with the unaccustomed walk and the heat of the sun, and Two-eyes sang constantly,

"One eye, wakest thou?

One eye, sleepest thou?"

until One-eye shut her one eye, and fell asleep, and as Boon as Two-eyes saw that One-eye was fast asleep, and could discover nothing, she said,

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,

Cover the table with something to eat,"

and seated herself at her table, and ate and drank until she was satisfied, and then she again cried,

"Bleat, bleat, my little goat, I pray,

And take the table quite away,"

and in an instant all was gone. Two-eyes now awakened One-eye, and said, "One-eye, you want to take care of the goat, and go to sleep while you are doing it, and in the meantime the goat might run all over the world. Come, let us go home again." So they went home, and again Two-eyes let her little dish stand untouched, and One-eye could not tell her mother why she would not eat it, and to excuse herself said, "I fell asleep when I was out."

Next day the mother said to Three-eyes, "This time thou shalt go and observe if Two-eyes eats anything when she is out, and if any one fetches her food and drink, for she must eat and drink in secret." So Three-eyes went to Two-eyes, and said, "I will go with you and see if the goat is taken proper care of, and driven where there is food." But Two-eyes knew what was in Three-eyes' mind, and drove the goat into high grass and said, "We will sit down, and I will sing something to you, Three-eyes." Three-eyes sat

down and was tired with the walk and with the heat of the sun, and Two-eyes began the same song as before, and sang,

"Three eyes, are you waking?"  
but then, instead of singing,  
"Three eyes, are you sleeping?"  
as she ought to have done, she thoughtlessly sang,  
"Two eyes, are you sleeping?"  
and sang all the time,  
"Three eyes, are you waking?  
Two eyes, are you sleeping?"

Then two of the eyes which Three-eyes had, shut and fell asleep, but the third, as it had not been named in the song, did not sleep. It is true that Three-eyes shut it, but only in her cunning, to pretend it was asleep too, but it blinked, and could see everything very well. And when Two-eyes thought that Three-eyes was fast asleep, she used her little charm,

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,  
Cover the table with something to eat,"  
and ate and drank as much as her heart desired, and then ordered the table to go away again,

"Bleat, bleat, my little goat, I pray,

And take the table quite away,"

and Three-eyes had seen everything. Then Two-eyes came to her, waked her and said, "Have you been asleep, Three-eyes? You are a good care-taker! Come, we will go home." And when they got home, Two-eyes again did not eat, and Three-eyes said to the mother, "Now, I know why that high-minded thing there does not eat. When she is out, she says to the goat,

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,  
Cover the table with something to eat,"

and then a little table appears before her covered with the best of food, much better than any we have here, and when she has eaten all she wants, she says,

"Bleat, bleat, my little goat, I pray,  
And take the table quite away,"

and all disappears. I watched everything closely. She put two of my eyes to sleep by using a certain form of words, but luckily the one in my forehead kept awake." Then the envious mother cried, "Dost thou want to fare better than we do? The desire shall pass away," and she fetched a butcher's knife, and thrust it into the heart of the goat, which fell down dead.

When Two-eyes saw that, she went out full of trouble, seated herself on the ridge of grass at the edge of the field, and wept bitter tears. Suddenly the wise woman once more stood by her side, and said, "Two-eyes, why art thou weeping?" "Have I not reason to weep?" she answered. "The goat which covered the table for me every day when I spoke your charm, has been killed by my mother, and now I shall again have to bear hunger and want." The wise woman said, "Two-eyes, I will give thee a piece of good advice; ask thy sisters to give thee the entrails of the slaughtered goat, and bury them in the ground in front of the house, and thy fortune will be made." Then she vanished, and Two-eyes went home and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, do give me some part of my goat; I don't wish for what is good, but give me the entrails." Then they laughed and said, "If that's all you want, you can have it." So Two-eyes took the entrails and buried them quietly in the evening, in front of the house-door, as the wise woman had counselled her to do.

Next morning, when they all awoke, and went to the house-door, there stood a strangely magnificent tree with leaves of silver, and fruit of gold hanging among them, so that in all the wide world there was nothing more beautiful or precious. They did not know

how the tree could have come there during the night, but Two-eyes, saw that it had grown up out of the entrails of the goat, for it was standing on the exact spot where she had buried them. Then the mother said to One-eye, "Climb up, my child, and gather some of the fruit of the tree for us." One-eye climbed up, but when she was about to get hold of one of the golden apples, the branch escaped from her hands, and that happened each time, so that she could not pluck a single apple, let her do what she might. Then said the mother, "Three-eyes, do you climb up; you with your three eyes can look about you better than One-eye." One-eye slipped down, and Three-eyes climbed up. Three-eyes was not more skilful, and might search as she liked, but the golden apples always escaped her. At length the mother grew impatient, and climbed up herself, but could get hold of the fruit no better than One-eye and Three-eyes, for she always clutched empty air. Then said Two-eyes, "I will just go up, perhaps I may succeed better." The sisters cried, "You indeed, with your two eyes, what can you do?" But Two-eyes climbed up, and the golden apples did not get out of her way, but came into her hand of their own accord, so that she could pluck them one after the other, and brought a whole apronful down with her. The mother took them away from her, and instead of treating poor Two-eyes any better for this, she and One-eye and Three-eyes were only envious, because Two-eyes alone had been able to get the fruit, and they treated her still more cruelly.

It so befell that once when they were all standing together by the tree, a young knight came up. "Quick, Two-eyes," cried the two sisters, "creep under this, and don't disgrace us!" and with all speed they turned an empty barrel which was standing close by the tree over poor Two-eyes, and they pushed the golden apples which she had been gathering, under it too. When the knight came nearer he was a handsome lord, who stopped and admired the magnificent gold and silver tree, and said to the two sisters, "To whom does this fine tree belong? Any one who would bestow one branch of it on me might in return for it ask whatsoever he desired." Then One-eye and Three-eyes replied that the tree belonged to them, and that they would give him a branch. They both took great trouble, but they were not able to do it, for the branches and fruit both moved away from them every time. Then said the knight, "It is very strange that the tree should belong to you, and that you should still not be able to break a piece off." They again asserted that the tree was their property. Whilst they were saying so, Two-eyes rolled out a couple of golden apples from under the barrel to the feet of the knight, for she was vexed with One-eye and Three-eyes, for not speaking the truth. When the knight saw the apples he was astonished, and asked where they came from. One-eye and Three-eyes answered that they had another sister, who was not allowed to show herself, for she had only two eyes like any common person. The knight, however, desired to see her, and cried, "Two-eyes, come forth." Then Two-eyes, quite comforted, came from beneath the barrel, and the knight was surprised at her great beauty, and said, "Thou, Two-eyes, canst certainly break off a branch from the tree for me." "Yes," replied Two-eyes, "that I certainly shall be able to do, for the tree belongs to me." And she climbed up, and with the greatest ease broke off a branch with beautiful silver leaves and golden fruit, and gave it to the knight. Then said the knight, "Two-eyes, what shall I give thee for it?" "Alas!" answered Two-eyes, "I suffer from hunger and thirst, grief and want, from early morning till late night; if you would take me with you, and deliver me from these things, I should be happy." So the knight lifted Two-eyes on to his horse, and took her home with him to his father's castle, and

there he gave her beautiful clothes, and meat and drink to her heart's content, and as he loved her so much he married her, and the wedding was solemnised with great rejoicing. When Two-eyes was thus carried away by the handsome knight, her two sisters grudged her good fortune in downright earnest. "The wonderful tree, however, still remains with us," thought they, "and even if we can gather no fruit from it, still every one will stand still and look at it, and come to us and admire it. Who knows what good things may be in store for us?" But next morning, the tree had vanished, and all their hopes were at an end. And when Two-eyes looked out of the window of her own little room, to her great delight it was standing in front of it, and so it had followed her.

Two-eyes lived a long time in happiness. Once two poor women came to her in her castle, and begged for alms. She looked in their faces, and recognised her sisters. One-eye, and Three-eyes, who had fallen into such poverty that they had to wander about and beg their bread from door to door. Two-eyes, however, made them welcome, and was kind to them, and took care of them, so that they both with all their hearts repented the evil that they had done their sister in their youth.

### 131.—FAIR KATRINELJE AND PIF-PAF-POLTRIE\*.

*("Fair Katrinelje and Pif-Paf-Poltrie" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales as tale KHM 131. The fairy tale comes from Paderborn and is a rhyming poem. "Pif Paf Poltrie" probably comes from the onomatopoeic children's language of the 18th century in imitation of shots from firearms. The original is probably "piff paff rumbling"; today we would probably say "Pif Paf Boom!". The fairy tale is very simple in language and plot, characterised by slightly varied scenic repetitions and simple rhymes. The simple structure makes it suitable even for very small children.)*

*Contents: Pif-Paf-Poltrie asks Fair Katrinelje's father for leave to marry her. He is told he needs that of "her mother Milk-Cow, her brother High-Pride, her sister Cheese-Love," as well as her own. Going through the list, he obtains it, on the condition of all the others consenting. Fair Katrinelje is last; then she lists her dowry: some pennies, a debt, roots, pretzels, and dried pears—a fine dowry. She guesses at his occupation, and he declares it is finer than what she guesses until she guesses broommaker.)*

"Good-day, Father Hollenthe." "Many thanks, Pif-paf-poltrie." "May I be allowed to have your daughter?" "Oh, yes, if Mother Malcho (Milch-cow), Brother High-and-Mighty, Sister Käsetraut, and fair Katrinelje are willing, you can have her."

"Where is Mother Malcho, then?" "She is in the cow-house, milking the cow."

"Good-day, Mother Malcho." "Many thanks, Pif-paf-poltrie." "May I be allowed to have your daughter?" "Oh, yes, if Father Hollenthe, Brother High-and-Mighty, Sister Käsetraut, and fair Katrinelje are willing, you can have her." "Where is Brother High-and-Mighty, then?" "He is in the room chopping some wood." "Good-day, Brother High-and-Mighty." "Many thanks, Pif-paf-poltrie." "May I be allowed to have your sister?" "Oh, yes, if Father Hollenthe, Mother Malcho, Sister Käsetraut, and fair Katrinelje are willing, you can have her." "Where is Sister Käsetraut, then?" "She is in the garden cutting cabbages." "Good-day, Sister Käsetraut." "Many thanks, Pif-paf-poltrie." "May I be allowed to have your sister?" "Oh, yes, if Father Hollenthe, Mother Malcho, Brother High-and-Mighty, and fair

Katrinelje are willing, you may have her." "Where is fair Katrinelje, then?" "She is in the room counting out her farthings." "Good day, fair Katrinelje." "Many thanks, Pif-paf-poltrie." "Wilt thou be my bride?" "Oh, yes, if Father Hollenthe, Mother Malcho, Brother High-and-Mighty, and Sister Käsetraut are willing, I am ready."

"Fair Katrinelje, how much dowry hast thou?" "Fourteen farthings in ready money, three and a half groschen owing" to me, half a pound of dried apples, a handful of fried bread, and a handful of spices.

And many other things are mine,  
Have I not a dowry fine?

"Pif-paf-poltrie, what is thy trade? Art thou a tailor?" "Something better." "A shoemaker?" "Something better." "A husbandman?" "Something better." "A joiner?" . "Something better." "A smith?" "Something better." "A miller?" "Something better." "Perhaps a broom-maker?" "Yes, that's what I am, is it not a fine trade?"

### 132.—THE FOX AND THE HORSE.

*("The Fox and the Horse" is an animal fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm (KHM 132). Jenny von Droste-Hülshoff sent the fairy tale to Wilhelm Grimm on September 12, 1814.*

*Contents: The farmer chases his old horse away on the pretext that he will keep it if it brings him a lion. The fox helps him, lets the horse lie down like it's dead and fetches a lion. Under the pretense of tying the horse's tail to him so he can drag it into his cave, he ties his legs together. The horse pulls the roaring lion to its master, who now treats it well until death.)*

A Peasant had a faithful horse which had grown old and could do no more work, so his master would no longer give him anything to eat and said, "I can certainly make no more use of thee, but still I mean well by thee; if thou provest thyself still strong enough to bring me a lion here, I will maintain thee, but now take thyself away out of my stable," and with that he chased him into the open country. The horse was sad, and went to the forest to seek a little protection there from the weather. Then the fox met him and said, "Why dost thou hang thy head so, and go about all alone?" "Alas," replied the horse, "avarice and fidelity do not dwell together in one house. My master has forgotten what services I have performed for him for so many years, and because I can no longer plough well, he will give me no more food, and has driven me out." "Without giving thee a chance?" asked the fox. "The chance was a bad one. He said, if I were still strong enough to bring him a lion, he would keep me, but he well knows that I cannot do that." The fox said, "I will help thee, just lay thyself down, stretch thyself out, as if thou wert dead, and do not stir." The horse did as the fox desired, and the fox went to the lion, who had his den not far off, and said, "A dead horse is lying outside there, just come with me, thou canst have a rich meal." The lion went with him, and when they were both standing by the horse the fox said, "After all it is not very comfortable for thee here—I tell thee what—I will fasten it to thee by the tail, and then thou canst drag it into thy cave, and devour it in peace."

This advice pleased the lion: he lay down, and in order that the fox might tie the horse fast to him, he kept quite quiet. But the fox tied the lion's legs together with the horse's tail, and twisted and fastened all so well and so strongly that no strength could break it.

When he had finished his work, he tapped the horse on the shoulder and said, "Pull, white horse, pull." Then up sprang the horse at once, and drew the lion away with him. The lion began to roar so that all the birds in the forest flew out in terror, but the horse let him roar, and drew him and dragged him over the country to his master's door. When the master saw the lion, he was of a better mind, and said to the horse, "Thou shalt stay with me and fare well," and he gave him plenty to eat until he died.

### 133.—THE SHOES THAT WERE DANCED TO PIECES.

(*"The Shoes that were Danced to Pieces"* (or *"The Worn-Out Dancing Shoes"* or *"The Twelve Dancing Princesses"*) is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm and published in Grimm's Fairy Tales in 1815 (KHM 133). The Grimms got it from Jenny von Droste zu Hülshoff.

*Contents: The twelve daughters of the king always have worn-out shoes in the morning. The king wants to find out where they secretly dance at night. Anyone who finds out should be allowed to marry one of them. But if he hasn't found out after three nights, he must die. Although some suitors get in touch, all of them fail to solve the mystery because they fall asleep at night. Finally, a poor, wounded soldier reports who has been advised by an old woman to wear a camouflage cloak and not to drink the evening drink that the eldest daughter brings. So he manages to follow the daughters three times unnoticed on their secret way to an underground castle. There they dance with twelve enchanted princes to redeem them. He always takes a piece of evidence with him. So after three days the king gave him the eldest daughter in marriage at his request. The twelve princes are cursed again.)*

There was once upon a time a King who had twelve daughters, each one more beautiful than the other. They all slept together in one chamber, in which their beds stood side by side, and every night when they were in them the King locked the door, and bolted it. But in the morning when he unlocked the door, he saw that their shoes were worn out with dancing, and no one could find out how that had come to pass. Then the King caused it to be proclaimed that whosoever could discover where they danced at night, should choose one of them for his wife and be King after his death, but that whosoever came forward and had not discovered it within three days and nights, should have forfeited his life. It was not long before a King's son presented himself, and offered to undertake the enterprise. He was well received, and in the evening was led into a room adjoining the princesses' sleeping-chamber. His bed was placed there, and he was to observe where they went and danced, and in order that they might do nothing secretly or go away to some other place, the door of their room was left open.

But the eyelids of the prince grew heavy as lead, and he fell asleep, and when he awoke in the morning, all twelve had been to the dance, for their shoes were standing there with holes in the soles. On the second and third nights it fell out just the same, and then his head was struck off without mercy. Many others came after this and undertook the enterprise, but all forfeited their lives. Now it came to pass that a poor soldier, who had a wound, and could serve no longer, found himself on the road to the town where the King lived. There he met an old woman, who asked him where he was going. "I hardly know myself," answered he, and added in jest, "I had half a mind to discover where the princesses danced their shoes into holes, and thus become King." "That is not so difficult," said the old woman, "you must not drink the wine which will be brought to you at night, and must pretend to be

sound asleep." With that she gave him a little cloak, and said, "If you put on that, you will be invisible, and then you can steal after the twelve." When the soldier had received this good advice, he went into the thing in earnest, took heart, went to the King, and announced himself as a suitor. He was as well received as the others, and royal garments were put upon him. He was conducted that evening at bed-time into the ante-chamber, and as he was about to go to bed, the eldest came and brought him a cup of wine, but he had tied a sponge under his chin, and let the wine run down into it, without drinking a drop. Then he lay down and when he had lain a while, he began to snore, as if in the deepest sleep. The twelve princesses heard that, and laughed, and the eldest said, "He, too, might as well have saved his life." With that they got up, opened wardrobes, presses, cupboards, and brought out pretty dresses; dressed themselves before the mirrors, sprang about, and rejoiced at the prospect of the dance. Only the youngest said, "I know not how it is; you are very happy, but I feel very strange; some misfortune is certainly about to befall us." "Thou art a goose, who art always frightened," said the eldest. "Hast thou forgotten how many Kings' sons have already come here in vain? I had hardly any need to give the soldier a sleeping-draught, in any case the clown would not have awakened." When they were all ready they looked carefully at the soldier, but he had closed his eyes and did not move or stir, so they felt themselves quite secure. The eldest then went to her bed and tapped it; it immediately sank into the earth, and one after the other they descended through the opening, the eldest going first. The soldier, who had watched everything, tarried no longer, put on his little cloak, and went down last with the youngest. Half-way down the steps, he just trod a little on her dress; she was terrified at that, and cried out, "What is that? who is pulling at my dress?" "Don't be so silly!" said the eldest, "you have caught it on a nail." Then they went all the way down, and when they were at the bottom, they were standing in a wonderfully pretty avenue of trees, all the leaves of which were of silver, and shone and glistened. The soldier thought, "I must carry a token away with me," and broke off a twig from one of them, on which the tree cracked with a loud report. The youngest cried out again, "Something is wrong, did you hear the crack?" But the eldest said, "It is a gun fired for joy, because we have got rid of our prince so quickly." After that they came into an avenue where all the leaves were of gold, and lastly into a third where they were of bright diamonds; he broke off a twig from each, which made such a crack each time that the youngest started back in terror, but the eldest still maintained that they were salutes. They went on and came to a great lake whereon stood twelve little boats, and in every boat sat a handsome prince, all of whom were waiting for the twelve, and each took one of them with him, but the soldier seated himself by the youngest. Then her prince said, "I can't tell why the boat is so much heavier to-day; I shall have to row with all my strength, if I am to get it across." "What should cause that," said the youngest, "but the warm weather? I feel very warm too." On the opposite side of the lake stood a splendid, brightly-lit castle, from whence resounded the joyous music of trumpets and kettle-drums. They rowed over there, entered, and each prince danced with the girl he loved, but the soldier danced with them unseen, and when one of them had a cup of wine in her hand he drank it up, so that the cup was empty when she carried it to her mouth; the youngest was alarmed at this, but the eldest always made her be silent. They danced there till three o'clock in the morning when all the shoes were danced into holes, and they were forced to leave off; the princes rowed them back again over the lake, and this time the soldier seated himself by the eldest. On the

shore they took leave of their princes, and promised to return the following night. When they reached the stairs the soldier ran on in front and lay down in his bed, and when the twelve had come up slowly and wearily, he was already snoring so loudly that they could all hear him, and they said, "So far as he is concerned, we are safe." They took off their beautiful dresses, laid them away, put the worn-out shoes under the bed, and lay down. Next morning the soldier was resolved not to speak, but to watch the wonderful goings on, and again went with them. Then everything was done just as it had been done the first time, and each time they danced until their shoes were worn to pieces. But the third time he took a cup away with him as a token. When the hour had arrived for him to give his answer, he took the three twigs and the cup, and went to the King, but the twelve stood behind the door, and listened for what he was going to say. When the King put the question, "Where have my twelve daughters danced their shoes to pieces in the night?" he answered, "In an underground castle with twelve princes," and related how it had come to pass, and brought out the tokens. The King then summoned his daughters, and asked them if the soldier had told the truth, and when they saw that they were betrayed, and that falsehood would be of no avail, they were obliged to confess all. Thereupon the King asked which of them he would have to wife? He answered, "I am no longer young, so give me the eldest." Then the wedding was celebrated on the self-same day, and the kingdom was promised him after the King's death. But the princes were bewitched for as many days as they had danced nights with the twelve.

#### 134.—THE SIX SERVANTS.

*("The Six Servants" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm and published in Grimm's The Children's and Household Tales (KHM 134). Source: from Paderborn (the von Haxthausen family).*

*Contents: A magician, evil queen lures many suitors to their doom with the promise to give her daughter to the one who solves her tasks. A king's son who wants to woo his daughter as "the most beautiful girl under the sun" is held back by his father. After the young man has been lying ill for seven years, his father allows him to set off. On the way, the king's son hires six servants with extraordinary abilities: 1. an extremely fat man, 2. an extremely tall man, 3. an eavesdropper, 4. a man who sees through everything, 5. a blindfolded man whose vision explodes everything, and 6. one who can't stand it "in the middle of the ice for the heat and in the middle of the fire for the cold". At the court of the evil queen, the king's son fulfills three tasks: he fetches the queen's ring from the Red Sea with the help of the all-seeing servant, the fat man and the tall man, he eats 300 oxen and drinks 300 barrels of wine with the help of the fat man, and he spends the time from evening to midnight with the king's daughter in a room, which leads to complications (the king's son falls asleep, the evil old queen kidnaps the daughter, the eavesdropper hears her lamenting in a rock cave, the tall man brings the one with the explosive look and bring the king's daughter back before midnight). The enraged queen now incites her daughter against the supposedly unworthy suitor, so that she sets another task: She builds a huge pyre, on which either the bridegroom or a servant has to hold out. This time the one who gets cold in the fire solves the task. The successful king's son, who still keeps his identity a secret, sets off with the bride on his way home. The evil queen sends an army that the servants defeat. Then the couple arrives at a swineherd. Here the*

*king's son sets the bride a task: he pretends to be the son of the swineherd and keeps up this lie for a week. Finally, the bride is taken to the royal palace, where the bridegroom reveals himself to be the king's son. Now the wedding is celebrated.)*

In former times there lived an aged Queen who was a sorceress, and her daughter was the most beautiful maiden under the sun. The old woman, however, had no other thought than how to lure mankind to destruction, and when a wooer appeared, she said that whosoever wished to have her daughter, must first perform a task, or die. Many had been dazzled by the daughter's beauty, and had actually risked this, but they never could accomplish what the old woman enjoined them to do, and then no mercy was shown; they had to kneel down, and their heads were struck off. A certain King's son who had also heard of the maiden's beauty, said to his father, "Let me go there, I want to demand her in marriage." "Never," answered the King; "if you were to go, it would be going to your death." On this the son lay down and was sick unto death, and for seven years he lay there, and no physician could heal him. When the father perceived that all hope was over, with a heavy heart he said to him, "Go thither, and try your luck, for I know no other means of curing you." When the son heard that, he rose from his bed and was well again, and joyfully set out on his way.

And it came to pass that as he was riding across a heath, he saw from afar something like a great heap of hay lying on the ground, and when he drew nearer, he could see that it was the stomach of a man, who had laid himself down there, but the stomach looked like a small mountain. When the fat man saw the traveller, he stood up and said, "If you are in need of any one, take me into your service." The prince answered, "What can I do with such a great big man?" "Oh," said the Stout-One, "this is nothing, when I stretch myself out well, I am three thousand times fatter." "If that's the case," said the prince, "I can make use of thee, come with me." So the Stout One followed the prince, and after a while they found another man who was lying on the ground with his ear laid to the turf. "What art thou doing there?" asked the King's son. "I am listening," replied the man. "What art thou listening to so attentively?" "I am listening to what is just going on in the world, for nothing escapes my ears; I even hear the grass growing." "Tell me," said the prince, "what thou hearest at the court of the old Queen who has the beautiful daughter." Then he answered, "I hear the whizzing of the sword that is striking off a wooer's head." The King's son said, "I can make use of thee, come with me." They went onwards, and then saw a pair of feet lying and part of a pair of legs, but could not see the rest of the body. When they had walked on for a great distance, they came to the body, and at last to the head also. "Why," said the prince, "what a tall rascal thou art!" "Oh," replied the Tall One, "that is nothing at all yet; when I really stretch out my limbs, I am three thousand times as tall, and taller than the highest mountain on earth. I will gladly enter your service, if you will take me." "Come with me," said the prince, "I can make use of thee." They went onwards and found a man sitting by the road who had bound up his eyes. The prince said to him, "Hast thou weak eyes, that thou canst not look at the light?" "No," replied the man, "but I must not remove the bandage, for whatsoever I look at with my eyes, splits to pieces, my glance is so powerful. If you can use that, I shall be glad to serve you." "Come with me," replied the King's son, "I can make use of thee." They journeyed onwards and found a man who was lying in the hot sunshine, trembling and shivering all over his body, so that not a limb was still. "How canst thou shiver when the sun is shining so warm?" said the King's son. "Alack," replied the man, "I am of

quite a different nature. The hotter it is, the colder I am, and the frost pierces through all my bones; and the colder it is, the hotter I am. In the midst of ice, I cannot endure the heat, nor in the midst of fire, the cold." "Thou art a strange fellow!" said the prince, "but if thou wilt enter my service, follow me." They travelled onwards, and saw a man standing who made a long neck and looked about him, and could see over all the mountains. "What art thou looking at so eagerly?" said the King's son. The man replied, "I have such sharp eyes that I can see into every forest and field, and hill and valley, all over the world." The prince said, "Come with me if thou wilt, for I am still in want of such an one."

And now the King's son and his six servants came to the town where the aged Queen dwelt. He did not tell her who he was, but said, "If you will give me your beautiful daughter, I will perform any task you set me." The sorceress was delighted to get such a handsome youth as this into her net, and said, "I will set thee three tasks, and if thou art able to perform them all, thou shalt be husband and master of my daughter." "What is the first to be?" "Thou shalt fetch me my ring which I have dropped into the Red Sea." So the King's son went home to his servants and said, "The first task is not easy. A ring is to be got out of the Red Sea. Come, find some way of doing it." Then the man with the sharp sight said, "I will see where it is lying," and looked down into the water and said, "It is sticking there, on a pointed stone." The Tall One carried them thither, and said, "I would soon get it out, if I could only see it." "Oh, is that all!" cried the Stout One, and lay down and put his mouth to the water, on which all the waves fell into it just as if it had been a whirlpool, and he drank up the whole sea till it was as dry as a meadow. The Tall One stooped down a little, and brought out the ring with his hand. Then the King's son rejoiced when he had the ring, and took it to the old Queen. She was astonished, and said, "Yes, it is the right ring. Thou hast safely performed the first task, but now comes the second. Dost thou see the meadow in front of my palace? Three hundred fat oxen are feeding there, and these must thou eat, skin, hair, bones, horns and all, and down below in my cellar lie three hundred casks of wine, and these thou must drink up as well, and if one hair of the oxen, or one little drop of the wine is left, thy life will be forfeited to me." "May I invite no guests to this repast?" inquired the prince, "no dinner is good without some company." The old woman laughed maliciously, and replied, "Thou mayst invite one for the sake of companionship, but no more."

The King's son went to his servants and said to the Stout One, "Thou shalt be my guest to-day, and shalt eat thy fill." Hereupon the Stout One stretched himself out and ate up the three hundred oxen without leaving one single hair, and then he asked if he was to have nothing but his breakfast. He drank the wine straight from the casks without feeling any need of a glass, and he licked the last drop from his finger-nails. When the meal was over, the prince went to the old woman, and told her that the second task also was performed. She wondered at this and said, "No one has ever done so much before, but one task still remains," and she thought to herself, "Thou shalt not escape me, and wilt not keep thy head on thy shoulders! This night," said she, "I will bring my daughter to thee in thy chamber, and thou shalt put thine arms round her, but when you are sitting there together, beware of falling asleep. When twelve o'clock is striking, I will come, and if she is then no longer in thine arms, thou art lost." The prince thought, "The task is easy, I will most certainly keep my eyes open." Nevertheless he called his servants, told them what the old woman had said, and remarked, "Who knows what treachery may lurk behind this. Foresight is a good thing—keep watch, and take

care that the maiden does not go out of my room again." When night fell, the old woman came with her daughter, and gave her into the prince's arms, and then the Tall One wound himself round the two in a circle, and the Stout One placed himself by the door, so that no living creature could enter. There the two sat, and the maiden spake never a word, but the moon shone through the window on her face, and the prince could behold her wondrous beauty. He did nothing but gaze at her, and was filled with love and happiness, and his eyes never felt weary. This lasted until eleven o'clock, when the old woman cast such a spell over all of them that they fell asleep, and at the self-same moment the maiden was carried away. Then they all slept soundly until a quarter to twelve, when the magic lost its power, and all awoke again. "Oh, misery and misfortune!" cried the prince, "now I am lost!" The faithful servants also began to lament, but the Listener said, "Be quiet, I want to listen." Then he listened for an instant and said, "She is on a rock, three hundred leagues from hence, bewailing her fate. Thou alone. Tall One, canst help her; if thou wilt stand up, thou wilt be there in a couple of steps."

"Yes," answered the Tall One, "but the one with the sharp eyes must go with me, that we may destroy the rock." Then the Tall One took the one with bandaged eyes on his back, and in the twinkling of an eye they were on the enchanted rock. The Tall One immediately took the bandage from the other's eyes, and he did but look round, and the rock shivered into a thousand pieces. Then the Tall One took the maiden in his arms, carried her back in a second, then fetched his companion with the same rapidity, and before it struck twelve they were all sitting as they had sat before, quite merrily and happily. When twelve struck, the aged sorceress came stealing in with a malicious face, which seemed to say, "Now he is mine!" for she believed that her daughter was on the rock three hundred leagues off. But when she saw her in the prince's arms, she was alarmed, and said, "Here is one who knows more than I do!" She dared not make any opposition, and was forced to give him her daughter. But she whispered in her ear, "It is a disgrace to thee to have to obey common people, and that thou art not allowed to choose a husband to thine own liking."

On this the proud heart of the maiden was filled with anger, and she meditated revenge. Next morning she caused three hundred great bundles of wood to be got together, and said to the prince that though the three tasks were performed, she would still not be his wife until some one was ready to seat himself in the midst of the wood, and bear the fire. She thought that none of his servants would let themselves be burnt for him, and that out of love for her, he himself would place himself upon it, and then she would be free. But the servants said, "Every one of us has done something except the Frosty One, he must set to work," and they put him in the middle of the pile, and set fire to it. Then the fire began to burn, and burnt for three days until all the wood was consumed, and when the flames had burnt out, the Frosty One was standing amid the ashes, trembling like an aspen leaf, and saying, "I never felt such a frost during the whole course of my life; if it had lasted much longer, I should have been benumbed!"

As no other pretext was to be found, the beautiful maiden was now forced to take the unknown youth as a husband. But when they drove away to church, the old woman said, "I cannot endure the disgrace," and sent her warriors after them with orders to cut down all who opposed them, and bring back her daughter. But the Listener had sharpened his ears, and heard the secret discourse of the old woman. "What shall we do?" said he to the Stout One. But he knew what to do, and spat out once or twice behind the carriage some of the sea-water which he had drunk, and a great sea

arose in which the warriors were caught and drowned. When the sorceress perceived that, she sent her mailed knights; but the Listener heard the rattling of their armour, and undid the bandage from one eye of Sharp-eyes, who looked for a while rather fixedly at the enemy's troops, on which they all sprang to pieces like glass. Then the youth and the maiden went on their way undisturbed, and when the two had been blessed in church, the six servants took leave, and said to their master, "Your wishes are now satisfied, you need us no longer, we will go our way and seek our fortunes."

Half a league from the palace of the prince's father was a village near which a swineherd tended his herd, and when they came thither the prince said to his wife, "Do you know who I really am? I am no prince, but a herder of swine, and the man who is there with that herd, is my father. We two shall have to set to work also, and help him." Then he alighted with her at the inn, and secretly told the innkeepers to take away her royal apparel during the night. So when she awoke in the morning, she had nothing to put on, and the innkeeper's wife gave her an old gown and a pair of worsted stockings, and at the same time seemed to consider it a great present, and said, "If it were not for the sake of your husband I should have given you nothing at all!" Then the princess believed that he really was a swineherd, and tended the herd with him, and thought to herself, "I have deserved this for my haughtiness and pride." This lasted for a week, and then she could endure it no longer, for she had sores on her feet. And now came a couple of people who asked if she knew who her husband was. "Yes," she answered, "he is a swineherd, and has just gone out with cords and ropes to try to drive a little bargain." But they said, "Just come with us, and we will take you to him," and they took her up to the palace, and when she entered the hall, there stood her husband in kingly raiment. But she did not recognise him until he took her in his arms, kissed her, and said, "I suffered much for thee, and now thou, too, hast had to suffer for me." And then the wedding was celebrated, and he who has told you all this, wishes that he, too, had been present at it.

### 135.—THE WHITE BRIDE AND THE BLACK ONE.

(*"The White Bride and the Black One"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 135. Source is the Mecklenburg as well as the Paderborn regions (perhaps from Hans Rudolf Schröter and the von Haxthausen family).

*Contents: A woman and her daughter are cutting fodder when the Lord comes up to them and asks the way to the village. The woman and the daughter refuse to help, and the woman's stepdaughter offers to show him. In return, the others turn black and ugly, but the stepdaughter is granted three wishes: beauty, an everlasting purse of gold, and to go to Heaven upon her death. Her brother Reginer, a coachman to the king, asks for a portrait of her, and hangs it in his room. The king sees it and resolves to marry her. Her brother sends for her, and the stepmother and stepsister come too. The stepmother enchants the coachman so he is half-blind, and the bride so she is half-deaf. The white bride does not hear what the coachman says, and instead follows the stepmother's command to remove her dress and garments, and then to look out the window, where she is pushed out. The king is horrified by the black bride, and throws the brother into a snakepit, but the stepmother persuades him to marry the black bride. A white duck comes to the kitchen and tells the kitchen boy to light the fire, and then asks of Reginer and the black bride.*

*After a few days of this, the kitchen boy tells the king. The king cuts off the duck's head, which transforms into the white bride. The king frees the brother from the snake pit and asks the stepmother what ought to be done to someone that did the deed that she had done. She says that person should be stripped and put in a barrel studded with nails, and a horse should drag it off. The king has it done to her and the black bride, and he proceeds to marry the white bride.)*

A woman was going about the unenclosed land with her daughter and her step-daughter cutting fodder, when the Lord came walking towards them in the form of a poor man, and asked, "Which is the way into the village?" "If you want to know," said the mother, "seek it for yourself," and the daughter added, "If you are afraid you will not find it, take a guide with you." But the step-daughter said, "Poor man, I will take you there, come with me." Then God was angry with the mother and daughter, and turned his back on them, and wished that they should become as black as night and as ugly as sin. To the poor step-daughter, however, God was gracious, and went with her, and when they were near the village, he said a blessing over her, and spake, "Choose three things for thyself, and I will grant them to thee." Then said the maiden, "I should like to be as beautiful and fair as the sun," and instantly she was white and fair as day. "Then I should like to have a purse of money which would never grow empty." That the Lord gave her also, but he said, "Do not forget what is best of all." Said she, "For my third wish, I desire, after my death, to inhabit the eternal kingdom of Heaven." That also was granted unto her, and then the Lord left her. When the stepmother came home with her daughter, and they saw that they were both as black as coal and ugly, but that the step-daughter was white and beautiful, wickedness increased still more in their hearts, and they thought of nothing else but how they could do her an injury. The step-daughter, however, had a brother called Reginer, whom she loved much, and she told him all that had happened. Once on a time Reginer said to her, "Dear sister, I will take thy likeness, that I may continually see thee before mine eyes, for my love for thee is so great that I should like always to look at thee." Then she answered, "But, I pray thee, let no one see the picture." So he painted his sister and hung up the picture in his room; he, however, dwelt in the King's palace, for he was his coachman. Every day he went and stood before the picture, and thanked God for the happiness of having such a dear sister. Now it happened that the King whom he served, had just lost his wife, who had been so beautiful that no one could be found to compare with her, and on this account the King was in deep grief. The attendants about the court, however remarked that the coachman stood daily before this beautiful picture, and they were jealous of him, so they informed the King. Then the latter ordered the picture to be brought to him, and when he saw that it was like his lost wife in every respect, except that it was still more beautiful, he fell mortally in love with it. He caused the coachman to be brought before him, and asked whom that portrait represented? The coachman said it was his sister, so the King resolved to take no one but her as his wife, and gave him a carriage and horses and splendid garments of cloth of gold, and sent him forth to fetch his chosen bride. When Reginer came on this errand, his sister was glad, but the black maiden was jealous of her good fortune, and grew angry above all measure, and said to her mother, "Of what use are all your arts to us now when you cannot procure such a piece of luck for me?" "Be quiet," said the old woman, "I will soon divert it to you"—and by her arts of witchcraft, she so troubled

the eyes of the coachman that he was half-blind, and she stopped the ears of the white maiden so that she was half-deaf. Then they got into the carriage, first the bride in her noble royal apparel, then the step-mother with her daughter, and Reginer sat on the box to drive. When they had been on the way for some time the coachman cried,

"Cover thee well, my sister dear,  
That the rain may not wet thee,  
That the wind may not load thee with dust,  
That thou mayst be fair and beautiful  
When thou appearest before the King."

The bride asked, "What is my dear brother saying?" "Ah," said the old woman, "he says that you ought to take off your golden dress and give it to your sister." Then she took it off, and put it on the black maiden, who gave her in exchange for it a shabby grey gown. They drove onwards, and a short time afterwards, the brother again cried,

"Cover thee well, my sister dear,  
That the rain may not wet thee.  
That the wind may not load thee with dust,  
That thou mayst be fair and beautiful  
When thou appearest before the King."

The bride asked, "What is my dear brother saying?" "Ah," said the old woman, "he says that you ought to take off your golden hood and give it to your sister." So she took off the hood and put it on her sister, and sat with her own head uncovered. And they drove on farther. After a while, the brother once more cried,

"Cover thee well, my sister dear,  
That the rain may not wet thee,  
That the wind may not load thee with dust,  
That thou mayst be fair and beautiful  
When thou appearest before the King."

The bride asked, "What is my dear brother saying?" "Ah," said the old woman, "he says you must look out of the carriage." They were, however, just on a bridge, which crossed deep water. When the bride stood up and leant forward out of the carriage, they both pushed her out, and she fell into the middle of the water. At the same moment that she sank, a snow-white duck arose out of the mirror-smooth water, and swam down the river. The brother had observed nothing of it, and drove the carriage on until they reached the court. Then he took the black maiden to the King as his sister, and thought she really was so, because his eyes were dim, and he saw the golden garments glittering. When the King saw the boundless ugliness of his intended bride, he was very angry, and ordered the coachman to be thrown into a pit which was full of adders and nests of snakes. The old witch, however, knew so well how to flatter the King and deceive his eyes by her arts, that he kept her and her daughter until she appeared quite endurable to him, and he really married her.

One evening when the black bride was sitting on the King's knee, a white duck came swimming up the gutter to the kitchen, and said to the kitchen-boy, "Boy, light a fire, that I may warm my feathers." The kitchen-boy did it, and lighted a fire on the hearth. Then came the duck and sat down by it, and shook herself and smoothed her feathers to rights with her bill. While she was thus sitting and enjoying herself, she asked, "What is my brother Reginer doing?" The scullery-boy replied, "He is imprisoned in the pit with adders and with snakes." Then she asked, "What is the black witch doing in the house?" The boy answered, "She is loved by the King and happy."

"May God have mercy on him," said the duck, and swam forth by the sink.

The next night she came again and put the same questions, and the third night also. Then the kitchen-boy could bear it no longer, and went to the King and discovered all to him. The King, however, wanted to see it for himself, and next evening went thither, and when the duck thrust her head in through the sink, he took his sword and cut through her neck, and suddenly she changed into a most beautiful maiden, exactly like the picture, which her brother had made of her. The King was full of joy, and as she stood there quite wet, he caused splendid apparel to be brought and had her clothed in it. Then she told how she had been betrayed by cunning and falsehood, and at last thrown down into the water, and her first request was that her brother should be brought forth from the pit of snakes, and when the King had fulfilled this request, he went into the chamber where the old witch was, and asked. What does she deserve who does this and that? and related what had happened. Then was she so blinded that she was aware of nothing and said, "She deserves to be stripped naked, and put into a barrel with nails, and that a horse should be harnessed to the barrel, and the horse sent all over the world." All of which was done to her, and to her black daughter. But the King married the white and beautiful bride, and rewarded her faithful brother, and made him a rich and distinguished man.

### 136.—IRON JOHN.

(*"Iron John"* (*"Iron Hans"* or *"Der Eisenhans"*) is a fairy tale in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm first published in the 6th edition of 1850 (KHM 136). It comes from the Main area and is partly based on *"Der Eisenhans"* in Friedmund von Arnim's collection *"Hundert new fairy tales collected in the mountains"* (first edition 1844).

*Contents: A king has a large forest with many wild animals in it. He sends a hunter to shoot a deer there, but the hunter does not come back. The king sends out several more hunters to investigate the whereabouts of the first, but not a single hunter returns from the forest. After all, nobody dares to go into the forest anymore. One day, a new hunter comes roaming the forest with his dog. The dog finds the danger point in the form of a pond, at the bottom of which a wild man, whose whole body is rust-brown in colour, dwells and pulls man and beast into the depths. The hunter has the pond drained and captures the wild man, who is called "Iron Hans" because of the colour of his skin. Iron Hans is being held captive in a cage in the king's court. The king's son allows himself to be persuaded by the wild man to steal the key to the cage under his mother's pillow and set him free. The wild man takes the king's son and hides with him in the forest again. From now on, the king's son is supposed to look after a special fountain of the wild man, in which everything that gets into it is gilded. However, he makes the mistake three times of letting something fall into it (especially his own long hair) and is therefore sent away by Iron Hans. However, he promises the king's son to help him if necessary. The son never returns to his father's court. He travels the world, takes a job as a gardener for another king and falls in love with the king's daughter, who is also very fond of him. When this king becomes involved in a war with another realm, the young prince enlists the help of Iron Han for the first time and defeats the enemy with his help, but quickly disappears from the scene. In order to lure the stranger out and thank him for his help, the king organizes a victory tournament in which his daughter is supposed to throw a golden apple among the participants. The prince cannot resist the temptation and appears, decked out as a knight*

*by Eisenhans, on the three festival days in a row to catch the apple. The third time, however, he is exposed by the King's people and confronted, he confesses his true origins and asks for the hand of the princess, which both the king and his daughter willingly give him. During the wedding celebration, not only the parents of the prince arrive, who can then hug their lost son again, but also another proud king with his entourage. He greets the king's son, reveals himself to be Eisenhans, explains to the prince that he has freed him from a curse, and in gratitude bequeaths his entire wealth to him.)*

There was once on a time a King who had a great forest near his palace, full of all kinds of wild animals. One day he sent out a huntsman to shoot him a roe, but he did not come back. "Perhaps some accident has befallen him," said the King, and the next day he sent out two more huntsmen who were to search for him, but they too stayed away. Then on the third day, he sent for all his huntsmen, and said, "Scour the whole forest through, and do not give up until ye have found all three." But of these also, none came home again, and of the pack of hounds which they had taken with them, none were seen more. From that time forth, no one would any longer venture into the forest, and it lay there in deep stillness and solitude, and nothing was seen of it, but sometimes an eagle or a hawk flying over it. This lasted for many years, when a strange huntsman announced himself to the King as seeking a situation, and offered to go into the dangerous forest. The King, however, would not give his consent, and said, "It is not safe in there; I fear it would fare with thee no better than with the others, and thou wouldest never come out again." The huntsman replied, "Lord, I will venture it at my own risk, of fear I know nothing."

The huntsman therefore betook himself with his dog to the forest. It was not long before the dog fell in with some game on the way, and wanted to pursue it; but hardly had the dog run two steps when it stood before a deep pool, could go no farther, and a naked arm stretched itself out of the water, seized it, and drew it under. When the huntsman saw that, he went back and fetched three men to come with buckets and bale out the water. When they could see to the bottom there lay a wild man whose body was brown like rusty iron, and whose hair hung over his face down to his knees. They bound him with cords, and led him away to the castle. There was great astonishment over the wild man; the King, however, had him put in an iron cage in his court-yard, and forbade the door to be opened on pain of death, and the Queen herself was to take the key into her keeping. And from this time forth every one could again go into the forest with safety.

The King had a son of eight years, who was once playing in the court-yard, and while he was playing, his golden ball fell into the cage. The boy ran thither and said, "Give me my ball out." "Not till thou hast opened the door for me," answered the man. "No," said the boy, "I will not do that; the King has forbidden it," and ran away. The next day he again went and asked for his ball; the wild man said, "Open my door," but the boy would not. On the third day the King had ridden out hunting, and the boy went once more and said, "I cannot open the door even if I wished, for I have not the key." Then the wild man said, "It lies under thy mother's pillow, thou canst get it there." The boy, who wanted to have his ball back, cast all thought to the winds, and brought the key. The door opened with difficulty, and the boy pinched his fingers. When it was open the wild man stepped out, gave him the golden ball, and hurried away. The boy had become afraid; he called and cried after him, "Oh, wild man, do not go away, or I shall be beaten!" The wild man turned back, took him up, set him on his

shoulder, and went with hasty steps into the forest. When the King came home, he observed the empty cage, and asked the Queen how that had happened? She knew nothing about it, and sought the key, but it was gone. She called the boy, but no one answered. The King sent out people to seek for him in the fields, but they did not find him. Then he could easily guess what had happened, and much grief reigned in the royal court.

When the wild man had once more reached the dark forest, he took the boy down from his shoulder, and said to him, "Thou wilt never see thy father and mother again, but I will keep thee with me, for thou hast set me free, and I have compassion on thee. If thou dost all I bid thee, thou shalt fare well. Of treasure and gold have I enough, and more than any one in the world." He made a bed of moss for the boy on which he slept, and the next morning the man took him to a well, and said, "Behold, the gold well is as bright and clear as crystal, thou shalt sit beside it, and take care that nothing falls into it, or it will be polluted. I will come every evening to see if thou hast obeyed my order." The boy placed himself by the margin of the well, and often saw a golden fish or a golden snake show itself therein, and took care that nothing fell in. As he was thus sitting, his finger hurt him so violently that he involuntarily put it in the water. He drew it quickly out again, but saw that it was quite gilded, and whatsoever pains he took to wash the gold off again, all was to no purpose. In the evening Iron John came back, looked at the boy, and said, "What has happened to the well?" "Nothing, nothing," he answered, and held his finger behind his back, that the man might not see it. But he said, "Thou hast dipped thy finger into the water, this time it may pass, but take care thou dost not again let anything go in." By daybreak the boy was already sitting by the well and watching it. His finger hurt him again and he passed it over his head, and then unhappily a hair fell down into the well. He took it quickly out, but it was already quite gilded. Iron John came, and already knew what had happened. "Thou hast let a hair fall into the well," said he. "I will allow thee to watch by it once more, but if this happens for the third time then the well is polluted, and thou canst no longer remain with me."

On the third day, the boy sat by the well, and did not stir his finger, however much it hurt him. But the time was long to him, and he looked at the reflection of his face on the surface of the water. And as he still bent down more and more while he was doing so, and trying to look straight into the eyes, his long hair fell down from his shoulders into the water. He raised himself up quickly, but the whole of the hair of his head was already golden and shone like the sun. You may imagine how terrified the poor boy was! He took his pocket-handkerchief and tied it round his head, in order that the man might not see it. When he came he already knew everything, and said, "Take the handkerchief off." Then the golden hair streamed forth, and let the boy excuse himself as he might, it was of no use. "Thou hast not stood the trial, and canst stay here no longer. Go forth into the world, there thou wilt learn what poverty is. But as thou hast not a bad heart, and as I mean well by thee, there is one thing I will grant thee; if thou fallest into any difficulty, come to the forest and cry, "Iron John," and then I will come and help thee. My power is great, greater than thou thinkest, and I have gold and silver in abundance."

Then the King's son left the forest, and walked by beaten and unbeaten paths ever onwards until at length he reached a great city. There he looked for work, but could find none, and he had learnt nothing by which he could help himself. At length he went to the palace, and asked if they would take him in. The people

about court did not at all know what use they could make of him, but they liked him, and told him to stay. At length the cook took him into his service, and said he might carry wood and water, and rake the cinders together. Once when it so happened that no one else was at hand, the cook ordered him to carry the food to the royal table, but as he did not like to let his golden hair be seen, he kept his little cap on. Such a thing as that had never yet come under the King's notice, and he said, "When thou comest to the royal table thou must take thy hat off." He answered, "Ah, Lord, I cannot; I have a bad sore place on my head." Then the King had the cook called before him and scolded him, and asked how he could take such a boy as that into his service; and that he was to turn him off at once. The cook, however, had pity on him, and exchanged him for the gardener's boy.

And now the boy had to plant and water the garden, hoe and dig, and bear the wind and bad weather. Once in summer when he was working alone in the garden, the day was so warm he took his little cap off that the air might cool him. As the sun shone on his hair it glittered and flashed so that the rays fell into the bed-room of the King's daughter, and up she sprang to see what that could be. Then she saw the boy, and cried to him, "Boy, bring me a wreath of flowers." He put his cap on with all haste, and gathered wild field-flowers and bound them together. When he was ascending the stairs with them, the gardener met him, and said, "How canst thou take the King's daughter a garland of such common flowers? Go quickly, and get another, and seek out the prettiest and rarest." "Oh, no," replied the boy, "the wild ones have more scent, and will please her better." When he got into the room, the King's daughter said, "Take thy cap off, it is not seemly to keep it on in my presence." He again said, "I may not, I have a sore head." She, however, caught at his cap and pulled it off, and then his golden hair rolled down on his shoulders, and it was splendid to behold. He wanted to run out, but she held him by the arm, and gave him a handful of ducats. With these he departed, but he cared nothing for the gold pieces. He took them to the gardener, and said, "I present them to thy children, they can play with them." The following day the King's daughter again called to him that he was to bring her a wreath of field-flowers, and when he went in with it, she instantly snatched at his cap, and wanted to take it away from him, but he held it fast with both hands. She again gave him a handful of ducats, but he would not keep them, and gave them to the gardener for playthings for his children. On the third day things went just the same; she could not get his cap away from him, and he would not have her money.

Not long afterwards, the country was overrun by war. The King gathered together his people, and did not know whether or not he could offer any opposition to the enemy, who was superior in strength and had a mighty army. Then said the gardener's boy, "I am grown up, and will go to the wars also, only give me a horse." The others laughed, and said, "Seek one for thyself when we are gone, we will leave one behind us in the stable for thee." When they had gone forth, he went into the stable, and got the horse out; it was lame of one foot, and limped hobblety jig, hobblety jig; nevertheless he mounted it, and rode away to the dark forest. When he came to the outskirts, he called "Iron John" three times so loudly that it echoed through the trees. Thereupon the wild man appeared immediately, and said, "What dost thou desire?" "I want a strong steed, for I am going to the wars." "That thou shalt have, and still more than thou askest for." Then the wild man went back into the forest, and it was not long before a stable-boy came out of it, who led a horse that snorted with its nostrils, and could hardly be restrained, and behind them followed a great

troop of soldiers entirely equipped in iron, and their swords flashed in the sun. The youth made over his three-legged horse to the stable-boy, mounted the other, and rode at the head of the soldiers. When he got near the battle-field a great part of the King's men had already fallen, and little was wanting to make the rest give way. Then the youth galloped thither with his iron soldiers, broke like a hurricane over the enemy, and beat down all who opposed him. They began to fly, but the youth pursued, and never stopped, until there was not a single man left. Instead, however, of returning to the King, he conducted his troop by bye-ways back to the forest, and called forth Iron John. "What dost thou desire?" asked the wild man. "Take back thy horse and thy troops, and give me my three-legged horse again." All that he asked was done, and soon he was riding on his three-legged horse. When the King returned to his palace, his daughter went to meet him, and wished him joy of his victory. "I am not the one who carried away the victory," said he, "but a stranger knight who came to my assistance with his soldiers." The daughter wanted to hear who the strange knight was, but the King did not know, and said, "He followed the enemy, and I did not see him again." She inquired of the gardener where his boy was, but he smiled, and said, "He has just come home on his three-legged horse, and the others have been mocking him, and crying, 'Here comes our hobblety jig back again!'" They asked, too, "Under what hedge hast thou been lying sleeping all the time?" He, however, said, "I did the best of all, and it would have gone badly without me." And then he was still more ridiculed.

The King said to his daughter, "I will proclaim a great feast that shall last for three days, and thou shalt throw a golden apple. Perhaps the unknown will come to it." When the feast was announced, the youth went out to the forest, and called Iron John. "What dost thou desire?" asked he. "That I may catch the King's daughter's golden apple." "It is as safe as if thou hadst it already," said Iron John. "Thou shalt likewise have a suit of red armour for the occasion, and ride on a spirited chestnut-horse." When the day came, the youth galloped to the spot, took his place amongst the knights, and was recognised by no one. The King's daughter came forward, and threw a golden apple to the knights, but none of them caught it but he, only as soon as he had it he galloped away.

On the second day Iron John equipped him as a white knight, and gave him a white horse. Again he was the only one who caught the apple, and he did not linger an instant, but galloped off with it. The King grew angry, and said, "That is not allowed; he must appear before me and tell his name." He gave the order that if the knight who caught the apple, should go away again they should pursue him, and if he would not come back willingly, they were to cut him down and stab him.

On the third day, he received from Iron John a suit of black armour and a black horse, and again he caught the apple. But when he was riding off with it, the King's attendants pursued him, and one of them got so near him that he wounded the youth's leg with the point of his sword. The youth nevertheless escaped from them, but his horse leapt so violently that the helmet fell from the youth's head, and they could see that he had golden hair. They rode back and announced this to the King.

The following day the King's daughter asked the gardener about his boy. "He is at work in the garden; the queer creature has been at the festival too, and only came home yesterday evening; he has likewise shown my children three golden apples which he has won."

The King had him summoned into his presence, and he came and again had his little cap on his head. But the King's daughter went

up to him and took it off, and then his golden hair fell down over his shoulders, and he was so handsome that all were amazed. "Art thou the knight who came every day to the festival, always in different colours, and who caught the three golden apples?" asked the King. "Yes," answered he, "and here the apples are," and he took them out of his pocket, and returned them to the King. "If you desire further proof, you may see the wound which your people gave me when they followed me. But I am likewise the knight who helped you to your victory over your enemies." "If thou canst perform such deeds as that, thou art no gardener's boy; tell me, who is thy father?" "My father is a mighty King, and gold have I in plenty as great as I require." "I well see," said the King, "that I owe thanks to thee; can I do anything to please thee?" "Yes," answered he, "that indeed you can. Give me your daughter to wife." The maiden laughed, and said, "He does not stand much on ceremony, but I have already seen by his golden hair that he was no gardener's boy," and then she went and kissed him. His father and mother came to the wedding, and were in great delight, for they had given up all hope of ever seeing their dear son again. And as they were sitting at the marriage-feast, the music suddenly stopped, the doors opened, and a stately King came in with a great retinue. He went up to the youth, embraced him and said, "I am Iron John, and was by enchantment a wild man, but thou hast set me free; all the treasures which I possess, shall be thy property."

## 137.—THE THREE BLACK PRINCESSES.

*"The three Black Princesses" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm (KHM 137) in Low German. The modern spelling is "De drei schwatten Prinzessinnen". [In Low German, unfortunately, there is no standardised orthography. Many authors use Standard German orthography, although Dutch orthography is much closer to the actual pronunciation. The z in "Prinzessin" is one such example: the c fits better since the z sounds here like s rather than ts as in a normal German z.] The Grimms noted "from the region of Münster" (by Jenny von Droste-Hülshoff). The name\* "East India" (Dutch: Oostindië, Groningsch: Oost-Inje) in the following fairy tale is the community of a village or small town in the Dutch municipalities of Westerkwartier (province of Groningen) and Noordenveld (Province of Drenthe). It lies to the south of the municipality of Terheijl, which is an extension of Nieuwkoop. This fairy tale could refer to an event in the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648), or more specifically the Eighty Years' War (1568-1648). In this war, the Protestant Netherlands won their independence from the House of Habsburg and thus from the dictatorship of the Catholic King Philip II of Spain.*

*Contents: The town of East India\* (Oostindië) is under siege and has to pay 600 thalers. Whoever raises it should therefore become mayor. So it becomes a poor fisherman because the enemy robs his son and gives him 600 thalers in return. Anyone who does not call him Mr. Mayor should hang. The son escapes and finds an enchanted black castle in a mountain in the forest with three princesses dressed in black. When he wants to go to his father, he gets money, clothes and eight days' time. In the city he is looking for his father, whom he addresses as Fischer. On the gallows he asks to be allowed to go to the fisherman's hut again, puts on his old clothes, reveals himself and is accepted. He tells about the castle. On his mother's advice, he drips consecrated wax onto the princesses' faces. They turn half white from this, but curse him*

*since they are now irredeemable. He jumps out the window, breaks his leg, the lock disappears.)*

East India\* (see above) was besieged by an enemy who would not retire until he had received six hundred dollars. Then the townsfolk caused it to be proclaimed by beat of drum that whosoever was able to procure the money should be burgomaster. Now there was a poor fisherman who fished on the lake with his son, and the enemy came and took the son prisoner, and gave the father six hundred dollars for him. So the father went and gave them to the great men of the town, and the enemy departed, and the fisherman became burgomaster. Then it was proclaimed that whosoever did not say, "Mr. Burgomaster," should be put to death on the gallows.

The son got away again from the enemy, and came to a great forest on a high mountain. The mountain opened, and he went into a great enchanted castle, wherein chairs, tables, and benches were all hung with black. Then came three young princesses who were entirely dressed in black, but had a little white on their faces; they told him he was not to be afraid, they would not hurt him, and that he could deliver them. He said he would gladly do that, if he did but know how. On this, they told him he must for a whole year not speak to them and also not look at them, and what he wanted to have he was just to ask for, and if they dared give him an answer they would do so. When he had been there for a long while he said he should like to go to his father, and they told him he might go. He was to take with him this purse with money, put on this coat, and in a week he must be back there again.

Then he was caught up, and was instantly in East India. He could no longer find his father in the fisherman's hut, and asked the people where the poor fisherman could be, and they told him he must not say that, or he would come to the gallows. Then he went to his father and said, "Fisherman, how hast thou got here?" Then the father said, "Thou must not say that, if the great men of the town knew of that, thou wouldst come to the gallows." He, however, would not stop, and was brought to the gallows. When he was there, he said, "O, my masters, just give me leave to go to the old fisherman's hut." Then he put on his old smock-frock, and came back to the great men, and said, "Do ye not now see? Am I not the son of the poor fisherman? Did I not earn bread for my father and mother in this dress?" Hereupon his father knew him again, and begged his pardon, and took him home with him, and then he related all that had happened to him, and how he had got into a forest on a high mountain, and the mountain had opened and he had gone into an enchanted castle, where all was black, and three young princesses had come to him who were black except a little white on their faces. And they had told him not to fear, and that he could deliver them. Then his mother said that might very likely not be a good thing to do, and that he ought to take a holy-water vessel with him, and drop some boiling water on their faces.

He went back again, and he was in great fear, and he dropped the water on their faces as they were sleeping, and they all turned half-white. Then all the three princesses sprang up, and said, "Thou accursed dog, our blood shall cry for vengeance on thee! Now there is no man born in the world, nor will any ever be born who can set us free! We have still three brothers who are bound by seven chains—they shall tear thee to pieces." Then there was a loud shrieking all over the castle, and he sprang out of the window, and broke his leg, and the castle sank into the earth again, the mountain shut to again, and no one knew where the castle had stood.

## 138.—KNOIST AND HIS THREE SONS.

(*"Knoist and his three sons"* is a farce in the Brothers Grimm's Children's and Household Tales (KHM 138). The Grimms noted "from the Sauerland" (about August von Haxthausen from his sister in Gevelingen). Werrel is Werl and Soist is Soest.

Contents: Knoist has a blind son, a lame son and a naked son. The blind man shoots a rabbit, the lame man catches it, and the naked man pockets it. On a great body of water a ship runs, one sinks and one has no bottom, into which they go. In a chapel in a tree in a forest, a hoary clergyman and a boxwood pastor distribute holy water with clubs. The text ends with the rhyme: Blessed is the man who can escape the holy water.)

Between Werrel and Soist there lived a man whose name was Knoist, and he had three sons. One was blind, the other lame, and the third stark-naked. Once on a time they went into a field, and there they saw a hare. The blind one shot it, the lame one caught it, the naked one put it in his pocket. Then they came to a mighty big lake, on which there were three boats, one sailed, one sank, the third had no bottom to it. They all three got into the one with no bottom to it. Then they came to a mighty big forest in which there was a mighty big tree; in the tree was a mighty big chapel—in the chapel was a sexton made of beech-wood and a box-wood parson, who dealt out holy-water with cudgels.

"How truly happy is that one  
Who can from holy water run!"

## 139.—THE MAID OF BRAKEL.

(*"The Maid of Brakel"* is a Low German farce in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm (KHM 139). It has a connexion to the town of Brakel in the east of North Rhine-Westphalia. The fairy tale "The Bremen Town Musicians" is said to have been handed over to the Brothers Grimm in Brakel, who spent a summer there at the invitation of Baron von Haxthausen on the Bökerhof near Paderborn.

Contents: A chapel held a statue of Saint Anne and the Virgin Mary as a child. An unmarried woman prayed to Saint Anne that she might wed a man. A clerk, who heard her, said she would not have him. The woman took it to be the child Mary and scolded her, because she was talking to her mother.)

A girl from Brakel once went to St. Anne's Chapel at the foot of the Hinnenberg, and as she wanted to have a husband, and thought there was no one else in the chapel, she sang,

"Oh, holy Saint Anne!  
Help me soon to a man [Husband].  
Thou know'st him right well,  
By Suttmer gate does he dwell,  
His hair it is golden,  
Thou know'st him right well."

The clerk, however, was standing behind the altar and heard that, so he cried in a very gruff voice, "Thou shalt not have him! Thou shalt not have him!" The maiden thought that the child Mary who stood by her mother Anne had called out that to her, and was angry, and cried, "Fiddle de dee, conceited thing, hold your tongue, and let your mother speak!"

## 140.—THE HOUSEHOLD or DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

(*"The Household"* or *"Domestic Servants"* is a dialogue text in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm at position 140 (KHM 140) in Low German. The Brothers Grimm received it in 1812 from the von Haxthausen family (from Paderborn), the manuscript has been preserved. It corresponds almost exactly to one Question game in Johannes Bolte's *"All Kinds of Joke and Pledge Games"* (1750).

Contents: "Whither goest thou?" asks one the other, To Walpe is the reply, man, child, cradle, servant, names the same for each answer ("Walpe", "Cham", "Grind", "Hippodeige", "Machmirsrecht"), counts all names backwards; "so, so, together we'll go.")

"Whither goest thou?" "To Walpe." "I to Walpe, thou to Walpe, so, so, together we'll go."

"Hast thou a man? What is his name?" "Cham." "My man Cham, thy man Cham; I to Walpe, thou to Walpe; so, so, together we'll go." "Hast thou a child; how is he styled?" "Wild." "My child Wild, thy child Wild; my man Cham, thy man Cham; I to Walpe, thou to Walpe, so, so, together we'll go." "Hast thou a cradle? How callest thou thy cradle?" "Hippodadle." "My cradle Hippodadle, my child Wild, thy child Wild, my man Cham, thy man Cham; I to Walpe, thou to Walpe, so, so, together we'll go."

"Hast thou also a drudge? what name has thy drudge?" "From-thy-work-do-not-budge." "My drudge, From-thy-work-do-not-budge, thy drudge. From-thy-work-do-not-budge: my child Wild, thy child Wild; my man Cham, thy man Cham; I to Walpe, thou to Walpe; so, so, together we'll go."

## 141.—THE LAMBKIN AND THE LITTLE FISH.

(*"The Lambkin and the Little Fish"* is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number 141. The Grimms noted "from the Principality of Lippe-Detmold" (from Marianne von Haxthausen)

Contents: A brother and sister had a stepmother who hated them. One day, they were playing a counting-out game in a meadow by a pool, and their stepmother turned the boy into a fish and the girl into a lamb. Then guests came, and the stepmother ordered the cook to serve the lamb. The lamb and fish lamented their fates to each other, and the cook served another animal and gave the lamb to a good peasant woman, who had been the girl's nurse. She suspected who the lamb was, and brought her to a wise woman. This wise woman pronounced a blessing over the lamb and fish, restoring their human forms, and gave them a little hut in the woods, where they lived happily.)

There were once a little brother and a little sister, who loved each other with all their hearts. Their own mother was, however, dead, and they had a step-mother, who was not kind to them, and secretly did everything she could to hurt them. It so happened that the two were playing with other children in a meadow before the house, and there was a pond in the meadow which came up to one side of the house. The children ran about it, and caught each other, and played at counting out.

"Eneke Beneke, let me live,  
And I to thee my bird will give.  
The little bird, it straw shall seek,  
The straw I'll give to the cow to eat."

The pretty cow shall give me milk,  
The milk I'll to the baker take.  
The baker he shall bake a cake,  
The cake I'll give unto the cat.  
The cat shall catch some mice for that,  
The mice I'll hang up in the smoke,  
And then you'll see the snow."

They stood in a circle while they played this, and the one to whom the word snow fell, had to run away and all the others ran after him and caught him. As they were running about so merrily the step-mother watched them from the window, and grew angry. And as she understood arts of witchcraft she bewitched them both, and changed the little brother into a fish, and the little sister into a lamb. Then the fish swam here and there about the pond and was very sad, and the lambkin walked up and down the meadow, and was miserable, and could not eat or touch one blade of grass. Thus passed a long time, and then strangers came as visitors to the castle. The false stepmother thought, "This is a good opportunity," and called the cook and said to him, "Go and fetch the lamb from the meadow and kill it, we have nothing else for the visitors." Then the cook went away and got the lamb and took it into the kitchen and tied its feet, and all this it bore patiently. When he had drawn out his knife and was whetting it on the door-step to kill the lamb, he noticed a little fish swimming backwards and forwards in the water, in front of the kitchen-sink and looking up at him. This, however, was the brother, for when the fish saw the cook take the lamb away, it followed them and swam along the pond to the house; then the lamb cried down to it,

" Ah, brother, in the pond so deep,  
How sad is my poor heart!  
Even now the cook he whets his knife  
To take away my tender life."  
The little fish answered,  
" Ah, little sister, up on hig  
How sad is my poor heart  
While in this pond I lie."

When the cook heard that the lambkin could speak and said such sad words to the fish down below, he was terrified and thought this could be no common lamb, but must be bewitched by the wicked woman in the house. Then said he, "Be easy, I will not kill thee," and took another sheep and made it ready for the guests, and conveyed the lambkin to a good peasant woman, to whom he related all that he had seen and heard.

The peasant was, however, the very woman who had been foster-mother to the little sister, and she suspected at once who the lamb was, and went with it to a wise woman. Then the wise woman pronounced a blessing; over the lambkin and the little fish, by means of which they regained their human forms, and after this she took them both into a little hut in a great forest, where they lived alone, but were contented and happy.

#### 142.—SIMELI MOUNTAIN.

(*"Simeli Mountain"* or *"Mount Simeli"* is a fairy tale in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (KHM 142). The Grimms noted "from the Münsterland" (by Ludowine von Haxthausen). This fairy tale is about greed mixed with stupidity.

*Content:* One of two brothers has to try to feed his family as a corn dealer because his rich brother doesn't give him anything. Once in the forest, he observes twelve wild men in front of a mountain shouting, "Mount Semsi, Mount Semsi, open up,"

whereupon he opens and they go inside. When they come out again, heavily laden, they call out: "Mount Semsi, Mount Semsi, close yourself." He tries it too and finds silver, gold, pearls and precious stones inside, but only takes some of the gold. Now he can live well, but he also does good things for others. When he twice borrows a bushel from his envious brother, he spreads pitch on the floor, leaving a piece of gold stuck, and forces him to tell him the truth. Then the rich brother drives there in a wagon and loads up as many precious stones as he can. At this he forgets the name of the mountain and calls out "Mount Simeli, open up!" but remains trapped. In the evening the wild men come, suspect him of having entered the mountain before, and cut off his head.)

There were once two brothers, the one rich, the other poor. The rich one, however, gave nothing to the poor one, and he gained a scanty living by trading in corn, and often did so badly that he had no bread for his wife and children. Once when he was wheeling a barrow through the forest he saw, on one side of him, a great, bare, naked-looking mountain, and as he had never seen it before, he stood still and stared at it with amazement.

While he was thus standing he saw twelve great, wild men coming towards him, and as he believed they were robbers he pushed his barrow into the thicket, climbed up a tree, and waited to see what would happen. The twelve men, however, went to the mountain and cried, "Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, open," and immediately the barren mountain opened down the middle, and the twelve went into it, and as soon as they were within, it shut. After a short time, however, it opened again, and the men came forth carrying heavy sacks on their shoulders, and when they were all once more in the daylight they said, "Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, shut thyself," then the mountain closed together, and there was no longer any entrance to be seen to it, and the twelve went away.

When they were quite out of sight the poor man got down from the tree, and was curious to know what really was secretly hidden in the mountain. So he went up to it and said, "Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, open," and the mountain opened to him also. Then he went inside, and the whole mountain was a cavern full of silver and gold, and behind lay great piles of pearls and sparkling jewels, heaped up like corn. The poor man hardly knew what to do, and whether he might take any of these treasures for himself or not; but at last he filled his pockets with gold, but he left the pearls and precious stones where they were. When he came out again he also said, "Semsi mountain, Semsi mountain, shut thyself;" and the mountain closed itself, and he went home with his barrow.

And now he had no more cause for anxiety, but could buy bread for his wife and children with his gold, and wine into the bargain. He lived joyously and uprightly, gave help to the poor, and did good to every one. When, however, the money came to an end he went to his brother, borrowed a measure that held a bushel, and brought himself some more, but did not touch any of the most valuable things. When for the third time he wanted to fetch something, he again borrowed the measure of his brother. The rich man had, however, long been envious of his brother's possessions, and of the handsome way of living which he had set on foot, and could not understand from whence the riches came, and what his brother wanted with the measure. Then he thought of a cunning trick, and covered the bottom of the measure with pitch, and when he got the measure back a piece of money was sticking in it. He at once went to his brother and asked him, "What hast thou been measuring in the bushel measure?" "Corn and barley," said the other. Then he showed him the piece of money, and threatened

that if he did not tell the truth he would accuse him before a court of justice. The poor man then told him everything, just as it had happened. The rich man, however, ordered his carriage to be made ready, and drove away, resolved to use the opportunity better than his brother had done, and to bring back with him quite different treasures.

When he came to the mountain he cried, "Sems mountain, Sems mountain, open." The mountain opened, and he went inside it. There lay the treasures all before him, and for a long time he did not know which to clutch at first. At length he loaded himself with as many precious stones as he could carry. He wished to carry his burden outside, but, as his heart and soul were entirely full of the treasures, he had forgotten the name of the mountain, and cried, "Simeli mountain, Simeli mountain, open." That, however, was not the right name, and the mountain never stirred, but remained shut. Then he was alarmed, but the longer he thought about it the more his thoughts confused themselves, and his treasures were no more of any use to him. In the evening the mountain opened, and the twelve robbers came in, and when they saw him they laughed, and cried out, "Bird, have we caught thee at last! Didst thou think we had never noticed that thou hadst been in here twice? We could not catch thee then; this third time thou shalt not get out again!" Then he cried, "It was not I, it was my brother," but let him beg for his life and say what he would, they cut his head off.

#### 143.—GOING A TRAVELLING.

(*"Going a Traveling"* is a Low German farce in the children's and house fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 143). The Grimms note about the origin "from the Münsterland" (probably from the family of Haxthausen).

*Contents: The mother advises the son not to travel because they are poor, but he wants to help himself and always says: "Not much, not much, not much." He is then beaten up by fishermen because they catch really little. When asked what he should have said: "Catch full, catch full, catch full." For this he is beaten at an execution. He should rather say: "God comfort the poor soul." This in turn annoys a horse Skinner at a ditch. For his sentence "There lies the carcass in the ditch" he is whipped by coachmen so much that he crawls home and never travels again.)*

There was once a poor woman who had a son, who much wished to travel, but his mother said, "How canst thou travel? We have no money at all for thee to take away with thee." Then said the son, "I will manage very well for myself; I will always say, Not much, not much, not much."

So he walked for a long time and always said, "Not much, not much, not much." Then he passed by a company of fishermen and said, "God speed you! not much, not much, not much." "What sayst thou churl, 'not much'?" And when the net was drawn out they had not caught much fish. So one of them fell on the youth with a stick and said, "Hast thou never seen me threshing?" "What ought I to say, then?" asked the youth. "Thou must say, 'Get it full, get it full.'" After this he again walked a long time, and said, "Get it full, get it full," until he came to the gallows, where they had got a poor sinner whom they were about to hang. Then said he, "Good morning; get it full, get it full." "What sayst thou, knave, get it full? Dost thou want to make out that there are still more wicked people in the world—is not this enough?" And he again got some blows on his back. "What am I to say, then?" said he. "Thou must say, may God have pity on the poor soul."

Again the youth walked on for a long while and said, "May God have pity on the poor soul!" Then he came to a pit by which stood a knacker who was cutting up a horse. The youth said, "Good morning; God have pity on the poor soul!" "What dost thou say, thou ill-tempered knave?" and the knacker gave him such a box on the ear, that he could not see out of his eyes. "What am I to say, then?" "Thou must say, 'There lies the carrion in the pit!'"

So he walked on, and always said, "There lies the carrion in the pit, there lies the carrion in the pit." And he came to a cart full of people, so he said, "Good morning, there lies the carrion in the pit!" Then the cart pushed him into a hole, and the driver took his whip and cracked it upon the youth, till he was forced to crawl back to his mother, and as long as he lived he never went out a-travelling again.

#### 144.—THE DONKEY.

(*"The Donkey"*, *"The Ass"*, or *"The Little Donkey"* is a fairy tale collected by Brothers Grimm compiled in the Grimm's Fairy Tales. It is based on a lost 14th-century manuscript called "Asinarius" (meaning: little donkey; genus: Equus Asinus).

*Contents: A king and queen had everything they wished for but no children. Eventually, the queen gave birth, but to a young donkey. They were disappointed but the king decided to raise the donkey as his son and heir. The donkey requested to learn to play the lute and became an accomplished player. Seeing the reflection of himself in the mirror one day, he became sad and decided to travel outside of the kingdom. He eventually arrived to a kingdom that was ruled by an old king who had a beautiful daughter. When he knocked on the gate the gatekeeper did not give him admittance, but when he played his lute, the gatekeeper ran to the king and told him. Initially mocked by the king's attendance, the donkey insists on being treated as a nobleman and the king lets the donkey sit beside his daughter and he behaves like a gentleman. After many days, the donkey grew sad and the king offered him many things to make him happy, as the king liked him a great deal. The donkey would only accept the king's beautiful daughter as his wife, and they married. After the wedding, the king sent a servant to watch their bedroom to see that the donkey behaved himself. The servant observed the donkey take off his skin and underneath he was a handsome young man. He related this to the king, who observed for himself later and threw the donkey skin away in the night. When the young man awoke, he panicked and decided to run away. On his way out, the king found him and told him to stay and offered to make him his heir. The young man accepted, and when the old king died the next year, he became king and had a glorious life.)*

Once on a time there lived a King and a Queen, who were rich, and had everything they wanted, but no children. The Queen lamented over this day and night, and said, "I am like a field on which nothing grows." At last God gave her her wish, but when the child came into the world, it did not look like a human child, but was a little donkey. When the mother saw that, her lamentations and outcries began in real earnest; she said she would far rather have had no child at all than have a donkey, and that they were to throw it into the water that the fishes might devour it. But the King said, "No, since God has sent him he shall be my son and heir, and after my death sit on the royal throne, and wear the kingly crown." The donkey, therefore, was brought up and grew bigger, and his ears grew up beautifully high and straight. He was,

however, of a merry disposition, jumped about, played and had especial pleasure in music, so that he went to a celebrated musician and said, "Teach me thine art, that I may play the lute as well as thou dost." "Ah, dear little master," answered the musician, "that would come very hard to you, your fingers are certainly not suited to it, and are far too big. I am afraid the strings would not last." No excuses were of any use. The donkey was determined to play the lute; he was persevering and industrious, and at last learnt to do it as well as the master himself. The young lordling once went out walking full of thought and came to a well, he looked into it and in the mirror-clear water saw his donkey's form. He was so distressed about it, that he went out into the wide world and only took with him one faithful companion. They travelled up and down, and at last they came into a kingdom where an old King reigned who had an only but wonderfully beautiful daughter. The donkey said, "Here we will stay," knocked at the gate, and cried, "A guest is without—open, that he may enter." As, however, the gate was not opened, he sat down, took his lute and played it in the most delightful manner with his two fore-feet. Then the door-keeper opened his eyes most wonderfully wide, and ran to the King and said, "Outside by the gate sits a young donkey which plays the lute as well as an experienced master!" "Then let the musician come to me," said the King. When, however, a donkey came in, every one began to laugh at the lute-player. And now the donkey was to sit down and eat with the servants. He, however, was unwilling, and said, "I am no common stable-ass, I am a noble one." Then they said, "If that is what thou art, seat thyself with the men of war." "No," said he, "I will sit by the King." The King smiled, and said good-humouredly, "Yes, it shall be as thou wilt, little ass, come here to me." Then he asked, "Little ass, how does my daughter please thee?" The donkey turned his head towards her, looked at her, nodded and said, "I like her above measure, I have never yet seen any one so beautiful as she is." "Well, then, thou shalt sit next her too," said the King. "That is exactly what I wish," said the donkey, and he placed himself by her side, ate and drank, and knew how to behave himself daintily and cleanly. When the noble beast had stayed a long time at the King's court, he thought, "What good does all this do me, I shall still have to go home again?" let his head hang sadly, and went to the King and asked for his dismissal. But the King had grown fond of him, and said, "Little ass, what ails thee? Thou lookest as sour as a jug of vinegar, I will give thee what thou wantest. Dost thou want gold?" "No," said the donkey, and shook his head. "Dost thou want jewels and rich dress?" "No." "Dost thou wish for half my kingdom?" "Indeed, no." Then said the King, "If I did but know what would make thee content. Wilt thou have my pretty daughter to wife?" "Ah, yes," said the ass, "I should indeed like her," and all at once he became quite merry and full of happiness, for that was exactly what he was wishing for. So a great and splendid wedding was held. In the evening, when the bride and bridegroom were led into their bed-room, the King wanted to know if the ass would behave well, and ordered a servant to hide himself there. When they were both within, the bridegroom bolted the door, looked around, and as he believed that they were quite alone, he suddenly threw off his ass's skin, and stood there in the form of a handsome royal youth. "Now," said he, "thou seest who I am, and seest also that I am not unworthy of thee." Then the bride was glad, and kissed him, and loved him dearly. When morning came, he jumped up, put his animal's skin on again, and no one could have guessed what kind of a form was hidden beneath it. Soon came the old King, "Ah," cried he, "is the little ass merry? But surely thou art sad," said he to his daughter, "that thou hast

not got a proper man for thy husband?" "Oh, no, dear father, I love him as well as if he were the handsomest in the world, and I will keep him as long as I live." The King was surprised, but the servant who had concealed himself came and revealed everything to him. The King said, "That cannot be true." "Then watch yourself the next night, and you will see it with your own eyes; and hark you, lord King, if you were to take his skin away and throw it in the fire, he would be forced to show himself in his true shape." "Thy advice is good," said the King, and at night when they were asleep, he stole in, and when he got to the bed he saw by the light of the moon a noble-looking youth lying there, and the skin lay stretched on the ground. So he took it away, and had a great fire lighted outside, and threw the skin into it, and remained by it himself until it was all burnt to ashes. As, however, he was anxious to know how the robbed man would behave himself, he stayed awake the whole night and watched. When the youth had slept his sleep out, he got up by the first light of morning, and wanted to put on the ass's skin, but it was not to be found. On this he was alarmed, and, full of grief and anxiety, said, "Now I shall have to contrive to escape." But when he went out, there stood the King, who said, "My son, whither away in such haste? what hast thou in thy mind? Stay here, thou art such a handsome man, thou shalt not go away from me. I will now give thee half my kingdom, and after my death thou shalt have the whole of it." "Then I hope that what begins so well may end well, and I will stay with you," said the youth. And the old man gave him half the kingdom, and in a year's time, when he died, the youth had the whole, and after the death of his father he had another kingdom as well, and lived in all magnificence.

#### 145.—THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

(*"The Ungrateful Son"* is a fairy tale in the Grimm Brothers' *Children's and Household Tales* (KHM 145). It comes from Johannes Pauli's collection *"Schimpf und Ernst"*. In this educational fairy tale, the social insight "sharing something with someone else" is the foreground topic.

*Contents: A man and woman sit in front of their house and want to eat a fried chicken. The man sees his old father coming and hides the chicken. The old man has a drink and leaves. The son wants to get the fried chicken out, but the it has turned into a big toad. The toad jumps in his face and remains there. The ungrateful son has to feed the toad every day or it will take a bite out of his face. Thus the man wanders restlessly through the world.)*

A man and his wife were once sitting by the door of their house, and they had a roasted chicken set before them, and were about to eat it together. Then the man saw that his aged father was coming, and hastily took the chicken and hid it, for he would not permit him to have any of it. The old man came, took a drink, and went away. Now the son wanted to put the roasted chicken on the table again, but when he took it up, it had become a great toad, which jumped into his face and sat there and never went away again, and if any one wanted to take it off, it looked venomously at him as if it would jump in his face, so that no one would venture to touch it. And the ungrateful son was forced to feed the toad every day, or else it fed itself on his face; and thus he went about the world without knowing rest.

## 146.—THE TURNIP.

*("The Turnip" is a farce in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales at point 146 (KHM 146) and is based on a lost 14th-century manuscript called "Raparius" (Latin; also: *rappa*).*

*Contents: A poor soldier becomes a farmer and harvests a huge turnip, which he gives to the king, for which he is richly rewarded. Then his rich brother brings the king gold and horses, but only gets the turnip back. He lures his brother out under the pretense of treasure, where assassins seize him and hang him from a tree with a sack over his head, the approaching tramp of horses driving them away. It is a student whom the farmer addresses from above, he is hanging in the sack of wisdom where he learns everything. The student wants that, too, and is eventually allowed to pull it down and pull himself up. The farmer takes the student's horse but sends someone to free him.)*

There were once two brothers who both served as soldiers; one of them was rich, and the other poor. Then the poor one, to escape from his poverty, put off his soldier's coat, and turned farmer. He dug and hoed his bit of land, and sowed it with turnip-seed. The seed came up, and one turnip grew there which became large and vigorous, and visibly grew bigger and bigger, and seemed as if it would never stop growing, so that it might have been called the princess of turnips, for never was such an one seen before, and never will such an one be seen again.

At length it was so enormous that by itself it filled a whole cart, and two oxen were required to draw it, and the farmer had not the least idea what he was to do with the turnip, or whether it would be a fortune to him or a misfortune. At last he thought, "If thou sellest it, what wilt thou get for it that is of any importance, and if thou eatest it thyself, why the small turnips would do thee just as much good; it would be better to take it to the King, and make him a present of it."

So he placed it on a cart, harnessed two oxen, took it to the palace, and presented it to the King. "What strange thing is this?" said the King. "Many wonderful things have come before my eyes, but never such a monster as this! From what seed can this have sprung, or are you a luck-child and have met with it by chance?" "Ah, no!" said the farmer, "no luck-child am I. I am a poor soldier, who because he could no longer support himself hung his soldier's coat on a nail and took to farming land. I have a brother who is rich and well known to you. Lord King, but I, because I have nothing, am forgotten by every one."

Then the King felt compassion for him, and said, "Thou shalt be raised from thy poverty, and shalt have such gifts from me that thou shalt be equal to thy rich brother." Then he bestowed on him much gold, and lands, and meadows, and herds, and made him immensely rich, so that the wealth of the other brother could not be compared with his. When the rich brother heard what the poor one had gained for himself with one single turnip, he envied him, and thought in every way how he also could get hold of a similar piece of luck. He would, however, set about it in a much wiser way, and took gold and horses and carried them to the King, and made certain the King would give him a much larger present in return. If his brother had got so much for one turnip, what would he not carry away with him in return for such beautiful things as these? The King accepted his present, and said he had nothing to give him in return that was more rare and excellent than the great turnip. So the rich man was obliged to put his brother's turnip in a cart and have it taken to his home. When there he did not know on whom to vent his rage and anger, until bad thoughts came to

him, and he resolved to kill his brother, he hired murderers, who were to lie in ambush, and then he went to his brother and said, "Dear brother, I know of a hidden treasure, we will dig it up together, and divide it between us." The other agreed to this, and accompanied him without suspicion. While they were on their way, however, the murderers fell on him, bound him, and would have hanged him to a tree. But just as they were doing this, loud singing and the sound of a horse's feet were heard in the distance. On this their hearts were filled with terror, and they pushed their prisoner head first into the sack, hung it on a branch, and took to flight. He, however, worked up there until he had made a hole in the sack through which he could put his head. The man who was coming by was no other than a travelling student, a young fellow who rode on his way through the wood joyously singing his song. When he who was aloft saw that some one was passing below him, he cried, "Good day! You have come at a lucky time." The student looked round on every side, but did not know whence the voice came. At last he said, "Who calls me?" Then an answer came from the top of the tree, "Raise your eyes; here I sit aloft in the Sack of Wisdom. In a short time have I learnt great things; compared with this all schools are a jest; in a very short time I shall have learnt everything, and shall descend wiser than all other men. I understand the stars, and the signs of the zodiac, and the tracks of the winds, the sand of the sea, the healing of illness, and the virtues of all herbs, birds, and stones. If you were once within it you would feel what noble things issue forth from the Sack of Knowledge."

The student, when he heard all this, was astonished, and said, "Blessed be the hour in which I have found thee! May not I also enter the sack for a while?" He who was above replied as if unwillingly, "For a short time I will let you get into it, if you reward me and give me good words; but you must wait an hour longer, for one thing remains which I must learn before I do it." When the student had waited awhile he became impatient, and begged to be allowed to get in at once, his thirst for knowledge was so very great. So he who was above pretended at last to yield, and said, "In order that I may come forth from the house of knowledge you must let it down by the rope, and then you shall enter it." So the student let the sack down, untied it, and set him free, and then cried, "Now draw me up at once," and was about to get into the sack. "Halt!" said the other, "that won't do," and took him by the head and put him upside down into the sack, fastened it, and drew the disciple of wisdom up the tree by the rope. Then he swung him in the air and said, "How goes it with thee, my dear fellow? Behold, already thou feelest wisdom coming, and art gaining valuable experience. Keep perfectly quiet until thou becomest wiser." Thereupon he mounted the student's horse and rode away, but in an hour's time sent some one to let the student out again.

## 147.—THE OLD MAN MADE YOUNG AGAIN.

*("The young-glowed little man" is a fairy tale in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm (KHM 147) and corresponds to Hans Sachs' verse-variation "Der affen ursprueng" from 1562.*

*Contents: At Peter's request, Jesus rejuvenated a beggar at a blacksmith's shop by putting him in the fire. The blacksmith tries the same with his mother-in-law, but she burns herself and becomes even more wrinkled. Two pregnant women are so terrified that they give birth to the first two monkeys.)*

In the time when our Lord still walked this earth, he and St. Peter stopped one evening at a smith's and received free quarters. Then it came to pass that a poor beggar, hardly pressed by age and infirmity, came to this house and begged alms of the smith. St. Peter had compassion on him and said, "Lord and master, if it please thee, cure his torments that he may be able to win his own bread." The Lord said kindly, "Smith, lend me thy forge, and put on some coals for me, and then I will make this ailing old man young again." The smith was quite willing, and St. Peter blew the bellows, and when the coal fire sparkled up large and high our Lord took the little old man, pushed him in the forge in the midst of the red-hot fire, so that he glowed like a rose-bush, and praised God with a loud voice. After that the Lord went to the quenching tub, put the glowing little man into it so that the water closed over him, and after he had carefully cooled him, gave him his blessing, when behold the little man sprang nimbly out, looking fresh, straight, healthy, and as if he were but twenty. The smith, who had watched everything closely and attentively, invited them all to supper. He, however, had an old half-blind crooked mother-in-law who went to the youth, and with great earnestness asked if the fire had burnt him much. He answered that he had never felt more comfortable, and that he had sat in the red heat as if he had been in cool dew. The youth's words echoed in the ears of the old woman all night long, and early next morning, when the Lord had gone on his way again and had heartily thanked the smith, the latter thought he might make his old mother-in-law young again likewise, as he had watched everything so carefully, and it lay in the province of his trade. So he called to ask her if she, too, would like to go bounding about like a girl of eighteen. She said, "With all my heart, as the youth has come out of it so well." So the smith made a great fire, and thrust the old woman into it, and she writhed about this way and that, and uttered terrible cries of murder. "Sit still; why art thou screaming and jumping about so?" cried he, and as he spoke he blew the bellows again until all her rags were burnt. The old woman cried without ceasing, and the smith thought to himself, "I have not quite the right art," and took her out and threw her into the cooling-tub. Then she screamed so loudly that the smith's wife upstairs and her daughter-in-law heard, and they both ran downstairs, and saw the old woman lying in a heap in the quenching-tub, howling and screaming, with her face wrinkled and shrivelled and all out of shape. Thereupon the two, who were both with child, were so terrified that that very night two boys were born who were not made like men but apes, and they ran into the woods, and from them sprang the race of apes.

## 148.—THE LORD'S AND THE DEVIL'S ANIMALS.

(*"The Lord's And The Devil's Animals"* is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm (KHM 148). It corresponds to Hans Sachs' (1494-1576) verse-variant "The devil created the goats" from 1557.)

*Contents: God creates all animals, but forget about the goats. The devil makes her with a long tail, with which she gets stuck in the bushes until he bites it off. Because they damage trees, God sets the wolves, his dogs, on them. The devil demands compensation, which God promises when the oak leaves fall. But one in the Cathedral of Constantinople (the Hagia Sophia) keeps its foliage. By the time the devil finds them, the others will have theirs back. Out of anger he gouges out the goats' eyes and uses his own. So*

*goats have devil eyes, stubby tails, and the devil likes to take their shape.)*

The Lord God had created all animals, and had chosen out the wolf to be his dog, but he had forgotten the goat. Then the Devil made ready and began to create also, and created goats with fine long tails. Now when they went to pasture, they generally remained caught in the hedges by their tails, then the Devil had to go there and disentangle them, with a great deal of trouble. This enraged him at last, and he went and bit off the tail of every goat, as may be seen to this day by the stump.

Then he let them go to pasture alone, but it came to pass that the Lord God perceived how at one time they gnawed away at a fruitful tree, at another injured the noble vines, or destroyed other tender plants. This distressed him, so that in his goodness and mercy he summoned his wolves, who soon tore in pieces the goats that went there. When the devil observed this, he went before the Lord and said, "Thy creatures have destroyed mine." The Lord answered, "Why didst thou create things to do harm?" The Devil said, "I was compelled to do it: inasmuch as my thoughts run on evil, what I create can have no other nature, and thou must pay me heavy damages." "I will pay thee as soon as the oak leaves fall; come then, thy money will then be ready counted out." When the oak-leaves had fallen, the Devil came and demanded what was due to him. But the Lord said, "In the church of Constantinople stands a tall oak-tree which still has all its leaves." With raging and curses, the Devil departed, and went to seek the oak, wandered in the wilderness for six months before he found it, and when he returned, all the oaks had in the meantime covered themselves again with green leaves. Then he had to forfeit his indemnity, and in his rage he put out the eyes of all the remaining goats, and put his own in instead.

This is why all goats have devil's eyes, and their tails bitten off, and why he likes to assume their shape.

## 149.—THE BEAM

(*"The Beam"* (German: *Der Hahnenbalken* = *The Cock's Beam*) is a saga in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (KHM 149). It is an abbreviation of Friedrich Kind's poem of the same name in Wilhelm Gottlieb Becker's *"Taschenbuch zum geselligen Vergnügen"* from 1812.)

*Contents: A magician shows a cock carrying a beam. A girl carrying a four-leaved clover realises and declares that it is just a straw, not a beam. When she marries, the magician enchants her to think she sees a stream and then breaks it after she has hiked up her skirts to cross.)*

There was once an enchanter who was standing in the midst of a great crowd of people performing his wonders. He had a cock brought in, which lifted a heavy beam and carried it as if it were as light as a feather. But a girl was present who had just found a bit of four-leaved clover, and had thus become so wise that no deception could stand out against her, and she saw that the beam was nothing but a straw. So she cried, "You people, do you not see that it is a straw that the cock is carrying, and no beam?" Immediately the enchantment vanished, and the people saw what it was, and drove the magician away in shame and disgrace. He, however, full of inward anger, said, "I will soon revenge myself!" After some time the girl's wedding-day came, and she was decked out, and went in a great procession over the fields to the place where the church was. All at once she came to a stream which was

very much swollen, and there was no bridge and no plank to cross it. Then the bride nimbly took her clothes up, and wanted to wade through it. And just as she was thus standing in the water, a man, and it was the enchanter, cried mockingly close beside her, "Aha! Where are thine eyes that thou takest that for water?" Then her eyes were opened, and she saw that she was standing with her clothes lifted up in the middle of a field that was blue with the flowers of blue flax. Then all the people saw it likewise, and chased her away with ridicule and laughter.

## 150.—THE OLD BEGGAR-WOMAN.

(*"The Old Beggar-Woman"* is a short story in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm at position 150 (KHM 150). It comes from Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling's autobiography "*Heinrich Stillings Jünglingsjahre*" (1778).

*Contents: An old beggar woman says when she gets something, "May God reward you". She comes to a door and a friendly rascal is warming himself by a fire and he asks why she is shivering so much. He lets her in, but she gets too close to the fire and the old rags catch fire. The boy sees it and wonders if he should have put it out. If he had not had water, he would have cried, and all the water from his body would have produced two pretty streams.)*

There was once an old woman, but thou hast surely seen an old woman go a-begging before now? This woman begged likewise, and when she got anything she said, "May God reward you." The beggar-woman came to a door, and there by the fire a friendly rogue of a boy was standing warming himself. The boy said kindly to the poor old woman as she was standing shivering thus by the door, "Come, old mother, and warm yourself." She came in, but stood too near the fire, so that her old rags began to burn, and she was not aware of it. The boy stood and saw that, but he ought to have put the flames out. Is it not true that he ought to have put them out? And if he had not any water, then should he have wept all the water in his body out of his eyes, and that would have supplied two pretty streams with which to extinguish them.

## 151.—THE THREE SLUGGARDS.

(*"The Three Sluggards"* is a farce in the children's and household tales by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 151). It comes from Johannes Pauli's collection "*Schimpf und Ernst*". The following fairy tale "*The Twelve Idle Servants*" also has the number KHM 151.

*Contents: A dying king wants to appoint the laziest of his sons as his heir. The first says he does not even close his eyes to sleep if a drop falls into them. The second does not draw back his feet by the fire when they are burning. The third would not cut the rope when hung. He becomes king.)*

A certain King had three sons who were all equally dear to him, and he did not know which of them to appoint as his successor after his own death. When the time came when he was about to die, he summoned them to his bedside and said, "Dear children, I have been thinking of something which I will declare unto you; whichever of you is the laziest shall have the kingdom." The eldest said, "Then, father, the kingdom is mine, for I am so idle that if I lie down to rest, and a drop falls in my eye, I will not open it that I may sleep." The second said, "Father, the kingdom belongs to me, for I am so idle that when I am sitting by the fire

warming myself, I would rather let my heel be burnt off than draw back my leg." The third said, "Father, the kingdom is mine, for I am so idle that if I were going to be hanged, and had the rope already round my neck, and any one put a sharp knife into my hand with which I might cut the rope, I would rather let myself be hanged than raise my hand to the rope." When the father heard that, he said, "Thou hast carried it the farthest, and shalt be King."

## 151a.—THE TWELVE IDLE SERVANTS.

(*"The Twelve Idle Servants"* is a lie-tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 7th edition of 1857 at position 151 (KHM 151a). It comes from Adelbert von Keller's "*Carnival Games from the 15th Century*". The story was first included in the seventh and final edition of the Children's and Household Tales of 1857, in addition to the preceding fairy tale "*The Three Sluggards*", which has been included here since the first edition. The double numbering is unique, the total number of 200 fairy tales should probably not be exceeded; therefore it bears the same number (KHM 151, called 151a here) as the preceding fairy tale "*The Three Sluggards*".

*Contents: Twelve lazy servants do not feel like working and instead boast about how lazy they are. Each one tells his story. The first one says he only takes care of himself and just eats, drinks and gets up late. The second goes so far that he ignores the fact that he has to take care of his master's horse, by simply claiming the animal has already eaten. The third servant once went to sleep in the sun and kept dreaming despite the fact that heavy rain suddenly came down and made a hole in his skull. The fourth servant claims he never starts quickly and always asks others to help him out. The fifth one only works one cart load a day. The sixth servant boasts that he never changes clothes for three weeks and has no buckles on his shoes. He counts the stairs so that he knows when to take a rest. The seventh servant claims that he crawls, rather than walks, and that four men are needed to get him into motion. Once he fell asleep and had to be carried home, because he did not wake up. The eighth servant doesn't lift his feet whenever he sees a rock on the road, but just lies down in front of it. When it rains he just keeps lying there until he is dry again. The ninth servant once nearly died from thirst because he was too lazy to reach for a loaf of bread in his vicinity. Even a jug with water was too heavy to lift, so he preferred to stay thirsty. The tenth servant has a severed leg, because he was resting on the roadside when a vehicle ran over his legs. He hadn't heard it coming, because bugs were crawling through his mouth, nose and ears. The eleventh servant resigned from his job because he had to carry heavy books and his masters' clothes, which were already infested with moths because he never touched them. The twelfth servant once traveled by cart, but fell asleep during his trip, after which robbers stole everything without him doing anything about it.)*

Twelve servants who had done nothing all the day would not exert themselves at night either, but laid themselves on the grass and boasted of their idleness. The first said, "What is your laziness to me, I have to concern myself about mine own? The care of my body is my principal work, I eat not a little and drink still more. When I have had four meals, I fast a short time until I feel hunger again, and that suits me best. To rise betimes is not for me; when it is getting near mid-day, I already seek out a resting-place for myself. If the master call, I do exactly as if I had not heard him,

and if he call for the second time, I wait awhile before I get up, and go to him very slowly. In this way life is endurable." The second said, "I have a horse to look after, but I leave the bit in his mouth, and if I do not want to do it, I give him no food, and I say he has had it already. I, however, lay myself in the oat-chest and sleep for four hours. After this I stretch out one foot and move it a couple of times over the horse's body, and then he is combed and cleaned. Who is going to make a great business of that? Nevertheless service is too toilsome for me." The third said, "Why plague oneself with work? Nothing comes of it! I laid myself in the sun, and fell asleep. It began to rain a little, but why should I get up? I let it rain on in God's name. At last came a splashing shower, so heavy indeed, that it pulled the hair out of my head and washed it away, and I got a hole in the skull; I put a plaster on it, and then it was all right. I have already had several injuries of that kind." The fourth said, "If I am to undertake a piece of work, I first loiter about for an hour that I may save up my strength. After that I begin quite slowly, and ask if no one is there who could help me. Then I let him do the chief of the work, and in reality only look on; but that also is still too much for me."

The fifth said, "What does that matter? Just think, I am to take away the manure from the horse's stable, and load the cart with it. I let it go on slowly, and if I have taken anything on the fork, I only half-raise it up, and then I rest just a quarter of an hour until I quite throw it in. It is enough and to spare if I take out a cartful in the day. I have no fancy for killing myself with work."

The sixth said, "Shame on ye; I am afraid of no work, but I lie down for three weeks, and never once take my clothes off. What is the use of buckling your shoes on? For aught I care they may fall off my feet, it is no matter. If I am going up some steps, I drag one foot slowly after the other on to the first step, and then I count the rest of them that I may know where I must rest.

The seventh said, "That will not do with me; my master looks after my work, only he is not at home the whole day. But I neglect nothing, I run as fast as it is possible to do when one crawls. If I am to get on, four sturdy men must push me with all their might. I came where six men were lying sleeping on a bed beside each other. I lay down by them and slept too. There was no wakening me again, and when they wanted to have me home, they had to carry me." The eighth said, "I see plainly that I am the only active fellow; if a stone lie before me, I do not give myself the trouble to raise my legs and step over it. I lay myself down on the ground, and if I am wet and covered with mud and dirt, I stay lying until the sun has dried me again. At the very most, I only turn myself so that it can shine on me." The ninth said, "That is the right way! To-day the bread was before me, but I was too idle to take it, and nearly died of hunger! Moreover a jug stood by it, but it was so big and heavy that I did not like to lift it up, and preferred bearing thirst. Just to turn myself round was too much for me, I remained lying like a log the whole day." The tenth said, "Laziness has brought misfortune on me, a broken leg and swollen calf. Three of us were lying in the road, and I had my legs stretched out. Some one came with a cart, and the wheels went over me. I might indeed have drawn my legs back, but I did not hear the cart coming, for the midges were humming about my ears, and creeping in at my nose and out again at my mouth; who can take the trouble to drive the vermin away?"

The eleventh said, "I gave up my place yesterday. I had no fancy for carrying the heavy books to my master any longer or fetching them away again. There was no end of it all day long. But to tell the truth, he gave me my dismissal, and would not keep me any longer, for his clothes, which I had left lying in the dust, were all moth-eaten, and I am very glad of it."

The twelfth said, "To-day I had to drive the cart into the country, and made myself a bed of straw on it, and had a good sleep. The reins slipped out of my hand, and when I awoke, the horse had nearly torn itself loose, the harness was gone, the strap which fastened the horse to the shafts was gone, and so were the collar, the bridle and bit. Some one had come by, who had carried all off. Besides this, the cart had got into a quagmire and stuck fast. I left it standing, and stretched myself on the straw again. At last the master came himself, and pushed the cart out, and if he had not come I should not be lying here but there, and sleeping in full tranquillity."

## 152.—THE SHEPHERD BOY.

(*"The Shepherd Boy" is a farce in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 152). Grimm's note notes "from Bavaria" (by Ludwig Aurbacher).*

*Contents: A king summons a shepherd boy who is known for his wise answers. He promises to adopt him if he answers three questions well. The first question is how many drops of water are in the ocean. The boy replies that the king should first stop all the tributaries so that no more drops could come in; then he would say the number. The second question is how many stars are in the sky, whereupon the shepherd boy draws countless dots on a sheet of paper, each dot representing a star. The third question is about how many seconds is eternity. The boy replies with the story of a little bird that whets its beak on a mountain every hundred years. When the mountain has been removed, the first second of eternity will have passed. The king is pleased with the shepherd boy's answers and keeps his promise.)*

There was once on a time a shepherd boy whose fame spread far and wide because of the wise answers which he gave to every question. The King of the country heard of it likewise, but did not believe it, and sent for the boy. Then he said to him, "If thou canst give me an answer to three questions which I will ask thee, I will look on thee as my own child, and thou shalt dwell with me in my royal palace." The boy said, "What are the three questions?" The King said, "The first is, how many drops of water are there in the ocean?" The shepherd boy answered, "Lord King, if you will have all the rivers on earth dammed up so that not a single drop runs from them into the sea until I have counted it, I will tell you how many drops there are in the sea." The King said, "The next question is, how many stars are there in the sky?" The shepherd boy said, "Give me a great sheet of white paper," and then he made so many fine points on it with a pen that they could scarcely be seen, and it was all but impossible to count them; any one who looked at them would have lost his sight. Then he said, "There are as many stars in the sky as there are points on the paper; just count them." But no one was able to do it. The King said, "The third question is, how many seconds of time are there in eternity?" Then said the shepherd boy, "In Lower Pomerania is the Diamond Mountain, which is two miles and a half high, two miles and a half wide, and two miles and a half in depth; every hundred years a little bird comes and sharpens its beak on it, and when the whole mountain is worn away by this, then the first second of eternity will be over."

The King said, "Thou hast answered the three questions like a wise man, and shalt henceforth dwell with me in my royal palace, and I will regard thee as my own child."

## 153.—THE STAR-MONEY.

(*"The Star-Money"* or *"The Sterntaler"* is a short tale in *The Children's and Household Tales* of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 153). It is partly based on Achim von Arnim's novella *"Die drei liebreichen Schwestern und der glückliche Färber"* (1812). A "Sterntaler" is a silver coin from Hesse-Kassel, minted by Landgrave Friedrich II (1760–1785) in 1776, 1778 and 1779. The word Sterntaler (or Sternthaler) refers to the eight-pointed star on the reverse, which represents the Order of the Golden Lion established in 1770. British soldiers from Hesse, who fought in the American War of Independence (1775–1783), were rewarded with this type of coin. However, the Hessian thalers, known in America as "Blood Dollars", were not used as wages but as signing bonus; the wages were paid in pounds. The Americans, for their part, used the thalers to compensate the families who lost their sons in the war. The Sterntaler-tale thus has an American background. This particular thaler is also the origin of the American currency name "dollar," which comes from the German word "thaler," [pronounced "dholar" in German dialects].)

*Contents: A poor orphan girl who has nothing but a piece of bread goes out into the world. On the way he gives away his bread, then his cap, his shirt, his skirt and finally his shirt to other needy people. Then the stars fall from the night sky as silver coins, and he wears a new, fine linen shirt in which he collects them. As a result, she is rich until the end of her life.)*

There was once on a time a little girl whose father and mother were dead, and she was so poor that she no longer had any little room to live in, or bed to sleep in, and at last she had nothing else but the clothes she was wearing and a little bit of bread in her hand which some charitable soul had given her. She was, however, good and pious. And as she was thus forsaken by all the world, she went forth into the open country, trusting in the good God. Then a poor man met her, who said, "Ah, give me something to eat, I am so hungry!" She reached him the whole of her piece of bread, and said, "May God bless it to thy use," and went onwards. Then came a child who moaned and said, "My head is so cold, give me something to cover it with." So she took off her hood and gave it to him; and when she had walked a little farther, she met another child who had no jacket and was frozen with cold. Then she gave it her own; and a little farther on one begged for a frock, and she gave away that also. At length she got into a forest and it had already become dark, and there came yet another child, and asked for a little shirt, and the good little girl thought to herself, "It is a dark night and no one sees thee, thou canst very well give thy little shirt away," and took it off, and gave away that also. And as she so stood, and had not one single thing left, suddenly some stars from heaven fell down, and they were nothing else but hard smooth pieces of money, and although she had just given her little shirt away, she had a new one which was of the very finest linen. Then she gathered together the money into this, and was rich all the days of her life.

## 154.—THE STOLEN FARTHINGS.

(*"The Stolen Farthings"* is Tale 154 from Grimm's Fairy Tales. It is actually a ghost story. Wilhelm Grimm heard the legend in 1808 from Gretchen Wild, his wife's younger sister. A Heller or Haller, abbreviated hlr., is a late medieval German coin

denominated in half a Pfennig, named after the town of (Schwäbisch) Hall.

*Contents: A couple was having dinner with a guest. At midnight, the guest saw a girl in white dress came in the house and go straight into the next room. The same thing happened again the next day and the day after that. The guest told the father what happened. The father said he had never seen the girl before. One night, the guest peeked in the room. He saw the little girl sitting on the floor, and digging up something between the boards of the floor. He reported what he saw to the mother, and she told him that it was probably their child who had died a month ago. The child received 2 farthings from the mother and was planning on giving it to a poor man. They donated the farthings to a poor man and the ghost never came back.)*

A father was one day sitting at dinner with his wife and his children, and a good friend who had come on a visit was with them. And as they thus sat, and it was striking twelve o'clock, the stranger saw the door open, and a very pale child dressed in snow-white clothes came in. It did not look around, and it did not speak; but went straight into the next room. Soon afterwards it came back, and went out at the door again in the same quiet manner. On the second and on the third day, it came also exactly in the same way. At last the stranger asked the father to whom the beautiful child that went into the next room every day at noon belonged? "I have never seen it," said he, neither did he know to whom it could belong. The next day when it again- came, the stranger pointed it out to the father, who however did not see it, and the mother and the children also all saw nothing. On this the stranger got up, went to the room door, opened it a little, and peeped in. Then he saw the child sitting on the ground, and digging and seeking about industriously amongst the crevices between the boards of the floor, but when it saw the stranger, it disappeared. He now told what he had seen and described the child exactly, and the mother recognised it, and said, "Ah, it is my dear child who died a month ago." They took up the boards and found two farthings which the child had once received from its mother that it might give them to a poor man; it, however, had thought, "Thou canst buy thyself a biscuit for that," and had kept the farthings, and hidden them in the openings between the boards; and therefore it had had no rest in its grave, and had come every day at noon to seek for these far-things. The parents gave the money at once to a poor man, and after that the child was never seen again.

## 155.—BRIDES ON THEIR TRIAL.

(*"Looking for a Bride"* or *"Choosing a Bride"* or *"Brides on Their Trial"* is a farce collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales, number 155. It comes from Johann Rudolf Wyss' *"Idyllen, Volkssagen, Legenden und Erzählungen aus der Schweiz"* (Switzerland).

*Contents: A shepherd could not choose which of three sisters to marry. His mother told him to give them cheese. One did not cut off all the rind and so ate some. The second cut off good cheese with the rind. The third carefully pared off the rind, and so he married her.)*

There was once a young shepherd who wished much to marry, and was acquainted with three sisters who were all equally pretty, so that it was difficult to him to make a choice, and he could not decide to give the preference to any one of them. Then he asked his

mother for advice, and she said, "Invite all three, and set some cheese before them, and watch how they eat it." The youth did so; the first, however, swallowed the cheese with the rind on; the second hastily cut the rind off the cheese, but she cut it so quickly that she left much good cheese with it, and threw that away also; the third peeled the rind off carefully, and cut neither too much nor too little. The shepherd told all this to his mother, who said, "Take the third for thy wife." This he did, and lived contentedly and happily with her.

## 156.—ODDS AND ENDS.

(*"Odds and Ends"* or *"The Hurds"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 156). The Grimms noted "from Mecklenburg" (the North-East of Germany).

*Contents: A lazy girl tore out handfuls of flax when she found a knot while spinning. Her industrious servant gathered them and made a gown. The lazy girl was to marry, but when the servant was gaily dancing in her gown at a party on the eve of the wedding, the bride told her bridegroom carelessly about the origin of that gown: it was made of "hurds" or "odds and ends" she threw away – and the bridegroom married the servant instead.)*

There was once on a time a maiden who was pretty, but idle and negligent. When she had to spin she was so out of temper that if there was a little knot in the flax, she at once pulled out a whole heap of it, and strewed it about on the ground beside her. Now she had a servant who was industrious, and gathered together the bits of flax which were thrown away, cleaned them, span them fine, and had a beautiful gown made out of them for herself. A young man had wooed the lazy girl, and the wedding was to take place. On the eve of the wedding, the industrious one was dancing merrily about in her pretty dress, and the bride said,—

"Ah, how that girl does jump about, dressed in my odds and ends."

The bridegroom heard that, and asked the bride what she meant by it? Then she told him that the girl was wearing a dress make of the flax which she had thrown away. When the bridegroom heard that, and saw how idle she was, and how industrious the poor girl was, he gave her up and went to the other, and chose her as his wife.

## 157.—THE SPARROW AND HIS FOUR CHILDREN.

(*"The Sparrow and His Four Children"* is a story from Grimm's Fairy Tales. The story number was changed from KHM 35 to KHM 157 from the 2nd edition onwards. In Boltes Anmerkungen, he mentions that the tale is from the deep Middle Ages. It was taken from the seventh sermon in Johannes Mathesius Historien von Martin Luther (1563), but it goes back further to Aesop's fables also. In the 1812 Anhang (appendix), it is listed as coming from *"Out of Schuppii Schriften. (Fabul. Hans S. 837. 38.)"* It is an almost exact transcription of the story from the 1677 published book.)

*Contents: Four young sparrows are thrown out of the nest by boys. In autumn they meet their worried father again in a field. The first was in gardens. The father warns him against people who carry long "green poles that are hollow inside and have a little hole at the top". The son says that a sheet of wax was also glued on. The father closes on merchants, praises his experience and*

*admonishes him again. The second was at court. The father warns him to go into the stable instead. The son says that stable boys braid bird snares there. The father also praises his cunning and urges caution. The third was on trails. His father warns him about stone throwers. The boy says that some of them already had stones with them, from which the father concludes they are miners. The father wants to keep the youngest and weakest with him, but he answers with trust in God, because he was in church. The father is impressed.)*

A sparrow had four young ones in a swallow's nest. When they were fledged, some naughty boys pulled out the nest, but fortunately all the birds got safely away in the high wind. Then the old bird was grieved that as his sons had all gone out into the world, he had not first warned them of every kind of danger, and given them good instruction how to deal with each. In the autumn a great many sparrows assembled together in a wheat-field, and there the old bird met his four children again, and full of joy took them home with him. "Ah, my dear sons, what pain I have been in about you all through the summer, because you got away in the wind without my teaching: listen to my words, obey your father, and be well on your guard. Little birds have to encounter great dangers!" And then he asked the eldest where he had spent the summer, and how he had supported himself? "I stayed in the gardens, and looked for caterpillars and small worms, until the cherries got ripe." "Ah, my son," said the father, "tit-bits are not bad, but there is great risk about them; on that account take great care of thyself henceforth, and particularly when people are going about the gardens who carry long green poles which are hollow inside and have a little hole at the top." "Yes, father, but what if a little green leaf is stuck over the hole with wax?" said the son. "Where hast thou seen that?" "In a merchant's garden," said the youngster. "Oh, my son, merchant folks are quick folks," said the father. "If thou hast been among the children of the world, thou hast learned worldly shiftiness enough, only see that thou usest it well, and do not be too confident." After this he asked the next, "Where hast thou passed thy time?" "At court," said the son. "Sparrows and silly little birds are of no use in that place—there one finds much gold, velvet, silk, armour, harnesses, sparrow-hawks, screech-owls and hen-harriers; keep to the horses' stable where they winnow oats, or thresh, and then fortune may give thee thy daily grain of corn in peace." "Yes, father," said the son, "but when the stable-boys make traps and fix their gins and snares in the straw, many a one is caught fast." "Where hast thou seen that?" said the old bird. "At court, among the stable-boys." "Oh, my son, court boys are bad boys! If thou hast been to court and among the lords, and hast left no feathers there, thou hast learnt a fair amount, and wilt know very well how to go about the world, but look around thee and above thee, for the wolves devour the wisest dogs." The father examined the third also: "Where didst thou seek thy safety?" "I have broken up tubs and ropes on the cart-roads and highways, and sometimes met with a grain of corn or barley." "That is indeed dainty fare," said the father, "but take care what thou art about and look carefully around, especially when thou seest any one stooping and about to pick up a stone, there is not much time to stay then." "That is true," said the son, "but what if any one should carry a bit of rock, or ore, ready beforehand in his breast or pocket?" "Where hast thou seen that?" "Among the mountaineers, dear father; when they go out, they generally take little bits of ore with them." "Mountain folks are working folks, and clever folks. If thou hast been among mountain lads, thou hast seen and learnt something, but when thou goest

thither beware, for many a sparrow has been brought to a bad end by a mountain boy." At length the father came to the youngest son: "Thou, my dear chirping nestling, wert always the silliest and weakest; stay with me, the world has many rough, wicked birds which have crooked beaks and long claws, and lie in wait for poor little birds and swallow them. Keep with those of thine own kind, and pick up little spiders and caterpillars from the trees, or the house, and then thou wilt live long in peace." "My dear father, he who feeds himself without injury to other people fares well, and no sparrow-hawk, eagle, or kite will hurt him if he specially commits himself and his lawful food, evening and morning, faithfully to God, who is the Creator and Preserver of all forest and village birds, who likewise heareth the cry and prayer of the young ravens, for no sparrow or wren ever falls to the ground except by his will." "Where hast thou learnt this?" The son answered, "When the great blast of wind tore me away from thee I came to a church, and there during the summer I have picked up the flies and spiders from the windows, and heard this discourse preached. The Father of all sparrows fed me all the summer through, and kept me from all mischance and from ferocious birds."

"In sooth, my dear son, if thou takest refuge in the churches and helpest to clear away spiders and buzzing flies, and criest unto God like the young ravens, and commendest thyself to the eternal Creator, all will be well with thee, and that even if the whole world were full of wild malicious birds."

"He who to God commits his ways,  
In silence suffers, waits, and prays,  
Preserves his faith and conscience pure,  
He is of God's protection sure.

#### 158.—THE STORY OF SCHLAURAFFEN LAND\*.

(*"The Story Of Schlauraffenland"* is a tall tale in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 158). Wilhelm Grimm translated the Middle High German poem "Sô ist diz von lügenen" from the 14th century. He called the lie-tale "*The Story Of Schlauraffenland*" (Late Middle High German: *slûraffe*: *lazybones*), probably in allusion to Sebastian Brant's satire *Narrenschiff* (1494), where the Schlaraffen (the lazy people) live. This is where today's idea of a land of milk and honey comes from, with plenty of food and drink, and without having anything to do for it.

*Content:* The text is a series of apparently impossible and nonsensical observations from the "Schlaraffenzeit", almost always people or animals doing something they obviously can't do, e.g. "I saw two mosquitoes building a bridge, and two pigeons tore one to pieces Wolf."

In the time of Schlauraffen I went there, and saw Rome and the Lateran hanging by a small silken thread, and a man without feet who outran a swift horse, and a keen sharp sword that cut through a bridge. There I saw a young ass with a silver nose which pursued two fleet hares, and a lime-tree that was very large, on which hot cakes were growing. There I saw a lean old goat which carried about a hundred cart-loads of fat on his body, and sixty loads of salt. Have I not told enough lies? There I saw a plough ploughing without horse or cow, and a child of one year threw four millstones from Ratisbon to Treves, and from Treves to Strasburg, and a hawk swam over the Rhine, which he had a perfect right to do. There I heard some fishes begin to make such a disturbance with each other, that it resounded as far as heaven, and sweet

honey flowed like water from a deep valley at the top of a high mountain, and these were strange things. There were two crows which were mowing a meadow, and I saw two gnats building a bridge, and two doves tore a wolf to pieces; two children brought forth two kids, and two frogs threshed corn together. There I saw two mice consecrating a bishop, and two cats scratching out a bear's tongue. Then a snail came running up and killed two furious lions. There stood a barber and shaved a woman's beard off; and two sucking-children bade their mother hold her tongue. There I saw two greyhounds which brought a mill out of the water; and a sorry old horse was beside it, and said it was right. And four horses were standing in the yard threshing corn with all their might, and two goats were heating the stove, and a red cow shot the bread into the oven. Then a cock crowed, Cock-a-doodle-doo! The story is all told—Cock-a-doodle-doo!

#### 159.—THE DITMARSCH TALE OF LIES.

(*"The Ditmarsch Tale of Lies"* or *"The Ditmarsch Tale of Wonders"* is a tall tale in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 2nd edition of 1819 (KHM 159). The text is based on Anton Vieth's *"Das plattdeutsche Tanzlied"*.

*Contents:* Two roast chickens fly with their bellies to heaven and their backs to hell. An anvil and millstone swim across the Rhine and a frog eats a plowshare on the ice during Pentecost. Three men want to catch a hare, the first is deaf, the second blind and the third dumb and the fourth can't move a leg. They walk on crutches and the blind man sees the hare running across the field. The dumb calls the lame, who catches the hare. People sail over land and they go over a high mountain and drown there. A lobster chases a hare and a cow sits on a roof. The flies in the country are as big as goats here and if you open the window, the lies fly out.)

I will tell you something. I saw two roasted fowls flying; they flew quickly and had their breasts turned to heaven and their backs to hell, and an anvil and a mill-stone swam across the Rhine prettily, slowly, and gently, and a frog sat on the ice at Whitsuntide and ate a ploughshare. Three fellows who wanted to catch a hare, went on crutches and stilts; one of them was deaf, the second blind, the third dumb, and the fourth could not stir a step. Do you want to know how it was done? First, the blind man saw the hare running across the field, the dumb one called to the lame one, and the lame one seized it by the neck. There were certain men who wished to sail on dry land, and they set their sails in the wind, and sailed away over great fields. Then they sailed over a high mountain, and there they were miserably drowned. A crab was chasing a hare which was running away at full speed, and high up on the roof lay a cow which had climbed up there. In that country the flies are as big as the goats are here. Open the window, that the lies may fly out.

#### 160.—A RIDDLING TALE.

(*"A Riddling Tale"* is a text collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales (KHM 160). Grimm's note: From a folk book with riddles from the beginning of the 16th century in "Haupts Zeitschrift" 3, 34.

*Contents:* Three women in the field have turned into flowers, but one of them is allowed to go home at night. She tells her husband

*to come and pick her and she will be delivered and stay with him.  
He picks the flower, but how did he recognise her?*

Three women were changed into flowers which grew in the field, but one of them was allowed to be in her own home at night. Then once when day was drawing near, and she was forced to go back to her companions in the field and become a flower again, she said to her husband, "If thou wilt come this afternoon and gather me, I shall be set free and henceforth stay with thee." And he did so. Now the question is, how did her husband know her, for the flowers were exactly alike, and without any difference?

Answer: as she was at her home during the night and not in the field, no dew fell on her as it did on the others, and by this her husband knew her.

## 161.—SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

(*"Snow-White and Rose-Red"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 161). An older, somewhat shorter version, "*The Ungrateful Dwarf*", was written by Caroline Stahl (1776–1837).

*Contents: A mother has two very dear daughters, Snow White and Rose Red. They resemble the white and red rose trees in her garden. Snow-white is quieter and at home more often, whereas Rose-red prefers to pick flowers in the forest. The girls are not threatened by the animals in the forest, and even when they sleep right next to a chasm, their guardian angel protects them. Night after night one winter a bear seeks shelter with them, and the children, although they are afraid at first, gain confidence and play with him, whatever the bear likes. When it gets too bad for him, he growls: "Let me live, you children. Snow-white, rose-red, kill your suitor." In the spring, the bear has to leave again to protect his treasures from the dwarves. He rips his fur on the door frame and Snow White thinks he sees gold shimmering underneath. Later, the girls meet a dwarf three times in the forest, whose beard is hanging on a felled tree, then on a fishing line, then a bird of prey wants to carry him away. They help him every time, but he is ungrateful and scolds because they damage his beard and skirt. At the fourth meeting, the dwarf gets angry because Snow White and Rose Red surprise him in front of a spread out pile of gems. The bear comes and kills the dwarf. When they recognise the bear, he turns into a king's son, who, they learn, had been stolen by the dwarf and cursed him. Snow-white marries the king's son and Rose-red his brother.)*

There was once a poor widow who lived in a lonely cottage. In front of the cottage was a garden wherein stood two rose-trees, one of which bore white and the other red roses. She had two children who were like the two rose-trees, and one was called Snow-white, and the other Rose-red. They were as good and happy, as busy and cheerful as ever two children in the world were, only Snow-white was more quiet and gentle than Rose-red. Rose-red liked better to run about in the meadows and fields seeking flowers and catching butterflies; but Snow-white sat at home with her mother, and helped her with her house-work, or read to her when there was nothing to do.

The two children were so fond of each other that they always held each other by the hand when they went out together, and when Snow-white said, "We will not leave each other," Rose-red answered, "Never so long as we live," and their mother would add, "What one has she must share with the other."

They often ran about the forest alone and gathered red berries, and no beasts did them any harm, but came close to them trustfully. The little hare would eat a cabbage-leaf out of their hands, the roe grazed by their side, the stag leapt merrily by them, and the birds sat still upon the boughs, and sang whatever they knew.

No mishap overtook them; if they had stayed too late in the forest, and night came on, they laid themselves down near one another upon the moss, and slept until morning came, and their mother knew this and had no distress on their account.

Once when they had spent the night in the wood and the dawn had roused them, they saw a beautiful child in a shining white dress sitting near their bed. He got up and looked quite kindly at them, but said nothing and went away into the forest. And when they looked round they found that they had been sleeping quite close to a precipice, and would certainly have fallen into it in the darkness if they had gone only a few paces further. And their mother told them that it must have been the angel who watches over good children.

Snow-white and Rose-red kept their mother's little cottage so neat that it was a pleasure to look inside it. In the summer Rose-red took care of the house, and every morning laid a wreath of flowers by her mother's bed before she awoke, in which was a rose from each tree. In the winter Snow-white lit the fire and hung the kettle on the wrenkin. The kettle was of copper and shone like gold, so brightly was it polished. In the evening, when the snowflakes fell, the mother said, "Go, Snow-white, and bolt the door," and then they sat round the hearth, and the mother took her spectacles and read aloud out of a large book, and the two girls listened as they sat and span. And close by them lay a lamb upon the floor, and behind them upon a perch sat a white dove with its head hidden beneath its wings.

One evening, as they were thus sitting comfortably together, some one knocked at the door as if he wished to be let in. The mother said, "Quick, Rose-red, open the door, it must be a traveller who is seeking shelter." Rose-red went and pushed back the bolt, thinking that it was a poor man, but it was not; it was a bear that stretched his broad, black head within the door.

Rose-red screamed and sprang back, the lamb bleated, the dove fluttered, and Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed. But the bear began to speak and said, "Do not be afraid, I will do you no harm! I am half-frozen, and only want to warm myself a little beside you."

"Poor bear," said the mother, "lie down by the fire, only take care that you do not burn your coat." Then she cried, "Snow-white, Rose-red, come out, the bear will do you no harm, he means well." So they both came out, and by-and-by the lamb and dove came nearer, and were not afraid of him. The bear said, "Here, children, knock the snow out of my coat a little;" so they brought the broom and swept the bear's hide clean; and he stretched himself by the fire and growled contentedly and comfortably. It was not long before they grew quite at home, and played tricks with their clumsy guest. They tugged his hair with their hands, put their feet upon his back and rolled him about, or they took a hazel-switch and beat him, and when he growled they laughed. But the bear took it all in good part, only when they were too rough he called out, "Leave me alive, children,

"Snowy-white, Rosy-red,  
Will you beat your lover dead?"

When it was bed-time, and the others went to bed, the mother said to the bear, "You can lie there by the hearth, and then you will be safe from the cold and the bad weather." As soon as day

dawned the two children let him out, and he trotted across the snow into the forest.

Henceforth the bear came every evening at the same time, laid himself down by the hearth, and let the children amuse themselves with him as much as they liked; and they got so used to him that the doors were never fastened until their black friend had arrived.

When spring had come and all outside was green, the bear said one morning to Snow-white, "Now I must go away and cannot come back for the whole summer." "Where are you going, then, dear bear?" asked Snowwhite. "I must go into the forest and guard my treasures from the wicked dwarfs. In the winter, when the earth is frozen hard, they are obliged to stay below and cannot work their way through; but now, when the sun has thawed and warmed the earth, they break through it, and come out to pry and steal; and what once gets into their hands, and in their caves, does not easily see daylight again."

Snow-white was quite sorry for his going away, and as she unbolted the door for him, and the bear was hurrying out, he caught against the bolt and a piece of his hairy coat was torn off, and it seemed to Snow-white as if she had seen gold shining through it, but she was not sure about it. The bear ran away quickly, and was soon out of sight behind the trees.

A short time afterwards the mother sent her children into the forest to get fire- wood. There they found a big tree which lay felled on the ground, and close by the trunk something was jumping backwards and forwards in the grass, but they could not make out what it was. When they came nearer they saw a dwarf with an old withered face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of the beard was caught in a crevice of the tree, and the little fellow was jumping backwards and forwards like a dog tied to a rope, and did not know what to do.

He glared at the girls with his fiery red eyes and cried, "Why do you stand there? Can you not come here and help me?" "What are you about there, little man?" asked Rose-red. "You stupid, prying goose!" answered the dwarf; "I was going to split the tree to get a little wood for cooking. The little bit of food that one of us wants gets burnt up directly with thick logs; we do not swallow so much as you coarse, greedy folk. I had just driven the wedge safely in, and everything was going as I wished; but the wretched wood was too smooth and suddenly sprang asunder, and the tree closed so quickly that I could not pull out my beautiful white beard; so now it is tight in and I cannot get away, and the silly, sleek, milk-faced things laugh! Ugh! how odious you are!"

The children tried very hard, but they could not pull the beard out, it was caught too fast. "I will run and fetch some one," said Rose-red. "You senseless goose!" snarled the dwarf; "why should you fetch some one? You are already two too many for me; can you not think of something better?" "Don't be impatient," said Snow-white, "I will help you," and she pulled her scissors out of her pocket, and cut off the end of the beard.

As soon as the dwarf felt himself free he laid hold of a bag which lay amongst the roots of the tree, and which was full of gold, and lifted it up, grumbling to himself, "Uncouth people, to cut off a piece of my fine beard. Bad luck to you!" and then he swung the bag upon his back, and went off without even once looking at the children.

Some time after that Snow-white and Rose-red went to catch a dish of fish. As they came near the brook they saw something like a large grasshopper jumping towards the water, as if it were going to leap in. They ran to it and found it was the dwarf. "Where are you going?" said Rose-red; "you surely don't want to go into the water?" "I am not such a fool!" cried the dwarf; "don't you see

that the accursed fish wants to pull me in?" The little man had been sitting there fishing, and unluckily the wind had twisted his beard with the fishing-line; just then a big fish bit, and the feeble creature had not strength to pull it out; the fish kept the upper hand and pulled the dwarf towards him. He held on to all the reeds and rushes, but it was of little good, he was forced to follow the movements of the fish, and was in urgent danger of being dragged into the water.

The girls came just in time; they held him fast and tried to free his beard from the line, but all in vain, beard and line were entangled fast together. Nothing was left but to bring out the scissors and cut the beard, whereby a small part of it was lost. When the dwarf saw that he screamed out, "Is that civil, you toad-stool, to disfigure one's face? Was it not enough to clip off the end of my beard? Now you have cut off the best part of it. I cannot let myself be seen by my people. I wish you had been made to run the soles off your shoes!" Then he took out a sack of pearls which lay in the rushes, and without saying a word more he dragged it away and disappeared behind a stone.

It happened that soon afterwards the mother sent the two children to the town to buy needles and thread, and laces and ribbons. The road led them across a heath upon which huge pieces of rock lay strewn here and there. Now they noticed a large bird hovering in the air, flying slowly round and round above them; it sank lower and lower, and at last settled near a rock not far off. Directly afterwards they heard a loud, piteous cry. They ran up and saw with horror that the eagle had seized their old acquaintance the dwarf, and was going to carry him off.

The children, full of pity, at once took tight hold of the little man, and pulled against the eagle so long that at last he let his booty go. As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his first fright he cried with his shrill voice, "Could you not have done it more carefully! You dragged at my brown coat so that it is all torn and full of holes, you helpless clumsy creatures!" Then he took up a sack full of precious stones, and slipped away again under the rock into his hole. The girls, who by this time were used to his thanklessness, went on their way and did their business in the town.

As they crossed the heath again on their way home they surprised the dwarf, who had emptied out his bag of precious stones in a clean spot, and had not thought that any one would come there so late. The evening sun shone upon the brilliant stones; they glittered and sparkled with all colours so beautifully that the children stood still and looked at them. "Why do you stand gaping there?" cried the dwarf, and his ashen-grey face became copper-red with rage. He was going on with his bad words when a loud growling was heard, and a black bear came trotting towards them out of the forest. The dwarf sprang up in a fright, but he could not get to his cave, for the bear was already close. Then in the dread of his heart he cried, "Dear Mr. Bear, spare me, I will give you all my treasures; look, the beautiful jewels lying there! Grant me my life; what do you want with such a slender little fellow as I? you would not feel me between your teeth. Come, take these two wicked girls, they are tender morsels for you, fat as young quails; for mercy's sake eat them!" The bear took no heed of his words, but gave the wicked creature a single blow with his paw, and he did not move again.

The girls had run away, but the bear called to them, "Snow-white and Rose-red, do not be afraid; wait, I will come with you." Then they knew his voice and waited, and when he came up to them suddenly his bearskin fell off, and lie stood there a handsome man, clothed all in gold. "I am a King's son," he said, "and I was bewitched by that wicked dwarf, who had stolen my treasures; I

have had to run about the forest as a savage bear until I was freed by his death. Now he has got his well-deserved punishment."

Snow-white was married to him, and Rose-red to his brother, and they divided between them the great treasure which the dwarf had gathered together in his cave. The old mother lived peacefully and happily with her children for many years. She took the two rose-trees with her, and they stood before her window, and every year bore the most beautiful roses, white and red.

### 162.—THE WISE SERVANT.

(*"The Wise Servant"* is a farce in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 3rd edition of 1837 (KHM 162), was published by Wilhelm Grimm in 1836 in the "Pfennig-Magazine" for children and is based on Martin Luther's interpretation of Psalm 101 back.

*Inhoud: A army likes to be lucky as a servant slim is in a room where it sounds, but he doesn't act in a liever to his own intentions. Zo'n slimme Hans most een koe zoeken, maar kwam not terug. Zijn heer went he zoeken en zag hem heen en weer lopen in het veld. Hans shows then that he has not bred near the head of the farm, but three men's farm has been found. Een ziet hij, één hoort hij en op de derde jaagt hij. Here you can call the first one beforehand; doe niet wat de Heer beveelt maar wel wat in je opkomt en waar je zin in heb.)*

How fortunate is the master, and how well all goes in his house, when he has a wise servant who listens to his orders and does not obey them, but prefers following his own wisdom. A clever John of this kind was once sent out by his master to seek a lost cow. He stayed away a long time, and the master thought, "Faithful John does not spare any pains over his work!" As, however, he did not come back at all, the master was afraid lest some misfortune had befallen him, and set out himself to look for him. He had to search a long time, but at last he perceived the boy who was running up and down a large field. "Now, dear John," said the master when he had got up to him, "hast thou found the cow which I sent thee to seek?" "No, master," he answered, "I have not found the cow, but then I have not looked for it." "Then what hast thou looked for, John?" "Something better, and that luckily I have found." "What is that, John?" "Three blackbirds," answered the boy. "And where are they?" asked the master. "I see one of them, I hear the other, and I am running after the third," answered the wise boy. Take example by this, do not trouble yourselves about your masters or their orders, but rather do what comes into your head and pleases you, and then you will act just as wisely as prudent John.

### 163.—THE GLASS COFFIN.

(*"The Glass Coffin"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number 163. Andrew Lang included it in *The Green Fairy Book* as *The "Crystal Coffin."* The story was published by Wilhelm Grimm in 1836 in the Pfennig magazine for children. It comes from the novel "*The spoiled mother-son*" or "*Polidor's very special and extremely funny Curriculum Vitae at Schools and Universities*" by Sylvano from 1728.

*Contents: A poor tailor gets lost in a forest. First he tries to spend the night in a tree. Then he sees the light of a house where he finds a place to stay for the night, although the occupant tries to turn him away at first. He awakens to the sound of a fight between*

*a black bull and a large stag. The stag kills the bull and carries the tailor on his antlers to a cliff, whose door he opens. At the call of a voice, the tailor enters a hall made of square stones. Over a falling stone in the middle he comes into a second room of the same size with smoke-filled glass vessels in the walls. He is looking at the image of a lock in a box on the floor when the voice calls him to a sleeping girl in a glass box. He frees the Awakening, who tells him that she and her homestead were transformed into this form and her brother into a stag when she turned down a black artist's marriage proposal. They bring the vessels to the surface and open them, whereupon all are redeemed.)*

Let no one ever say that a poor tailor cannot do great things and win high honours; all that is needed is that he should go to the right smithy, and what is of most consequence, that he should have good luck. A civil, adroit tailor's apprentice once went out travelling, and came into a great forest, and, as he did not know the way, he lost himself. Night fell, and nothing was left for him to do, but to seek a bed in this painful solitude. He might certainly have found a good bed on the soft moss, but the fear of wild beasts let him have no rest there, and at last he was forced to make up his mind to spend the night in a tree. He sought out a high oak, climbed up to the top of it, and thanked God that he had his goose with him, for otherwise the wind which blew over the top of the tree would have carried him away.

After he had spent some hours in the darkness, not without fear and trembling, he saw at a very short distance the glimmer of a light, and as he thought that a human habitation might be there, where he would be better off than on the branches of a tree, he got carefully down and went towards the light. It guided him to a small hut that was woven together of reeds and rushes. He knocked boldly, the door opened, and by the light which came forth he saw a little hoary old man who wore a coat made of bits of coloured stuff sewn together. "Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the man in a grumbling voice. "I am a poor tailor," he answered, "whom night has surprised here in the wilderness, and I earnestly beg you to take me into your hut until morning." "Go your way," replied the old man in a surly voice, "I will have nothing to do with runagates; seek for yourself a shelter elsewhere." After these words he was about to slip into his hut again, but the tailor held him so tightly by the corner of his coat, and pleaded so piteously, that the old man, who was not so ill-natured as he wished to appear, was at last softened, and took him into the hut with him where he gave him something to eat, and then pointed out to him a very good bed in a corner.

The weary tailor needed no rocking; but slept sweetly till morning, but even then would not have thought of getting up, if he had not been aroused by a great noise. A violent sound of screaming and roaring forced its way through the thin walls of the hut. The tailor, full of unwonted courage, jumped up, put his clothes on in haste, and hurried out. Then close by the hut, he saw a great black bull and a beautiful stag, which were just preparing for a violent struggle. They rushed at each other with such extreme rage that the ground shook with their trampling, and the air resounded with their cries. For a long time it was uncertain which of the two would gain the victory; at length the stag thrust his horns into his adversary's body, whereupon the bull fell to the earth with a terrific roar, and was thoroughly despatched by a few strokes from the stag.

The tailor, who had watched the fight with astonishment, was still standing there motionless, when the stag in full career bounded up to him, and before he could escape, caught him up on

his great horns. He had not much time to collect his thoughts, for it went in a swift race over stock and stone, mountain and valley, wood and meadow. He held with both hands to the tops of the horns, and resigned himself to his fate. It seemed, how ever, to him just as if he were flying away. At length the stag stopped in front of a wall of rock, and gently let the tailor down. The tailor, more dead than alive, required a longer time than that to come to himself. When he had in some degree recovered, the stag, which had remained standing by him, pushed its horns with such force against a door which was in the rock, that it sprang open. Flames of fire shot forth, after which followed a great smoke, which hid the stag from his sight. The tailor did not know what to do, or whither to turn, in order to get out of this desert and back to human beings again. Whilst he was standing thus undecided, a voice sounded out of the rock, which cried to him, "Enter without fear, no evil shall befall thee." He certainly hesitated, but driven by a mysterious force, he obeyed the voice and went through the iron-door into a large spacious hall, whose ceiling, walls and floor were made of shining polished square stones, on each of which were cut letters which were unknown to him. He looked at everything full of admiration, and was on the point of going out again, when he once more heard the voice which said to him, "Step on the stone which lies in the middle of the hall, and great good fortune awaits thee."

His courage had already grown so great that he obeyed the order. The stone began to give way under his feet, and sank slowly down into the depths. When it was once more firm, and the tailor looked round, he found himself in a hall which in size resembled the former. Here, however, there was more to look at and to admire. Hollow places were cut in the walls, in which stood vases of transparent glass which were filled with coloured spirit or with a bluish vapour. On the floor of the hall two great glass chests stood opposite to each other, which at once excited his curiosity. When he went to one of them he saw inside it a handsome structure like a castle surrounded by farm-buildings, stables and barns, and a quantity of other good things. Everything was small, but exceedingly carefully and delicately made, and seemed to be cut out by a dexterous hand with the greatest exactitude.

He might not have turned away his eyes from the consideration of this rarity for some time, if the voice had not once more made itself heard. It ordered him to turn round and look at the glass chest which was standing opposite. How his admiration increased when he saw therein a maiden of the greatest beauty! She lay as if asleep, and was wrapped in her long fair hair as in a precious mantle. Her eyes were closely shut, but the brightness of her complexion and a ribbon which her breathing moved to and fro, left no doubt that she was alive. The tailor was looking at the beauty with beating heart, when she suddenly opened her eyes, and started up at the sight of him in joyful terror. "Just Heaven!" cried she, "my deliverance is at hand! Quick, quick, help me out of my prison; if thou pushest back the bolt of this glass coffin, then I shall be free." The tailor obeyed without delay, and she immediately raised up the glass lid, came out and hastened into the corner of the hall, where she covered herself with a large cloak. Then she seated herself on a stone, ordered the young man to come to her, and after she had imprinted a friendly kiss on his lips, she said, "My long-desired deliverer, kind Heaven has guided thee to me, and put an end to my sorrows. On the self-same day when they end, shall thy happiness begin. Thou art the husband chosen for me by Heaven, and shalt pass thy life in unbroken joy, loved by me, and rich to overflowing in every earthly possession. Seat thyself, and listen to the story of my life:

"I am the daughter of a rich count. My parents died when I was still in my tender youth, and recommended me in their last will to my elder brother, by whom I was brought up. We loved each other so tenderly, and were BO alike in our way of thinking and our inclinations, that we both embraced the resolution never to marry, but to stay together to the end of our lives. In our house there was no lack of company: neighbours and friends visited us often, and we showed the greatest hospitality to every one. So it came to pass one evening that a stranger came riding to our castle, and, under pretext of not being able to get on to the next place, begged for shelter for the night. We granted his request with ready courtesy, and he entertained us in the most agreeable manner during supper by conversation intermingled with stories. My brother liked the stranger so much that he begged him to spend a couple of days with us, to which, after some hesitation, he consented. We did not rise from table until late in the night, the stranger was shown to a room, and I hastened, as I was tired, to lay my limbs in my soft bed. Hardly had I slept for a short time, when the sound of faint and delightful music awoke me. As I could not conceive from whence it came, I wanted to summon my waiting-maid who slept in the next room, but to my astonishment I found that speech was taken away from me by an unknown force. I felt as if a mountain were weighing down my breast, and was unable to make the very slightest sound. In the meantime, by the light of my night-lamp, I saw the stranger enter my room through two doors which were fast bolted. He came to me and said, that by magic arts which were at his command, he had caused the lovely music to sound in order to awaken me, and that he now forced his way through all fastenings with the intention of offering me his hand and heart. My repugnance to his magic arts was, however, so great that I vouchsafed him no answer. He remained for a time standing without moving, apparently with the idea of waiting for a favourable decision, but as I continued to keep silence, he angrily declared he would revenge himself and find means to punish my pride, and left the room. I passed the night in the greatest disquietude, and only fell asleep towards morning. When I awoke, I hurried to my brother, but did not find him in his room, and the attendants told me that he had ridden forth with the stranger to the chase by daybreak.

"I at once suspected nothing good. I dressed myself quickly, ordered my palfrey to be saddled, and accompanied only by one servant, rode full gallop to the forest. The servant fell with his horse, and could not follow me, for the horse had broken its foot. I pursued my way without halting, and in a few minutes I saw the stranger coming towards me with a beautiful stag which he led by a cord. I asked him where he had left my brother, and how he had come by this stag, out of whose great eyes I saw tears flowing. Instead of answering me, he began to laugh loudly. I fell into a great rage at this, pulled out a pistol and discharged it at the monster; but the ball rebounded from his breast and went into my horse's head. I fell to the ground, and the stranger muttered some words which deprived me of consciousness.

"When I came to my senses again I found myself in this underground cave in a glass coffin. The magician appeared once again, and said he had changed my brother into a stag, my castle with all that belonged to it, diminished in size by his arts, he had shut up in the other glass chest, and my people, who were all turned into smoke, he had confined in glass bottles. He told me that if I would now comply with his wish, it was an easy thing for him to put everything back in its former state, as he had nothing to do but open the vessels, and everything would return once more to its natural form. I answered him as little as I had done the first

time. He vanished and left me in my prison, in which a deep sleep came on me. Amongst the visions which passed before my eyes, that was the most comforting in which a young man came and set me free, and when I opened my eyes to-day I saw thee, and beheld my dream fulfilled. Help me to accomplish the other things which happened in those visions. The first is that we lift the glass chest in which my castle is enclosed, on to that broad stone."

As soon as the stone was laden, it began to rise up on high with the maiden and the young man, and mounted through the opening of the ceiling into the upper hall, from whence they then could easily reach the open air. Here the maiden opened the lid, and it was marvellous to behold how the castle, the houses, and the farm buildings which were enclosed, stretched themselves out and grew to their natural size with the greatest rapidity. After this, the maiden and the tailor returned to the cave beneath the earth, and had the vessels which were filled with smoke carried up by the stone. The maiden had scarcely opened the bottles when the blue smoke rushed out and changed itself into living men, in whom she recognised her servants and her people. Her joy was still more increased when her brother, who had killed the magician in the form of the bull, came out of the forest towards them in his human form, and on the self-same day the maiden, in accordance with her promise, gave her hand at the altar to the lucky tailor.

#### 164.—LAZY HARRY.

(*"Lazy Harry" or "Lazy Henry" or "Lazy Heinz" is a farce collected by the Brothers Grimm in Grimm's Fairy Tales, number 164. It was first added in the third edition of 1837. It was first published by Wilhelm Grimm in 1836 in the Pfennig magazine for children and goes back to Eucharius Eyering's collection Proverbiorum Copia (Vol. 1, 1601).*

*Contents: Harry was so lazy he minded his only task, driving a goat to pasture and back. He married Fat Trina so she would drive both his and her goats. Trina proposed trading the goats for a hive, which would not need tending. They gather a pitcher of honey and discuss whether to get a gosling. Trina wants a child to look after it; Harry says that children don't obey, any more than a servant does. Trina goes to hit him with a stick and breaks the pitcher. They agree that this way they do not have to look after the goose.)*

Harry was lazy, and although he had nothing else to do but drive his goat daily to pasture, he nevertheless groaned when he went home after his day's work was done. "It is indeed a heavy burden," said he, "and a wearisome employment to drive a goat into the field this way year after year, till late into the autumn! If one could but lie down and sleep, but no, one must have one's eyes open lest it hurts the young trees, or squeezes itself through the hedge into a garden, or runs away altogether. How can one have any rest, or peace of one's life?" He seated himself, collected his thoughts, and considered how he could set his shoulders free from this burden. For a long time all thinking was to no purpose, but suddenly it was as if scales fell from his eyes. "I know what I will do," he cried, "I will marry fat Trina who has also a goat, and can take mine out with hers, and then I shall have no more need to trouble myself."

So Harry got up, set his weary legs in motion, and went right across the street, for it was no farther, to where the parents of fat Trina lived, and asked for their industrious and virtuous daughter in marriage. The parents did not reflect long. "Birds of a feather, flock together," they thought, and consented.

So fat Trina became Harry's wife, and led out both the goats. Harry had a good time of it, and had no work that he required to rest from but his own idleness. He only went out with her now and then, and said, "I merely do it that I may afterwards enjoy rest more, otherwise one loses all feeling for it."

But fat Trina was no less idle. "Dear Harry," said she one day, "why should we make our lives so toilsome when there is no need for it, and thus ruin the best days of our youth? Would it not be better for us to give the two goats which disturb us every morning in our sweetest sleep with their bleating, to our neighbour, and he will give us a beehive for them. We will put the beehive in a sunny place behind the house, and trouble ourselves no more about it. Bees do not require to be taken care of, or driven into the field; they fly out and find the way home again for themselves, and collect honey without giving the very least trouble." "Thou hast spoken like a sensible woman," replied Harry. "We will carry out thy proposal without delay, and besides all that, honey tastes better and nourishes one better than goat's milk, and it can be kept longer too."

The neighbour willingly gave a beehive for the two goats. The bees flew in and out from early morning till late evening without ever tiring, and filled the hive with the most beautiful honey, so that in autumn Harry was able to take a whole pitcherful out of it.

They placed the jug on a board which was fixed to the wall of their bed-room, and as they were afraid that it might be stolen from them, or that the mice might find it, Trina brought in a stout hazel-stick and put it beside her bed, so that without unnecessary getting up she might reach it with her hand, and drive away the uninvited guests.

Lazy Harry did not like to leave his bed before noon. "He who rises early," said he, "wastes his substance."

One morning when he was still lying amongst the feathers in broad daylight, resting after his long sleep, he said to his wife, "Women are fond of sweet things, and thou art always tasting the honey in private; it will be better for us to exchange it for a goose with a young gosling, before thou eatest up the whole of it." "But," answered Trina, "not before we have a child to take care of them! Am I to worry myself with the little geese, and spend all my strength on them to no purpose?" "Dost thou think," said Harry, "that the youngster will look after geese? Now-a-days children no longer obey, they do according to their own fancy, because they consider themselves cleverer than their parents, just like that lad who was sent to seek the cow and chased three blackbirds." "Oh," replied Trina, "this one shall fare badly if he does not do what I say! I will take a stick and belabour his skin for him with more blows than I can count. Look, Harry," cried she in her zeal, and seized the stick which she had to drive the mice away with, "Look, this is the way I will fall on him!" She reached her arm out to strike, but unhappily hit the honey-pitcher above the bed. The pitcher struck against the wall and fell down in fragments, and the fine honey streamed down on the ground. "There lie the goose and the young gosling," said Harry, "and want no looking after. But it is lucky that the pitcher did not fall on my head. We have all reason to be satisfied with our lot." And then as he saw that there was still some honey in one of the fragments he stretched out his hand for it, and said quite gaily, "The remains, my wife, we will still eat with a relish, and we will rest a little after the fright we have had. What matters if we do get up a little later—the day is always long enough." "Yes," answered Trina, "we shall always get to the end of it at the proper time. Dost thou know that the snail was once asked to a wedding and set out to go, but arrived at the

christening. In front of the house it fell over the fence, and said, "Speed does no good."

## 165.—THE GRIFFIN

*("The Griffin" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 3rd edition of 1837 (KHM 165) in Alemannic (Swiss) dialect. [On griffins and dragons, see introduction to KHM 88.]*

*Contents: The king's only daughter is ill and, according to the prophecy, is supposed to eat apples to keep herself healthy. Whoever brings her some should be allowed to marry her. A farmer sends his eldest son, then the second, with beautiful red apples. On the way she speaks to an iron man and asks what they are carrying. They reply "frog legs" and "pig's bristles," which is what it is when they show it to the king, who chases them away. The youngest, called stupid Hans, also wants to go there, is honest with the little man and heals the king's daughter with apples. The reluctant king demands a boat that walks better on land than on water. While the brothers pretend to make wooden implements, Hans is open to the male again and succeeds. Now he has to look after a hundred rabbits without losing one. He also resists when the maid wants to borrow one. She sends the king's daughter to take one from him, but the little man gives Hans a whistle, which he uses to fetch it back. Finally, the king demands a feather from the griffin. On the way, Hans sleeps in a castle where the key to the money chest is missing and one where a cure for the sick daughter is being sought. A man carries him across a body of water seeking deliverance from his office. The griffin's wife hides him under his bed. He rips three feathers off the sleeping man at night. His wife always calms him down and elicits the answers from him: the key is in the wooden house, a toad has built a nest out of the patient's hair, and the ferryman only has to park a passenger in the water. Hans receives riches for the answers. The king also wants to go to the griffin. The ferryman lets him drown. Hans becomes king.)*

There was once upon a time a King, but where he reigned and what he was called, I do not know. He had no son, but an only daughter who had always been ill, and no doctor had been able to cure her. Then it was foretold to the King that his daughter should eat herself well with an apple. So he ordered it to be proclaimed throughout the whole of his kingdom, that whosoever brought his daughter an apple with which she could eat herself well, should have her to wife, and be King. This became known to a peasant who had three sons, and he said to the eldest, "Go out into the garden and take a basketful of those beautiful apples with the red cheeks and carry them to the court; perhaps the King's daughter will be able to eat herself well with them, and then thou wilt marry her and be King." The lad did so, and set out. When he had gone a short way he met a little iron man who asked him what he had there in the basket, to which replied Uele, for so was he named, "Frogs' legs." On this the little man said, "Well, so shall it be, and remain," and went away. At length Uele arrived at the palace, and made it known that he had brought apples which would cure the King's daughter if she ate them. This delighted the King hugely, and he caused Uele to be brought before him; but, alas! when he opened the basket, instead of having apples in it he had frogs' legs which were still kicking about. On this the King grew angry, and had him driven out of the house. When he got home he told his father how it had fared with him. Then the father sent the next son, who was called Seame, but all went with him just

as it had gone with Uele. He also met the little iron man, who asked what he had there in the basket. Seame said, "Hogs' bristles," and the iron man said, "Well, so shall it be, and remain." When Seame got to the King's palace and said he brought apples with which the King's daughter might eat herself well, they did not want to let him go in, and said that one fellow had already been there, and had treated them as if they were fools. Seame, however, maintained that he certainly had the apples, and that they ought to let him go in. At length they believed him, and led him to the King. But when he uncovered the basket, he had but hogs' bristles. This enraged the King most terribly, so he caused Seame to be whipped out of the house. When he got home he related all that had befallen him, then the youngest boy, whose name was Hans, but who was always called Stupid Hans, came and asked his father if he might go with some apples. "Oh!" said the father, "thou would^t be just the right fellow for such a thing! If the clever ones can't manage it, what canst thou do?" The boy, however, did not believe him, and said, "Indeed, father, I wish to go." "Just get away, thou stupid fellow, thou must wait till thou art wiser," said the father to that, and turned his back. Hans, however, pulled at the back of his smock-frock and said, "Indeed, father, I wish to go." "Well, then, so far as I am concerned thou mayst go, but thou wilt soon come home again!" replied the old man in a spiteful voice. The boy, however, was tremendously delighted and jumped for joy. "Well, act like a fool! thou growest more stupid every day!" said the father again. Hans, however, did not care about that, and did not let it spoil his pleasure, but as it was then night, he thought he might as well wait until the morrow, for he could not get to court that day. All night long he could not sleep in his bed, and if he did doze for a moment, he dreamt of beautiful maidens, of palaces, of gold, and of silver, and all kinds of things of that sort. Early in the morning, he went forth on his way, and directly afterwards the little shabby-looking man in his iron clothes, came to him and asked what he was carrying in the basket. Hans gave him the answer that he was carrying apples with which the King's daughter was to eat herself well. "Then," said the little man, "so shall they be, and remain." But at the court they would none of them let Hans go in, for they said two had already been there who had told them that they were bringing apples, and one of them had frogs' legs, and the other hogs' bristles. Hans, however, resolutely maintained that he most certainly had no frogs' legs, but some of the most beautiful apples in the whole kingdom. As he spoke so pleasantly, the door-keeper thought he could not be telling a lie, and asked him to go in, and he was right, for when Hans uncovered his basket in the King's presence, golden-yellow apples came tumbling out. The King was delighted, and caused some of them to be taken to his daughter, and then waited in anxious expectation until news should be brought to him of the effect they had. But before much time had passed by, news was brought to him: but who do you think it was who came? it was his daughter herself! As soon as she had eaten of those apples, she was cured, and sprang out of her bed. The joy the King felt cannot be described! but now he did not want to give his daughter in marriage to Hans, and said he must first make him a boat which would go quicker on dry land than on water. Hans agreed to the conditions, and went home, and related how it had fared with him. Then the father sent Uele into the forest to make a boat of that kind. He worked diligently, and whistled all the time. At mid-day, when the sun was at the highest, came the little iron man and asked what he was making? Uele gave him for answer, "Wooden bowls for the kitchen." The iron man said, "So it shall be, and remain." By evening Uele thought he had now made the boat, but

when he wanted to get into it, he had nothing but wooden bowls. The next day Seame went into the forest, but everything went with him just as it had done with Uele. On the third day Stupid Hans went. He worked away most industriously, so that the whole forest resounded with the heavy strokes, and all the while he sang and whistled right merrily. At mid-day, when it was the hottest, the little man came again, and asked what he was making? "A boat which will go quicker on dry land than on the water," replied Hans, "and when I have finished it, I am to have the King's daughter for my wife." "Well," said the little man, "such an one shall it be, and remain." In the evening, when the sun had turned into gold, Hans finished his boat, and all that was wanted for it. He got into it and rowed to the palace. The boat went as swiftly as the wind. The King saw it from afar, but would not give his daughter to Hans yet, and said he must first take a hundred hares out to pasture from early morning until late evening, and if one of them got away, he should not have his daughter. Hans was contented with this, and the next day went with his flock to the pasture, and took great care that none of them ran away.

Before many hours had passed came a servant from the palace, and told Hans that he must give her a hare instantly, for some visitors had come unexpectedly. Hans, however, was very well aware what that meant, and said he would not give her one; the King might set some hare soup before his guests next day. The maid, however, would not believe in his refusal, and at last she began to get angry with him. Then Hans said that if the King's daughter came herself, he would give her a hare. The maid told this in the palace, and the daughter did go herself. In the meantime, however, the little man came again to Hans, and asked him what he was doing there? He said he had to watch over a hundred hares and see that none of them ran away, and then he might marry the King's daughter and be King. "Good," said the little man, "there is a whistle for thee, and if one of them runs away, just whistle with it, and then it will come back again." When the King's daughter came, Hans gave her a hare into her apron; but when she had gone about a hundred steps with it, he whistled, and the hare jumped out of the apron, and before she could turn round was back to the flock again. When the evening came the hare-herd whistled once more, and looked to see if all were there, and then drove them to the palace. The King wondered how Hans had been able to take a hundred hares to graze without losing any of them; he would, however, not give him his daughter yet, and said he must now bring him a feather from the Griffin's tail. Hans set out at once, and walked straight forwards. In the evening he came to a castle, and there he asked for a night's lodging, for at that time there were no inns. The lord of the castle promised him that with much pleasure, and asked where he was going? Hans answered, "To the Griffin." "Oh! to the Griffin! They tell me he knows everything, and I have lost the key of an iron money-chest; so you might be so good as to ask him where it is." "Yes, indeed," said Hans, "I will soon do that." Early the next morning he went onwards, and on his way arrived at another castle in which he again stayed the night. When the people who lived there learnt that he was going to the Griffin, they said they had in the house a daughter who was ill, and that they had already tried every means to cure her, but none of them had done her any good, and he might be so kind as to ask the Griffin what would make their daughter healthy again? Hans said he would willingly do that, and went onwards. Then he came to a lake, and instead of a ferry-boat, a tall, tall man was there who had to carry everybody across. The man asked Hans whither he was journeying? "To the Griffin," said Hans. "Then when you get to him," said the man, "just ask him

why I am forced to carry everybody over the lake?" "Yes, indeed, most certainly I'll do that," said Hans. Then the man took him up on his shoulders, and carried him across. At length Hans arrived at the Griffin's house, but the wife only was at home, and not the Griffin himself. Then the woman asked him what he wanted: Thereupon he told her everything;—that he had to get a feather out of the Griffin's tail, and that there was a castle where they had lost the key of their money-chest, and he was to ask the Griffin where it was?—that in another castle the daughter was ill, and he was to learn what would cure her?—and then not far from thence there was a lake and a man beside it, who was forced to carry people across it, and he was very anxious to learn why the man was obliged to do it. Then said the woman, "But look here, my good friend, no Christian can speak to the Griffin; he devours them all; but if you like, you can lie down under his bed, and in the night, when he is quite fast asleep, you can reach out and pull a feather out of his tail, and as for those things which you are to learn, I will ask about them myself." Hans was quite satisfied with this, and got under the bed. In the evening, the Griffin came home, and as soon as he entered the room, said, "Wife, I smell a Christian." "Yes," said the woman, "one was here to-day, but he went away again;" and on that the Griffin said no more.

In the middle of the night when the Griffin was snoring loudly, Hans reached out and plucked a feather from his tail. The Griffin woke up instantly, and said, "Wife, I smell a Christian, and it seems to me that somebody was pulling at my tail." His wife said, "Thou hast certainly been dreaming, and I told thee before that a Christian was here to-day, but that he went away again. He told me all kinds of things—that in one castle they had lost the key of their money-chest, and could find it nowhere." "Oh! the fools!" said the Griffin; "the key lies in the wood-house under a log of wood behind the door." "And then he said that in another castle the daughter was ill, and they knew no remedy that would cure her." "Oh! the fools!" said the Griffin; "under the cellar-steps a toad has made its nest of her hair, and if she got her hair back she would be well." "And then he also said that there was a place where there was a lake and a man beside it who was forced to carry everybody across." "Oh, the fool!" said the Griffin; "if he only put one man down in the middle, he would never have to carry another across." Early the next morning the Griffin got up and went out. Then Hans came forth from under the bed, and he had a beautiful feather, and had heard what the Griffin had said about the key, and the daughter, and the ferry-man. The Griffin's wife repeated it all once more to him that he might not forget it, and then he went home again. First he came to the man by the lake, who asked him what the Griffin had said, but Hans replied that he must first carry him across, and then he would tell him. So the man carried him across, and when he was over Hans told him that all he had to do was to set one person down in the middle of the lake, and then he would never have to carry over any more. The man was hugely delighted, and told Hans that out of gratitude he would take him once more across, and back again. But Hans said no, he would save him the trouble, he was quite satisfied already, and pursued his way. Then he came to the castle where the daughter was ill; he took her on his shoulders, for she could not walk, and carried her down the cellar-steps and pulled out the toad's nest from beneath the lowest step and gave it into her hand, and she sprang off his shoulder and up the steps before him, and was quite cured. Then were the father and mother beyond measure rejoiced, and they gave Hans gifts of gold and of silver, and whatsoever else he wished for, that they gave him. And when he got to the other castle he went at once into the wood-house, and found the key

under the log of wood behind the door, and took it to the lord of the castle. He also was not a little pleased, and gave Hans as a reward much of the gold that was in the chest, and all kinds of things besides, such as cows, and sheep, and goats. When Hans arrived before the King, with all these things—with the money, and the gold, and the silver and the cows, sheep and goats, the King asked him how he had come by them. Then Hans told him that the Griffin gave every one whatsoever he wanted. So the King thought he himself could make such things useful, and set out on his way to the Griffin; but when he got to the lake, it happened that he was the very first who arrived there after Hans, and the man put him down in the middle of it and went away, and the King was drowned. Hans, however, married the daughter, and became King.

## 166.—STRONG HANS.

*("Strong Hans" is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm and published in their collection as number KHM 166. The Grimms had the fairy tale from Karl Rudolf Hagenbach [Swiss theologian and historian, 1801-1874] via Wilhelm Wackernagel [German philologist and historian, 1806-1869].)*

*Contents: A two-year-old child, Hans, and his mother are kidnapped by thieves and taken to their hideout in a cave, the woman forced to be the bandits' housemaid. When he is nine years old, Hans asks his mother where his father is, but the thieves' leader beats the boy. One year later, Hans asks again, beats the drunken thieves and returns with his mother to his father, taking the bandits' gold with him. Years later, now a youth, he walks the earth with his cane and meets two similarly strong individuals: one who can break pines into ropes, and another who can break rocks with his fists. The three strike a friendship and agree to hunt together and cook the game at home. One day, the two companions are defeated by a mysterious being in the woods, who asked for some meat. When Hans meets the creature (a dwarf), the youth gives him a piece of meat and follows it to its lair in the mountain. He calls his companions to help him enter the mountain with a long rope. There, Hans kills the dwarf and releases a king's daughter (a princess). When Hans takes the princess to his companions to pull her to the surface, the two companions cut the rope and the youth is trapped in the dwarf's lair. He soon finds a magic ring and uses it to teleport out of the mountain.)*

There were once a man and a woman who had an only child, and lived quite alone in a solitary valley. It came to pass that the mother once went into the wood to gather branches of fir, and took with her little Hans, who was just two years old. As it was spring-time, and the child took pleasure in the many-coloured flowers, she went still further onwards with him into the forest. Suddenly two robbers sprang out of the thicket, seized the mother and child, and carried them far away into the black forest, where no one ever came from one year's end to another. The poor woman urgently begged the robbers to set her and her child free, but their hearts were made of stone, they would not listen to her prayers and entreaties, and drove her on farther by force. After they had worked their way through bushes and briars for about two miles, they came to a rock where there was a door, at which the robbers knocked and it opened at once. They had to go through a long dark passage, and at last came into a great cavern, which was lighted by a fire which burnt on the hearth. On the wall hung swords, sabres, and other deadly weapons which gleamed in the

light, and in the midst stood a black table at which four other robbers were sitting gambling, and the captain sat at the head of it. As soon as he saw the woman he came and spoke to her, and told her to be at ease and have no fear, they would do nothing to hurt her, but she must look after the housekeeping, and if she kept everything in order, she should not fare ill with them. Thereupon they gave her something to eat, and showed her a bed where she might sleep with her child.

The woman stayed many years with the robbers, and Hans grew tall and strong. His mother told him stories, and taught him to read an old book of tales about knights which she found in the cave. When Hans was nine years old, he made himself a strong club out of a branch of fir, hid it behind the bed, and then went to his mother and said, "Dear mother, pray tell me who is my father; I must and will know." His mother was silent and would not tell him, that he might not become home-sick; moreover she knew that the godless robbers would not let him go away, but it almost broke her heart that Hans should not go to his father. In the night, when the robbers came home from their robbing expedition, Hans brought out his club, stood before the captain, and said, "I now wish to know who is my father, and if thou dost not at once tell me I will strike thee down." Then the captain laughed, and gave Hans such a box on the ear that he rolled under the table. Hans got up again, held his tongue, and thought, "I will wait another year and then try again, perhaps I shall do better then." When the year was over, he brought out his club again, rubbed the dust off it, looked at it well, and said, "It is a stout strong club." At night the robbers came home, drank one jug of wine after another, and their heads began to be heavy. Then Hans brought out his club, placed himself before the captain, and asked him who was his father? But the captain again gave him such a vigorous box on the ear that Hans rolled under the table, but it was not long before he was up again, and beat the captain and the robbers so with his club, that they could no longer move either their arms or their legs. His mother stood in a corner full of admiration of his bravery and strength. When Hans had done his work, he went to his mother, and said, "Now I have shown myself to be in earnest, but now I must also know who is my father." "Dear Hans," answered the mother, "come, we will go and seek him until we find him." She took from the captain the key to the entrance-door, and Hans fetched a great meal-sack and packed into it gold and silver, and whatsoever else he could find that was beautiful, until it was full, and then he took it on his back. They left the cave, but how Hans did open his eyes when he came out of the darkness into daylight, and saw the green forest, and the flowers, and the birds, and the morning sun in the sky. He stood there and wondered at everything just as if he had not been, very wise. His mother looked for the way home, and when they had walked for a couple of hours, they got safely into their lonely valley and to their little house. The father was sitting in the doorway. He wept for joy when he recognised his wife and heard that Hans was his son, for he had long regarded them both as dead. But Hans, although he was not twelve years old, was a head taller than his father. They went into the little room together, but Hans had scarcely put his sack on the bench by the stove, than the whole house began to crack—the bench broke down and then the floor, and the heavy sack fell through into the cellar. "God save us!" cried the father, "what's that? Now thou hast broken our little house to pieces!" "Don't grow any grey hairs about that, dear father," answered Hans; "there, in that sack, is more than is wanting for a new house." The father and Hans at once began to build a new house; to buy cattle and land, and to keep a farm. Hans ploughed the fields, and when

he followed the plough and pushed it into the ground, the bullocks had scarcely any need to draw. The next spring, Hans said, "Keep all the money and get a walking-stick that weighs a hundredweight made for me that I may go a-travelling." When the wished-for stick was ready, he left his father's house, went forth, and came to a deep, dark forest. There he heard something crunching and cracking, looked round, and saw a fir-tree which was wound round like a rope from the bottom to the top, and when he looked upwards he saw a great fellow who had laid hold of the tree and was twisting it like a willow-wand. "Hollo!" cried Hans, "what art thou doing up there?" The fellow replied, "I got some faggots together yesterday and am twisting a rope for them." "That is what I like," thought Hans, "he has some strength," and he called to him, "Leave that alone, and come with me." The fellow came down, and he was taller by a whole head than Hans, and Hans was not little. "Thy name is now Fir-twister," said Hans to him. Thereupon they went further and heard something knocking and hammering with such force that the ground shook at every stroke. Shortly afterwards they came to a mighty rock, before which a giant was standing and striking great pieces of it away with his fist. When Hans asked what he was about, he answered, "At night, when I want to sleep, bears, wolves, and other vermin of that kind come, which sniff and snuffle about me and won't let me rest; so I want to build myself a house and lay myself inside it, so that I may have some peace." "Oh, indeed," thought Hans, "I can make use of this one also;" and said to him, "Leave thy house-building alone, and go with me; thou shalt be called Rock-splitter." The man consented, and they all three roamed through the forest, and wherever they went the wild beasts were terrified, and ran away from them. In the evening they came to an old deserted castle, went up into it, and laid themselves down in the hall to sleep. The next morning Hans went into the garden. It had run quite wild, and was full of thorns and bushes. And as he was thus walking round about, a wild boar rushed at him; he, however, gave it such a blow with his club that it fell directly. He took it on his shoulders and carried it in, and they put it on a spit, roasted it, and enjoyed themselves. Then they arranged that each day, in turn, two should go out hunting, and one should stay at home, and cook nine pounds of meat for each of them. Fir-twister stayed at home the first, and Hans and Rock-splitter went out hunting. When Fir-twister was busy cooking, a little shrivelled-up old mannikin came to him in the castle, and asked for some meat. "Be off, sly hypocrite," he answered, "thou needest no meat." But how astonished Fir-twister was when the little insignificant dwarf sprang up at him, and belaboured him so with his fists that he could not defend himself, but fell on the ground and gasped for breath! The dwarf did not go away until he had thoroughly vented his anger on him. When the two others came home from hunting, Fir-twister said nothing to them of the old mannikin and of the blows which he himself had received, and thought, "When they stay at home, they may just try their chance with the little scrubbing-brush;" and the mere thought of that gave him pleasure already.

The next day Rock-splitter stayed at home, and he fared just as Fir-twister had done, he was very ill-treated by the dwarf because he was not willing to give him any meat. When the others came home in the evening. Fir-twister easily saw what he had suffered, but both kept silence, and thought, "Hans also must taste some of that soup."

Hans, who had to stay at home the next day, did his work in the kitchen as it had to be done, and as he was standing skimming the pan, the dwarf came and without more ado demanded a bit of

meat. Then Hans thought, "He is a poor wretch, I will give him some of my share, that the others may not run short," and handed him a bit. When the dwarf had devoured it, he again asked for some meat, and good-natured Hans gave it to him, and told him it was a handsome piece, and that he was to be content with it. But the dwarf begged again for the third time. "Thou art shameless!" said Hans, and gave him none. Then the malicious dwarf wanted to spring on him and treat him as he had treated Fir-twister and Rock-splitter, but he had got to the wrong man. Hans, without exerting himself much, gave him a couple of blows which made him jump down the castle steps. Hans was about to run after him, but fell right over him, for he was so tall. When he rose up again, the dwarf had got the start of him. Hans hurried after him as far as the forest, and saw him slip into a hole in the rock. Hans now went home, but he had marked the spot. When the two others came back, they were surprised that Hans was so well. He told them what had happened, and then they no longer concealed how it had fared with them. Hans laughed and said, "It served you quite right; why were you so greedy with your meat? It is a disgrace that you who are so big should have let yourselves be beaten by the dwarf." Thereupon they took a basket and a rope, and all three went to the hole in the rock into which the dwarf had slipped, and let Hans and his club down in the basket. When Hans had reached the bottom, he found a door, and when he opened it a maiden was sitting there who was lovely as any picture, nay, so beautiful that no words can express it, and by her side sat the dwarf and grinned at Hans like a sea-cat! She, however, was bound with chains, and looked so mournfully at him that Hans felt great pity for her, and thought to himself, "Thou must deliver her out of the power of the wicked dwarf," and gave him such a blow with his club that he fell down dead. Immediately the chains fell from the maiden, and Hans was enraptured with her beauty. She told him she was a King's daughter whom<sup>a</sup> a savage count had stolen away from her home, and imprisoned there among the rocks, because she would have nothing to say to him. The count had, however, set the dwarf as a watchman, and he had made her bear misery and vexation enough. And now Hans placed the maiden in the basket and had her drawn up; the basket came down again, but Hans did not trust his two companions, and thought, "They have already shown themselves to be false, and told me nothing about the dwarf; who knows what design they may have against me?" So he put his club in the basket, and it was lucky he did; for when the basket was half-way up, they let it fall again, and if Hans had really been sitting in it he would have been killed. But now he did not know how he was to work his way out of the depths, and when he turned it over and over in his mind he found no counsel. "It is indeed sad," said he to himself, "that I have to waste away down here," and as he was thus walking backwards and forwards, he once more came to the little chamber where the maiden had been sitting, and saw that the dwarf had a ring on his finger which shone and sparkled. Then he drew it off and put it on, and when he turned it round on his finger, he suddenly heard something rustle over his head. He looked up and saw spirits of the air hovering above, who told him he was their master, and asked what his desire might be? Hans was at first struck dumb, but afterwards he said that they were to carry him above again. They obeyed instantly, and it was just as if he had flown up himself. When, however, he was above again, he found no one in sight. Fir-twister and Rock-splitter had hurried away, and had taken the beautiful maiden with them. But Hans turned the ring, and the spirits of the air came and told him that the two were on the sea. Hans ran and ran without stopping, until he came to the sea-shore, and there far, far out on the water, he perceived a

little boat in which his faithless comrades were sitting; and in fierce anger he leapt, without thinking what he was doing, club in hand into the water, and began to swim, but the club, which weighed a hundredweight, dragged him deep down until he was all but drowned. Then in the very nick of time he turned his ring, and immediately the spirits of the air came and bore him as swift as lightning into the boat. He swung his club and gave his wicked comrades the reward they merited and threw them into the water, and then he sailed with the beautiful maiden, who had been in the greatest alarm, and whom he delivered for the second time, home to her father and mother, and married her, and all rejoiced exceedingly.

#### 167.—THE PEASANT IN HEAVEN.

(*"The Peasant in Heaven"* in the sky is a farce in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 3rd edition of 1837 (KHM 167). It was written in the Alemannic (Swiss) dialect. Grimm's note reads: From Friedrich Schmid near Arau told it in the best way. Wilhelm Wackernagel sent it to them together with "Der Vogel Greif" KHM 165. The oldest literary precursor is the poem "Das Bürle im Himmel," a fairy tale by Daniel Schubart (1774).

*Contents: A Peasant and a Rich Man went to Heaven. Saint Peter let the Rich Man in but overlooked the Peasant; there was then great rejoicing and music in Heaven. Then St Peter noticed the Peasant and let him in, but there was no celebration. When the Peasant asked why, St Peter said that many poor people go to Heaven, but a rich man does only once a century or so.)*

Once on a time a poor pious peasant died, and arrived before the gate of heaven. At the same time a very rich, rich lord came there who also wanted to get into heaven. Then Saint Peter came with the key, and opened the door, and let the great man in, but apparently did not see the peasant, and shut the door again. And now the peasant outside, heard how the great man was received in heaven with all kinds of rejoicing, and how they were making music, and singing within. At length all became quiet again, and Saint Peter came and opened the gate of heaven, and let the peasant in. The peasant, however, expected that they would make music and sing when he went in also, but all remained quite quiet; he was received with great affection, it is true, and the angels came to meet him, but no one sang. Then the peasant asked Saint Peter how it was that they did not sing for him as they had done when the rich man went in, and said that it seemed to him that there in heaven things were done with just as much partiality as on earth. Then said Saint Peter, "By no means, thou art just as dear to us as any one else, and wilt enjoy every heavenly delight that the rich man enjoys, but poor fellows like thee come to heaven every day, but a rich man like this does not come more than once in a hundred years!"

#### 168.—LEAN LISA or SKINNY LISA.

(*"Lean Lisa"* or *"Skinny Lisa"* is a farce in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 4th edition of 1840 (KHM 168). It comes from Hans Wilhelm Kirchhof's collection "Wendummutz".

*Contents: Liese works hard and also plagues her husband, the tall Lenz. In the evenings in bed she thinks that if she found a*

*guilder and it was given to her and she borrowed another and got one from him, she would want to buy a cow. He is happy that he would then have milk. She complains that the milk is for the calves. He pushes her onto the pillow until she falls asleep.)*

Lean Lisa was of a very different way of thinking from lazy Harry and fat Trina, who never let anything disturb their peace. She scoured everything with ashes, from morning till evening, and burdened her husband, Long Laurence, with so much work that he had heavier weights to carry than an ass with three sacks. It was, however, all to no purpose, they had nothing and came to nothing. One night as she lay in bed, and could hardly move one limb for weariness, she still did not allow her thoughts to go to sleep. She thrust her elbows into her husband's side, and said, "Listen Lenz, to what I have been thinking: if I were to find one florin and one was given to me, I would borrow another to put to them, and thou too shouldst give me another, and then as soon as I had got the four florins together, I would buy a young cow." This pleased the husband right well. "It is true," said he, "that I do not know where I am to get the florin which thou wan test as a gift from me; but, if thou canst get the money together, and canst buy a cow with it, thou wilt do well to carry out thy project. I shall be glad," he added, "if the cow has a calf, and then I shall often get a drink of milk to refresh me." "The milk is not for thee," said the woman, "we must let the calf suck that it may become big and fat, and we may be able to sell it well." "Certainly," replied the man, "but still we will take a little milk; that will do no harm." "Who has taught thee to manage cows?" said the woman; "Whether it does harm or not, I will not allow it, and even if thou wert to stand on thy head for it, thou shouldst not have a drop of the milk! Dost thou think, because there is no satisfying thee, Long Laurence, that thou art to eat up what I earn with so much difficulty?" "Wife," said the man, "be quiet, or I will give thee a blow on thy mouth!" "What!" cried she, "thou threatenest me, thou glutton, thou rascal, thou lazy Harry!" She was just laying hold of his hair, but long Laurence got up, seized both Lean Lisa's withered arms in one hand, and with the other he pressed down her head into the pillow, let her scold, and held her until she fell asleep for very weariness. Whether she continued to wrangle when she awoke next morning, or whether she went out to look for the florin which she wanted to find, that I know not.

#### 169.—THE HUT IN THE FOREST.

(*"The Hut in the Forest"* is a fairy tale in the Kinder- und Hausmärchen of the Brothers Grimm from the 4th edition of 1840 (KHM 169). Wilhelm Grimm adapted the magic fairy tale written by Karl Goedeke zu Delligsen near Alfeld according to oral tradition.

*Contents: A poor woodcutter, when he goes to work, tells his wife to let her eldest daughter bring him lunch. When this does not come, he has the second and then the youngest sent the next day. The first time he scatters millet grains to mark the way, the second time lentils and then peas. But all the daughters get lost in the forest because the birds are picking up the grain. Each asks for lodging with an old man in a forest house. He first asks his animals, a chicken, a cockerel and a cow, and lets the girls cook food. The two older ones eat with him and then want to sleep. The animals lament the neglect. The old man sends her to a bedroom anyway. Finding her asleep, he lowers her down a trapdoor to the basement. Only the youngest takes care of the animals. The next*

*morning she wakes up in a castle with three servants and a king's son, whom she has redeemed from a curse. She marries the king's son and the older daughters are sent to a charcoal burner as maids to improve their health.)*

A poor wood-cutter lived with his wife and three daughters in a little hut on the edge of a lonely forest. One morning as he was about to go to his work, he said to his wife, "Let my dinner be brought into the forest to me by my eldest daughter, or I shall never get my work done, and in order that she may not miss her way," he added, "I will take a bag of millet with me and strew the seeds on the path." When, therefore, the sun was just above the centre of the forest, the girl set out on her way with a bowl of soup, but the field-sparrows, and wood-sparrows, larks and finches, blackbirds and siskins had picked up the millet long before, and the girl could not find the track. Then trusting to chance, she went on and on, until the sun sank and night began to fall. The trees rustled in the darkness, the owls hooted, and she began to be afraid. Then in the distance she perceived a light which glimmered between the trees. "There ought to be some people living there, who can take me in for the night," thought she, and went up to the light. It was not long before she came to a house the windows of which were all lighted up. She knocked, and a rough voice from the inside, cried, "Come in." The girl stepped into the dark entrance, and knocked at the door of the room. "Just come in," cried the voice, and when she opened the door, an old grey-haired man was sitting at the table, supporting his face with both hands, and his white beard fell down over the table almost as far as the ground. By the stove lay three animals, a hen, a cock, and a brindled cow. The girl told her story to the old man, and begged for shelter for the night. The man said,

"Pretty little hen,  
Pretty little cock,  
And pretty brindled cow,  
What say ye to that?"

"Duks," answered the animals, and that must have meant, "We are willing," for the old man said, "Here you shall have shelter and food, go to the fire, and cook us our supper." The girl found in the kitchen abundance of everything, and cooked a good supper, but had no thought of the animals. She carried the full dishes to the table, seated herself by the grey-haired man, ate and satisfied her hunger. When she had had enough, she said, "But now I am tired, where is there a bed in which I can lie down, and sleep?" The animals replied,

"Thou hast eaten with him,  
Thou hast drunk with him.  
Thou hast had no thought for us,  
So find out for thyself where thou canst pass the night."

Then said the old man, "Just go upstairs, and thou wilt find a room with two beds, shake them up, and put white linen on them, and then I, too, will come and lie down to sleep." The girl went up, and when she had shaken the beds and put clean sheets on, she lay down in one of them without waiting any longer for the old man. After some time, however, the grey-haired man came, took his candle, looked at the girl and shook his head. When he saw that she had fallen into a sound sleep, he opened a trap-door, and let her down into the cellar.

Late at night the wood-cutter came home, and reproached his wife for leaving him to hunger all day. "It is not my fault," she replied, "the girl went out with your dinner, and must have lost herself, but she is sure to come back to-morrow." The wood-cutter, however, arose before dawn to go into the forest, and requested

that the second daughter should take him his dinner that day. "I will take a bag with lentils," said he; "the seeds are larger than millet, the girl will see them better, and can't lose her way." At dinner-time, therefore, the girl took out the food, but the lentils had disappeared. The birds of the forest had picked them up as they had done the day before, and had left none. The girl wandered about in the forest until night, and then she too reached the house of the old man, was told to go in, and begged for food and a bed. The man with the white beard again asked the animals,

"Pretty little hen,  
Pretty little cock,  
And pretty brindled cow,  
What say ye to that?"

The animals again replied "Duks," and everything happened just as it had happened the day before. The girl cooked a good meal, ate and drank with the old man, and did not concern herself about the animals, and when she inquired about her bed they answered,

"Thou hast eaten with him,  
Thou hast drunk with him,  
Thou hast had no thought for us,  
So find out for thyself where thou canst pass the night."

When she was asleep the old man came, looked at her, shook his head, and let her down into the cellar.

On the third morning the wood-cutter said to his wife, "Send our youngest child out with my dinner to-day, she has always been good and obedient, and will stay in the right path, and not run about after every wild humble-bee, as her sisters did." The mother did not want to do it, and said, "Am I to lose my dearest child, as well?"

"Have no fear," he replied, "the girl will not go astray; she is too prudent and sensible; besides I will take some peas with me, and strew them about. They are still larger than lentils, and will show her the way." But when the girl went out with her basket on her arm, the wood-pigeons had already got all the peas in their crops, and she did not know which way she was to turn. She was full of sorrow and never ceased to think how hungry her father would be, and how her good mother would grieve, if she did not go home. At length when it grew dark, she saw the light and came to the house in the forest. She begged quite prettily to be allowed to spend the night there, and the man with the white beard once more asked his animals,

"Pretty little hen,  
Pretty little cock,  
And beautiful brindled cow,  
What say ye to that?"

"Duks," said they. Then the girl went to the stove where the animals were lying, and petted the cock and hen, and stroked their smooth feathers with her hand, and caressed the brindled cow between her horns, and when, in obedience to the old man's orders, she had made ready some good soup, and the bowl was placed upon the table, she said, "Am I to eat as much as I want, and the good animals to have nothing? Outside is food in plenty, I will look after them first." So she went and brought some barley and strewed it for the cock and hen, and a whole armful of sweet-smelling hay for the cow. "I hope you will like it, dear animals," said she, "and you shall have a refreshing draught in case you are thirsty." Then she fetched in a bucketful of water, and the cock and hen jumped on to the edge of it and dipped their beaks in, and then held up their heads as the birds do when they drink, and the brindled cow also took a hearty draught. When the animals were fed, the girl seated herself at the table by the old man, and ate what he had left. It was not long before the cock and the hen began

to thrust their heads beneath their wings, and the eyes of the cow likewise began to blink. Then said the girl, "Ought we not to go to bed?"

"Pretty little hen,  
Pretty little cock,  
And pretty brindled cow,  
What say ye to that?"

The animals answered "Duks,"

"Thou hast eaten with us,  
Thou hast drunk with us,  
Thou hast had kind thought for all of us,  
We wish thee good-night."

Then the maiden went upstairs, shook the feather-beds, and laid clean sheets on them, and when she had done it the old man came and lay down on one of the beds, and his white beard reached down to his feet. The girl lay down on the other, said her prayers, and fell asleep.

She slept quietly till midnight, and then there was such a noise in the house that she awoke. There was a sound of cracking and splitting in every corner, and the doors sprang open, and beat against the walls. The beams groaned as if they were being torn out of their joints, it seemed as if the staircase were falling down, and at length there was a crash as if the entire roof had fallen in. As, however, all grew quiet once more, and the girl was not hurt, she stayed quietly lying where she was, and fell asleep again. But when she woke up in the morning with the brilliancy of the sunshine, what did her eyes behold? She was lying in a vast hall, and everything around her shone with royal splendour; on the walls, golden flowers grew up on a ground of green silk, the bed was of ivory, and the canopy of red velvet, and on a chair close by, was a pair of shoes embroidered with pearls. The girl believed that she was in a dream, but three richly clad attendants came in, and asked what orders she would like to give? "If you will go," she replied, "I will get up at once and make ready some soup for the old man, and then I will feed the pretty little hen, and the cock, and the beautiful brindled cow." She thought the old man was up already, and looked round at his bed; he, however, was not lying in it, but a stranger. And while she was looking at him, and becoming aware that he was young and handsome, he awoke, sat up in bed, and said, "I am a King's son, and was bewitched by a wicked witch, and made to live in this forest, as an old grey-haired man; no one was allowed to be with me but my three attendants in the form of a cock, a hen, and a brindled cow. The spell was not to be broken until a girl came to us whose heart was so good that she showed herself full of love, not only towards mankind, but towards animals—and that thou hast done, and by thee at midnight we were set free, and the old hut in the forest was changed back again into my royal palace." And when they had arisen, the King's son ordered the three attendants to set out and fetch the father and mother of the girl to the marriage feast. "But where are my two sisters?" inquired the maiden. "I have locked them in the cellar, and to-morrow they shall be led into the forest, and shall live as servants to a charcoal-burner, until they have grown kinder, and do not leave poor animals to suffer hunger."

## 170.—SHARING JOY AND SORROW.

(*"Sharing Joy and Sorrow"* is a farce in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 4th edition of 1840 at position 170 (KHM 170). It comes from Jörg Wickram's (c. 1505-1560) *"Rollwagenbüchlein"*, published in 1555.

*Contents: A wicked tailor beats his good wife until he is imprisoned. He has to vow to get better, to share his love and sorrow with his wife. He backslides, but instead of hitting him, he pulls her hair and throws his cubit and scissors at her. In court he says he wanted to fix her hair and throw the throws as a reminder that she is not allowed to leave him and that if he met her he loved it and she was sorry and vice versa.)*

There was once a tailor, who was a quarrelsome fellow, and his wife, who was good, industrious, and pious, never could please him. Whatever she did, he was not satisfied, but grumbled and scolded, and knocked her about and beat her. As the authorities at last heard of it, they had him summoned, and put in prison in order to make him better. He was kept for a while on bread and water, and then set free again. He was forced, however, to promise not to beat his wife any more, but to live with her in peace, and share joy and sorrow with her, as married people ought to do. All went on well for a time, but then he fell into his old ways, and was surly and quarrelsome. And because he dared not beat her, he would seize her by the hair and tear it out. The woman escaped from him, and sprang out into the yard but he ran after her with his yard-measure and scissors, and chased her about, and threw the yard-measure and scissors at her, and whatever else came in his way. When he hit her he laughed, and when he missed her, he stormed and swore. This went on so long that the neighbours came to the wife's assistance. The tailor was again summoned before the magistrates, and reminded of his promise. "Dear gentlemen," said he, "I have kept my word I have not beaten her, but have shared joy and sorrow with her." "How can that be," said the judge, "when she continually brings such heavy complaints against you?" "I have not beaten her, but just because she looked so strange I wanted to comb her hair with my hand; she, however, got away from me, and left me quite spitefully. Then I hurried after her, and in order to bring her back to her duty, I threw at her as a well-meant admonition whatever came readily to hand. I have shared joy and sorrow with her also, for whenever I hit her I was full of joy, and she of sorrow, and if I missed her, then she was joyful, and I sorry." The judges were not satisfied with this answer, but gave him the reward he deserved.

## 171.—THE WILLOW-WREN.

(*"The Willow-Wren"* is an animal fairy tale in the Kinder- und Hausmärchen of the Brothers Grimm from the 4th edition of 1840 (KHM 171). It is based on a version by Johann Jakob Nathanael Mussäus (1789-1839); ethnologist and Protestant theologian) in "Yearbook of the Association for Mecklenburg History and Archaeology" from 1840.

*Contents: In ancient times, every thing still made sounds that you could understand. The birds, whose language one also understands, want to elect a king. Only the lapwing wants to stay free ("Where am I staying? Where am I staying?") and retreats to the swamps. The birds gather, only the hen does not know about it. They decide, despite a frog's scruples, that the one who can fly the highest will be king. All rise, the eagle the highest. When he sees that no one can follow him, he comes down again, but then a small, nameless bird rises from his breast plumage ("King bün ick! König bün ick!"). The others do not recognise the ruse. He shall be king who could fall deepest into the earth. The bird looks for a mouse hole. They want to starve him and put the owl in front of him. She takes turns guarding with one eye, but then forgets to open one*

again and he escapes. Since then, birds hate owls, they hate mice, and the wren hangs around on fences.)

In former days every sound had its meaning and application. When the smith's hammer resounded, it cried, "Strike away! strike away." When the carpenter's plane grated, it said, "Here goes! here goes." If the mill wheel began to clack, it said, "Help, Lord God! help, Lord God!" and if the miller was a cheat and happened to leave the mill, it spoke high German, and first asked slowly, "Who is there? who is there?" and then answered quickly, "The miller! the miller!" and at last quite in a hurry, "He steals bravely! he steals bravely! three pecks in a bushel."

At this time the birds also had their own language which every one understood; now it only sounds like chirping, screeching, and whistling, and to some, like music without, words. It came into the bird's mind, however, that they would no longer be without a ruler, and would choose one of themselves to be their King. One alone amongst them, the green plover, was opposed to this. He had lived free and would die free, and anxiously flying hither and thither, he cried, "Where shall I go? where shall I go?" He retired into a solitary and unfrequented marsh, and showed himself no more among his fellows.

The birds now wished to discuss the matter, and on a fine May morning they all gathered together from the woods and fields: eagles and chaffinches, owls and crows, larks and sparrows, how can I name them all? Even the cuckoo came, and the hoopoe, his clerk, who is so called because he is always heard a few days before him, and a very small bird which as yet had no name, mingled with the band. The hen, which by some accident had heard nothing of the whole matter, was astonished at the great assemblage. "What, what, what is going to be done?" she cackled; but the cock calmed his beloved hen, and said, "Only rich people," and told her what they had on hand. It was decided, however, that the one who could fly the highest should be King. A tree-frog which was sitting among the bushes, when he heard that, cried a warning, "No, no, no! no!" because he thought that many tears would be shed because of this; but the crow said, "Caw, caw," and that all would pass off peaceably. It was now determined that on this fine morning they should at once begin to ascend, so that hereafter no one should be able to say, "I could easily have flown much higher, but the evening came on, and I could do no more." On a given signal, therefore, the whole troop rose up in the air. The dust ascended from the land, and there was tremendous fluttering and whirring and beating of wings, and it looked as if a black cloud was rising up. The little birds were, however, soon left behind. They could go no farther, and fell back to the ground. The larger birds held out longer, but none could equal the eagle, who mounted so high that he could have picked the eyes out of the sun. And when he saw that the others could not get up to him, he thought, "Why shouldst thou fly still higher, thou art the King?" and began to let himself down again. The birds beneath him at once cried to him. "Thou must be our King, no one has flown so high as thou." "Except me," screamed the little fellow without a name, who had crept into the breast-feathers of the eagle. And as he was not at all tired, he rose up and mounted so high that he reached heaven itself. When, however, he had gone as far as this, he folded his wings together, and called down with clear and penetrating voice, "I am King! I am King."

"Thou, our King?" cried the birds angrily. "Thou hast compassed it by trick and cunning!" So they made another condition. He should be King who could go down lowest in the ground. How the goose did flap about with its broad breast when

it was once more on the land! How quickly the cock scratched a hole! The duck came off the worst of all, for she leapt into a ditch, but sprained her legs, and waddled away to a neighbouring pond, crying, "Cheating, cheating!" The little bird without a name, however, sought out a mouse-hole, slipped down into it, and cried out of it with his small voice, "I am King! I am King!"

"Thou our King!" cried the birds still more angrily. "Dost thou think thy cunning shall prevail?" They determined to keep him a prisoner in the hole and starve him out. The owl was placed as sentinel in front of it, and was not to let the rascal out if she had any value for her life. When evening was come all the birds were feeling very tired after exerting their wings so much, so they went to bed with their wives and children. The owl alone remained standing by the mouse-hole, gazing steadfastly into it with her great eyes. In the meantime she, too, had grown tired and thought to herself, "You might certainly shut one eye, you will still watch with the other, and the little miscreant shall not come out of his hole." So she shut one eye, and with the other looked straight at the mouse-hole. The little fellow put his head out and peeped, and wanted to slip away, but the owl came forward immediately, and he drew his head back again. Then the owl opened the one eye again, and shut the other, intending to shut them in turn all through the night.

But when she next shut the one eye, she forgot to open the other, and as soon as both her eyes were shut she fell asleep. The little fellow soon observed that, and slipped away.

From that day forth, the owl has never dared to show herself by daylight, for if she does the other birds chase her and pluck her feathers out. She only flies out by night, but hates and pursues mice because they make such ugly holes. The little bird, too, is very unwilling to let himself be seen, because he is afraid it will cost him his life if he is caught. He steals about in the hedges, and when he is quite safe, he sometimes cries, "I am King," and for this reason, the other birds call him in mockery, 'King of the hedges' (Zaunkönig). No one, however, was so happy as the lark at not having to obey the little King. As soon as the sun appears, she ascends high in the air and cries, "Ah, how beautiful that is! beautiful that is! beautiful, beautiful! ah, how beautiful that is!"

## 172.—THE SOLE.

(*"The Sole"* is an animal fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 4th edition of 1840 (KHM 172). It is based on Johann Jakob Nathanael Müsäus' (1789-1839); ethnologist and Protestant theologian) "The King's Choice Among the Fishes" in the "Yearbook of the Association for Mecklenburg history and archaeology" from 1840.

*Contents: Chaos reigns among the fish. So they want to choose the king who can swim the fastest to help the weaker ones. In the race, the herring is ahead. The floe enviously calls out "De bare Hiering?". Since then, her mouth has been crooked as punishment.)*

The fishes had for a long time been discontented because no order prevailed in their kingdom. None of them turned aside for the others, but all swam to the right or the left as they fancied, or darted between those who wanted to stay together, or got into their way; and a strong one gave a weak one a blow with its tail, which drove it away, or else swallowed it up without more ado. "How delightful it would be," said they, "if we had a king who enforced law and justice among us!" and they met together to

choose for their ruler, the one who could cleave through the water most quickly, and give help to the weak ones.

They placed themselves in rank and file by the shore, and the pike gave the signal with his tail, on which they all started. Like an arrow, the pike darted away, and with him the herring, the gudgeon, the perch, the carp, and all the rest of them. Even the sole swam with them, and hoped to reach the winning-place. All at once, the cry was heard, "The herring is first! the herring is first!" "Who is first?" screamed angrily the flat envious sole, who had been left far behind, "who is first?" "The herring! The herring," was the answer. "The naked herring?" cried the jealous creature, "the naked herring?" Since that time the sole's mouth has been at one side for a punishment.

### 173.—THE BITTERN AND THE HOPOE.

*("The Bittern\* and the Hoopoe" is a legend in the Kinder- und Hausmärchen of the Brothers Grimm from the 4th edition of 1840 (KHM 173). It comes from Johann Jakob Nathanael Mussäus (1789-1839); ethnologist and Protestant theologian), who published it in 1840 as "Die Kuhhirten" in the "Yearbook of the Association for Mecklenburg History and Archaeology".*

[\* Bitterns are birds belonging to the subfamily Botaurinae of the heron family Ardeidae. Hoopoes are colourful birds found across Africa, Asia, and Europe, notable for their distinctive "crown" of feathers.]

*Content: An old cowherd explains that he prefers to graze the cows where the grass is neither too fat nor too lean. Bittern and hoopoe were also cowherds. One drove the cows to rich meadows with lots of flowers, the other to dry mountains. In the evening, bittern wanted to round up his high-spirited animals: "bunt, herüm" (bunte cow, around). Hoopoe wanted to raise his weary animals: "Up, up, up!" - "That's how it works if you don't measure up. Even today, when they no longer guard the flock, the bittern cries 'colourful, come around,' and the hoopoe 'up, up, up!'"*

"Where do you like best to feed your flocks?" said a man to an old cow-herd. "Here, sir, where the grass is neither too rich nor too poor, or else it is no use." "Why not?" asked the man. "Do you hear that melancholy cry from the meadow there?" answered the shepherd, "that is the bittern; he was once a shepherd, and so was the hoopoe also,—I will tell you the story. The bittern pastured his flocks on rich green meadows where flowers grew in abundance,[1] so his cows became wild and unmanageable. The hoopoe drove his cattle on to high barren hills, where the wind plays with the sand, and his cows became thin, and got no strength. When it was evening, and the shepherds wanted to drive their cows homewards, the bittern could not get his together again; they were too high-spirited, and ran away from him. He called, "Come, cows, come,"[2] but it was of no use; they took no notice of his calling. The hoopoe, however, could not even get his cows up on their legs, so faint and weak had they become. "Up, up, up," screamed he, but it was in vain, they remained lying on the sand. That is the way when one has no moderation. And to this day, though they have no flocks now to watch, the bittern cries, "Come, cows, come," and the hoopoe, "Up, up, up."

### 174.—THE OWL.

*("The Owl" is a farce in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 4th edition of 1840 (KHM 174). It comes from Hans Wilhelm Kirchhof's "Of the owls to pain" in the "Wendunmuth" collection (1563).*

*Contents: In the story, a horned owl flies into a barn owned by a local at the nearby town. The owl quickly frightens all of the townspeople who try to enter the barn. The same day, a man known for his courage and bravery in warlike skills announces to the populace that they are "all acting like women". He then ventures into the barn with a spear. The owl hoots at him, and he flees in terror. The townspeople finally come up with the decision to burn the barn down and be rid of the owl forever.)*

Two or three hundred years ago, when people were far from being so crafty and cunning as they are now-a-days, an extraordinary event took place in a little town. By some mischance one of the great owls, called horned owls, had come from the neighbouring woods into the barn of one of the townsfolk in the night-time, and when day broke did not dare to venture forth again from her retreat, for fear of the other birds, which raised a terrible outcry whenever she appeared. In the morning when the man-servant went into the barn to fetch some straw, he was so mightily alarmed at the sight of the owl sitting there in a corner, that he ran away and announced to his master that a monster, the like of which he had never set eyes on in his life, and which could devour a man without the slightest difficulty, was sitting in the barn, rolling its eyes about in its head. "I know you already," said the master, "you have courage enough to chase a blackbird about the fields, but when you see a dead hen lying, you have to get a stick before you go near it. I must go and see for myself what kind of a monster it is," added the master, and went quite boldly into the granary and looked round him. When, however, he saw the strange grim creature with his own eyes, he was no less terrified than the servant had been. With two bounds he sprang out, ran to his neighbours, and begged them imploringly to lend him assistance against an unknown and dangerous beast, or else the whole town might be in danger if it were to break loose out of the barn, where it was shut up. A great noise and clamour arose in all the streets, the townsmen came armed with spears, hay-forks, scythes, and axes, as if they were going out against an enemy; finally, the senators appeared with the burgomaster at their head. When they had drawn up in the market-place, they marched to the barn, and surrounded it on all sides. Thereupon one of the most courageous of them stepped forth and entered with his spear lowered, but came running out immediately afterwards with a shriek and as pale as death, and could not utter a single word. Yet two others ventured in, but they fared no better. At last one stepped forth; a great strong man who was famous for his warlike deeds, and said, "You will not drive away the monster by merely looking at him; we must be in earnest here, but I see that you have all turned into women, and not one of you dares to encounter the animal." He ordered them to give him some armour, had a sword and spear brought, and armed himself. All praised his courage, though many feared for his life. The two barndoors were opened, and they saw the owl, which in the meantime had perched herself on the middle of a great cross-beam. He had a ladder brought, and when he raised it, and made ready to climb up, they all cried out to him that he was to bear himself bravely, and commended him to St. George, who slew the dragon. When he had just got to the top, and the owl perceived that he had designs on her, and was also

bewildered by the crowd and the shouting, and knew not how to escape, she rolled her eyes, ruffled her feathers, flapped her wings, snapped her beak, and cried, "Tuwhit, tuwhoo," in a harsh voice. "Strike home! strike home!" screamed the crowd outside to the valiant hero. "Any one who was standing where I am standing," answered he, "would not cry, strike home!" He certainly did plant his foot one rung higher on the ladder, but then he began to tremble, and half-fainting, went back again.

And now there was no one left who dared to put himself in such danger. "The monster," said they, "has poisoned and mortally wounded the very strongest man among us, by snapping at him and just breathing on him! Are we, too, to risk our lives?" They took counsel as to what they ought to do to prevent the whole town being destroyed. For a long time everything seemed to be of no use, but at length the burgomaster found an expedient. "My opinion," said he, "is that we ought, out of the common purse, to pay for this barn, and whatsoever corn, straw, or hay it contains, and thus indemnify the owner, and then burn down the whole building, and the terrible beast with it. Thus no one will have to endanger his life. This is no time for thinking of expense, and niggardliness would be ill applied." All agreed with him. So they set fire to the barn at all four corners, and with it the owl was miserably burnt. Let any one who will not believe it, go thither and inquire for himself.

#### 175.—THE MOON.

*("The Moon" is a fairy tale in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales from the 7th edition of 1857 (KHM 175). It is based on Heinrich Pröhle's (1822-1895) *The Moonlight*, No. 39 in his collection of fairy tales for the youth of 1854.)*

*Contents: Four boys from a land without a moon, where darkness reigns at night, set off on a journey and arrive in a country where a glowing ball hangs on an oak tree and emits a light at night. When asked what that is, a farmer replies that their mayor (today the mayor) bought this so-called moon and now pours oil on it every day for a fee to keep it glowing. The boys decide to steal the moon and take it back to their country. There they also hang it on an oak tree and demand a corresponding fee from the community. As the boys grow old and realise that they are about to die, they take turns deciding that they each want to take a quarter of the moon to their graves. This is how the moon reaches the underworld and wakes the dead there with its unusual light. They become active again and start enjoying themselves loudly. Seeing this noise, Saint Peter, believing that the dead would attack, called the heavenly hosts together. In the absence of an attack, Peter personally goes to the underworld, calms the dead, and takes the moon up to heaven, where he hangs it.)*

In days gone by there was a land where the nights were always dark, and the sky spread over it like a black cloth, for there the moon never rose, and no star shone in the obscurity. At the creation of the world, the light at night had been sufficient. Three young fellows once went out of this country on a travelling expedition, and arrived in another kingdom, where, in the evening when the sun had disappeared behind the mountains, a shining globe was placed on an oak-tree, which shed a soft light far and wide. By means of this, everything could very well be seen and distinguished, even though it was not so brilliant as the sun. The travellers stopped and asked a countryman who was driving past with his cart, what kind of a light that was. "That is the moon,"

answered he; "our mayor bought it for three thalers, and fastened it to the oak-tree. He has to pour oil into it daily, and to keep it clean, so that it may always burn clearly. He receives a thaler a week from us for doing it."

When the countryman had driven away, one of them said, "We could make some use of this lamp, we have an oak-tree at home, which is just as big as this, and we could hang it on that. What a pleasure it would be not to have to feel about at night in the darkness!" "I'll tell you what we'll do," said the second; "we will fetch a cart and horses and carry away the moon. The people here may buy themselves another." "I'm a good climber," said the third, "I will bring it down." The fourth brought a cart and horses, and the third climbed the tree, bored a hole in the moon, passed a rope through it, and let it down. When the shining ball lay in the cart, they covered it over with a cloth, that no one might observe the theft. They conveyed it safely into their own country, and placed it on a high oak. Old and young rejoiced, when the new lamp let its light shine over the whole land, and bed-rooms and sitting-rooms were filled with it. The dwarfs came forth from their caves in the rocks, and the tiny elves in their little red coats danced in rings on the meadows.

The four took care that the moon was provided with oil, cleaned the wick, and received their weekly thaler, but they became old men, and when one of them grew ill, and saw that he was about to die, he appointed that one quarter of the moon, should, as his property, be laid in the grave with him. When he died, the mayor climbed up the tree, and cut off a quarter with the hedge-shears, and this was placed in his coffin. The light of the moon decreased, but still not visibly. When the second died, the second quarter was buried with him, and the light diminished. It grew weaker still after the death of the third, who likewise took his part of it away with him; and when the fourth was borne to his grave, the old state of darkness recommenced, and whenever the people went out at night without their lanterns they knocked their heads together.

When, however, the pieces of the moon had united themselves together again in the world below, where darkness had always prevailed, it came to pass that the dead became restless and awoke from their sleep. They were astonished when they were able to see again; the moonlight was quite sufficient for them, for their eyes had become so weak that they could not have borne the brilliance of the sun. They rose up and were merry, and fell into their former ways of living. Some of them went to the play and to dance, others hastened to the public-houses, where they asked for wine, got drunk, brawled, quarrelled, and at last took up cudgels, and belaboured each other. The noise became greater and greater, and at last reached even to heaven.

Saint Peter who guards the gate of heaven thought the lower world had broken out in revolt and gathered together the heavenly troops, which are to drive back the Evil One when he and his associates storm the abode of the blessed. As these, however, did not come, he got on his horse and rode through the gate of heaven, down into the world below. There he reduced the dead to subjection, bade them lie down in their graves again, took the moon away with him, and hung it up in heaven.

#### 176.—THE DURATION OF LIFE.

*("The Duration of Life" is a farce in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 4th edition of 1840 (KHM 176). According to Grimm's note, the parable was told by "a farmer from Zwehrn near Kassel whilst working on the field in*

1838" (Sender was Carl Friedrich Münscher; Dr. Wilhelm Müller 1841 perhaps from the same source)

*Contents: God was giving the animals and man their duration of life and offered all thirty years. He lessened the donkey's years because of his burdens, the dog's because he had to run about, and the monkey's because he always had to amuse people. Man, however, wanted more years, and so God gave him the years from the others. For this reason, a man is a man only for his first thirty years; he carries burdens like donkey, then must sit in the corner like the dog, and then becomes silly and simple like the monkey.)*

When God had created the world and was about to fix the length of each creature's life, the ass came and asked, "Lord, how long shall I live?" "Thirty years," replied God; "does that content thee?" "Ah, Lord," answered the ass, "that is a long time. Think of my painful existence! To carry heavy burdens from morning to night, to drag sacks of corn to the mill, that others may eat bread, to be cheered and refreshed with nothing but blows and kicks. Relieve me of a portion of this long time." Then God had pity on him and relieved him of eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog appeared. "How long wouldest thou like to live?" said God to him. "Thirty years are too many for the ass, but thou wilt be satisfied with that." "Lord," answered the dog, "is that thy will? Consider how I shall have to run, my feet will never hold out so long, and when I have once lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what will be left for me to do but run from one corner to another and growl?" God saw that he was right, and released him from twelve years of life. Then came the monkey, "Thou wilt certainly live thirty years willingly?" said the Lord to him. "Thou hast no need to work as the ass and the dog have to do, and wilt always enjoy thyself." "Ah! Lord," he answered, "it may seem as if that were the case, but it is quite different. When it rains porridge I have no spoon. I am always to play merry pranks, and make faces which force people to laugh, and if they give me an apple, and I bite into it, why it is sour! How often sadness hides itself behind mirth! I shall never be able to hold out for thirty years." God was gracious and took off ten.

At last man appeared, joyous, healthy and vigorous, and begged God to appoint his time for him. "Thirty years shalt thou live," said the Lord. "Is that enough for thee?" "What a short time," cried man, "when I have built my house and my fire burns on my own hearth; when I have planted trees which blossom and bear fruit, and am just intending to enjoy my life, I am to die! O Lord, lengthen my time." "I will add to it the ass's eighteen years," said God. "That is not enough," replied the man. "Thou shalt also have the dog's twelve years." "Still too little!" "Well, then," said God, "I will give thee the monkey's ten years also, but more thou shalt not have." The man went away, but was not satisfied.

So man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, which are soon gone; then is he healthy, merry, works with pleasure, and is glad of his life. Then follow the ass's eighteen years, when one burden after another is laid on him, he has to carry the corn which feeds others, and blows and kicks are the reward of his faithful services. Then come the dog's twelve years, when he lies in the corner, and growls and has no longer any teeth to bite with, and when this time is over the monkey's ten years form the end. Then man is weak-headed and foolish, does silly things, and becomes the jest of the children.

## 177.—DEATH'S MESSENGERS.

*("Death's Messengers" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 4th edition of 1840 (KHM 177). It is based on "Von deß todts botten" in Hans Wilhelm Kirchhof's collection "Wendunmuth" (1563, No. 124). It also appears in medieval examples and in Aesop's fables. It may be of Indian origin. Most Buddhist teachings are based on extensive philosophical (psycho)logical considerations in connexion with guidelines for life-style, as is also the case in Chinese Daoism and Confucianism. The foundations of Buddhist practice and theory were formulated by the Buddha in the form of the "Four Noble Truths": The First Noble Truth states that life is usually characterised by suffering (birth, old age, illness and death). The practice of the exercises of the "Noble Eightfold Path" form an almost psychological solution. [See: "The Four Noble Truths" in the introduction to "The Questions To King Milinda," p.2828, the Grand Bible, Internet Archive])*

*Contents: Death comes across a giant and is badly beaten. The young man comes across the beaten-down Death and helps him up. The grateful Death promises the young man that, though he cannot spare the young man, when the time comes he will send messengers beforehand to warn the young man of his death. Many years later, the man, no longer young, is caught by surprise when Death comes for him. The man complains to Death that Death did not send messengers beforehand to warn him as Death had promised. But Death points out that he had, in fact, sent messengers: illness, the signs of aging, and sleep.)*

In ancient times a giant was once travelling on a great highway, when suddenly an unknown man sprang up before him, and said, "Halt, not one step farther!" "What!" cried the giant, "a creature whom I can crush between my fingers, wants to block my way? Who art thou that thou darest to speak so boldly?" "I am Death," answered the other. "No one resists me, and thou also must obey my commands." But the giant refused, and began to struggle with Death. It was a long, violent battle, at last the giant got the upper hand, and struck Death down with his fist, so that he dropped by a stone. The giant went his way, and Death lay there conquered, and so weak that he could not get up again. "What will be done now," said he, "if I stay lying here in a corner? No one will die now in the world, and it will get so full of people that they won't have room to stand beside each other." In the meantime a young man came along the road, who was strong and healthy, singing a song, and glancing around on every side. When he saw the half-fainting one, he went compassionately to him, raised him up, poured a strengthening draught out of his flask for him, and waited till he came round. "Dost thou know," said the stranger, whilst he was getting up, "who I am, and who it is whom thou hast helped on his legs again?" "No," answered the youth, "I do not know thee." "I am Death," said he. "I spare no one, and can make no exception with thee,—but that thou mayst see that I am grateful, I promise thee that I will not fall on thee unexpectedly, but will send my messengers to thee before I come and take thee away." "Well," said the youth, "it is something gained that I shall know when thou comest, and at any rate be safe from thee for so long." Then he went on his way, and was light-hearted, and enjoyed himself, and lived without thought. But youth and health did not last long, soon came sicknesses and sorrows, which tormented him by day, and took away his rest by night. "Die, I shall not," said he to himself, "for Death will send his messengers before that, but I do wish these wretched days of sickness were over." As soon as he felt

himself well again he began once more to live merrily. Then one day some one tapped him on the shoulder. He looked round, and Death stood behind him, and said, "Follow me, the hour of thy departure from this world has come," "What," replied the man, "wilt thou break thy word? Didst thou not promise me that thou wouldest send thy messengers to me before coming thyself? I have seen none!" "Silence!" answered Death. "Have I not sent one messenger to thee after another? Did not fever come and smite thee, and shake thee, and cast thee down? Has dizziness not bewildered thy head? Has not gout twitched thee in all thy limbs? Did not thine ears sing? Did not tooth-ache bite into thy cheeks? Was it not dark before thine eyes? And besides all that, has not my own brother Sleep reminded thee every night of me? Didst thou not lie by night as if thou wert already dead?" The man could make no answer; he yielded to his fate, and went away with Death.

## 178.—MASTER PFRIM.

(*"Meister Pfriem"* is a fairy tale in the *Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm* from the 5th edition of 1843 (KHM 178). It appeared shortly before in Caesar Albano Kletke's *"Berliner Taschenbuch"* and is based on *"Meister Pfriem"*. *Ostermärlein* in *"Die schönsten Kindermährchen"* from the year 1837. [\* A *Pfriem* (or *Ahle*) is colloquial German for a cobbler's awl, a sharp-pointed tool with which one can pierce a small hole into leather. A cobbler is a person who repairs, and sometimes makes, shoes.]

*Contents: The unsightly and hectic shoemaker Pfriem is a know-it-all and reprimands everyone: a girl from whom he knocks the bucket of water out of her hand, his journeymen, wife and maids when they make a fire or talk while washing. When a house is being built, he wants to explain his trade to the carpenter, but throws away the ax to tell a farmer not to hitch young horses to a heavy wagon. Back in the workshop, he yells at the apprentice about a bad shoe and overlooks the fact that he made it himself. He dreams at night that he has died and is not allowed to blame anything in heaven. He also controls himself when two of them carry a beam across, others pour water into a holey barrel. But then angels hitch horses in front of and behind a wagon stuck in a hole. He scolds and before waking up sees that the horses are flying with the chariot. But he thinks it's a waste to give horses wings. He's glad to still be alive to check on the house.)*

Master Pfriem was a short, thin, but lively man, who never rested a moment. His face, of which his turned-up nose was the only prominent feature, was marked with small-pox and pale as death, his hair was grey and shaggy, his eyes small, but they glanced perpetually about on all sides. He saw everything, criticised everything, knew everything best, and was always in the right. When he went into the streets, he moved his arms about as if he were rowing; and once he struck the pail of a girl, who was carrying water, so high in the air that he himself was wetted all over by it. "Stupid thing," cried he to her, while he was shaking himself, "couldst thou not see that I was coming behind thee?" By trade he was a shoemaker, and when he worked he pulled his thread out with such force that he drove his fist into every one who did not keep far enough off. No apprentice stayed more than a month with him, for he had always some fault to find with the very best work. At one time it was that the stitches were not even, at another that one shoe was too long, or one heel higher than the other, or the leather not cut large enough. "Wait," said he to his

apprentice, "I will soon show thee how we make skins soft," and he brought a strap and gave him a couple of strokes across the back. He called them all sluggards. He himself did not turn much work out of his hands, for he never sat still for a quarter of an hour. If his wife got up very early in the morning and lighted the fire, he jumped out of bed, and ran bare-footed into the kitchen, crying, "Wilt thou burn my house down for me? That is a fire one could roast an ox by! Does wood cost nothing?" If the servants were standing by their wash-tubs and laughing, and telling each other all they knew, he scolded them, and said, "There stand the geese cackling, and forgetting their work, to gossip! And why fresh soap? Disgraceful extravagance and shameful idleness into the bargain! They want to save their hands, and not rub the things properly!" And out he would run and knock a pail full of soap and water over, so that the whole kitchen was flooded. Some one was building a new house, so he hurried to the window to look on. "There, they are using that red sand-stone again that never dries!" cried he. "No one will ever be healthy in that house! and just look how badly the fellows are laying the stones! Besides, the mortar is good for nothing! It ought to have gravel in it, not sand. I shall live to see that house tumble down on the people who are in it." He sat down, put a couple of stitches in, and then jumped up again, unfastened his leather-apron, and cried, "I will just go out, and appeal to those men's consciences." He stumbled on the carpenters. "What's this?" cried he, "you are not working by the line! Do you expect the beams to be straight?—one wrong will put all wrong." He snatched an axe out of a carpenter's hand and wanted to show him how he ought to cut; but as a cart loaded with clay came by, he threw the axe away, and hastened to the peasant who was walking by the side of it: "You are not in your right mind," said he, "who yokes young horses to a heavily-laden cart? The poor beasts will die on the spot." The peasant did not give him an answer, and Pfriem in a rage ran back into his workshop. When he was setting himself to work again, the apprentice reached him a shoe. "Well, what's that again?" screamed he, "Haven't I told you you ought not to cut shoes so broad? Who would buy a shoe like this, which is hardly anything else but a sole? I insist on my orders being followed exactly." "Master," answered the apprentice, "you may easily be quite right about the shoe being a bad one, but it is the one which you yourself cut out, and yourself set to work at. When you jumped up a while since, you knocked it off the table, and I have only just picked it up. An angel from heaven, however, would never make you believe that."

One night Master Pfriem dreamed he was dead, and on his way to heaven. When he got there, he knocked loudly at the door. "I wonder," said he to himself, "that they have no knocker on the door,—one knocks one's knuckles sore." The apostle Peter opened the door, and wanted to see who demanded admission so noisily. "Ah, it's you, Master Pfriem;" said he, "well, I'll let you in, but I warn you that you must give up that habit of yours, and find fault with nothing you see in heaven, or you may fare ill." "You might have spared your warning," answered Pfriem. "I know already what is seemly, and here, God be thanked, everything is perfect, and there is nothing to blame as there is on earth." So he went in, and walked up and down the wide expanses of heaven. He looked around him, to the left and to the right, but sometimes shook his head, or muttered something to himself. Then he saw two angels who were carrying away a beam. It was the beam which some one had had in his own eye whilst he was looking for the splinter in the eye of another. They did not, however, carry the beam lengthways, but obliquely. "Did any one ever see such a piece of stupidity?" thought Master Pfriem; but he said nothing, and seemed satisfied

with it. "It comes to the same thing after all, whichever way they carry the beam, straight or crooked, if they only get along with it, and truly I do not see them knock against anything." Soon after this he saw two angels who were drawing water out of a well into a bucket, but at the same time he observed that the bucket was full of holes, and that the water was running out of it on every side. They were watering the earth with rain. "Hang it," he exclaimed; but happily recollected himself, and thought, "Perhaps it is only a pastime. If it is an amusement, then it seems they can do useless things of this kind even here in heaven, where people, as I have already noticed, do nothing but idle about." He went farther and saw a cart which had stuck fast in a deep hole. "It's no wonder," said he to the man who stood by it; "who would load so unreasonably? what have you there?" "Good wishes," replied the man. "I could not go along the right way with it, but still I have pushed it safely up here, and they won't leave me sticking here." In fact an angel did come and harnessed two horses to it. "That's quite right," thought Pfriem, "but two horses won't get that cart out, it must at least have four to it." Another angel came and brought two more horses; she did not, however, harness them in front of it, but behind. That was too much for Master Pfriem, "Clumsy creature," he burst out with, "what are you doing there? Has any one ever since the world began seen a cart drawn in that way? But you, in your conceited arrogance, think that you know everything best." He was going to say more, but one of the inhabitants of heaven seized him by the throat and pushed him forth with irresistible strength. Beneath the gateway Master Pfriem turned his head round to take one more look at the cart, and saw that it was being raised into the air by four winged horses.

At this moment Master Pfriem awoke. "Things are certainly arranged in heaven otherwise than they are on earth," said he to himself, "and that excuses much; but who can see horses harnessed both behind and before with patience; to be sure they had wings, but who could know that? It is, besides, great folly to fix a pair of wings to a horse that has four legs to run with already! But I must get up, or else they will make nothing but mistakes for me in my house. It is a lucky thing for me though, that I am not really dead."

#### 179.—THE GOOSE-GIRL AT THE WELL.

*("The Goose-Girl at the Well" is a fairy tale in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 5th edition of 1843 (KHM 179) and is based on Andreas Schumacher's The goose keeper in Hermann Kletke's almanac of German folk tales from 1840.)*

*Contents: An old woman lives in a little house in the wilderness. She takes good care of her geese and is friendly to everyone, but people don't like her very much and think she's a witch. She meets a young count while she is gathering grass and fruit in the forest, and lets him carry it to her house. She makes fun of him because he's having a harder time than first thought, sits down on the sling herself and hits his legs with stinging nettles. As a reward, he can rest on the bench in front of her door in the lovely surroundings. He just doesn't understand why the old woman thinks he could fall in love with her ugly old daughter, but leaves her refreshed with a little emerald box that the old woman gives him as a gift. After three days he finds his way out of the wilderness into a town where he is led to the castle. When he puts the book in front of the queen, she faints and he is to be taken away. But she wakes up and tells him privately about her youngest and most beautiful daughter,*

*who even when she was crying had tears falling from her eyes. There was a tear in the little box. The king had cast her out when, when asked how she loved him, she replied that she loved him like salt. The count is to lead the royal couple to the witch. The witch's daughter sits with her in the house and spins. When a night owl hoots three times, she has to go out to a well under three old oaks. She pulls the ugly skin off her face, washes herself and the skin she lets dry, and cries. When a branch snaps under the Count who is watching her, she is startled and disappears. The old woman sweeps the house and lets her take off her skin and put on her old dress as the king's daughter. The daughter is shocked that she wants to leave her. But the witch explains everything to the arriving parents, then she disappears and the little house is a castle with servants.)*

There was once upon a time a very old woman, who lived with her flock of geese in a waste place among the mountains, and there had a little house. The waste was surrounded by a large forest, and every morning the old woman took her crutch and hobbed into it. There, however, the dame was quite active, more so than any one would have thought, considering her age, and collected grass for her geese, picked all the wild fruit she could reach, and carried everything home on her back. Any one would have thought that the heavy load would have weighed her to the ground, but she always brought it safely home. If any one met her, she greeted him quite courteously. "Good day, dear countryman, it is a fine day. Ah! you wonder that I should drag grass about, but every one must take his burthen on his back." Nevertheless, people did not like to meet her if they could help it, and took by preference a round-about way, and when a father with his boys passed her, he whispered to them, "Beware of the old woman. She has claws beneath her gloves; she is a witch." One morning, a handsome young man was going through the forest. The sun shone bright, the birds sang, a cool breeze crept through the leaves, and he was full of joy and gladness. He had as yet met no one, when he suddenly perceived the old witch kneeling on the ground cutting grass with a sickle. She had already thrust a whole load into her cloth, and near it stood two baskets, which were filled with wild apples and pears. "But, good little mother," said he, "how canst thou carry all that away?" "I must carry it, dear sir," answered she, "rich folk's children have no need to do such things, but with the peasant folk the saying goes, don't look behind you, you will only see how crooked your back is!"

"Will you help me?" she said, as he remained standing by her. "You have still a straight back and young legs, it would be a trifle to you. Besides, my house is not so very far from here, it stands there on the heath behind the hill. How soon you would bound up thither." The young man took compassion on the old woman. "My father is certainly no peasant," replied he, "but a rich count; nevertheless, that you may see that it is not only peasants who can carry things, I will take your bundle." "If you will try it," said she, "I shall be very glad. You will certainly have to walk for an hour, but what will that signify to you; only you must carry the apples and pears as well?" It now seemed to the young man just a little serious, when he heard of an hour's walk, but the old woman would not let him off, packed the bundle on his back, and hung the two baskets on his arm. "See, it is quite light," said she. "No, it is not light," answered the count, and pulled a rueful face. "Verily, the bundle weighs as heavily as if it were full of cobble stones, and the apples and pears are as heavy as lead! I can scarcely breathe." He had a mind to put everything down again, but the old woman would not allow it. "Just look," said she mockingly,

"the young gentleman will not carry what I, an old woman, have so often dragged along. You are ready with fine words, but when it comes to be earnest, you want to take to your heels. Why are you standing loitering there?" she continued. "Step out. No one will take the bundle off again." As long as he walked on level ground, it was still bearable, but when they came to the hill and had to climb, and the stones rolled down under his feet as if they were alive, it was beyond his strength. The drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and ran, hot and cold, down his back. "Dame," said he, "I can go no farther. I want to rest a little." "Not here," answered the old woman, "when we have arrived at our journey's end, you can rest; but now you must go forward. Who knows what good it may do you?" "Old woman, thou art becoming shameless!" said the count, and tried to throw off the bundle, but he laboured in vain; it stuck as fast to his back as if it grew there. He turned and twisted, but he could not get rid of it. The old woman laughed at this, and sprang about quite delighted on her crutch. "Don't get angry, dear sir," said she, "you are growing as red in the face as a turkey-cock! Carry your bundle patiently. I will give you a good present when we get home."

What could he do? He was obliged to submit to his fate, and crawl along patiently behind the old woman. She seemed to grow more and more nimble, and his burden still heavier. All at once she made a spring, jumped on to the bundle and seated herself on the top of it; and however withered she might be, she was yet heavier than the stoutest country lass. The youth's knees trembled, but when he did not go on, the old woman hit him about the legs with a switch and with stinging-nettles. Groaning continually, he climbed the mountain, and at length reached the old woman's house, when he was just about to drop. When the geese perceived the old woman, they flapped their wings, stretched out their necks, ran to meet her, cackling all the while. Behind the flock walked, stick in hand, an old wench, strong and big, but ugly as night. "Good mother," said she to the old woman, "has anything happened to you, you have stayed away so long?" "By no means, my dear daughter," answered she, "I have met with nothing bad, but, on the contrary, with this kind gentleman, who has carried my burthen for me; only think, he even took me on his back when I was tired. The way, too, has not seemed long to us; we have been merry, and have been cracking jokes with each other all the time." At last the old woman slid down, took the bundle off the young man's back, and the baskets from his arm, looked at him quite kindly, and said, "Now seat yourself on the bench before the door, and rest. You have fairly earned your wages, and they shall not be wanting." Then she said to the goose-girl, "Go into the house, my dear daughter, it is not becoming for thee to be alone with a young gentleman; one must not pour oil on to the fire, he might fall in love with thee." The count knew not whether to laugh or to cry. "Such a sweetheart as that," thought he, "could not touch my heart, even if she were thirty years younger." In the meantime the old woman stroked and fondled her geese as if they were children, and then went into the house with her daughter. The youth lay down on the bench, under a wild apple-tree. The air was warm and mild; on all sides stretched a green meadow, which was set with cowslips, wild thyme, and a thousand other flowers; through the midst of it rippled a clear brook on which the sun sparkled, and the white geese went walking backwards and forwards, or paddled in the water. "It is quite delightful here," said he, "but I am so tired that I cannot keep my eyes open; I will sleep a little. If only a gust of wind does not come and blow my legs off my body, for they are as rotten as tinder."

When he had slept a little while, the old woman came and shook him till he awoke. "Sit up," said she, "thou canst not stay here; I have certainly treated thee hardly, still it has not cost thee thy life. Of money and land thou hast no need, here is something else for thee." Thereupon she thrust a little book into his hand, which was cut out of a single emerald. "Take great care of it," said she, "it will bring thee good fortune." The count sprang up, and as he felt that he was quite fresh, and had recovered his vigour, he thanked the old woman for her present, and set off without even once looking back at the beautiful daughter. When he was already some way off, he still heard in the distance the noisy cry of the geese.

For three days the count had to wander in the wilderness before he could find his way out. He then reached a large town, and as no one knew him, he was led into the royal palace, where the King and Queen were sitting on their throne. The count fell on one knee, drew the emerald book out of his pocket, and laid it at the Queen's feet. She bade him rise and hand her the little book. Hardly, however, had she opened it, and looked therein, than she fell as if dead to the ground. The count was seized by the King's servants, and was being led to prison, when the Queen opened her eyes, and ordered them to release him, and every one was to go out, as she wished to speak with him in private.

When the Queen was alone, she began to weep bitterly, and said, "Of what use to me are the splendours and honours with which I am surrounded; every morning I awake in pain and sorrow. I had three daughters, the youngest of whom was so beautiful that the whole world looked on her as a wonder. She was as white as snow, as rosy as apple-blossom, and her hair as radiant as sun-beams. When she cried, not tears fell from her eyes, but pearls and jewels only. When she was fifteen years old, the King summoned all three sisters to come before his throne. You should have seen how all the people gazed when the youngest entered, it was just as if the sun were rising! Then the King spoke, "My daughters, I know not when my last day may arrive; I will to-day decide what each shall receive at my death. You all love me, but the one of you who loves me best, shall fare the best." Each of them said she loved him best. "Can you not express to me," said the King, "how much you do love me, and thus I shall see what you mean?" The eldest spoke. "I love my father as dearly as the sweetest sugar." The second, "I love my father as dearly as my prettiest dress." But the youngest was silent. Then the father said, "And thou, my dearest child, how much dost thou love me?" "I do not know, and can compare my love with nothing." But her father insisted that she should name something. So she said at last, "The best food does not please me without salt, therefore I love my father like salt." When the King heard that, he fell into a passion, and said, "If thou lovest me like salt, thy love shall also be repaid thee with salt." Then he divided the kingdom between the two elder, but caused a sack of salt to be bound on the back of the youngest, and two servants had to lead her forth into the wild forest. We all begged and prayed for her," said the Queen, "but the King's anger was not to be appeased. How she cried when she had to leave us! the whole road was strewn with the pearls which flowed from her eyes. The King soon afterwards repented of his great severity, and had the whole forest searched for the poor child, but no one could find her. When I think that the wild beasts have devoured her, I know not how to contain myself for sorrow; many a time I console myself with the hope that she is still alive, and may have hidden herself in a cave, or has found shelter with compassionate people. But picture to yourself, when I opened your little emerald book, a pearl lay therein, of exactly the same kind as those which used to fall from my daughter's eyes; and then you can also imagine how the sight of

it stirred my heart. You must tell me how you came by that pearl." The count told her that he had received it from the old woman in the forest, who had appeared very strange to him, and must be a witch, but he had neither seen nor heard anything of the Queen's child. The King and the Queen resolved to seek out the old woman. They thought that there where the pearl had been, they would obtain news of their daughter.

The old woman was sitting in that lonely place at her spinning-wheel, spinning. It was already dusk, and a log which was burning on the hearth gave a scanty light. All at once there was a noise outside, the geese were coming home from the pasture, and uttering their hoarse cries. Soon afterwards the daughter also entered. But the old woman scarcely thanked her, and only shook her head a little. The daughter sat down beside her, took her spinning-wheel, and twisted the threads as nimbly as a young girl. Thus they both sat for two hours, and exchanged never a word. At last something rustled at the window, and two fiery eyes peered in. It was an old night-owl, which cried, "Uhu!" three times. The old woman looked up just a little, then she said, "Now, my little daughter, it is time for thee to go out and do thy work." She rose and went out, and where did she go? Over the meadows ever onward into the valley. At last she came to a well, with three old oak-trees standing beside it; meanwhile the moon had risen large and round over the mountain, and it was so light that one could have found a needle. She removed a skin which covered her face, then bent down to the well, and began to wash herself. When she had finished, she dipped the skin also in the water, and then laid it on the meadow, so that it should bleach in the moonlight, and dry again. But how the maiden was changed! Such a change as that was never seen before! When the grey mask fell off, her golden hair broke forth like sunbeams, and spread about like a mantle over her whole form. Her eyes shone out as brightly as the stars in heaven, and her cheeks bloomed a soft red like apple-blossom.

But the fair maiden was sad. She sat down and wept bitterly. One tear after another forced itself out of her eyes, and rolled through her long hair to the ground. There she sat, and would have remained sitting a long time, if there had not been a rustling and cracking in the boughs of the neighbouring tree. She sprang up like a roe which has been overtaken by the shot of the hunter. Just then the moon was obscured by a dark cloud, and in an instant the maiden had slipped on the old skin and vanished, like a light blown out by the wind.

She ran back home, trembling like an aspen leaf. The old woman was standing on the threshold, and the girl was about to relate what bad befallen her, but the old woman laughed kindly, and said, "I already know all." She led her into the room and lighted a new log. She did not, however, sit down to her spinning again, but fetched a broom and began to sweep and scour, "All must be clean and sweet," she said to the girl. "But, mother," said the maiden, "why do you begin work at so late an hour? What do you expect?" "Dost thou know then what time it is?" asked the old woman. "Not yet midnight," answered the maiden, "but already past eleven o'clock." "Dost thou not remember," continued the old woman, "that it is three years to-day since thou camest to me? Thy time is up, we can no longer remain together." The girl was terrified, and said, "Alas! dear mother, will you cast me off? Where shall I go? I have no friends, and no home to which I can go. I have always done as you bade me, and you have always been satisfied with me; do not send me away." The old woman would not tell the maiden what lay before her. "My stay here is over," she said to her, "but when I depart, house and parlour must be clean: therefore do not hinder me in my work. Have no care for thyself,

thou shalt find a roof to shelter thee, and the wages which I will give thee shall also content thee." "But tell me what is about to happen," the maiden continued to entreat. "I tell thee again, do not hinder me in my work. Do not say a word more, go to thy chamber, take the skin off thy face, and put on the silken gown which thou hadst on when thou camest to me, and then wait in thy chamber until I call thee."

But I must once more tell of the King and Queen, who had journeyed forth with the count in order to seek out the old woman in the wilderness. The count had strayed away from them in the wood by night, and had to walk onwards alone. Next day it seemed to him that he was on the right track. He still went forward, until darkness came on, then he climbed a tree, intending to pass the night there, for he feared that he might lose his way. When the moon illumined the surrounding country he perceived a figure coming down the mountain. She had no stick in her hand, but yet he could see that it was the goose-girl, whom he had seen before in the house of the old woman. "Oho," cried he, "there she comes, and if I once get hold of one of the witches, the other shall not escape me!" But how astonished he was, when she went to the well, took off the skin and washed herself, when her golden hair fell down all about her, and she was more beautiful than any one whom he had ever seen in the whole world. He hardly dared to breathe, but stretched his head as far forward through the leaves as he dared, and stared at her. Either he bent over too far, or whatever the cause might be, the bough suddenly cracked, and that very moment the maiden slipped into the skin, sprang away like a roe, and as the moon was suddenly covered, disappeared from his eyes. Hardly had she disappeared, before the count descended from the tree, and hastened after her with nimble steps. He had not been gone long before he saw, in the twilight, two figures coming over the meadow. It was the King and Queen, who had perceived from a distance the light shining in the old woman's little house, and were going to it. The count told them what wonderful things he had seen by the well, and they did not doubt that it had been their lost daughter. They walked onwards full of joy, and soon came to the little house. The geese were sitting all round it, and had thrust their heads under their wings and were sleeping, and not one of them moved. The King and Queen looked in at the window, the old woman was sitting there quite quietly spinning, nodding her head and never looking round. The room was perfectly clean, as if the little mist men, who carry no dust on their feet, lived there. Their daughter, however, they did not see. They gazed at all this for a long time, at last they took heart, and knocked softly at the window. The old woman appeared to have been expecting them; she rose, and called out quite kindly, "Come in,—I know you already." When they had entered the room, the old woman said, "You might have spared yourself the long walk, if you had not three years ago unjustly driven away your child, who is so good and loveable. No harm has come to her; for three years she has had to tend the geese; with them she has learnt no evil, but has preserved her purity of heart. You, however, have been sufficiently punished by the misery in which you have lived." Then she went to the chamber and called, "Come out, my little daughter." Thereupon the door opened, and the princess stepped out in her silken garments, with her golden hair and her shining eyes, and it was as if an angel from heaven had entered.

She went up to her father and mother, fell on their necks and kissed them; there was no help for it, they all had to weep for joy. The young count stood near them, and when she perceived him she became as red in the face as a moss-rose, she herself did not know why. The King said, "My dear child, I have given away my

kingdom, what shall I give thee?" "She needs nothing," said the old woman. "I give her the tears that she has wept on your account; they are precious pearls, finer than those that are found in the sea, and worth more than your whole kingdom, and I give her my little house as payment for her services." When the old woman had said that, she disappeared from their sight. The walls rattled a little, and when the King and Queen looked round, the little house had changed into a splendid palace, a royal table had been spread, and the servants were running hither and thither.

The story goes still further, but my grandmother, who related it to me, had partly lost her memory, and had forgotten the rest. I shall always believe that the beautiful princess married the count, and that they remained together in the palace, and lived there in all happiness so long as God willed it. Whether the snow-white geese, which were kept near the little hut, were verily young maidens (no one need take offence,) whom the old woman had taken under her protection, and whether they now received their human form again, and stayed as handmaids to the young Queen, I do not exactly know, but I suspect it. This much is certain, that the old woman was no witch, as people thought, but a wise woman, who meant well. Very likely it was she who, at the princess's birth, gave her the gift of weeping pearls instead of tears. That does not happen now-a-days, or else the poor would soon become rich.

#### 180.—EVE'S VARIOUS CHILDREN.

(*"The unequal children of Eva" or "Eve's Various Children"* is a fairy tale in the *Children's And Household Tales* of the Brothers Grimm from the 5th edition of 1843 at position 180 (KHM 180). It goes back to Hans Sachs' rhyming joke *"The unequal children of Eva"* from the year 1558.

*Contents: Adam and Eve, who were expelled from paradise, have to work hard and have many children, both beautiful and ugly. When an angel announces God's visit, Eve cleans the house, admonishing her beautiful children but hiding the ugly ones. God blesses the children, declares them nobles and scholars. She also gets the ugly ones. But they get simple jobs. She does not understand. God declares that it takes all estates to feed one another.)*

When Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise, they were compelled to build a house for themselves on unfruitful ground, and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. Adam dug up the land, and Eve span. Every year Eve brought a child into the world; but the children were unlike each other, some pretty, and some ugly. After a considerable time had gone by, God sent an angel to them, to announce that he was coming to inspect their household. Eve, delighted that the Lord should be so gracious, cleaned her house diligently, decked it with flowers, and strewed reeds on the floor. Then she brought in her children, but only the beautiful ones. She washed and bathed them, combed their hair, put clean raiment on them, and cautioned them to conduct themselves decorously and modestly in the presence of the Lord. They were to bow down before him civilly, hold out their hands, and to answer his questions modestly and sensibly. The ugly children were, however, not to let themselves be seen. One hid himself beneath the hay, another under the roof, a third in the straw, the fourth in the stove, the fifth in the cellar, the sixth under a tub, the seventh beneath the wine-cask, the eighth under an old fur cloak, the ninth and tenth beneath the cloth out of which she always made their clothes, and the eleventh and twelfth under the leather out of

which she cut their shoes. She had scarcely got ready, before there was a knock at the house-door. Adam looked through a chink, and saw that it was the Lord. Adam opened the door respectfully, and the Heavenly Father entered. There, in a row, stood the pretty children, and bowed before him, held out their hands, and knelt down. The Lord, however, began to bless them, laid his hands on the first, and said, "Thou shalt be a powerful king;" and to the second, "Thou a prince," to the third, "Thou a count," to the fourth, "Thou a knight," to the fifth, "Thou a nobleman," to the sixth, "Thou a burgher," to the seventh, "Thou a merchant," to the eighth, "Thou a learned man." He bestowed upon them also all his richest blessings. When Eve saw that the Lord was so mild and gracious, she thought, "I will bring hither my ill-favoured children also, it may be that he will bestow his blessing on them likewise." So she ran and brought them out of the hay, the straw, the stove, and wherever else she had concealed them. Then came the whole coarse, dirty, shabby, sooty band. The Lord smiled, looked at them all, and said, "I will bless these also." He laid his hands on the first, and said to him, "Thou shalt be a peasant," to the second, "Thou a fisherman," to the third, "Thou a smith," to the fourth, "Thou a tanner," to the fifth, "Thou a weaver," to the sixth, "Thou a shoemaker," to the seventh, "Thou a tailor," to the eighth, "Thou a potter," to the ninth, "Thou a waggoner," to the tenth, "Thou a sailor," to the eleventh, "Thou an errand-boy," to the twelfth, "Thou a scullion all the days of thy life."

When Eve had heard all this she said, "Lord, how unequally thou dividest thy gifts! After all they are all of them my children, whom I have brought into the world, thy favours should be given to all alike." But God answered, "Eve, thou dost not understand. It is right and necessary that the entire world should be supplied from thy children; if they were all princes and lords, who would grow corn, thresh it, grind and bake it? Who would be blacksmiths, weavers, carpenters, masons, labourers, tailors and seamstresses? Each shall have his own place, so that one shall support the other, and all shall be fed like the limbs of one body." Then Eve answered, "Ah, Lord, forgive me, I was too quick in speaking to thee. Have thy divine will with my children."

#### 181.—THE NIX OF THE MILL-POND.

(*"The Nixie of the Mill-Pond"* is a fairy tale in the *Children's and Household Tales* of the Brothers Grimm from the 5th edition of 1843 at position 181 (KHM 181). It is based on a fairy tale from Upper Lusatia by Moriz Haupt (1808-1874) in his *"Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum"* from 1841.

*Contents: An impoverished miller meets a mermaid in his mill pond. She promises him prosperity in exchange for what has just grown young in his house. The miller agrees, not realising that this is his newborn son. The son is said to have stayed away from the pond ever since. He grows up, becomes a hunter and gets married. One day, while hunting a deer, he accidentally gets near the pond, and when he wants to wash his hands in it, the mermaid pulls him down. His wife finds out what has happened, wanders around the water in her pain until she falls asleep and, stimulated by a dream, seeks out a wise old woman. She advises her to use a golden comb when the moon is full, the second time a flute and finally a spinning wheel on the bank of the pond, whereupon the man's head appears first, then the man's upper body the second time and he finally frees himself. The two survive the tide of the rising waters by being transformed into a frog and a toad, but*

*never find each other again. Eventually they meet as lonely shepherds abroad.)*

There was once upon a time a miller who lived with his wife in great contentment. They had money and land, and their prosperity increased year by year more and more. But ill-luck comes like a thief in the night, as their wealth had increased so did it again decrease, year by year, and at last the miller could hardly call the mill in which he lived, his own. He was in great distress, and when he lay down after his day's work, found no rest, but tossed about in his bed, full of care. One morning he rose before daybreak and went out into the open air, thinking that perhaps there his heart might become lighter. As he was stepping over the mill-dam the first sunbeam was just breaking forth, and he heard a rippling sound in the pond. He turned round and perceived a beautiful woman, rising slowly out of the water. Her long hair, which she was holding off her shoulders with her soft hands, fell down on both sides, and covered her white body. He soon saw that she was the Nix of the Mill-pond, and in his fright did not know whether he should run away or stay where he was. But the nix made her sweet voice heard, called him by his name, and asked him why he was so sad? The miller was at first struck dumb, but when he heard her speak so kindly, he took heart, and told her how he had formerly lived in wealth and happiness, but that now he was so poor that he did not know what to do. "Be easy," answered the nix, "I will make thee richer and happier than thou hast even been before, only thou must promise to give me the young thing which has just been born in thy house." "What else can that be," thought the miller, "but a young puppy or kitten?" and he promised her what she desired. The nix descended into the water again, and he hurried back to his mill, consoled and in good spirits. He had not yet reached it, when the maid-servant came out of the house, and cried to him to rejoice, for his wife had given birth to a little boy. The miller stood as if struck by lightning; he saw very well that the cunning nix had been aware of it, and had cheated him. Hanging his head, he went up to his wife's bedside and when she said, "Why dost thou not rejoice over the fine boy?" he told her what had befallen him, and what kind of a promise he had given to the nix. "Of what use to me are riches and prosperity?" he added, "if I am to lose my child; but what can I do?" Even the relations, who had come thither to wish them joy, did not know what to say. In the meantime prosperity again returned to the miller's house. All that he undertook succeeded, it was as if presses and coffers filled themselves of their own accord, and as if money multiplied nightly in the cupboards. It was not long before his wealth was greater than it had ever been before. But he could not rejoice over it untroubled, the bargain which he had made with the nix tormented his soul. Whenever he passed the mill-pond, he feared she might ascend and remind him of his debt. He never let the boy himself go near the water. "Beware," he said to him, "if thou dost but touch the water, a hand will rise, seize thee, and draw thee down." But as year after year went by and the nix did not show herself again, the miller began to feel at ease. The boy grew up to be a youth and was apprenticed to a huntsman. When he had learnt everything, and had become an excellent huntsman, the lord of the village took him into his service. In the village lived a beautiful and true-hearted maiden, who pleased the huntsman, and when his master perceived that, he gave him a little house, the two were married, lived peacefully and happily, and loved each other with all their hearts.

One day the huntsman was chasing a roe; and when the animal turned aside from the forest into the open country, he pursued it

and at last shot it. He did not notice that he was now in the neighbourhood of the dangerous mill-pond, and went, after he had disembowelled the stag, to the water, in order to wash his blood-stained hands. Scarcely, however, had he dipped them in than the nix ascended, smilingly wound her dripping arms around him, and drew him quickly down under the waves, which closed over him. When it was evening, and the huntsman did not return home, his wife became alarmed. She went out to seek him, and as he had often told her that he had to be on his guard against the snares of the nix, and dared not venture into the neighbourhood of the mill-pond, she already suspected what had happened. She hastened to the water, and when she found his hunting-pouch lying on the shore, she could no longer have any doubt of the misfortune. Lamenting her sorrow, and wringing her hands, she called on her beloved by name, but in vain. She hurried across to the other side of the pond, and called him anew; she reviled the nix with harsh words, but no answer followed. The surface of the water remained calm, only the crescent moon stared steadily back at her. The poor woman did not leave the pond. With hasty steps, she paced round and round it, without resting a moment, sometimes in silence, sometimes uttering a loud cry, sometimes softly sobbing. At last her strength came to an end, she sank down to the ground and fell into a heavy sleep. Presently a dream took possession of her. She was anxiously climbing upwards between great masses of rock; thorns and briars caught her feet, the rain beat in her face, and the wind tossed her long hair about. When she had reached the summit, quite a different sight presented itself to her; the sky was blue, the air soft, the ground sloped gently downwards, and on a green meadow, gay with flowers of every colour, stood a pretty cottage. She went up to it and opened the door; there sat an old woman with white hair, who beckoned to her kindly. At that very moment, the poor woman awoke, day had already dawned, and she at once resolved to act in accordance with her dream. She laboriously climbed the mountain; everything was exactly as she had seen it in the night. The old woman received her kindly, and pointed out a chair on which she might sit. "Thou must have met with a misfortune," she said, "since thou hast sought out my lonely cottage." With tears, the woman related what had befallen her. "Be comforted," said the old woman, "I will help thee. Here is a golden comb for thee. Tarry till the full moon has risen, then go to the mill-pond, seat thyself on the shore, and comb thy long black hair with this comb. When thou hast done, lay it down on the bank, and thou wilt see what will happen." The woman returned home, but the time till the full moon came, passed slowly. At last the shining disc appeared in the heavens, then she went out to the mill-pond, sat down and combed her long black hair with the golden comb, and when she had finished, she laid it down at the water's edge. It was not long before there was a movement in the depths, a wave rose, rolled to the shore, and bore the comb away with it. In not more than the time necessary for the comb to sink to the bottom, the surface of the water parted, and the head of the huntsman arose. He did not speak, but looked at his wife with sorrowful glances. At the same instant, a second wave came rushing up, and covered the man's head. All had vanished, the mill-pond lay peaceful as before, and nothing but the face of the full moon shone on it.

Full of sorrow, the woman went back, but again the dream showed her the cottage of the old woman. Next morning she again set out and complained of her woes to the wise woman. The old woman gave her a golden flute, and said, "Tarry till the full moon comes again, then take this flute; play a beautiful air on it, and when thou hast finished, lay it on the sand; then thou wilt see what

will happen." The wife did as the old woman told her. No sooner was the flute lying on the sand than there was a stirring in the depths, and a wave rushed up and bore the flute away with it. Immediately afterwards the water parted, and not only the head of the man, but half of his body also arose. He stretched out his arms longingly towards her, but a second wave came up, covered him, and drew him down again. "Alas, what does it profit me?" said the unhappy woman, "that I should see my beloved, only to lose him again!" Despair filled her heart anew, but the dream led her a third time to the house of the old woman. She set out, and the wise woman gave her a golden spinning-wheel, consoled her and said, "All is not yet fulfilled, tarry until the time of the full moon, then take the spinning-wheel, seat thyself on the shore, and spin the spool full, and when thou hast done that, place the spinning-wheel near the water, and thou wilt see what will happen." The woman obeyed all she said exactly; as soon as the full moon showed itself, she carried the golden spinning-wheel to the shore, and spun industriously until the flax came to an end, and the spool was quite filled with the threads. No sooner was the wheel standing on the shore than there was a more violent movement than before in the depths of the pond, and a mighty wave rushed up, and bore the wheel away with it. Immediately the head and the whole body of the man rose into the air, in a water-spout. He quickly sprang to the shore, caught his wife by the hand and fled. But they had scarcely gone a very little distance, when the whole pond rose with a frightful roar, and streamed out over the open country. The fugitives already saw death before their eyes, when the woman in her terror implored the help of the old woman, and in an instant they were transformed, she into a toad, he into a frog. The flood which had overtaken them could not destroy them, but it tore them apart and carried them far away. When the water had dispersed and they both touched dry land again, they regained their human form, but neither knew where the other was; they found themselves among strange people, who did not know their native land. High mountains and deep valleys lay between them. In order to keep themselves alive, they were both obliged to tend sheep. For many long years they drove their flocks through field and forest and were full of sorrow and longing. When spring had once more broken forth on the earth, they both went out one day with their flocks, and as chance would have it, they drew near each other. They met in a valley, but did not recognise each other; yet they rejoiced that they were no longer so lonely. Henceforth they each day drove their flocks to the same place; they did not speak much, but they felt comforted. One evening when the full moon was shining in the sky, and the sheep were already at rest, the shepherd pulled the flute out of his pocket, and played on it a beautiful but sorrowful air. When he had finished he saw that the shepherdess was weeping bitterly. "Why art thou weeping?" he asked. "Alas," answered she, "thus shone the full moon when I played this air on the flute for the last time, and the head of my beloved rose out of the water." He looked at her, and it seemed as if a veil fell from his eyes, and he recognised his dear wife, and when she looked at him, and the moon shone in his face she knew him also. They embraced and kissed each other, and no one need ask if they were happy.

## 182.—THE LITTLE FOLKS' PRESENTS.

(*"The gifts of the little people"* is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 6th edition of 1850 (KHM 182). It is based on Emil Sommer's "Der

*Berggeister Geschenke in Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Sachsen und Thüringen*" from 1846.

*Contents: In the moonlight, a tailor and a hunchbacked goldsmith meet small, singing people with whom they dance. The chief, an old man with an ice-grey beard, shaves their hair and gives them a pile of coals that turn into gold overnight. The goldsmith, who was the more fearless at first, goes there again with large bags. But this time his gold turns to coal again, his hair doesn't grow back either, and he has two humps, one in front and one behind. The tailor shares with him.)*

A tailor and a goldsmith were travelling together, and one evening when the sun had sunk behind the mountains, they heard the sound of distant music, which became more and more distinct. It sounded strange, but so pleasant that they forgot all their weariness and stepped quickly onwards. The moon had already arisen when they reached a hill on which they saw a crowd of little men and women, who had taken each other's hands, and were whirling round in the dance with the greatest pleasure and delight.

They sang to it most charmingly, and that was the music which the travellers had heard. In the midst of them sat an old man who was rather taller than the rest. He wore a parti-coloured coat, and his iron-grey beard hung down over his breast. The two remained standing full of astonishment, and watched the dance. The old man made a sign that they should enter, and the little folks willingly opened their circle. The goldsmith, who had a hump, and like all hunchbacks was brave enough, stepped in; the tailor felt a little afraid at first, and held back, but when he saw how merrily all was going, he plucked up his courage, and followed. The circle closed again directly, and the little folks went on singing and dancing with the wildest leaps. The old man, however, took a large knife which hung to his girdle, whetted it, and when it was sufficiently sharpened, he looked round at the strangers. They were terrified, but they had not much time for reflection, for the old man seized the goldsmith and with the greatest speed, shaved the hair of his head clean off, and then the same thing happened to the tailor. But their fear left them when, after he had finished his work, the old man clapped them both on the shoulder in a friendly manner, as much as to say, they had behaved well to let all that be done to them willingly, and without any struggle. He pointed with his finger to a heap of coals which lay at one side, and signified to the travellers by his gestures that they were to fill their pockets with them. Both of them obeyed, although they did not know of what use the coals would be to them, and then they went on their way to seek a shelter for the night. When they had got into the valley, the clock of the neighbouring monastery struck twelve, and the song ceased. In a moment all had vanished, and the hill lay in solitude in the moonlight.

The two travellers found an inn, and covered themselves up on their straw-beds with their coats, but in their weariness forgot to take the coals out of them before doing so. A heavy weight on their limbs awakened them earlier than usual. They felt in the pockets, and could not believe their eyes when they saw that they were not filled with coals, but with pure gold; happily, too, the hair of their heads and beards was there again as thick as ever.

They had now become rich folks, but the goldsmith, who, in accordance with his greedy disposition, had filled his pockets better, was as rich again as the tailor. A greedy man, even if he has much, still wishes to have more, so the goldsmith proposed to the tailor that they should wait another day, and go out again in the evening in order to bring back still greater treasures from the old man on the hill. The tailor refused, and said, "I have enough and

am content; now I shall be a master, and marry my dear object (for so he called his sweetheart), and I am a happy man." But he stayed another day to please him. In the evening the goldsmith hung a couple of bags over his shoulders that he might be able to stow away a great deal, and took the road to the hill. He found, as on the night before, the little folks at their singing and dancing, and the old man again shaved him clean, and signed to him to take some coal away with him. He was not slow about sticking as much into his bags as would go, went back quite delighted, and covered himself over with his coat. "Even if the gold does weigh heavily," said he, "I will gladly bear that," and at last he fell asleep with the sweet anticipation of waking in the morning an enormously rich man.

When he opened his eyes, he got up in haste to examine his pockets, but how amazed he was when he drew nothing out of them but black coals, and that howsoever often he put his hands in them. "The gold I got the night before is still there for me," thought he, and went and brought it out, but how shocked he was when he saw that it likewise had again turned into coal. He smote his forehead with his dusty black hand, and then he felt that his whole head was bald and smooth, as was also the place where his beard should have been. But his misfortunes were not yet over; he now remarked for the first time that in addition to the hump on his back, a second, just as large, had grown in front on his breast. Then he recognised the punishment of his greediness, and began to weep aloud. The good tailor, who was wakened by this, comforted the unhappy fellow as well as he could, and said, "Thou hast been my comrade in my travelling time; thou shalt stay with me and share in my wealth." He kept his word, but the poor goldsmith was obliged to carry the two humps as long as he lived, and to cover his bald head with a cap.

#### 183.—THE GIANT AND THE TAILOR.

(*"The Giant and the Tailor"* is a farce collected by the Brothers Grimm for Children's and Household Tales and given the serial number KHM 183. The fairy tale comes from "*Österreichische Volksmärchen*" by Franz Ziska (1822).

*Contents: A tailor goes to the forest and sees a steep mountain with a sky-high tower behind it. He goes there and sees that the tower has legs, it is a giant. The giant leaps over the mountain and has a voice like thunder. He hires the tailor and receives as wages three hundred and sixty-five days each year, and an extra day in leap years. The tailor has to fetch a pitcher of water and says that the giant certainly wants the well and well, he wants to get away from the giant as soon as possible. The giant gets scared and sends the tailor into the forest to chop wood and the tailor says he wants the whole forest at once. The giant thinks that the tailor has mangroves in his body and has the tailor get three swine. The tailor says a thousand in one shot and the giant puts him to sleep, but lies awake himself. He doesn't know how to deal with the warlock and the next day they go to a swamp with willow trees. The giant makes the tailor sit on a willow branch and bends the branch down. He then releases the branch and the tailor shoots into the air, because he has no iron in his pocket. If it has not come down yet, then he is still flying through the air.)*

A certain tailor who was great at boasting but ill at doing, took it into his head to go abroad for a while, and look about the world. As soon as he could manage it, he left his workshop, and wandered on his way, over hill and dale, sometimes hither, sometimes thither,

but ever on and on. Once when he was out he perceived in the blue distance a steep hill, and behind it a tower reaching to the clouds, which rose up out of a wild dark forest. "Thunder and lightning," cried the tailor, "what is that?" and as he was strongly goaded by curiosity, he went boldly towards it. But what made the tailor open his eyes and mouth when he came near it, was to see that the tower had legs, and leapt in one bound over the steep hill, and was now standing as an all powerful giant before him. "What dost thou want here, thou tiny fly's leg?" cried the giant, with a voice as if it were thundering on every side. The tailor whimpered, "I want just to look about and see if I can earn a bit of bread for myself, in this forest." "If that is what thou art after," said the giant, "thou mayst have a place with me." "If it must be, why not? What wages shall I receive?" "Thou shalt hear what wages thou shalt have. Every year three hundred and sixty-five days, and when it is leap-year, one more into the bargain. Does that suit thee?"

"All right," replied the tailor, and thought, in his own mind, "a man must cut his coat according to his cloth; I will try to get away as fast as I can." On this the giant said to him, "Go, little ragamuffin, and fetch me a jug of water." "Had I not better bring the well itself at once, and the spring too?" asked the boaster, and went with the pitcher to the water. "What! the well and the spring too," growled the giant in his beard, for he was rather clownish and stupid, and began to be afraid. "That knave is not a fool, he has a wizard in his body. Be on thy guard, old Hans, this is no serving-man for thee." When the tailor had brought the water, the giant bade him go into the forest, and cut a couple of blocks of wood and bring them back. "Why not the whole forest, at once, with one stroke. The whole forest, young and old, with all that is there, both rough and smooth?" asked the little tailor, and went to cut the wood. "What! the whole forest, young and old, with all that is there, both rough and smooth, and the well and its spring too," growled the credulous giant in his beard, and was still more terrified. "The knave can do much more than bake apples, and has a wizard in his body. Be on thy guard, old Hans, this is no serving-man for thee!" When the tailor had brought the wood, the giant commanded him to shoot two or three wild boars for supper. "Why not rather a thousand at one shot, and bring them all here?" inquired the ostentatious tailor. "What!" cried the timid giant in great terror; "Let well alone to-night, and lie down to rest."

The giant was so terribly alarmed that he could not close an eye all night long for thinking what would be the best way to get rid of this accursed sorcerer of a servant. Time brings counsel. Next morning the giant and the tailor went to a marsh, round which stood a number of willow-trees. Then said the giant, "Hark thee, tailor, seat thyself on one of the willow-branches, I long of all things to see if thou art big enough to bend it down." All at once the tailor was sitting on it, holding his breath, and making himself so heavy that the bough bent down. When, however, he was compelled to draw breath, it hurried him (for unfortunately he had not put his goose in his pocket) so high into the air that he never was seen again, and this to the great delight of the giant. If the tailor has not fallen down again, he must be hovering about in the air.

#### 184.—THE NAIL.

(*"The Nail"* or *"The Horseshoe Nail"* is an example text in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 5th edition of 1843 (KHM 184) based on the template "Vom

*Reiter und seine Roß*" from Ludwig Aurbacher's "Büchlein für die Youth".

*Contents: A merchant rides home after a successful deal and wants to be there before nightfall. A horseshoe is missing a nail while resting at midday, and the iron in the afternoon, but he is in a hurry and won't have it replaced. The horse limps, trips and breaks a leg. He has to walk home and arrives late at night. He blames the nail.)*

A merchant had done good business at the fair; he had sold his wares, and lined his money-bags with gold and silver. Then he wanted to travel homewards, and be in his own house before nightfall. So he packed his trunk with the money on his horse, and rode away.

At noon he rested in a town, and when he wanted to go farther the stable-boy brought out his horse and said, "A nail is wanting, sir, in the shoe of its left hind foot." "Let it be wanting," answered the merchant; "the shoe will certainly stay on for the six miles I have still to go. I am in a hurry."

In the afternoon, when he once more alighted and had his horse fed, the stable-boy went into the room to him and said, "Sir, a shoe is missing from your horse's left hind foot. Shall I take him to the blacksmith?" "Let it still be wanting," answered the man; "the horse can very well hold out for the couple of miles which remain. I am in haste."

He rode forth, but before long the horse began to limp. It had not limped long before it began to stumble, and it had not stumbled long before it fell down and broke its leg. The merchant was forced to leave the horse where it was, and unbuckle the trunk, take it on his back, and go home on foot. And there he did not arrive until quite late at night. "And that unlucky nail," said he to himself, "has caused all this disaster." Hasten slowly.

#### 185.—THE POOR BOY IN THE GRAVE.

*("The poor Boy in the Grave" is an example text in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 5th edition of 1843 (KHM 185). It is based on Ludwig Aurbacher's "Des armen Waisen Leben und Tod" in his booklet for the Youth of 1834.*

*Contents: A poor orphan boy lives in the house of a rich, miserly farmer. While herding, the hen goes through a hedge fence and is stolen by the hawk. He yells after the thief. The man hears it and hits him. Now the orphan boy has to look after the chicks without a mother hen. To keep them together he ties them to a string, but the hawk takes them all away at once from the tired and hungry boy. The man beats him even more and next time sends him to the judge as a messenger with a basket of grapes. When he reads the letter and counts it, the boy confesses that he ate two because he was hungry. When he has to bring the judge a new basket, he puts the letter under a stone to eat so that he cannot tell it. The judge laughs at this simplicity and writes to the farmer that he should hold him better and teach him right and wrong. The farmer lets the boy cut straw into chaff while he and the others go to the fair. The boy works so hard in his fear that he accidentally cuts his skirt that he had put on the straw in the heat. Because he would rather take his own life than wait for the man, he first takes a pot of poison from under the farmer's wife's bed, then a bottle of fly poison from the farmer's wardrobe, which, however, contains honey and wine. He wonders about the sweet taste. But when the wine takes effect, he lies down in a grave in the churchyard and*

*dies in the cold to the music of a wedding next door. When the farmer finds out, he faints for fear of punishment. The farmer's wife burns down the house with the fat in the pan. They live in poverty and remorse.)*

There was once a poor shepherd-boy whose father and mother were dead, and he was placed by the authorities in the house of a rich man, who was to feed him and bring him up. The man and his wife had, however, bad hearts, and were greedy and anxious about their riches, and vexed whenever any one put a morsel of their bread in his mouth. The poor young fellow might do what he liked, he got little to eat, but only so many blows the more.

One day he had to watch a hen and her chickens, but she ran through a quick-set hedge with them, and a hawk darted down instantly, and carried her off through the air. The boy called, "Thief! thief! rascal!" with all the strength of his body. But what good did that do? The hawk did not bring its prey back again. The man heard the noise, and ran to the spot, and as soon as he saw that his hen was gone, he fell in a rage, and gave the boy such a beating that he could not stir for two days. Then he had to take care of the chickens without the hen, but now his difficulty was greater, for one ran here and the other there. He thought he was doing a very wise thing when he tied them all together with a string, because then the hawk would not be able to steal any of them away from him. But he was very much mistaken. After two days, worn out with running about and hunger, he fell asleep; the bird of prey came, and seized one of the chickens, and as the others were tied, fast to it, it carried them all off together, perched itself on a tree, and devoured them. The farmer was just coming home, and when he saw the misfortune, he got angry and beat the boy so unmercifully that he was forced to lie in bed for several days.

When he was on his legs again, the farmer said to him, "Thou art too stupid for me, I cannot make a herdsman of thee, thou must go as errand-boy." Then he sent him to the judge, to whom he was to carry a basketful of grapes, and he gave him a letter as well. On the way hunger and thirst tormented the unhappy boy so violently that he ate two of the bunches of grapes. He took the basket to the judge, but when the judge had read the letter, and counted the bunches he said, "Two clusters are wanting." The boy confessed quite honestly that, driven by hunger and thirst, he had devoured the two which were wanting. The judge wrote a letter to the farmer, and asked for the same number of grapes again. These also the boy had to take to him with a letter. As he again was so extremely hungry and thirsty, he could not help it, and again ate two bunches. But first he took the letter out of the basket, put it under a stone and seated himself thereon in order that the letter might not see and betray him. The judge, however, again made him give an explanation about the missing bunches. "Ah," said the boy, "how have you learnt that? The letter could not know about it, for I put it under a stone before I did it." The judge could not help laughing at the boy's simplicity, and sent the man a letter wherein he cautioned him to keep the poor boy better, and not let him want for meat and drink, and also that he was to teach him what was right and what was wrong.

"I will soon show thee the difference," said the hard man, "if thou wilt eat, thou must work, and if thou dost anything wrong, thou shalt be quite sufficiently taught by blows."

The next day he set him a hard task. He was to chop two bundles of straw for food for the horses, and then the man threatened: "In five hours," said he, "I shall be back again, and if the straw is not cut to chaff by that time, I will beat thee until thou canst not move a limb." The farmer went with his wife, the man-servant and the

girl, to the yearly fair, and left nothing behind for the boy but a small bit of bread. The boy seated himself on the bench, and began to work with all his might. As he got warm over it he put his little coat off and threw it on the straw. In his terror lest he should not get done in time he kept constantly cutting, and in his haste, without noticing it, he chopped his little coat as well as the straw. He became aware of the misfortune too late; there was no repairing it. "Ah," cried he, "now all is over with me! The wicked man did not threaten me for nothing; if he comes back and sees what I have done, he will kill me. Rather than that I will take my own life."

The boy had once heard the farmer's wife say, "I have a pot with poison in it under my bed." She, however, had only said that to keep away greedy people, for there was honey in it. The boy crept under the bed, brought out the pot, and ate all that was in it. "I do not know," said he, "folks say death is bitter, but it tastes very sweet to me. It is no wonder that the farmer's wife has so often longed for death." He seated himself in a little chair, and was prepared to die. But instead of becoming weaker he felt himself strengthened by the nourishing food. "It cannot have been poison," thought he, "but the farmer once said there was a small bottle of poison for flies in the box in which he keeps his clothes; that, no doubt, will be the true poison, and bring death to me." It was, however, no poison for flies, but Hungarian wine. The boy got out the bottle, and emptied it. "This death tastes sweet too," said he, but shortly after when the wine began to mount into his brain and stupefy him, he thought his end was drawing near. "I feel that I must die," said he, "I will go away to the churchyard, and seek a grave." He staggered out, reached the churchyard, and laid himself in a newly-dug grave. He lost his senses more and more. In the neighbourhood was an inn where a wedding was being kept; when he heard the music, he fancied he was already in Paradise, until at length he lost all consciousness. The poor boy never awoke again; the heat of the strong wine and the cold night-dew deprived him of life, and he remained in the grave in which he had laid himself.

When the farmer heard the news of the boy's death he was terrified, and afraid of being brought to justice—indeed, his distress took such a powerful hold of him that he fell fainting to the ground. His wife, who was standing on the hearth with a pan of hot fat, ran to him to help him. But the flames darted against the pan, the whole house caught fire, in a few hours it lay in ashes, and the rest of the years they had to live they passed in poverty and misery, tormented by the pangs of conscience.

#### 186.—THE TRUE BRIDE.

(*"The True Bride" or "The True Sweetheart"* is a fairy tale in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 5th edition of 1843 (KHM 186). It comes from the "Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum" by Moriz Haupt, who wrote the fairy tale from Upper Lusatia published there in 1842.

*Content: A beautiful and hardworking girl is being tormented by her stepmother with increasingly difficult tasks. First it has to wear off twelve pounds of feathers in a day, then empty a lake with a holey spoon, then build a castle. Every time an old woman comes and helps him while he sleeps. While inspecting the castle cellar, the stepmother falls to her death. The girl becomes engaged to a king's son. When he wants to get his father's consent to the marriage, she kisses him on the left cheek and waits under a linden tree before going to look for him three days later. After nobody*

*knows about him, she sadly lives as a shepherdess for a few years. Twice her lover, whom another king's daughter wants to marry, rides past her without recognising her. At the three-day festival, she dances with him one evening in a dress with suns, then one with moons, and finally one with stars. When she kisses him on the left cheek, he recognises her. They are getting married in the true bride's castle.)*

There was once on a time a girl who was young and beautiful, but she had lost her mother when she was quite a child, and her step-mother did all she could to make the girl's life wretched. Whenever this woman gave her anything to do, she worked at it indefatigably, and did everything that lay in her power. Still she could not touch the heart of the wicked woman by that; she was never satisfied; it was never enough. The harder the girl worked, the more work was put upon her, and all that the woman thought of was how to weigh her down with still heavier burdens, and make her life still more miserable.

One day she said to her, "Here are twelve pounds of feathers which thou must pick, and if they are not done this evening, thou mayst expect a good beating. Dost thou imagine thou art to idle away the whole day?" The poor girl sat down to the work, but tears ran down her cheeks as she did so, for she saw plainly enough that it was quite impossible to finish the work in one day. Whenever she had a little heap of feathers lying before her, and she sighed or smote her hands together in her anguish, they flew away, and she had to pick them out again, and begin her work anew. Then she put her elbows on the table, laid her face in her two hands, and cried, "Is there no one, then, on God's earth to have pity on me?" Then she heard a low voice which said, "Be comforted, my child, I have come to help thee." The maiden looked up, and an old woman was by her side. She took the girl kindly by the hand, and said, "Only tell me what is troubling thee." As she spoke so kindly, the girl told her of her miserable life, and how one burden after another was laid upon her, and she never could get to the end of the work which was given to her. "If I have not done these feathers by this evening, my step-mother will beat me; she has threatened she will, and I know she keeps her word." Her tears began to flow again, but the good old woman said, "Do not be afraid, my child; rest a while, and in the meantime I will look to thy work." The girl lay down on her bed, and soon fell asleep. The old woman seated herself at the table with the feathers, and how they did fly off the quills, which she scarcely touched with her withered hands! The twelve pounds were soon finished, and when the girl awoke, great snow-white heaps were lying, piled up, and everything in the room was neatly cleared away, but the old woman had vanished. The maiden thanked God, and sat still till evening came, when the step-mother came in and marvelled to see the work completed. "Just look, you awkward creature," said she, "what can be done when people are industrious; and why couldst thou not set about something else? There thou sittest with thy hands crossed." When she went out she said, "The creature is worth more than her salt. I must give her some work that is still harder."

Next morning she called the girl, and said, "There is a spoon for thee; with that thou must empty out for me the great pond which is beside the garden, and if it is not done by night, thou knowest what will happen." The girl took the spoon, and saw that it was full of holes; but even if it had not been, she never could have emptied the pond with it. She set to work at once, knelt down by the water, into which her tears were falling, and began to empty it. But the good old woman appeared again, and when she learnt the

cause of her grief, she said, "Be of good cheer, my child. Go into the thicket and lie down and sleep; I will soon do thy work." As soon as the old woman was alone, she barely touched the pond, and a vapour rose up on high from the water, and mingled itself with the clouds. Gradually the pond was emptied, and when the maiden awoke before sunset and came thither, she saw nothing but the fishes which were struggling in the mud. She went to her step-mother, and showed her that the work was done. "It ought to have been done long before this," said she, and grew white with anger, but she meditated something new.

On the third morning she said to the girl, "Thou must build me a castle on the plain there, and it must be ready by the evening." The maiden was dismayed, and said, "How can I complete such a great work?" "I will endure no opposition," screamed the step-mother. "If thou canst empty a pond with a spoon that is full of holes, thou canst build a castle too. I will take possession of it this very day, and if anything is wanting, even if it be the most trifling thing in the kitchen or cellar, thou knowest what lies before thee!" She drove the girl out, and when she entered the valley, the rocks were there, piled up one above the other, and all her strength would not have enabled her even to move the very smallest of them. She sat down and wept, and still she hoped the old woman would help her. The old woman was not long in coming; she comforted her and said, "Lie down there in the shade and sleep, and I will soon build the castle for thee. If it would be a pleasure to thee, thou canst live in it thyself." When the maiden had gone away, the old woman touched the grey rocks. They began to rise, and immediately moved together as if giants had built the walls; and on these the building arose, and it seemed as if countless hands were working invisibly, and placing one stone upon another. There was a dull heavy noise from the ground; pillars arose of their own accord on high, and placed themselves in order near each other. The tiles laid themselves in order on the roof, and when noon-day came, the great weather-cock was already turning itself on the summit of the tower, like a golden figure of the Virgin with fluttering garments. The inside of the castle was being finished while evening was drawing near. How the old woman managed it, I know not; but the walls of the room were hung with silk and velvet; embroidered chairs were there, and richly ornamented arm-chairs by marble tables; crystal chandeliers hung down from the ceilings, and mirrored themselves in the smooth pavement; green parrots were there in gilt cages, and so were strange birds which sang most beautifully, and there was on all sides as much magnificence as if a king were going to live there. The sun was just setting when the girl awoke, and the brightness of a thousand lights flashed in her face. She hurried to the castle, and entered by the open door. The steps were spread with red cloth, and the golden balustrade beset with flowering trees. When she saw the splendour of the apartment, she stood as if turned to stone. Who knows how long she might have stood there if she had not remembered the step-mother? "Alas!" she said to herself, "if she could but be satisfied at last, and would give up making my life a misery to me." The girl went and told her that the castle was ready. "I will move into it at once," said she, and rose from her seat. When they entered the castle, she was forced to hold her hand before her eyes, the brilliancy of everything was so dazzling. "Thou seest," said she to the girl, "how easy it has been for thee to do this; I ought to have given thee something harder." She went through all the rooms, and examined every corner to see if anything was wanting or defective; but she could discover nothing. "Now we will go down below," said she, looking at the girl with malicious eyes. "The kitchen and the cellar still have to be examined, and if thou hast forgotten

anything thou shalt not escape thy punishment." But the fire was burning on the hearth, and the meat was cooking in the pans, the tongs and shovel were leaning against the wall, and the shining brazen utensils all arranged in sight. Nothing was wanting, not even a coal-box and water-pail. "Which is the way to the cellar?" she cried. "If that is not abundantly filled, it shall go ill with thee." She herself raised up the trap-door and descended; but she had hardly made two steps before the heavy trap-door which was only laid back, fell down. The girl heard a scream, lifted up the door very quickly to go to her aid, but she had fallen down, and the girl found her lying lifeless at the bottom.

And now the magnificent castle belonged to the girl alone. She at first did not know how to reconcile herself to her good fortune. Beautiful dresses were hanging in the wardrobes, the chests were filled with gold or silver, or with pearls and jewels, and she never felt a desire that she was not able to gratify. And soon the fame of the beauty and riches of the maiden went over all the world. Wooers presented themselves daily, but none pleased her. At length the son of the King came and he knew how to touch her heart, and she betrothed herself to him. In the garden of the castle was a lime-tree, under which they were one day sitting together, when he said to her, "I will go home and obtain my father's consent to our marriage. I entreat thee to wait for me here under this lime-tree, I shall be back with thee in a few hours." The maiden kissed him on his left cheek, and said, "Keep true to me, and never let any one else kiss thee on this cheek. I will wait here under the lime-tree until thou returnest."

The maid stayed beneath the lime-tree until sunset, but he did not return. She sat there three days from morning till evening, waiting for him, but in vain. As he still was not there by the fourth day, she said, "Some accident has assuredly befallen him. I will go out and seek him, and will not come back until I have found him." She packed up three of her most beautiful dresses, one embroidered with bright stars, the second with silver moons, the third with golden suns, tied up a handful of jewels in her handkerchief, and set out. She inquired everywhere for her betrothed, but no one had seen him; no one knew anything about him. Far and wide did she wander through the world, but she found him not. At last she hired herself to a farmer as a cow-herd, and buried her dresses and jewels beneath a stone.

And now she lived as a herdswoman, guarded her herd, and was very sad and full of longing for her beloved one; she had a little calf which she taught to know her, and fed it out of her own hand, and when she said,

"Little calf, little calf, kneel by my side,  
And do not forget thy shepherd-maid,  
As the prince forgot his betrothed bride,  
Who waited for him 'neath the lime-tree's shade."  
the little calf knelt down, and she stroked it.

And when she had lived for a couple of years alone and full of grief, a report was spread over all the land that the King's daughter was about to celebrate her marriage. The road to the town passed through the village where the maiden was living, and it came to pass that once when the maiden was driving out her herd, her bridegroom travelled by. He was sitting proudly on his horse, and never looked round, but when she saw him she recognised her beloved, and it was just as if a sharp knife had pierced her heart. "Alas!" said she, "I believed him true to me, but he has forgotten me."

Next day he again came along the road. When he was near her she said to the little calf,

"Little calf, little calf, kneel by my side,

And do not forget thy shepherd-maid,  
As the prince forgot his betrothed bride,  
Who waited for him 'neath the lime-tree's shade."

When he was aware of the voice, he looked down and reined in his horse. He looked into the herd's face, and then put his hands before his eyes as if he were trying to remember something, but he soon rode onwards and was out of sight. "Alas!" said she, "he no longer knows me," and her grief was ever greater.

Soon after this a great festival three days long was to be held at the King's court, and the whole country was invited to it.

"Now will I try my last chance," thought the maiden, and when evening came she went to the stone under which she had buried her treasures. She took out the dress with the golden suns, put it on, and adorned herself with the jewels. She let down her hair, which she had concealed under a handkerchief, and it fell down in long curls about her, and thus she went into the town, and in the darkness was observed by no one. When she entered the brightly-lighted hall, every one started back in amazement, but no one knew who she was. The King's son went to meet her, but he did not recognise her. He led her out to dance, and was so enchanted with her beauty, that he thought no more of the other bride. When the feast was over, she vanished in the crowd, and hastened before daybreak to the village, where she once more put on her herd's dress.

Next evening she took out the dress with the silver moons, and put a half-moon made of precious stones in her hair. When she appeared at the festival, all eyes were turned upon her, but the King's son hastened to meet her, and filled with love for her, danced with her alone, and no longer so much as glanced at any one else. Before she went away she was forced to promise him to come again to the festival on the last evening.

When she appeared for the third time, she wore the star-dress which sparkled at every step she took, and her hair-ribbon and girdle were starred with jewels. The prince had already been waiting for her for a long time, and forced his way up to her. "Do but tell who thou art," said he, "I feel just as if I had already known thee a long time." "Dost thou not know what I did when thou leftest me?" Then she stepped up to him, and kissed him on his left cheek, and in a moment it was as if scales fell from his eyes, and he recognised the true bride. "Come," said he to her, "here I stay no longer," gave her his hand, and led her down to the carriage. The horses hurried away to the magic castle as if the wind had been harnessed to the carriage. The illuminated windows already shone in the distance. When they drove past the lime-tree, countless glow-worms were swarming about it. It shook its branches, and sent forth their fragrance. On the steps flowers were blooming, and the rooms echoed with the song of strange birds, but in the hall the entire court was assembled, and the priest was waiting to marry the bridegroom to the true bride.

#### 187.—THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG.

*("The Hare and the Hedgehog" or "The race between the Hare and the Hedgehog" is a Low Saxon (Low German) fable. It was published 1843 in the 5th edition of Grimm's Children's and Household Tales (KHM 187). It comes from Wilhelm Schröder's Hannoversche Volksblatt from 1840 (Title: Dat Wettlopen twisch den Hasen un den Swinegel up de lütje Heide bi Buxtehude). Grimm's note states: "According to oral tradition in the area of Osnabrück, recorded", and names Wolf's journal for German mythology "1, 381-383", "Firmenich 1, 210. 211 ", title: "Het*

*Wetloopen deceive the hare and the hedgehog up de Buxtehuder heid". Gust. Sus (Konrad Gustav Süs, 1823-1881) drew the illustrations. The earliest origin of the fairy tale could be an old German poem of the 13th century in "Haupts Magazine 398-400".*

*Contents: One fine morning, the hare makes fun of the hedgehog's crooked legs, whereupon the hedgehog challenges him to a race to win a golden "Lujedor" (Louis d'or, a large French 23 carat gold coin) and a bottle of brandy. When the race in the field begins, the hedgehog only runs a few steps, but at the end of the furrow he has placed his wife, who looks very much like him. When the hare, certain of victory, storms in, the hedgehog's wife rises and calls out to him: "Ick bün all hier!" ("I'm already here!"). The hare cannot understand the defeat, he demands revenge and conducts a total of 73 runs with always the same result. In the 74th race he collapses exhausted and dies.)*

This story, my dear young folks, seems to be false, but it really is true, for my grandfather, from whom I have it, used always, when relating it, to say complacently, "It must be true, my son, or else no one could tell it to you." The story is as follows.

One Sunday morning about harvest time, just as the buckwheat was in bloom, the sun was shining brightly in heaven, the east wind was blowing warmly over the stubble-fields, the larks were singing in the air, the bees buzzing among the buckwheat, the people were all going in their Sunday clothes to church, and all creatures were happy, and the hedgehog was happy too.

The hedgehog, however, was standing by his door with his arms akimbo, enjoying the morning breezes, and slowly trilling a little song to himself, which was neither better nor worse than the songs which hedgehogs are in the habit of singing on a blessed Sunday morning. Whilst he was thus singing half aloud to himself, it suddenly occurred to him that, while his wife was washing and drying the children, he might very well take a walk into the field, and see how his turnips were going on. The turnips were, in fact, close beside his house, and he and his family were accustomed to eat them, for which reason he looked upon them as his own. No sooner said than done. The hedgehog shut the house-door behind him, and took the path to the field. He had not gone very far from home, and was just turning round the sloe-bush which stands there outside the field, to go up into the turnip-field, when he observed the hare who had gone out on business of the same kind, namely, to visit his cabbages. When the hedgehog caught sight of the hare, he bade him a friendly good morning. But the hare, who was in his own way a distinguished gentleman, and frightfully haughty, did not return the hedgehog's greeting, but said to him, assuming at the same time a very contemptuous manner, "How do you happen to be running about here in the field so early in the morning?" "I am taking a walk," said the hedgehog. "A walk!" said the hare, with a smile. "It seems to me that you might use your legs for a better purpose." This answer made the hedgehog furiously angry, for he can bear anything but an attack on his legs, just because they are crooked by nature. So now the hedgehog said to the hare, "You seem to imagine that you can do more with your legs than I with mine." "That is just what I do think," said the hare. "That can be put to the test," said the hedgehog. "I wager that if we run a race, I will outstrip you." "That is ridiculous! You with your short legs!" said the hare, "but for my part I am willing, if you have such a monstrous fancy for it. What shall we wager?" "A golden louis-d'or and a bottle of brandy," said the hedgehog. "Done," said the hare. "Shake hands on it, and then it may as well come off at once." "Nay," said the hedgehog, "there is no such

great hurry! I am still fasting, I will go home first, and have a little breakfast. In half-an-hour I will be back again at this place."

Hereupon the hedgehog departed, for the hare was quite satisfied with this. On his way the hedgehog thought to himself, "The hare relies on his long legs, but I will contrive to get the better of him. He may be a great man, but he is a very silly fellow, and he shall pay for what he has said." So when the hedgehog reached home, he said to his wife, "Wife, dress thyself quickly, thou must go out to the field with me." "What is going on, then?" said his wife. "I have made a wager with the hare, for a gold louis-d'or and a bottle of brandy. I am to run a race with him, and thou must be present." "Good heavens, husband," the wife now cried, "art thou not right in thy mind, hast thou completely lost thy wits? What can make thee want to run a race with the hare?" "Hold thy tongue, woman," said the hedgehog, "that is my affair. Don't begin to discuss things which are matters for men. Be off, dress thyself, and come with me." What could the hedgehog's wife do? She was forced to obey him, whether she liked it or not.

So when they had set out on their way together, the hedgehog said to his wife, "Now pay attention to what I am going to say. Look you, I will make the long field our race-course. The hare shall run in one furrow, and I in another, and we will begin to run from the top. Now all that thou hast to do is to place thyself here below in the furrow, and when the hare arrives at the end of the furrow on the other side of thee, thou must cry out to him, 'I am here already!'"

Then they reached the field, and the hedgehog showed his wife her place, and then walked up the field. When he reached the top, the hare was already there. "Shall we start?" said the hare. "Certainly," said the hedgehog. "Then both at once." So saying, each placed himself in his own furrow. The hare counted, "Once, twice, thrice, and away!" and went off like a whirlwind down the field. The hedgehog, however, only ran about three paces, and then he stooped down in the furrow, and stayed quietly where he was.

When the hare therefore arrived in full career at the lower end of the field, the hedgehog's wife met him with the cry, "I am here already!" The hare was shocked and wondered not a little, he thought no other than that it was the hedgehog himself who was calling to him, for the hedgehog's wife looked just like her husband. The hare, however, thought to himself, "That has not been done fairly," and cried, "It must be run again, let us have it again." And once more he went off like the wind in a storm, so that he seemed to fly. But the hedgehog's wife stayed quietly in her place. So when the hare reached the top of the field, the hedgehog himself cried out to him, "I am here already." The hare, however, quite beside himself with anger, cried, "It must be run again, we must have it again." "All right," answered the hedgehog, "for my part we'll run as often as you choose." So the hare ran seventy-three times more, and the hedgehog always held out against him, and every time the hare reached either the top or the bottom, either the hedgehog or his wife said, "I am here already."

At the seventy-fourth time, however, the hare could no longer reach the end. In the middle of the field he fell to the ground, the blood streamed out of his mouth, and he lay dead on the spot. But the hedgehog took the louis-d'or which he had won and the bottle of brandy, called his wife out of the furrow, and both went home together in great delight, and if they are not dead, they are living there still.

This is how it happened that the hedgehog made the hare run races with him on the Buxtehuder [Buxtehude is a village near

Hamburg.] heath till he died, and since that time no hare has ever had any fancy for running races with a Buxtehuder hedgehog.

The moral of this story, however, is, firstly, that no one, however great he may be, should permit himself to jest at any one beneath him, even if he be only a hedgehog. And, secondly, it teaches, that when a man marries, he should take a wife in his own position, who looks just as he himself looks. So whosoever is a hedgehog let him see to it that his wife is a hedgehog also, and so forth.

## 188.—THE SPINDLE, THE SHUTTLE, AND THE NEEDLE.

(*"Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle"* is a German fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 188. It is based on Ludwig Aurbacher's *"Die Pathengeschenke"* (the Godfathers' Presents) in his Booklet for Young People from 1834.

*Contents: A girl's parents having died, was raised by her godmother, who died, leaving her the house and a spindle, a shuttle, and a needle to earn her living. She did quite well at it. One day, a king's son came looking for a bride. He wanted one who was at once the richest and the poorest. In this village, they pointed out the richest girl, and then the orphan girl. He rode by the richest girl, who bowed to him, and he rode on. He rode by the poorest girl, who was spinning. When she saw he was looking at her, she blushed and closed her eyes. He rode by, and she opened the window, saying it was hot, but watching until he left. Then she remembered rhymes her godmother had used. She set the spindle to guide the prince back by its golden thread, the shuttle to weave a path to her hut, and the needle to adorn the hut. When the prince returned, he said she was both the richest and the poorest, and married her. The spindle, shuttle, and needle were kept in the royal treasury.)*

There was once a girl whose father and mother died while she was still a little child. All alone, in a small house at the end of the village, dwelt her godmother, who supported herself by spinning, weaving, and sewing. The old woman took the forlorn child to live with her, kept her to her work, and educated her in all that is good. When the girl was fifteen years old, the old woman, became ill, called the child to her bedside, and said, "Dear daughter, I feel my end drawing near. I leave thee the little house, which will protect thee from wind and weather, and my spindle, shuttle, and needle, with which thou canst earn thy bread." Then she laid her hands on the girl's head, blessed her, and said, "Only preserve the love of God in thy heart, and all will go well with thee." Thereupon she closed her eyes, and when she was laid in the earth, the maiden followed the coffin, weeping bitterly, and paid her the last mark of respect. And now the maiden lived quite alone in the little house, and was industrious, and span, wove, and sewed, and the blessing of the good old woman was on all that she did. It seemed as if the flax in the room increased of its own accord, and whenever she wove a piece of cloth or carpet, or had made a shirt, she at once found a buyer who paid her amply for it, so that she was in want of nothing, and even had something to share with others.

About this time, the son of the King was travelling about the country looking for a bride. He was not to choose a poor one, and did not want to have a rich one. So he said, "She shall be my wife who is the poorest, and at the same time the richest." When he came to the village where the maiden dwelt, he inquired, as he did wherever he went, who was the richest and also the poorest girl in the place? They first named the richest; the poorest, they said, was

the girl who lived in the small house quite at the end of the village. The rich girl was sitting in all her splendour before the door of her house, and when the prince approached her, she got up, went to meet him, and made him a low curtsey. He looked at her, said nothing, and rode on. When he came to the house of the poor girl, she was not standing at the door, but sitting in her little room. He stopped his horse, and saw through the window, on which the bright sun was shining, the girl sitting at her spinning-wheel, busily spinning. She looked up, and when she saw that the prince was looking in, she blushed all over her face, let her eyes fall, and went on spinning. I do not know whether, just at that moment, the thread was quite even; but she went on spinning until the King's son had ridden away again. Then she went to the window, opened it, and said, "It is so warm in this room!" but she still looked after him as long as she could distinguish the white feathers in his hat. Then she sat down to work again in her own room and went on with her spinning, and a saying which the old woman had often repeated when she was sitting at her work, came into her mind, and she sang these words to herself,—

"Spindle, my spindle, haste, haste thee away,

And here to my house bring the wooer, I pray."

And what do you think happened? The spindle sprang out of her hand in an instant, and out of the door, and when, in her astonishment, she got up and looked after it, she saw that it was dancing out merrily into the open country, and drawing a shining golden thread after it. Before long, it had entirely vanished from her sight. As she had now no spindle, the girl took the weaver's shuttle in her hand, sat down to her loom, and began to weave.

The spindle, however, danced continually onwards, and just as the thread came to an end, reached the prince. "What do I see?" he cried; "the spindle certainly wants to show me the way!" turned his horse about, and rode back with the golden thread. The girl was, however, sitting at her work singing,

"Shuttle, my shuttle, weave well this day,

And guide the wooer to me, I pray."

Immediately the shuttle sprang out of her hand and out by the door. Before the threshold, however, it began to weave a carpet which was more beautiful than the eyes of man had ever yet beheld. Lilies and roses blossomed on both sides of it, and on a golden ground in the centre green branches ascended, under which bounded hares and rabbits, stags and deer stretched their heads in between them, brightly-coloured birds were sitting in the branches above; they lacked nothing but the gift of song. The shuttle leapt hither and thither, and everything seemed to grow of its own accord.

As the shuttle had run away, the girl sat down to sew. She held the needle in her hand and sang,

"Needle, my needle, sharp-pointed and fine,

Prepare for a wooer this house of mine."

Then the needle leapt out of her fingers, and flew everywhere about the room as quick as lightning. It was just as if invisible spirits were working; they covered tables and benches with green cloth in an instant, and the chairs with velvet, and hung the windows with silken curtains. Hardly had the needle put in the last stitch than the maiden saw through the window the white feathers of the prince, whom the spindle had brought thither by the golden thread. He alighted, stepped over the carpet into the house, and when he entered the room, there stood the maiden in her poor garments, but she shone out from within them like a rose surrounded by leaves. "Thou art the poorest and also the richest," said he to her. "Come with me, thou shalt be my bride." She did not speak, but she gave him her hand. Then he gave her a kiss, led

her forth, lifted her on to his horse, and took her to the royal castle, where the wedding was solemnised with great rejoicings. The spindle, shuttle, and needle were preserved in the treasure-chamber, and held in great honour.

#### 189.—THE PEASANT AND THE DEVIL.

(*"The Peasant and the Devil"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 189. It is based on Ludwig Aurbacher's *"Der Teufel und der Bauer"* (*The Devil and the Farmer*) in his booklet for young people from 1834.

*Contents: A peasant found a devil in his fields, sitting on a fire. He guessed he was sitting on treasure, and the devil offered it if for two years, half of the crop was his. The peasant agreed, and said that to prevent disputes, the half above the ground was the devil's, and the half below the peasant's. When the devil agreed, the peasant planted turnips. When harvest time came, the devil saw his leaves and the peasant's turnips, and said they must do it the other way round the next year. The peasant agreed and planted wheat. At harvest, the devil found he got nothing but stubble. Having been outwitted twice, he retreated into the earth in a fury, and the peasant took the treasure.)*

There was once on a time a far-sighted, crafty peasant whose tricks were much talked about. The best story is, however, how he once got hold of the Devil, and made a fool of him. The peasant had one day been working in his field, and as twilight had set in, was making ready for the journey home, when he saw a heap of burning coals in the middle of his field, and when, full of astonishment, he went up to it, a little black devil was sitting on the live coals. "Thou dost indeed sit upon a treasure!" said the peasant. "Yes, in truth," replied the Devil, "on a treasure which contains more gold and silver than thou hast ever seen in thy life!" "The treasure lies in my field and belongs to me," said the peasant. "It is thine," answered the Devil, "if thou wilt for two years give me the half of everything thy field produces. Money I have enough of, but I have a desire for the fruits of the earth." The peasant agreed to the bargain. "In order, however, that no dispute may arise about the division," said he, "everything that is above ground shall belong to thee, and what is under the earth to me." The Devil was quite satisfied with that, but the cunning peasant had sown turnips.

Now when the time for harvest came, the Devil appeared and wanted to take away his crop; but he found nothing but the yellow withered leaves, while the peasant, full of delight, was digging up his turnips. "Thou hast had the best of it for once," said the Devil, "but the next time that won't do. What grows above ground shall be thine, and what is under it, mine." "I am willing," replied the peasant; but when the time came to sow, he did not again sow turnips, but wheat. The grain became ripe, and the peasant went into the field and cut the full stalks down to the ground. When the Devil came, he found nothing but the stubble, and went away in a fury down into a cleft in the rocks. "That is the way to cheat the Devil," said the peasant, and went and fetched away the treasure.

#### 190.—THE CRUMBS ON THE TABLE.

(*"The Crumbs on the Table"* is an animal fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 5th edition of 1843 at position 190 (KHM 190). It is written in

Swiss German (*High Allemannic*) and comes from Moriz Haupt's "Zeitschrift for German Antiquity", where Wilhelm Wackernagel published it in 1843 (*Sagen und Märchen aus dem Aargau*, No. 4, pp. 36-37).

*Contents: A countryman tells his puppies to come into the parlor and take the crumbs. They say the mistress will beat them, but he persists and persuades them. The mistress returns just then and beats them, and the countryman only laughs, so they have to run away.)*

A countryman one day said to his little puppies, "Come into the parlour and enjoy yourselves, and pick up the bread-crumbs on the table; your mistress has gone out to pay some visits." Then the little dogs said, "No, no, we will not go. If the mistress gets to know it, she will beat us." The countryman said, "She will know nothing about it. Do come; after all, she never gives you anything good." Then the little dogs again said, "Nay, nay, we must let it alone; we must not go." But the countryman let them have no peace until at last they went, and got on the table, and ate up the bread-crumbs with all their might. But at that very moment the mistress came, and seized the stick in great haste, and beat them and treated them very hardly. And when they were outside the house, the little dogs said to the countryman, "Dost, dost, dost, dost, dost thou see?" Then the countryman laughed and said, "Didn't, didn't, didn't you expect it?" So they just had to run away.

#### 191.—THE SEA-HARE.

(*"The Sea-Hare" is a fairy tale in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 7th edition of 1857 (KHM 191). It comes from Josef Haltirsch's collection "Deutsche Volksmärchen aus dem Sachsenlande in Siebenbürgen" (Romania) from 1856 (No. 39): Von der Königstochter, die aus ihrem Schlosse alles in ihrem Reiche sah.*

*Contents: A princess had a magical tower with twelve windows, and whenever she looked from a window, she saw more clearly from it than the one before. Being haughty, she had no wish to marry, and decreed that any suitor must hide from her to win her, but if she found him, he was to lose his head. After ninety-seven lost their lives, three brothers presented themselves, and the first two lost. The youngest son asked for three tries. He went hunting and spared a raven, a fish, and a fox. The raven tried to hide him in an egg, where he could be seen only from the eleventh window. The fish swallowed him, where he could be seen only from the twelfth. The fox turned him into a pretty sea-hare and sold him, to the princess. When she went to the windows, he hid in her hair. She could not see him and angrily threw the sea-hare out of her hair. He sneaked off, the fox restored him, and he went to claim her, and they married.)*

There was once upon a time a princess, who, high under the battlements in her castle, had an apartment with twelve windows, which looked out in every possible direction, and when she climbed up to it and looked around her, she could inspect her whole kingdom. When she looked out of the first, her sight was more keen than that of any other human being; from the second she could see still better, from the third more distinctly still, and so it went on, until the twelfth, from which she saw everything above the earth and under the earth, and nothing at all could be kept secret from her. Moreover, as she was haughty, and would be subject to no one, but wished to keep the dominion for herself

alone, she caused it to be proclaimed that no one should ever be her husband who could not conceal himself from her so effectually, that it should be quite impossible for her to find him. He who tried this, however, and was discovered by her, was to have his head struck off, and stuck on a post. Ninety-seven posts with the heads of dead men were already standing before the castle, and no one had come forward for a long time. The princess was delighted, and thought to herself, "Now I shall be free as long as I live." Then three brothers appeared before her, and announced to her that they were desirous of trying their luck. The eldest believed he would be quite safe if he crept into a limepit, but she saw him from the first window, made him come out, and had his head cut off. The second crept into the cellar of the palace, but she perceived him also from the first window, and his fate was sealed. His head was placed on the nine and ninetieth post. Then the youngest came to her and entreated her to give him a day for consideration, and also to be so gracious as to overlook it if she should happen to discover him twice, but if he failed the third time, he would look on his life as over. As he was so handsome, and begged so earnestly, she said, "Yes, I will grant thee that, but thou wilt not succeed."

Next day he meditated for a long time how he should hide himself, but all in vain. Then he seized his gun and went out hunting. He saw a raven, took a good aim at him, and was just going to fire, when the bird cried, "Don't shoot; I will make it worth thy while not." He put his gun down, went on, and came to a lake where he surprised a large fish which had come up from the depths below to the surface of the water. When he had aimed at it, the fish cried, "Don't shoot, and I will make it worth thy while." He allowed it to dive down again, went onwards, and met a fox which was lame. He fired and missed it, and the fox cried, "You had much better come here and draw the thorn out of my foot for me." He did this; but then he wanted to kill the fox and skin it, the fox said, "Stop, and I will make it worth thy while." The youth let him go, and then as it was evening, returned home.

Next day he was to hide himself; but howsoever much he puzzled his brains over it, he did not know where. He went into the forest to the raven and said, "I let thee live on, so now tell me where I am to hide myself, so that the King's daughter shall not see me." The raven hung his head and thought it over for a long time. At length he croaked, "I have it." He fetched an egg out of his nest, cut it into two parts, and shut the youth inside it; then made it whole again, and seated himself on it. When the King's daughter went to the first window she could not discover him, nor could she from the others, and she began to be uneasy, but from the eleventh she saw him. She ordered the raven to be shot, and the egg to be brought and broken, and the youth was forced to come out. She said, "For once thou art excused, but if thou dost not do better than this, thou art lost!"

Next day he went to the lake, called the fish to him and said, "I suffered thee to live, now tell me where to hide myself so that the King's daughter may not see me." The fish thought for a while, and at last cried, "I have it! I will shut thee up in my stomach." He swallowed him, and went down to the bottom of the lake. The King's daughter looked through her windows, and even from the eleventh did not see him, and was alarmed; but at length from the twelfth she saw him. She ordered the fish to be caught and killed, and then the youth appeared. Every one can imagine what a state of mind he was in. She said, "Twice thou art forgiven, but be sure that thy head will be set on the hundredth post."

On the last day, he went with a heavy heart into the country, and met the fox. "Thou knowest how to find all kinds of hiding-places," said he; "I let thee live, now advise me where I shall hide

myself so that the King's daughter shall not discover me." "That's a hard task," answered the fox, looking very thoughtful. At length he cried, "I have it!" and went with him to a spring, dipped himself in it, and came out as a stall-keeper in the market, and dealer in animals. The youth had to dip himself in the water also, and was changed into a small sea-hare. The merchant went into the town, and showed the pretty little animal, and many persons gathered together to see it. At length the King's daughter came likewise, and as she liked it very much, she bought it, and gave the merchant a good deal of money for it. Before he gave it over to her, he said to it, "When the King's daughter goes to the window, creep quickly under the braids of her hair." And now the time arrived when she was to search for him. She went to one window after another in turn, from the first to the eleventh, and did not see him. "When she did not see him from the twelfth either, she was full of anxiety and anger, and shut it down with such violence that the glass in every window shivered into a thousand pieces, and the whole castle shook.

She went back and felt the sea-hare beneath the braids of her hair. Then she seized it, and threw it on the ground exclaiming, "Away with thee, get out of my sight!" It ran to the merchant, and both of them hurried to the spring, wherein they plunged, and received back their true forms. The youth thanked the fox, and said, "The raven and the fish are idiots compared with thee; thou knowest the right tune to play, there is no denying that!"

The youth went straight to the palace. The princess was already expecting him, and accommodated herself to her destiny. The wedding was solemnised, and now he was king, and lord of all the kingdom. He never told her where he had concealed himself for the third time, and who had helped him, so she believed that he had done everything by his own skill, and she had a great respect for him, for she thought to herself, "He is able to do more than I."

## 192.—THE MASTER-THIEF.

*("The Master Thief" is a Norwegian fairy tale collected by Peter Chr. Asbjørnsen (1812–1885) and Jørgen Engebretsen Moe (1813–1882). The Brothers Grimm included a shorter variant in their Children's and Household Tales as KHM 192, 5 Edition of 1843. This version comes from Moriz Haupt's 1843 journal for German antiquity (A fairy tale from Thuringia, by Georg Friedrich Sterzing).*

*Contents: A master thief has become a rich man by practicing his trade all over the world. In the end, however, he is drawn back to his homeland and tells his godfather, the count in the castle near his father's house, about his abilities. He is initially angry and wants to hang the master thief immediately. But then he gives him the chance to prove his skills with three tasks. First, the master thief must steal the best horse from the count's stable, which is guarded by soldiers. The thief disguises himself as an old lady and sells the guards some sleepy wine. He then goes into the stable to join the three bodyguards, who are now anesthetised: one is holding the reins of the horse, the other is holding the tail, and the third is snoring in the saddle, leaning forward. He gives the first a rope, the second a bundle of straw, he lets the rider sit in the saddle, but he lifts the saddle with several ropes from the beams so high that he can pull the horse away from under him unnoticed. He wraps the horse's hooves in rags and leads it noiselessly to the stable and out of the castle. The second task is: The master thief is to steal the bed sheet from under the Count's body during the night and steal the wedding ring from the Countess' finger. He*

*solves this task by fetching a corpse from the gallows hill and putting it on his shoulders. He places a ladder in front of the Count's bedroom and climbs it with the corpse on his shoulders until the corpse's head appears at the window. The Count, who was waiting for it, shoots the corpse "dead" with his pistol. But because it was his godchild, the Count goes into the garden to bury the dead man. Meanwhile, the master thief climbs into the bedroom, pretends to the Countess that he is her husband and needs the bed sheet to wrap up the dead man. He also asks her to give the godchild the wedding ring to the grave and disappears with it. The third task: He is to steal the pastor and the sexton from the church. The master thief solves this task by setting crabs, on which he has glued burning candles on their backs, in the churchyard at night and loudly announcing that these are the souls of the dead who have climbed out of the graves; Judgment Day has come and it is Peter who is bringing people into the kingdom of heaven. The vicar and the sexton want to be the first to get to heaven and willingly crawl into a sack. The master thief drags the sack through the village up to the castle and into the dovecote. He leaves the two lying and makes them believe they heard the angels flapping their wings.)*

One day an old man and his wife were sitting in front of a miserable house resting a while from their work. Suddenly a splendid carriage with four black horses came driving up, and a richly-dressed man descended from it. The peasant stood up, went to the great man, and asked what he wanted, and in what way he could be useful to him? The stranger stretched out his hand to the old man, and said, "I want nothing but to enjoy for once a country dish; cook me some potatoes, in the way you always have them, and then I will sit down at your table and eat them with pleasure." The peasant smiled and said, "You are a count or a prince, or perhaps even a duke; noble gentlemen often have such fancies, but you shall have your wish." The wife went into the kitchen, and began to wash and rub the potatoes, and to make them into balls, as they are eaten by the country-folks. Whilst she was busy with this work, the peasant said to the stranger, "Come into my garden with me for a while, I have still something to do there." He had dug some holes in the garden, and now wanted to plant some trees in them. "Have you no children," asked the stranger, "who could help you with your work?" "No," answered the peasant, "I had a son, it is true, but it is long since he went out into the world. He was a ne'er-do-well; sharp, and knowing, but he would learn nothing and was full of bad tricks, at last he ran away from me, and since then I have heard nothing of him."

The old man took a young tree, put it in a hole, drove in a post beside it, and when he had shovelled in some earth and had trampled it firmly down, he tied the stem of the tree above, below, and in the middle, fast to the post by a rope of straw. "But tell me," said the stranger, "why you don't tie that crooked knotted tree, which is lying in the corner there, bent down almost to the ground, to a post also that it may grow straight, as well as these?" The old man smiled and said, "Sir, you speak according to your knowledge, it is easy to see that you are not familiar with gardening. That tree there is old, and mis-shapen, no one can make it straight now. Trees must be trained while they are young." "That is how it was with your son," said the stranger, "if you had trained him while he was still young, he would not have run away; now he too must have grown hard and mis-shapen." "Truly it is a long time since he went away," replied the old man, "he must have changed." "Would you know him again if he were to come to you?" asked the stranger. "Hardly by his face," replied

the peasant, "but he has a mark about him, a birth-mark on his shoulder, that looks like a bean." When he had said that the stranger pulled off his coat, bared his shoulder, and showed the peasant the bean. "Good God!" cried the old man, "thou art really my son!" and love for his child stirred in his heart. "But," he added, "how canst thou be my son, thou hast become a great lord and livest in wealth and luxury? How hast thou contrived to do that?" "Ah, father," answered the son, "the young tree was bound to no post and has grown crooked, now it is too old, it will never be straight again. How have I got all that? I have become a thief, but do not be alarmed, I am a master-thief. For me there are neither locks nor bolts, whatsoever I desire is mine. Do not imagine that I steal like a common thief, I only take some of the superfluity of the rich. Poor people are safe, I would rather give to them than take anything from them. It is the same with anything which I can have without trouble, cunning and dexterity—I never touch it." "Alas, my son," said the father, "it still does not please me, a thief is still a thief, I tell thee it will end badly." He took him to his mother, and when she heard that was her son, she wept for joy, but when he told her that he had become a master-thief, two streams flowed down over her face. At length she said, "Even if he has become a thief, he is still my son, and my eyes have beheld him once more." They sat down to table, and once again he ate with his parents the wretched food which he had not eaten for so long. The father said, "If our Lord, the count up there in the castle, learns who thou art, and what trade thou followest, he will not take thee in his arms and cradle thee in them as he did when he held thee at the font, but will cause thee to swing from a halter." "Be easy, father, he will do me no harm, for I understand my trade. I will go to him myself this very day." When evening drew near, the master-thief seated himself in his carriage, and drove to the castle. The count received him civilly, for he took him for a distinguished man. When, however, the stranger made himself known, the count turned pale and was quite silent for some time. At length he said, "Thou art my godson, and on that account mercy shall take the place of justice, and I will deal leniently with thee. Since thou pridest thyself on being a master-thief, I will put thy art to the proof, but if thou dost not stand the test, thou must marry the rope-maker's daughter, and the croaking of the raven must be thy music on the occasion." "Lord count," answered the master-thief, "Think of three things, as difficult as you like, and if I do not perform your tasks, do with me what you will." The count reflected for some minutes, and then said, "Well, then, in the first place, thou shalt steal the horse I keep for my own riding, out of the stable; in the next, thou shalt steal the sheet from beneath the bodies of my wife and myself when we are asleep, without our observing it, and the wedding-ring of my wife as well; thirdly and lastly, thou shalt steal away out of the church, the parson and clerk. Mark what I am saying, for thy life depends on it."

The master-thief went to the nearest town; there he bought the clothes of an old peasant woman, and put them on. Then he stained his face brown, and painted wrinkles on it as well, so that no one could have recognised him. Then he filled a small cask with old Hungary wine in which was mixed a powerful sleeping-drink. He put the cask in a basket, which he took on his back, and walked with slow and tottering steps to the count's castle. It was already dark when he arrived. He sat down on a stone in the court-yard and began to cough, like an asthmatic old woman, and to rub his hands as if he were cold. In front of the door of the stable some soldiers were lying round a fire; one of them observed the woman, and called out to her, "Come nearer, old mother, and warm thyself beside us. After all, thou hast no bed for the night, and must take

one where thou canst find it." The old woman tottered up to them, begged them to lift the basket from her back, and sat down beside them at the fire. "What hast thou got in thy little cask, old lady?" asked one. "A good mouthful of wine," she answered. "I live by trade, for money and fair words I am quite ready to let you have a glass." "Let us have it here, then," said the soldier, and when he had tasted one glass he said, "When wine is good, I like another glass," and had another poured out for himself, and the rest followed his example. "Hallo, comrades," cried one of them to those who were in the stable, "here is an old goody who has wine that is as old as herself; take a draught, it will warm your stomachs far better than our fire." The old woman carried her cask into the stable. One of the soldiers had seated himself on the saddled riding-horse, another held its bridle in his hand, a third had laid hold of its tail. She poured out as much as they wanted until the spring ran dry. It was not long before the bridle fell from the hand of the one, and he fell down and began to snore, the other left hold of the tail, lay down and snored still louder. The one who was sitting in the saddle, did remain sitting, but bent his head almost down to the horse's neck, and slept and blew with his mouth like the bellows of a forge. The soldiers outside had already been asleep for a long time, and were lying on the ground motionless, as if dead. When the master-thief saw that he had succeeded, he gave the first a rope in his hand instead of the bridle, and the other who had been holding the tail, a wisp of straw, but what was he to do with the one who was sitting on the horse's back? He did not want to throw him down, for he might have awakened and have uttered a cry. He had a good idea, he unbuckled the girths of the saddle, tied a couple of ropes which were hanging to a ring on the wall fast to the saddle, and drew the sleeping rider up into the air on it, then he twisted the rope round the posts, and made it fast. He soon unloosed the horse from the chain, but if he had ridden over the stony pavement of the yard they would have heard the noise in the castle. So he wrapped the horse's hoofs in old rags, led him carefully out, leapt upon him, and galloped off.

When day broke, the master galloped to the castle on the stolen horse. The count had just got up, and was looking out of the window. "Good morning. Sir Count," he cried to him, "here is the horse, which I have got safely out of the stable! Just look, how beautifully your soldiers are lying there sleeping; and if you will but go into the stable, you will see how comfortable your watchers have made it for themselves." The count could not help laughing, then he said, "For once thou hast succeeded, but things won't go so well the second time, and I warn thee that if thou comest before me as a thief, I will handle thee as I would a thief." When the countess went to bed that night, she closed her hand with the wedding-ring tightly together, and the count said, "All the doors are locked and bolted, I will keep awake and wait for the thief, but if he gets in by the window, I will shoot him." The master-thief, however, went in the dark to the gallows, cut a poor sinner who was hanging there down from the halter, and carried him on his back to the castle. Then he set a ladder up to the bedroom, put the dead body on his shoulders, and began to climb up. When he had got so high that the head of the dead man showed at the window, the count, who was watching in his bed, fired a pistol at him, and immediately the master let the poor sinner fall down, and hid himself in one corner. The night was sufficiently lighted by the moon, for the master to see distinctly how the count got out of the window on to the ladder, came down, carried the dead body into the garden, and began to dig a hole in which to lay it. "Now," thought the thief, "the favourable moment has come," stole nimbly out of his corner, and climbed up the ladder straight into

the countess's bedroom. "Dear wife," he began in the count's voice, "the thief is dead, but, after all, he is my godson, and has been more of a scape-grace than a villain. I will not put him to open shame; besides, I am sorry for the parents. I will bury him myself before daybreak, in the garden that the thing may not be known, so give me the sheet, I will wrap up the body in it, and bury him as a dog buries things by scratching." The countess gave him the sheet. "I tell you what," continued the thief, "I have a fit of magnanimity on me, give me the ring too,—the unhappy man risked his life for it, so he may take it with him into his grave." She would not gainsay the count, and although she did it unwillingly she drew the ring from her finger, and gave it to him. The thief made off with both these things, and reached home safely before the count in the garden had finished his work of burying.

What a long face the count did pull when the master came next morning, and brought him the sheet and the ring. "Art thou a wizard?" said he, "Who has fetched thee out of the grave in which I myself laid thee, and brought thee to life again?" "You did not bury me," said the thief, "but the poor sinner on the gallows," and he told him exactly how everything had happened, and the count was forced to own to him that he was a clever, crafty thief. "But thou hast not reached the end yet," he added, "thou hast still to perform the third task, and if thou dost not succeed in that, all is of no use." The master smiled and returned no answer. When night had fallen he went with a long sack on his back, a bundle under his arms, and a lantern in his hand to the village-church. In the sack he had some crabs, and in the bundle short wax-candles. He sat down in the churchyard, took out a crab, and stuck a wax-candle on his back. Then he lighted the little light, put the crab on the ground, and let it creep about. He took a second out of the sack, and treated it in the same way, and so on until the last was out of the sack. Hereupon he put on a long black garment that looked like a monk's cowl, and stuck a grey beard on his chin. When at last he was quite unrecognisable, he took the sack in which the crabs had been, went into the church, and ascended the pulpit. The clock in the tower was just striking twelve; when the last stroke had sounded, he cried with a loud and piercing voice, "Hearken, sinful men, the end of all things has come! The last day is at hand! Hearken! Hearken! Whosoever wishes to go to heaven with me must creep into the sack. I am Peter, who opens and shuts the gate of heaven. Behold how the dead outside there in the churchyard, ar wandering about collecting their bones. Come, come, and creep into the sack; the world is about to be destroyed!" The cry echoed through the whole village. The parson and clerk who lived nearest to the church, heard it first, and when they saw the lights which were moving about the churchyard, they observed that something unusual was going on, and went into the church. They listened to the sermon for a while, and then the clerk nudged the parson and said, "It would not be amiss if we were to use the opportunity together, and before the dawning of the last day, find an easy way of getting to heaven." "To tell the truth," answered the parson, "that is what I myself have been thinking, so if you are inclined, we will set out on our way." "Yes," answered the clerk, "but you, the pastor, have the precedence, I will follow." So the parson went first, and ascended the pulpit where the master opened his sack. The parson crept in first, and then the clerk. The master immediately tied up the sack tightly, seized it by the middle, and dragged it down the pulpit-steps, and whenever the heads of the two fools bumped against the steps, he cried, "We are going over the mountains," Then he drew them through the village in the same way, and when they were passing through puddles, he cried, "Now we are going through wet clouds," and when at last he was

dragging them up the steps of the castle, he cried, "Now we are on the steps of heaven, and will soon be in the outer court." When he had got to the top, he pushed the sack into the pigeon-house, and when the pigeons fluttered about, he said, "Hark how glad the angels are, and how they are flapping their wings!" Then he bolted the door upon them, and went away.

Next morning he went to the count, and told him that he had performed the third task also, and had carried the parson and clerk out of the church. "Where hast thou left them?" asked the lord. "They are lying upstairs in a sack in the pigeon-house, and imagine that they are in heaven." The count went up himself, and convinced himself that the master had told the truth. When he had delivered the parson and clerk from their captivity, he said, "Thou art an arch-thief, and hast won thy wager. For once thou escapest with a whole skin, but see that thou leavest my land, for if ever thou settest foot on it again, thou mayst count on thy elevation to the gallows." The arch-thief took leave of his parents, once more went forth into the wide world, and no one has ever heard of him since.

### 193.—THE DRUMMER.

(*"The Drummer"* is a fairy tale in the *Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm* from the 5th edition of 1843 (KHM 193). Jacob Grimm received the fairy tale in 1838 by letter from Karl Goedeke, who noted that he had received it from his aunt, "a simple bourgeois woman", who in turn got it from a rag collector in Eichsfeld.

*Contents: A young drummer finds three pieces of fine linen at a lake, one of which he takes with him without giving it a second thought. As he falls asleep, a king's daughter appears who has been banished to the glass mountain by a witch. Without her chemise, she cannot fly away from the lake where they are bathing like her two sisters. He gives it to her and promises to help her. She can only say that the glass mountain lies behind the forest of the cannibals. He goes into the forest and uses his drum to wake up a giant, telling him that this is a signal to many others coming to kill him. They jump away when he tries to grab them, but when he sleeps they climb up on him and smash his skull in with iron hammers. The giant promises to leave her alone in the future and carries him with two others to the glass mountain, but not to the top. Two men are arguing about a magic saddle that can be used to wish anywhere. The drummer steals it from them by cunning and makes a wish for himself on the glass mountain. He asks for a lodging with an old woman with a brown face, a long nose and red, sharp eyes. To do this, the next day he has to scoop out the fish pond in front of the house with a thimble and the day after that he has to cut down the forest behind it with tools made of lead and tin that don't hold up. Both times a girl comes to his aid at midday. He puts his head in her lap and when he wakes up all the fish are caught and all the wood is in order. Only a fish and a branch lie alone. He hits the old woman with it when she asks about it. On the third day he shall burn all the wood in one heap. He also fearlessly climbs into the flames when she lets him get a log that doesn't burn. Then he turns into the king's daughter. He throws the old woman into the fire as she tries to grab her. The king's daughter extends her hand to him and wishes them both outside the city gate with a wishing ring. When he visits his parents and kisses her on the right cheek despite warnings from his bride, he forgets her. They use the gems from the witch's house to build a princely palace and arrange a marriage. The sad king's daughter,*

*who has meanwhile lived lonely in a cottage in the woods, wishes for a dress like the sun, then like the moon, then like the stars. With this she buys from the bride three times to be allowed to sleep in front of the bridegroom's room. But only the people in the house hear her calling, because the bride has a sleeping potion poured into his wine, and tell him. The third time he pours the sleeping potion behind the bed. Hearing her voice, he remembers, repents, and immediately takes her to his parents for marriage. The other bride is happy with the dresses.)*

A young drummer went out quite alone one evening into the country, and came to a lake on the shore of which he perceived three pieces of white linen lying. "What fine linen," said he, and put one piece in his pocket. He returned home, thought no more of what he had found, and went to bed. Just as he was going to sleep, it seemed to him as if some one was saying his name. He listened, and was aware of a soft voice which cried to him, "Drummer, drummer, wake up!" As it was a dark night he could see no one, but it appeared to him that a figure was hovering about his bed. "What do you want?" he asked. "Give me back my dress," answered the voice, "that you took away from me last evening by the lake." "You shall have it back again," said the drummer, "if you will tell me who you are." "Ah," replied the voice, "I am the daughter of a mighty King; but I have fallen into the power of a witch, and am shut up on the glass-mountain. I have to bathe in the lake every day with my two sisters, but I cannot fly back again without my dress. My sisters have gone away, but I have been forced to stay behind. I entreat you to give me my dress back." "Be easy, poor child," said the drummer. "I will willingly give it back to you." He took it out of his pocket, and reached it to her in the dark. She snatched it in haste, and wanted to go away with it. "Stop a moment, perhaps I can help you." "You can only help me by ascending the glass-mountain, and freeing me from the power of the witch. But you cannot come to the glass-mountain, and indeed if you were quite close to it you could not ascend it." "When I want to do a thing I always can do it," said the drummer; "I am sorry for you, and have no fear of anything. But I do not know the way which leads to the glass-mountain." "The road goes through the great forest, in which the man-eaters live," she answered, "and more than that, I dare not tell you." And then he heard her wings quiver, and she flew away.

By daybreak the drummer arose, buckled on his drum, and went without fear straight into the forest. After he had walked for a while without seeing any giants, he thought to himself, "I must waken up the sluggards," and he hung his drum before him, and beat such a *réveillé* that the birds flew out of the trees with loud cries. It was not long before a giant who had been lying sleeping among the grass, rose up, and was as tall as a fir-tree. "Wretch!" cried he; "what art thou drumming here for, and wakening me out of my best sleep?" "I am drumming," he replied, "because I want to show the way to many thousands who are following me." "What do they want in my forest?" demanded the giant. "They want to put an end to thee, and cleanse the forest of such a monster as thou art!" "Oho!" said the giant, "I will trample you all to death like so many ants." "Dost thou think thou canst do anything against us?" said the drummer; "if thou stoopest to take hold of one, he will jump away and hide himself; but when thou art lying down and sleeping, they will come forth from every thicket, and creep up to thee. Every one of them has a hammer of steel in his belt, and with that they will beat in thy skull." The giant grew angry and thought, "If I meddle with the crafty folk, it might turn out badly for me. I can strangle wolves and bears, but I

cannot protect myself from these earth-worms." "Listen, little fellow," said he; "go back again, and I will promise you that for the future I will leave you and your comrades in peace, and if there is anything else you wish for, tell me, for I am quite willing to do something to please you." "Thou hast long legs," said the drummer, "and canst run quicker than I; carry me to the glass-mountain, and I will give my followers a signal to go back, and they shall leave thee in peace this time." "Come here, worm," said the giant; "seat thyself on my shoulder, I will carry thee where thou wishest to be." The giant lifted him up, and the drummer began to beat his drum up aloft to his heart's delight. The giant thought, "That is the signal for the other people to turn back."

After a while, a second giant was standing in the road, who took the drummer from the first, and stuck him in his own button-hole. The drummer laid hold of the button, which was as large as a dish, held on by it, and looked merrily around. Then they came to a third giant, who took him out of the button-hole, and set him on the rim of his hat. Then the drummer walked backwards and forwards up above, and looked over the trees, and when he perceived a mountain in the blue distance, he thought, "That must be the glass-mountain," and so it was. The giant only made two steps more, and they reached the foot of the mountain, when the giant put him down. The drummer demanded to be put on the summit of the glass-mountain, but the giant shook his head, growled something in his beard, and went back into the forest.

And now the poor drummer was standing before the mountain, which was as high as if three mountains were piled on each other, and at the same time as smooth as a looking-glass, and did not know how to get up it. He began to climb, but that was useless, for he always slipped back again. "If one was a bird now," thought he; but what was the good of wishing, no wings grew for him.

Whilst he was standing thus, not knowing what to do, he saw, not far from him, two men who were struggling fiercely together. He went up to them and saw that they were disputing about a saddle which was lying on the ground before them, and which both of them wanted to have. "What fools you are," said he, "to quarrel about a saddle, when you have not a horse for it!" "The saddle is worth fighting about," answered one of the men; "whosoever sits on it, and wishes himself in any place, even if it should be the very end of the earth, gets there the instant he has uttered the wish. The saddle belongs to us in common. It is my turn to ride on it, but that other man will not let me do it." "I will soon decide the quarrel," said the drummer, and he went to a short distance and stuck a white rod in the ground. Then he came back and said, "Now run to the goal, and whoever gets there first, shall ride first." Both put themselves into a trot; but hardly had they gone a couple of steps before the drummer swung himself on the saddle, wished himself on the glass-mountain, and before any one could turn round, he was there. On the top of the mountain was a plain; there stood an old stone house, and in front of the house lay a great fish-pond, but behind it was a dark forest. He saw neither men nor animals, everything was quiet; only the wind rustled amongst the trees, and the clouds moved by quite close above his head. He went to the door and knocked. When he had knocked for the third time, an old woman with a brown face and red eyes opened the door. She had spectacles on her long nose, and looked sharply at him; then she asked what he wanted. "Entrance, food, and a bed for the night," replied the drummer. "That thou shalt have," said the old woman, "if thou wilt perform three services in return." "Why not?" he answered, "I am not afraid of any kind of work, however hard it may be." The old woman let him go in, and gave him some food and a good bed at night. The next morning

when he had had his sleep out, she took a thimble from her wrinkled finger, reached it to the drummer, and said, "Go to work now, and empty out the pond with this thimble; but thou must have it done before night, and must have sought out all the fishes which are in the water and laid them side by side, according to their kind and size." "That is strange work," said the drummer, but he went to the pond, and began to empty it. He baled the whole morning; but what can any one do to a great lake with a thimble, even if he were to bale for a thousand years?

When it was noon, he thought, "It is all useless, and whether I work or not it will come to the same thing." So he gave it up and sat down. Then came a maiden out of the house who set a little basket with food before him, and said, "What ails thee, that thou sittest so sadly here?" He looked at her, and saw that she was wondrously beautiful. "Ah," said he, "I cannot finish the first piece of work, how will it be with the others? I came forth to seek a king's daughter who is said to dwell here, but I have not found her, and I will go farther." "Stay here," said the maiden, "I will help thee out of thy difficulty. Thou art tired, lay thy head in my lap, and sleep. When thou awakest again, thy work will be done." The drummer did not need to be told that twice. As soon as his eyes were shut, she turned a wishing-ring and said, "Rise, water. Fishes, come out." Instantly the water rose on high like a white mist, and moved away with the other clouds, and the fishes sprang on the shore and laid themselves side by side each according to his size and kind. When the drummer awoke, he saw with amazement that all was done. But the maiden said, "One of the fish is not lying with those of its own kind, but quite alone; when the old woman comes to-night and sees that all she demanded has been done, she will ask thee, 'What is this fish lying alone for?' Then throw the fish in her face, and say, 'This one shall be for thee, old witch.'" In the evening the witch came, and when she had put this question, he threw the fish in her face. She behaved as if she did not remark it, and said nothing, but looked at him with malicious eyes. Next morning she said, "Yesterday it was too easy for thee, I must give thee harder work. To-day thou must hew down the whole of the forest, split the wood into logs, and pile them up, and everything must be finished by the evening." She gave him an axe, a mallet, and two wedges. But the axe was made of lead, and the mallet and wedges were of tin. When he began to cut, the edge of the axe turned back, and the mallet and wedges were beaten out of shape. He did not know how to manage, but at mid-day the maiden came once more with his dinner and comforted him. "Lay thy head on my lap," said she, "and sleep; when thou awakest, thy work will be done." She turned her wishing-ring, and in an instant the whole forest fell down with a crash, the wood split, and arranged itself in heaps, and it seemed just as if unseen giants were finishing the work. When he awoke, the maiden said, "Dost thou see that the wood is piled up and arranged, one bough alone remains; but when the old woman comes this evening and asks thee about that bough, give her a blow with it, and say, 'That is for thee, thou witch.'"

The old woman came, "There thou seest how easy the work was!" said she; "but for whom hast thou left that bough which is lying there still?"

"For thee, thou witch," he replied, and gave her a blow with it. But she pretended not to feel it, laughed scornfully, and said, "Early to-morrow morning thou shalt arrange all the wood in one heap, set fire to it, and burn it." He rose at break of day, and began to pick up the wood, but how can a single man get a whole forest together? The work made no progress. The maiden, however, did not desert him in his need. She brought him his food

at noon, and when he had eaten, he laid his head on her lap, and went to sleep. When he awoke, the entire pile of wood was burning in one enormous flame, which stretched its tongues out into the sky. "Listen to me," said the maiden, "when the witch comes, she will give thee all kinds of orders; do whatever she asks thee without fear, and then she will not be able to get the better of thee, but if thou art afraid, the fire will lay hold of thee, and consume thee. At last when thou hast done everything, seize her with both thy hands, and throw her into the midst of the fire." The maiden departed, and the old woman came sneaking up to him. "Oh, I am cold," said she, "but that is a fire that burns; it warms my old bones for me, and does me good! But there is a log lying there which won't burn, bring it out for me. When thou hast done that, thou art free, and mayst go where thou likest, come; go in with a good will."

The drummer did not reflect long; he sprang into the midst of the flames, but they did not hurt him, and could not even singe a hair of his head. He carried the log out, and laid it down. Hardly, however, had the wood touched the earth than it was transformed, and the beautiful maiden who had helped him in his need stood before him, and by the silken and shining golden garments which she wore, he knew right well that she was the King's daughter. But the old woman laughed venomously, and said, "Thou thinkest thou hast her safe, but thou hast not got her yet!" Just as she was about to fall on the maiden and take her away, the youth seized the old woman with both his hands, raised her up on high, and threw her into the jaws of the fire, which closed over her as if it were delighted that the old witch was to be burnt.

Then the King's daughter looked at the drummer, and when she saw that he was a handsome youth and remembered how he had risked his life to deliver her, she gave him her hand, and said, "Thou hast ventured everything for my sake, but I also will do everything for thine. Promise to be true to me, and thou shalt be my husband. We shall not want for riches, we shall have enough with what the witch has gathered together here." She led him into the house, where there were chests and coffers crammed with the old woman's treasures. The maiden left the gold and silver where it was, and took only the precious stones. She would not stay any longer on the glass-mountain, so the drummer said to her, "Seat thyself by me on my saddle, and then we will fly down like birds." "I do not like the old saddle," said she, "I need only turn my wishing-ring and we shall be at home." "Very well, then," answered the drummer, "then wish us in front of the town-gate." In the twinkling of an eye they were there, but the drummer said, "I will just go to my parents and tell them the news, wait for me outside here, I shall soon be back." "Ah," said the King's daughter, "I beg thee to be careful. On thy arrival do not kiss thy parents on the right cheek, or else thou wilt forget everything, and I shall stay behind here outside, alone and deserted." "How can I forget thee?" said he, and promised her to come back very soon, and gave his hand upon it. When he went into his father's house, he had changed so much that no one knew who he was, for the three days which he had passed on the glass-mountain had been three years. Then he made himself known, and his parents fell on his neck with joy, and his heart was so moved that he forgot what the maiden had said, and kissed them on both cheeks. But when he had given them the kiss on the right cheek, every thought of the King's daughter vanished from him. He emptied out his pockets, and laid handfuls of the largest jewels on the table. The parents had not the least idea what to do with the riches. Then the father built a magnificent castle all surrounded by gardens, woods, and meadows as if a prince were going to live in it, and when it was

ready, the mother said, "I have found a maiden for thee, and the wedding shall be in three days." The son was content to do as his parents desired.

The poor King's daughter had stood for a long time without the town waiting for the return of the young man. When evening came, she said, "He must certainly have kissed his parents on the right cheek, and has forgotten me." Her heart was full of sorrow, she wished herself into a solitary little hut in a forest, and would not return to her father's court. Every evening she went into the town and passed the young man's house; he often saw her, but he no longer knew her. At length she heard the people saying, "The wedding will take place to-morrow." Then she said, "I will try if I can win his heart back."

On the first day of the wedding ceremonies, she turned her wishing-ring, and said, "A dress as bright as the sun." Instantly the dress lay before her, and it was as bright as if it had been woven of real sunbeams. When all the guests were assembled, she entered the hall. Every one was amazed at the beautiful dress, and the bride most of all, and as pretty dresses were the things she had most delight in, she went to the stranger and asked if she would sell it to her. "Not for money," she answered, "but if I may pass the first night outside the door of the room where your betrothed sleeps, I will give it up to you." The bride could not overcome her desire and consented, but she mixed a sleeping-draught with the wine her betrothed took at night, which made him fall into a deep sleep. When all had become quiet, the King's daughter crouched down by the door of the bedroom, opened it just a little, and cried,

"Drummer, drummer, I pray thee hear!  
Hast thou forgotten thou heldest me dear?  
That on the glass-mountain we sat hour by hour?  
That I rescued thy life from the witch's power?  
Didst thou not plight thy troth to me?  
Drummer, drummer, hearken to me!"

But it was all in vain, the drummer did not awake, and when morning dawned, the King's daughter was forced to go back again as she came. On the second evening she turned her wishing-ring and said, "A dress as silvery as the moon." When she appeared at the feast in the dress which was as soft as moonbeams, it again excited the desire of the bride, and the King's daughter gave it to her for permission to pass the second night also, outside the door of the bedroom. Then in the stillness of the night, she cried,

"Drummer, drummer, I pray thee hear!  
Hast thou forgotten thou heldest me dear?  
That on the glass-mountain we sat hour by hour?  
That I rescued thy life from the witch's power?  
Didst thou not plight thy troth to me?  
Drummer, drummer, hearken to me!"

But the drummer, who was stupefied with the sleeping-draught, could not be aroused. Sadly next morning she went back to her hut in the forest. But the people in the house had heard the lamentation of the stranger-maiden, and told the bridegroom about it. They told him also that it was impossible that he could hear anything of it, because the maiden he was going to marry had poured a sleeping-draught into his wine.

On the third evening, the King's daughter turned her wishing-ring, and said, "A dress glittering like the stars." When she showed herself therein at the feast, the bride was quite beside herself with the splendour of the dress, which far surpassed the others, and she said, "I must, and will have it." The maiden gave it as she had given the others for permission to spend the night outside the bridegroom's door. The bridegroom, however, did not drink the wine which was handed to him before he went to bed,

but poured it behind the bed, and when everything was quiet, he heard a sweet voice which called to him,

"Drummer, drummer, I pray thee hear!  
Hast thou forgotten thou heldest me dear?  
That on the glass-mountain we sat hour by hour?  
That I rescued thy life from the witch's power?  
Didst thou not plight thy troth to me?  
Drummer, drummer, hearken to me!"

Suddenly his memory returned to him. "Ah," cried he, "how can I have acted so unfaithfully; but the kiss which in the joy of my heart I gave my parents, on the right cheek, that is to blame for it all, that is what stupefied me!" He sprang up, took the King's daughter by the hand, and led her to his parents' bed. "This is my true bride," said he; "if I marry the other, I shall do a great wrong." The parents, when they heard how everything had happened, gave their consent. Then the lights in the hall were lighted again, drums and trumpets were brought, friends and relations were invited to come, and the real wedding was solemnised with great rejoicing. The first bride received the beautiful dresses as a compensation, and declared herself satisfied.

#### 194.—THE EAR OF CORN.

(*"The Ear of Corn"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, KHM 194. Different usages have led to this tale being called *"The Ear of Corn"* and *"The Ear of Wheat"* in English.

*Contents: Once the ears of wheat corn used to produce many more grains, but one day God saw a woman using the grain to clean off her muddy son. Angry, he cursed them to have no more grain, since they were not worthy of it. Bystanders pleaded with him to have mercy, especially because of the children, and God chose to have the current amount of grain.)*

In former times, when God himself still walked the earth, the fruitfulness of the soil was much greater than it is now; then, the ears of corn did not bear fifty or sixty, but four or five hundred-fold. Then the corn grew from the bottom to the very top of the stalk, and according to the length of the stalk was the length of the ear. Men however are so made, that when they are too well off they no longer value the blessings which come from God, but grow indifferent and careless. One day a woman was passing by a corn-field when her little child, who was running beside her, fell into a puddle, and dirtied her frock. On this the mother tore up a handful of the beautiful ears of corn, and cleaned the frock with them.

When the Lord, who just then came by, saw that, he was angry, and said, "Henceforth shall the stalks of corn bear no more ears; men are no longer worthy of heavenly gifts." The by-standers who heard this, were terrified, and fell on their knees and prayed that he would still leave something on the stalks, even if the people were undeserving of it, for the sake of the innocent birds which would otherwise have to starve. The Lord, who foresaw their suffering, had pity on them, and granted the request. So the ears were left as they now grow.

#### 195.—THE GRAVE-MOUND.

(*"The Grave Mound"* is a fairy tale in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 6th edition of 1850 (KHM 195). It is based on Philipp Hoffmeister's *"Das*

*Mährchen vom dummen Teufel" in the magazine of the Hessian History Association and Geography from 1847.*

*Contents: A miserly farmer looks at his wealth. Then he feels that there is a knock at the door of his heart. When asked about his life, he admits his selfishness. He is frightened and gives his poor neighbour, who knocks at the door, four measures [malter\*] of grain for his hungry children, on the condition that he should watch over his grave for three nights. [\* The Malter (also Malder, abbreviation mltr.) was a volume measure in German-speaking countries for bulk goods (grain, legumes, etc.) and corresponded to about 100 litres.] The farmer dies three days later. On the third night, the timid neighbour encounters a retired soldier who has not yet learned to fear and is keeping watch with him. Then comes the devil who wants to chase them away to get the deceased soul. When the soldier shows himself to be fearless, the devil promises to fill his boot with gold. But the soldier cuts off the sole. When the devil fails to fill the boot the third time, he is driven away by the first ray of sunshine. The soldier leaves his share of the gold to the poor and takes the other to his hut.)*

A rich farmer was one day standing in his yard inspecting his fields and gardens. The corn was growing up vigorously and the fruit-trees were heavily laden with fruit. The grain of the year before still lay in such immense heaps on the floors that the rafters could hardly bear it. Then he went into the stable, where were well-fed oxen, fat cows, and horses bright as looking-glass. At length he went back into his sitting-room, and cast a glance at the iron chest in which his money lay.

Whilst he was thus standing surveying his riches, all at once there was a loud knock close by him. The knock was not at the door of his room, but at the door of his heart. It opened, and he heard a voice which said to him, "Hast thou done good to thy family with it? Hast thou considered the necessities of the poor? Hast thou shared thy bread with the hungry? Hast thou been contented with what thou hast, or didst thou always desire to have more?" The heart was not slow in answering, "I have been hard and pitiless, and have never shown any kindness to my own family. If a beggar came, I turned away my eyes from him. I have not troubled myself about God, but have thought only of increasing my wealth. If everything which the sky covers had been mine own, I should still not have had enough."

When he was aware of this answer he was greatly alarmed, his knees began to tremble, and he was forced to sit down.

Then there was another knock, but the knock was at the door of his room. It was his neighbour, a poor man who had a number of children whom he could no longer satisfy with food. "I know," thought the poor man, "that my neighbour is rich, but he is as hard as he is rich. I don't believe he will help me, but my children are crying for bread, so I will venture it." He said to the rich man, "You do not readily give away anything that is yours, but I stand here like one who feels the water rising above his head. My children are starving, lend me four measures [malter\*] of corn." The rich man looked at him long, and then the first sunbeam of mercy began to melt away a drop of the ice of greediness. "I will not lend thee four measures," he answered, "but I will make thee a present of eight, but thou must fulfil one condition." "What am I to do?" said the poor man. "When I am dead, thou shalt watch for three nights by my grave." The peasant was disturbed in his mind at this request, but in the need in which he was, he would have consented to anything; he accepted, therefore, and carried the corn home with him. It seemed as if the rich man had foreseen what was about to happen, for when three days were gone by, he suddenly

dropped down dead. No one knew exactly how it came to pass, but no one grieved for him. When he was buried, the poor man remembered his promise; he would willingly have been released from it, but he thought, "After all, he acted kindly by me. I have fed my hungry children with his corn, and even if that were not the case, where I have once given my promise I must keep it." At nightfall he went into the churchyard, and seated himself on the grave-mound. Everything was quiet, only the moon appeared above the grave, and frequently an owl flew past and uttered her melancholy cry. When the sun rose, the poor man betook himself in safety to his home, and in the same manner the second night passed quietly by. On the evening of the third day he felt a strange uneasiness, it seemed to him that something was about to happen. When he went out he saw, by the churchyard-wall, a man whom he had never seen before. He was no longer young, had scars on his face, and his eyes looked sharply and eagerly around. He was entirely covered with an old cloak, and nothing was visible but his great riding-boots. "What are you looking for here?" the peasant asked. "Are you not afraid of the lonely churchyard?"

"I am looking for nothing," he answered, "and I am afraid of nothing! I am like the youngster who went forth to learn how to shiver, and had his labour for his pains, but got the King's daughter to wife and great wealth with her, only I have remained poor. I am nothing but a paid-off soldier, and I mean to pass the night here, because I have no other shelter." "If you are without fear," said the peasant, "stay with me, and help me to watch that grave there."

"To keep watch is a soldier's business," he replied, "whatever we fall in with here, whether it be good or bad, we will share it between us." The peasant agreed to this, and they seated themselves on the grave together.

All was quiet until midnight, when suddenly a shrill whistling was heard in the air, and the two watchers perceived the Evil One standing bodily before them. "Be off, you ragamuffins!" cried he to them, "the man who lies in that grave belongs to me; I want to take him, and if you don't go away I will wring your necks!" "Sir with the red feather\*," said the soldier, "you are not my captain, I have no need to obey you, and I have not yet learned how to fear. Go away, we shall stay sitting here." [\* red feather was an old synonym in Germany for the Devil]

The Devil thought to himself, "Money is the best thing with which to get hold of these two vagabonds." So he began to play a softer tune, and asked quite kindly, if they would not accept a bag of money, and go home with it? "That is worth listening to," answered the soldier, "but one bag of gold won't serve us, if you will give as much as will go into one of my boots, we will quit the field for you and go away."

"I have not so much as that about me," said the Devil, "but I will fetch it. In the neighbouring town lives a money-changer who is a good friend of mine, and will readily advance it to me." When the Devil had vanished the soldier took his left boot off, and said, "We will soon pull the charcoal-burner's nose for him, just give me your knife, comrade." He cut the sole off the boot, and put it in the high grass near the grave on the edge of a hole that was half over-grown. "That will do," said he; "now the chimney-sweep may come."

They both sat down and waited, and it was not long before the Devil returned with a small bag of gold in his hand. "Just pour it in," said the soldier, raising up the boot a little, "but that won't be enough."

The Black One shook out all that was in the bag; the gold fell through, and the boot remained empty. "Stupid Devil," cried the

soldier, "it won't do! Didn't I say so at once? Go back again, and bring more." The Devil shook his head, went, and in an hour's time came with a much larger bag under his arm. "Now pour it in," cried the soldier, "but I doubt the boot won't be full." The gold clinked as it fell, but the boot remained empty. The Devil looked in himself with his burning eyes, and convinced himself of the truth. "You have shamefully big calves to your legs!" cried he, and made a wry face. "Did you think," replied the soldier, "that I had a cloven foot like you? Since when have you been so stingy? See that you get more gold together, or our bargain will come to nothing!" The Wicked One went off again. This time he stayed away longer, and when at length he appeared he was panting under the weight of a sack which lay on his shoulders. He emptied it into the boot, which was just as far from being filled as before. He became furious, and was just going to tear the boot out of the soldier's hands, but at that moment the first ray of the rising sun broke forth from the sky, and the Evil Spirit fled away with loud shrieks. The poor soul was saved.

The peasant wished to divide the gold, but the soldier said, "Give what falls to my lot to the poor, I will come with thee to thy cottage, and together we will live in rest and peace on what remains, as long as God is pleased to permit."

#### 196.—OLD RINKRANK.

(*"Old Rinkrank"* is a Low German fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 6th edition of 1850 (KHM 196). According to the records of the Brothers Grimm, they found it in the Frisian Archive of Ehrentraut, written in Frisian dialect, which may have appealed to the Grimms for its peasant nature.

*Contents: A king wants to give his daughter to anyone who can walk over a glass mountain. The daughter accompanies the suitor over there in case he falls. She slips, falls into the mountain and is not found again, even though the mountain is broken away. Below she has to serve an old man with a long gray beard who climbs out of the mountain every morning with a ladder and gets treasures until both are old and call themselves Mrs. Mansrot and Old Rinkrank. One evening she doesn't let him in until he wants to get in through a hatch, where she clamps him by the beard. He has to give her the ladder, she goes to the father, who kills the old man and takes his treasures. She gets the former groom and they live happily.)*

There was once on a time a King who had a daughter, and he caused a glass mountain to be made, and said that whosoever could cross to the other side of it without falling should have his daughter to wife. Then there was one who loved the King's daughter, and he asked the King if he might have her. "Yes," said the King; "if you can cross the mountain without falling, you shall have her." And the princess said she would go over it with him, and would hold him if he were about to fall. So they set out together to go over it, and when they were half way up the princess slipped and fell, and the glass-mountain opened and shut her up inside it, and her betrothed could not see where she had gone, for the mountain closed immediately. Then he wept and lamented much, and the King was miserable too, and had the mountain broken open where she had been lost, and thought he would be able to get her out again, but they could not find the place into which she had fallen. Meantime the King's daughter had fallen quite deep down into the earth into a great cave. An old

fellow with a very long grey beard came to meet her, and told her that if she would be his servant and do everything he bade her, she might live, if not he would kill her. So she did all he bade her. In the mornings he took his ladder out of his pocket, and set it up against the mountain and climbed to the top by its help, and then he drew up the ladder after him. The princess had to cook his dinner, make his bed, and do all his work, and when he came home again he always brought with him a heap of gold and silver. When she had lived with him for many years, and had grown quite old, he called her Mother Mansrot, and she had to call him Old Rinkrank. Then once when he was out, and she had made his bed and washed his dishes, she shut the doors and windows all fast, and there was one little window through which the light shone in, and this she left open. When Old Rinkrank came home, he knocked at his door, and cried, "Mother Mansrot, open the door for me." "No," said she, "Old Rinkrank, I will not open the door for thee." Then he said,

"Here stand I, poor Rinkrank,  
On my seventeen long shanks,  
On my weary, worn-out foot,  
"Wash my dishes, Mother Mansrot."

"I have washed thy dishes already," said she. Then again he said,  
"Here stand I, poor Rinkrank,  
On my seventeen long shanks,  
On my weary worn-out foot,  
Make me my bed, Mother Mansrot."

"I have made thy bed already," said she. Then again he said,  
"Here stand I, poor Rinkrank,  
On my seventeen long shanks,  
On my weary, worn-out foot,  
Open the door, Mother Mansrot."

Then he ran all round his house, and saw that the little window was open, and thought, "I will look in and see what she can be about, and why she will not open the door for me." He tried to peep in, but could not get his head through because of his long beard. So he first put his beard through the open window, but just as he had got it through, Mother Mansrot came by and pulled the window down with a cord which she had tied to it, and his beard was shut fast in it. Then he began to cry most pitifully, for it hurt him very much, and to entreat her to release him again. But she said not until he gave her the ladder with which he ascended the mountain. Then, whether he would or not, he had to tell her where the ladder was. And she fastened a very long ribbon to the window, and then she set up the ladder, and ascended the mountain, and when she was at the top of it she opened the window. She went to her father, and told him all that had happened to her. The King rejoiced greatly, and her betrothed was still there, and they went and dug up the mountain, and found Old Rinkrank inside it with all his gold and silver. Then the King had Old Rinkrank put to death, and took all his gold and silver. The princess married her betrothed, and lived right happily in great magnificence and joy.

#### 197.—THE CRYSTAL BALL.

(*"The Crystal Ball"* is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm, tale number KHM 197. The Brothers Grimm indicated the origin of "Die Kristallkugel" as Friedmund von Arnim's book, as tale Nr. 14, "Vom Schloss der goldenen Sonne" (*The Castle of the Golden Sun*), published in 1815.

*Contents: A sorceress was afraid of her three sons. She turned the oldest into an eagle and the second into a whale, and each could take his human form for only two hours a day. The youngest son fled before he could suffer the same fate and went off to seek the king's daughter, bewitched and held prisoner in the Castle of the Golden Sun. He saw two giants quarreling over a wishing cap and they asked him to settle the dispute. He put on the cap, forgot he had it on, and wished himself to the castle. The king's daughter told him that only a crystal ball would break the enchantment. She directed him to go down the mountain and fight a wild bull beside a spring. If he killed it, a bird would spring out of it. If the bird was forced to let free an egg in its body, the crystal ball was its yolk, but the egg would light everything about it on fire if dropped on the land. He fought the bull. The bird sprang free, but his brother the eagle harried it until it dropped the egg. This landed on a fisherman's hut, setting it ablaze, but his brother the whale drowned the hut with waves. The youngest brother took the crystal ball to the enchanter, who admitted himself defeated and told him that the ball would also break the spell on his brothers. The youngest hurried to the princess, and they exchanged rings.)*

There was once an enchantress, who had three sons who loved each other as brothers, but the old woman did not trust them, and thought they wanted to steal her power from her. So she changed the eldest into an eagle, which was forced to dwell in the rocky mountains, and was often seen sweeping in great circles in the sky. The second, she changed into a whale, which lived in the deep sea, and all that was seen of it was that it sometimes spouted up a great jet of water in the air. Each of them only bore his human form for two hours daily. The third son, who was afraid she might change him into a raging wild beast—a bear perhaps, or a wolf, went secretly away. He had heard that a King's daughter who was bewitched, was imprisoned in the Castle of the Golden Sun, and was waiting for deliverance. Those, however, who tried to free her risked their lives; three-and-twenty youths had already died a miserable death, and now only one other might make the attempt, after which no more must come. And as his heart was without fear, he caught at the idea of seeking out the Castle of the Golden Sun. He had already travelled about for a long time without being able to find it, when he came by chance into a great forest, and did not know the way out of it. All at once he saw in the distance two giants, who made a sign to him with their hands, and when he came to them they said, "We are quarrelling about a cap, and which of us it is to belong to, and as we are equally strong, neither of us can get the better of the other. The small men are cleverer than we are, so we will leave the decision to thee." "How can you dispute about an old cap?" said the youth. "Thou dost not know what properties it has! It is a wishing-cap; whosoever puts it on, can wish himself away wherever he likes, and in an instant he will be there." "Give me the cap," said the youth, "I will go a short distance off, and when I call you, you must run a race, and the cap shall belong to the one who gets first to me." He put it on and went away, and thought of the King's daughter, forgot the giants, and walked continually onward. At length he sighed from the very bottom of his heart, and cried, "Ah, if I were but at the Castle of the Golden Sun," and hardly had the words passed his lips than he was standing on a high mountain before the gate of the castle.

He entered and went through all the rooms, until in the last he found the King's daughter. But how shocked he was when he saw her. She had an ashen-grey face full of wrinkles, blear eyes, and red hair. "Are you the King's daughter, whose beauty the whole world praises?" cried he. "Ah," she answered, "this is not my form;

human eyes can only see me in this state of ugliness, but that thou mayst know what I am like, look in the mirror—it does not let itself be misled—it will show thee my image as it is in truth." She gave him the mirror in his hand, and he saw therein the likeness of the most beautiful maiden on earth, and saw, too, how the tears were rolling down her cheeks with grief. Then said he, "How canst thou be set free? I fear no danger." She said, "He who gets the crystal ball, and holds it before the enchanter, will destroy his power with it, and I shall resume my true shape. Ah," she added, "so many have already gone to meet death for this, and thou art so young; I grieve that thou shouldst encounter such great danger." "Nothing can keep me from doing it," said he, "but tell me what I must do." "Thou shalt know everything," said the King's daughter; "when thou descendest the mountain on which the castle stands, a wild bull will stand below by a spring, and thou must fight with it, and if thou hast the luck to kill it, a fiery bird will spring out of it, which bears in its body a burning egg, and in the egg the crystal ball lies like a yolk. The bird will not, however, let the egg fall until forced to do so, and if it fall on the ground, it will flame up and burn everything that is near, and melt even ice itself, and with it the crystal ball, and then all thy trouble will have been in vain."

The youth went down to the spring, where the bull snorted and bellowed at him. After a long struggle he plunged his sword in the animal's body, and it fell down. Instantly a fiery bird arose from it, and was about to fly away, but the young man's brother, the eagle, who was passing between the clouds, swooped down, hunted it away to the sea, and struck it with his beak until, in its extremity, it let the egg fall. The egg did not, however, fall into the sea, but on a fisherman's hut which stood on the shore and the hut began at once to smoke and was about to break out in flames. Then arose in the sea waves as high as a house, they streamed over the hut, and subdued the fire. The other brother, the whale, had come swimming to them, and had driven the water up on high. When the fire was extinguished, the youth sought for the egg and happily found it; it was not yet melted, but the shell was broken by being so suddenly cooled with the water, and he could take out the crystal ball unhurt.

When the youth went to the enchanter and held it before him, the latter said, "My power is destroyed, and from this time forth thou art the King of the Castle of the Golden Sun. With this canst thou likewise give back to thy brothers their human form." Then the youth hastened to the King's daughter, and when he entered the room, she was standing there in the full splendour of her beauty, and joyfully they exchanged rings with each other.

#### 198.—MAID MALEEN.

*("Maid Maleen" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 6th edition of 1850 at position 198 (KHM 198). It comes from Karl Viktor Müllenhoff's (German philologist; 1818-1884) collection "Sagen, Märchen und Lieder der Herzogthümer Schleswig, Holstein und Lauenburg" from 1845.*

*Contents: Once there was a princess named Maid Maleen who fell in love with a prince, but her father refused his suit. When Maid Maleen said she would marry no other, the king had her and her maid-servant locked up in tower, with food that would be enough to feed them for seven years. After seven long years, the food eventually ran out, but no one came to release them or deliver more food. The princess and her maid-servant then decided to*

*escape from the tower using a simple knife. When they finally managed to break free of the tower, they found the kingdom destroyed and the king long since gone. Without knowing where to go, they finally arrived at the country of Maleen's lover, and sought work in the royal kitchen. Since Maleen's imprisonment, the prince had been betrothed by his father to another princess. This princess, lacking of confidence in herself, did not think that she would be good enough for the prince. Thus, she would not leave her room and let him see her. On her wedding day, not wishing to be seen, the princess sent Maid Maleen in her place. At the wedding, the prince put a golden necklace around Maid Maleen's neck as proof of their marriage. Later that night, the prince went to the wedding chamber where the princess was waiting, but he did not see the golden necklace around her neck. Immediately, he knew that the princess was not the one he was married to. Meanwhile, the princess had sent out an assassin to kill Maid Maleen. The prince, who left the wedding chamber to look for his true bride, was guided by the shine of the golden necklace and came in time to save her. With the golden necklace as the proof of marriage, they were married, the princess was executed for her wickedness and the prince and Maleen lived happily ever after with laughter in their hearts.)*

There was once a King who had a son who asked in marriage the daughter of a mighty King; she was called Maid Maleen, and was very beautiful. As her father wished to give her to another, the prince was rejected; but as they both loved each other with all their hearts, they would not give each other up, and Maid Maleen said to her father, "I can and will take no other for my husband." Then the King flew into a passion, and ordered a dark tower to be built, into which no ray of sunlight or moonlight should enter. When it was finished, he said, "Therein shalt thou be imprisoned for seven years, and then I will come and see if thy perverse spirit is broken." Meat and drink for the seven years were carried into the tower, and then she and her waiting-woman were led into it and walled up, and thus cut off from the sky and from the earth. There they sat in the darkness, and knew not when day or night began. The King's son often went round and round the tower, and called their names, but no sound from without pierced through the thick walls. What else could they do but lament and complain? Meanwhile the time passed, and by the diminution of the food and drink they knew that the seven years were coming to an end. They thought the moment of their deliverance was come; but no stroke of the hammer was heard, no stone fell out of the wall, and it seemed to Maid Maleen that her father had forgotten her. As they only had food for a short time longer, and saw a miserable death awaiting them, Maid Maleen said, "We must try our last chance, and see if we can break through the wall." She took the bread-knife, and picked and bored at the mortar of a stone, and when she was tired, the waiting-maid took her turn. With great labour they succeeded in getting out one stone, and then a second, and third, and when three days were over the first ray of light fell on their darkness, and at last the opening was so large that they could look out. The sky was blue, and a fresh breeze played on their faces; but how melancholy everything looked all around! Her father's castle lay in ruins, the town and the villages were, so far as could be seen, destroyed by fire, the fields far and wide laid to waste, and no human being was visible. When the opening in the wall was large enough for them to slip through, the waiting-maid sprang down first, and then Maid Maleen followed. But where were they to go? The enemy had ravaged the whole kingdom, driven away the King, and slain all the inhabitants. They wandered forth to seek another

country, but nowhere did they find a shelter, or a human being to give them a mouthful of bread, and their need was so great that they were forced to appease their hunger with nettles. When, after long journeying, they came into another country, they tried to get work everywhere; but wherever they knocked they were turned away, and no one would have pity on them. At last they arrived in a large city and went to the royal palace. There also they were ordered to go away, but at last the cook said that they might stay in the kitchen and be scullions.

The son of the King in whose kingdom they were, was, however, the very man who had been betrothed to Maid Maleen. His father had chosen another bride for him, whose face was as ugly as her heart was wicked. The wedding was fixed, and the maiden had already arrived: because of her great ugliness, however, she shut herself in her room, and allowed no one to see her, and Maid Maleen had to take her her meals from the kitchen. When the day came for the bride and the bridegroom to go to church, she was ashamed of her ugliness, and afraid that if she showed herself in the streets, she would be mocked and laughed at by the people. Then said she to Maid Maleen, "A great piece of luck has befallen thee. I have sprained my foot, and cannot well walk through the streets; thou shalt put on my wedding-clothes and take my place; a greater honour than that thou canst not have!" Maid Maleen, however, refused it, and said, "I wish for no honour which is not suitable for me." It was in vain, too, that the bride offered her gold. At last she said angrily, "If thou dost not obey me, it shall cost thee thy life. I have but to speak the word, and thy head will lie at thy feet." Then she was forced to obey, and put on the bride's magnificent clothes and all her jewels. When she entered the royal hall, every one was amazed at her great beauty, and the King said to his son, "This is the bride whom I have chosen for thee, and whom thou must lead to church." The bridegroom was astonished, and thought, "She is like my Maid Maleen, and I should believe that it was she herself, but she has long been shut up in the tower, or dead." He took her by the hand and led her to church. On the way was a nettle-plant, and she said

"Oh, nettle-plant,  
Little nettle-plant,  
What dost thou here alone?  
I have known the time  
When I ate thee unboiled,  
When I ate thee unroasted."

"What art thou saying?" asked the King's son. "Nothing," she replied, "I was only thinking of Maid Maleen." He was surprised that she knew about her, but kept silence. When they came to the foot-plank into the churchyard, she said,

"Foot-bridge, do not break,  
I am not the true bride."

"What art thou saying there?" asked the King's son. "Nothing," she replied, "I was only thinking of Maid Maleen." "Dost thou know Maid Maleen?" "No," she answered, "how should I know her; I have only heard of her." When they came to the church-door, she said once more,

"Church-door, break not,  
I am not the true bride."

"What art thou saying there?" asked he. "Ah," she answered, "I was only thinking of Maid Maleen." Then he took out a precious chain, put it round her neck, and fastened the clasp. Thereupon they entered the church, and the priest joined their hands together before the altar, and married them. He led her home, but she did not speak a single word the whole way. When they got back to the royal palace, she hurried into the bride's chamber, put off the

magnificent clothes and the jewels, dressed herself in her grey gown, and kept nothing but the jewel on her neck, which she had received from the bridegroom.

When the night came, and the bride was to be led into the prince's apartment, she let her veil fall over her face, that he might not observe the deception. As soon as every one had gone away, he said to her, "What didst thou say to the nettle-plant which was growing by the wayside?"

"To which nettle-plant?" asked she; "I don't talk to nettle-plants." "If thou didst not do it, then thou art not the true bride," said he. So she bethought herself, and said,

"I must go out unto my maid,  
Who keeps my thoughts for me."

She went out and sought Maid Maleen. "Girl, what hast thou been saying to the nettle?" "I said nothing but,

"Oh, nettle-plant,  
Little nettle-plant,  
What dost thou here alone?  
I have known the time  
When I ate thee unboiled,  
When I ate thee unroasted."

The bride ran back into the chamber, and said, "I know now what I said to the nettle," and she repeated the words which she had just heard. "But what didst thou say to the foot-bridge when we went over it?" asked the King's son. "To the foot-bridge?" she answered. "I don't talk to foot-bridges." "Then thou art not the true bride."

She again said,

"I must go out unto my maid,  
Who keeps my thoughts for me,"

and ran out and found Maid Maleen, "Girl, what didst thou say to the foot-bridge?"

"I said nothing but,  
"Foot-bridge, do not break,  
I am not the true bride."

"That costs thee thy life!" cried the bride, but she hurried into the room, and said, "I know now what I said to the foot-bridge," and she repeated the words. "But what didst thou say to the church-door?" "To the church-door?" she replied; "I don't talk to church-doors." "Then thou art not the true bride."

She went out and found Maid Maleen, and said, "Girl, what didst thou say to the church-door?" "I said nothing but,

"Church-door, break not,  
I am not the true bride."

"That will break thy neck for thee!" cried the bride, and flew into a terrible passion, but she hastened back into the room, and said, "I know now what I said to the church-door," and she repeated the words. "But where hast, thou the jewel which I gave thee at the church-door?" "What jewel?" she answered; "thou didst not give me any jewel." "I myself put it round thy neck, and I myself fastened it; if thou dost not know that, thou art not the true bride." He drew the veil from her face, and when he saw her immeasurable ugliness, he sprang back terrified, and said, "How comest thou here? Who art thou?" "I am thy betrothed bride, but because I feared lest the people should mock me when they saw me out of doors, I commanded the scullery-maid to dress herself in my clothes, and to go to church instead of me." "Where is the girl?" said he; "I want to see her, go and bring her here." She went out and told the servants that the scullery-maid was an impostor, and that they must take her out into the court-yard and strike off her head. The servants laid hold of Maid Maleen and wanted to drag her out, but she screamed so loudly for help, that the King's son

heard her voice, hurried out of his chamber and ordered them to set the maiden free instantly. Lights were brought, and then he saw on her neck the gold chain which he had given her at the church-door. "Thou art the true bride," said he, "who went with me to church; come with me now to my room." When they were both alone, he said, "On the way to the church thou didst name Maid Maleen, who was my betrothed bride; if I could believe it possible, I should think she was standing before me—thou art like her in every respect." She answered, "I am Maid Maleen, who for thy sake was imprisoned seven years in the darkness, who suffered hunger and thirst, and has lived so long in want and poverty. Today, however, the sun is shining on me once more. I was married to thee in the church, and I am thy lawful wife." Then they kissed each other, and were happy all the days of their lives. The false bride was rewarded for what she had done by having her head cut off.

The tower in which Maid Maleen had been imprisoned remained standing for a long time, and when the children passed by it they sang,

"Kling, klang, gloria.  
Who sits within this tower?  
A King's daughter, she sits within,  
A sight of her I cannot win,  
The wall it will not break.  
The stone cannot be pierced.  
Little Hans, with your coat so gay,  
Follow me, follow me, fast as you may."

#### 199.—THE BOOTS OF BUFFALO-LEATHER.

*("The Boots of Buffalo Leather" is a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm from the 6th edition of 1850 (KHM 199). It comes from Friedmund von Arnim's collection "Hundred new fairy tales collected in the mountains" (No. 4 From Brother Bootschmeer).*

*Contents: A fearless, carefree soldier wanders around in his old buffalo leather boots after his abdication. He meets a hunter whom he calls "Brother Whipping Boots" because of his finer clothes. At night they seek shelter in a house where an old woman hides them from twelve robbers who come home. When they find them because the soldier couldn't stand the smell of the roast any longer and gave himself away, they allow them to eat before they want to kill them. The soldier impresses her so much with his appetite that he gets wine too. When he calls out health to them, "You shall all live, but open your mouth and raise your right hand," they are petrified. The two eat their fill. Then they go home and the soldier fetches his comrades, who arrest the robbers. When the hunter announces himself as king, the soldier is startled, but from then on he gets free food as a thank you.)*

A soldier who is afraid of nothing, troubles himself about nothing. One of this kind had received his discharge, and as he had learnt no trade and could earn nothing, he travelled about and begged alms of kind people. He had an old waterproof on his back, and a pair of riding-boots of buffalo-leather which were still left to him. One day he was walking he knew not where, straight out into the open country, and at length came to a forest. He did not know where he was, but saw sitting on the trunk of a tree, which had been cut down, a man who was well dressed and wore a green shooting-coat. The soldier shook hands with him, sat down on the grass by his side, and stretched out his legs. "I see thou hast good

boots on, which are well blacked," said he to the huntsman; "but if thou hadst to travel about as I have, they would not last long. Look at mine, they are of buffalo-leather, and have been worn for a long time, but in them I can go through thick and thin." After a while the soldier got up and said, "I can stay no longer, hunger drives me onwards; but Brother Bright-boots, where does this road lead to?" "I don't know that myself," answered the huntsman, "I have lost my way in the forest." "Then thou art in the same plight as I," said the soldier; "birds of a feather flock together, let us remain together, and seek our way." The huntsman smiled a little, and they walked on further and further, until night fell. "We do not get out of the forest," said the soldier, "but there in the distance I see a light shining, which will help us to something to eat." They found a stone house, knocked at the door, and an old woman opened it. "We are looking for quarters for the night," said the soldier, "and some lining for our stomachs, for mine is as empty as an old knapsack." "You cannot stay here," answered the old woman; "this is a robber's house, and you would do wisely to get away before they come home, or you will be lost." "It won't be so bad as that," answered the soldier, "I have not had a mouthful for two days, and whether I am murdered here or die of hunger in the forest is all the same to me. I shall go in." The huntsman would not follow, but the soldier drew him in with him by the sleeve. "Come, my dear brother, we shall not come to an end so quickly as that!" The old woman had pity on them and said, "Creep in here behind the stove, and if they leave anything, I will give it to you on the sly when they are asleep." Scarcely were they in the corner before twelve robbers came bursting in, seated themselves at the table which was already laid, and vehemently demanded some food. The old woman brought in some great dishes of roast meat, and the robbers enjoyed that thoroughly. When the smell of the food ascended the nostrils of the soldier, he said to the huntsman, "I cannot hold out any longer, I shall seat myself at the table, and eat with them." "Thou wilt bring us to destruction," said the huntsman, and held him back by the arm. But the soldier began to cough loudly. When the robbers heard that, they threw away their knives and forks, leapt up, and discovered the two who were behind the stove. "Aha, gentlemen, are you in the corner?" cried they, "What are you doing here? Have you been sent as spies? Wait a while, and you shall learn how to fly on a dry bough." "But do be civil," said the soldier, "I am hungry, give me something to eat, and then you can do what you like with me." The robbers were astonished, and the captain said, "I see that thou hast no fear; well, thou shalt have some food, but after that thou must die." "We shall see," said the soldier, and seated himself at the table, and began to cut away valiantly at the roast meat. "Brother Brightboots, come and eat," cried he to the huntsman; "thou must be as hungry as I am, and cannot have better roast meat at home," but the huntsman would not eat. The robbers looked at the soldier in astonishment, and said, "The rascal uses no ceremony." After a while he said, "I have had enough food, now get me something good to drink." The captain was in the mood to humour him in this also, and called to the old woman, "Bring a bottle out of the cellar, and mind it be of the best." The soldier drew the cork out with a loud noise, and then went with the bottle to the huntsman and said, "Pay attention, brother, and thou shalt see something that will surprise thee; I am now going to drink the health of the whole clan." Then he brandished the bottle over the heads of the robbers, and cried, "Long life to you all, but with your mouths open and your right hands lifted up," and then he drank a hearty draught. Scarcely were the words said than they all sat motionless as if made of stone, and their mouths were open and their right

hands stretched up in the air. The huntsman said to the soldier, "I see that thou art acquainted with tricks of another kind, but now come and let us go home." "Oho, my dear brother, but that would be marching away far too soon; we have conquered the enemy, and must first take the booty. Those men there are sitting fast, and are opening their mouths with astonishment, but they will not be allowed to move until I permit them. Come, eat and drink." The old woman had to bring another bottle of the best wine, and the soldier would not stir until he had eaten enough to last for three days. At last when day came, he said, "Now it is time to strike our tents, and that our march may be a short one, the old woman shall show us the nearest way to the town." When they had arrived there, he went to his old comrades, and said, "Out in the forest I have found a nest full of gallows' birds, come with me and we will take it." The soldier led them, and said to the huntsman, "Thou must go back again with me to see how they shake when we seize them by the feet." He placed the men round about the robbers, and then he took the bottle, drank a mouthful, brandished it above them, and cried, "Live again." Instantly they all regained the power of movement, but were thrown down and bound hand and foot with cords. Then the soldier ordered them to be thrown into a cart as if they had been so many sacks, and said, "Now drive them straight to prison." The huntsman, however, took one of the men aside and gave him another commission besides. "Brother Bright-boots," said the soldier, "we have safely routed the enemy and been well fed, now we will quietly walk behind them as if we were stragglers!" When they approached the town, the soldier saw a crowd of people pouring through the gate of the town who were raising loud cries of joy, and waving green boughs in the air. Then he saw that the entire body-guard was coming up. "What can this mean?" said he to the huntsman. "Dost thou not know?" he replied, "that the King has for a long time been absent from his kingdom, and that to-day he is returning, and every one is going to meet him." "But where is the King?" said the soldier, "I do not see him." "Here he is," answered the huntsman, "I am the King, and have announced my arrival." Then he opened his hunting-coat, and his royal garments were visible. The soldier was alarmed, and fell on his knees and begged him to forgive him for having in his ignorance treated him as an equal, and spoken to him by such a name. But the King shook hands with him, and said, "Thou art a brave soldier, and hast saved my life. Thou shalt never again be in want, I will take care of thee. And if ever thou wouldest like to eat a piece of roast meat, as good as that in the robber's house, come to the royal kitchen. But if thou wouldest drink a health, thou must first ask my permission."

## 200.—THE GOLDEN KEY.

(Englisch / Engels / English)

*("The Golden Key" is a fairy tale in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales at position 200 (KHM 200). It appears from the 1st edition, Volume 2, always at the end. According to their comment, the Brothers Grimm "had it over Hessen" (according to Wilhelm Grimm's note by Marie Hasenpflug).*

*Contents: A poor boy gathering wood with a sleigh wants to warm himself by a fire and finds a small golden key beneath the snow; then he finds a small iron box in the ground. The text ends with the statement that the reader now has to wait until he has unlocked it.)*

In the winter time, when deep snow lay on the ground, a poor boy was forced to go out on a sledge to fetch wood. When he had gathered it together, and packed it, he wished, as he was so frozen with cold, not to go home at once, but to light a fire and warm himself a little. So he scraped away the snow, and as he was thus clearing the ground, he found a tiny, gold key. Hereupon he thought that where the key was, the lock must be also, and dug in the ground and found an iron chest. "If the key does but fit it!" thought he; "no doubt there are precious things in that little box." He searched, but no keyhole was there. At last he discovered one, but so small that it was hardly visible. He tried it, and the key fitted it exactly. Then he turned it once round, and now we must wait until he has quite unlocked it and opened the lid, and then we shall learn what wonderful things were lying in that box.

## CHILDREN'S LEGENDS

*(Die Kinderlegenden enthalten zehn Geschichten, die am Ende von Band 2 in der zweiten Auflage von 1819 hinzugefügt wurden. Die meisten dieser Geschichten haben einen religiösen Charakter.*

*The Children's Legends bevatten tien verhalen die zijn toegevoegd aan het einde van deel 2 in de tweede druk van 1819. De meeste van deze verhalen hebben een religieus karakter.*

*The Children's Legends contain ten stories that have been added to the end of volume 2 in the second edition of 1819. Most of these stories have a religious character.)*

## 1.—SAINT JOSEPH IN THE FOREST.

*("Saint Joseph in the Forest" is the first of ten Children's Legends in the appendix to the children's and household tales by the Brothers Grimm. It has either the number KHM 201 or KL 1. The fairy tale of legends is available from the 2nd edition (1819) as children's legend no 1. Later editions brought only small linguistic changes Grimm's note localises the text in the "Paderborn region" (i.e. it is from the Haxthausen family).*

*Contents: A mother loves her eldest, bad daughter and hates her youngest, good one, who she often sends off into the woods for that reason. Her guardian angel always takes her home again, but one evening she comes to a hut with a venerable old man. It's Saint Joseph. He lets her cook food and asks her to give him something, which she does generously. She wants to sleep on the straw, but he carries her to bed. In the morning she finds a money bag with her name on it, which she brings to her mother. There goes the second daughter. But the eldest leaves the old man almost nothing to eat and takes the bed he offers her. As she seeks her wages, a second nose sticks to her nose. At her entreaty, Joseph takes it from her and gives her two pennies. She tells her mother that the money was lost on the way. As they search, lizards and snakes come and stab the elder daughter dead and the mother in the foot.)*

There was once on a time a mother who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was rude and wicked, the second much better, although she had her faults, but the youngest was a pious, good child. The mother was, however, so strange, that it was just the eldest daughter whom she most loved, and she could not bear the youngest. On this account, she often sent the poor girl out into the great forest in order to get rid of her, for she thought she would lose herself and never come back again. But the guardian-angel which every good child has, did not forsake her, but always brought her into the right path again. Once, however, the guardian-angel behaved as if he were not there, and the child could not find her way out of the forest again. She walked on constantly until evening came, and then she saw a tiny light burning in the distance, ran up to it at once, and came to a little hut. She knocked, the door opened, and she came to a second door, where she knocked again. An old man, who had a snow-white beard and looked venerable, opened it for her; and he was no other than St. Joseph. He said quite kindly, "Come, dear child, seat thyself on my little chair by the fire, and warm thyself; I will fetch thee clear water if thou art thirsty; but here in the forest, I have nothing for thee to eat but a couple of little roots, which thou must first scrape and boil."

St. Joseph gave her the roots. The girl scraped them clean, then she brought a piece of pancake and the bread that her mother had given her to take with her; mixed all together in a pan, and cooked

herself a thick soup. When it was ready, St. Joseph said, "I am so hungry; give me some of thy food." The child was quite willing, and gave him more than she kept for herself, but God's blessing was with her, so that she was satisfied. When they had eaten, St. Joseph said, "Now we will go to bed; I have, however, only one bed, lay thyself in it. I will lie on the ground on the straw." "No," answered she, "stay in your own bed, the straw is soft enough for me." St. Joseph, however, took the child in his arms, and carried her into the little bed, and there she said her prayers, and fell asleep. Next morning when she awoke, she wanted to say good morning to St. Joseph, but she did not see him. Then she got up and looked for him, but could not find him anywhere; at last she perceived, behind the door, a bag with money so heavy that she could just carry it, and on it was written that it was for the child who had slept there that night. On this she took the bag, bounded away with it, and got safely to her mother, and as she gave her mother all the money, she could not help being satisfied with her.

The next day, the second child also took a fancy to go into the forest. Her mother gave her a much larger piece of pancake and bread. It happened with her just as with the first child. In the evening she came to St. Joseph's little hut, who gave her roots for a thick soup. When it was ready, he likewise said to her, "I am so hungry, give me some of thy food." Then the child said, "You may have your share." Afterwards, when St. Joseph offered her his bed and wanted to lie on the straw, she replied, "No, lie down in the bed, there is plenty of room for both of us." St. Joseph took her in his arms and put her in the bed, and laid himself on the straw.

In the morning when the child awoke and looked for St. Joseph, he had vanished, but behind the door she found a little sack of money that was about as long as a hand, and on it was written that it was for the child who had slept there last night. So she took the little bag and ran home with it, and took it to her mother, but she secretly kept two pieces for herself.

The eldest daughter had by this time grown curious, and the next morning also insisted on going out into the forest. Her mother gave her pancakes with her—as many as she wanted, and bread and cheese as well. In the evening she found St. Joseph in his little hut, just as the two others had found him. When the soup was ready and St. Joseph said, "I am so hungry, give me some of the food," the girl answered, "Wait until I am satisfied; then if there is anything left thou shalt have it." She ate, however, nearly the whole of it, and St. Joseph had to scrape the dish. Afterwards, the good old man offered her his bed, and wanted to lie on the straw. She took it without making any opposition, laid herself down in the little bed, and left the hard straw to the white-haired man. Next morning when she awoke, St. Joseph was not to be found, but she did not trouble herself about that. She looked behind the door for a money-bag. She fancied something was lying on the ground, but as she could not very well distinguish what it was, she stooped down, and examined it closely, but it remained hanging to her nose, and when she got up again, she saw, to her horror, that it was a second nose, which was hanging fast to her own. Then she began to scream and howl, but that did no good; she was forced to see it always on her nose, for it stretched out so far. Then she ran out and screamed without stopping till she met St. Joseph, at whose feet she fell and begged until, out of pity, he took the nose off her again, and even gave her two farthings. When she got home, her mother was standing before the door, and asked, "What hast thou had given to thee?" Then she lied and said, "A great bag of money, but I have lost it on the way." "Lost it!" cried the mother, "oh, but we will soon find it again," and took her by the hand, and wanted to seek it with her. At first she began to cry, and did

not wish to go, but at last she went. On the way, however, so many lizards and snakes broke loose on both of them, that they did not know how to save themselves. As last they stung the wicked child to death, and they stung the mother in the foot, because she had not brought her up better.

## 2.—THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

(*"The twelve apostles"* is the second of ten Children's Legends appended to the Grimm's Children's and Household Tales (KHM 202 or KL 2). The Grimm's annotation localises the text in the "Paderborn region" (i.e., from the Haxthausen family) text.

*Contents: Three hundred years before the birth of Christ, a poor mother has twelve sons who she has to send away one by one to look for bread. They each meet their little guardian angel, who fulfills their wish to see the Saviour. In a magnificent rock cave he rocks her to sleep. They awaken on the night of Jesus' birth and become the twelve apostles.)*

Three hundred years before the birth of the Lord Christ, there lived a mother who had twelve sons, but was so poor and needy that she no longer knew how she was to keep them alive at all. She prayed to God daily that he would grant that all her sons might be on the earth with the Redeemer who was promised. When her necessity became still greater she sent one of them after the other out into the world to seek bread for her. The eldest was called Peter, and he went out and had already walked a long way, a whole day's journey, when he came into a great forest. He sought for a way out, but could find none, and went farther and farther astray, and at the same time felt such great hunger that he could scarcely stand. At length he became so weak that he was forced to lie down, and he believed death to be at hand. Suddenly there stood beside him a small boy who shone with brightness, and was as beautiful and kind as an angel. The child smote his little hands together, until Peter was forced to look up and saw him. Then the child said, "Why art thou sitting there in such trouble?" "Alas!" answered Peter, "I am going about the world seeking bread, that I may yet see the dear Saviour who is promised, that is my greatest desire." The child said, "Come with me, and thy wish shall be fulfilled." He took poor Peter by the hand, and led him between some cliffs to a great cavern. When they entered it, everything was shining with gold, silver, and crystal, and in the midst of it twelve cradles were standing side by side. Then said the little angel, "Lie down in the first, and sleep a while, I will rock thee." Peter did so, and the angel sang to him and rocked him until he was asleep. And when he was asleep, the second brother came also, guided thither by his guardian angel, and he was rocked to sleep like the first, and thus came the others, one after the other, until all twelve lay there sleeping in the golden cradles. They slept, however, three hundred years, until the night when the Saviour of the world was born. Then they awoke, and were with him on earth, and were called the twelve apostles.

## 3.—THE ROSE

(*"The Rose"* is the third of ten Children's Legends in the appendix to the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (KHM 203). It is printed in Low German. Grimm's annotation localises the text in "Paderborn" (i.e. it is from the Haxthausen family).

*Contents: The younger child of a poor woman has to fetch wood every day. It meets a child who carries the wood and gives it a rose, when it blossoms it comes back. The mother doesn't believe it at first, but puts her in the water. One morning she finds the child dead. It looks very beautiful and the rose has blossomed.)*

There was once a poor woman who had two children. The youngest had to go every day into the forest to fetch wood. Once when she had gone a long way to seek it, a little child, who was quite strong, came and helped her industriously to pick up the wood and carry it home, and then before a moment had passed the strange child disappeared. The child told her mother this, but at first she would not believe it. At length she brought a rose home, and told her mother that the beautiful child had given her this rose, and had told her that when it was in full bloom, he would return. The mother put the rose in water. One morning her child could not get out of bed, the mother went to the bed and found her dead, but she lay looking very happy. On the same morning, the rose was in full bloom.

## 4.—POVERTY AND HUMILITY LEAD TO HEAVEN.

(*"Poverty and Humility Lead to Heaven"* is the fourth of ten Children's Legends in the appendix to the Children's and Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 204 or KL 4). Grimm's note locates the text in the "Paderborn region" (i.e. it is from the Haxthausen family). The title reveals a popular topic throughout the past, it sounds very Christian. Christian philosophy however has its direct origin in the teachings of Stoicism and Buddhism [See: The Grand Bible: The Gospel of Didymus Judas Thomas p.758; The Questions of King Milinda p.2826; Barlaam and Josaphat p.2882; Plutarch's Morals p.2906; Seneca's Moral Letters p.2955; Lucius Flavius Arrianus' Discourses Of Epictetus p.3029; Meditations by Emperor Marcus Aurelius p.3073; The Dhammapada p.7039; The Lotus Sutra p.7065]

*Contents: A wandering prince looks at the sky and wants to go up. On the advice of an old beggar, he puts on his clothes and wanders for seven years without taking money. When he returns home, no one recognises him. The servants won't let him into the castle and only reluctantly tell the brothers, who don't care either. He writes to his mother without identifying himself. She pityingly lets him live under the stairs. One of the two servants who are supposed to bring him food keeps it for himself. Finally, the patient, who is growing weaker, demands the sacrament. When the priest comes after mass, he is already dead, holding a rose in one hand and a lily in the other, with a piece of paper with his story next to him. A rose grows out of his grave and a lily on the other side.)*

There was once a King's son who went out into the world, and he was full of thought and sad. He looked at the sky, which was so beautifully pure and blue, then he sighed, and said, "How well must all be with one up there in heaven!" Then he saw a poor grey-haired man who was coming along the road towards him, and he spoke to him, and asked, "How can I get to heaven?" The man answered, "By poverty and humility. Put on my ragged clothes, wander about the world for seven years, and get to know what misery is, take no money, but if thou art hungry ask compassionate hearts for a bit of bread; in this way thou wilt reach heaven."

Then the King's son took off his magnificent coat, and wore in its place the beggar's garment, went out into the wide world, and suffered great misery. He took nothing but a little food, said nothing, but prayed to the Lord to take him into his heaven. When the seven years were over, he returned to his father's palace, but no one recognised him. He said to the servants, "Go and tell my parents that I have come back again." But the servants did not believe it, and laughed and left him standing there. Then said he, "Go and tell it to my brothers that they may come down, for I should so like to see them again." The servants would not do that either, but at last one of them went, and told it to the King's children, but these did not believe it, and did not trouble themselves about it. Then he wrote a letter to his mother, and described to her all his misery, but he did not say that he was her son. So, out of pity, the Queen had a place under the stairs assigned to him, and food taken to him daily by two servants. But one of them was ill-natured and said, "Why should the beggar have the good food?" and kept it for himself, or gave it to the dogs, and took the weak wasted-away beggar nothing but water; the other, however was honest, and took the beggar what was sent to him. It was little, but he could live on it for a while, and all the time he was quite patient, but he grew, continually weaker. As, however, his illness increased, he desired to receive the last sacrament. When the host was being elevated down below, all the bells in the town and neighbourhood began to ring. After mass the priest went to the poor man under the stairs, and there he lay dead. In one hand he had a rose, in the other a lily, and beside him was a paper in which was written his history.

When he was buried, a rose grew on one side of his grave, and a lily on the other.

## 5.—GOD'S FOOD.

*("God's Food" is the fifth of ten Children's Legends in the appendix to the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (KHM 205 or KL 5). Grimm's note localises the text in the "Paderborn region" (i.e. it is from the Haxthausen family).*

*Contents: A poor widow with five children asks her rich sister for bread, but she is hard-hearted and sends her away. When the rich man comes home and cuts the bread, blood spills out. He learns what had happened and wants to help the poor, but finds her praying and dying with the children. She no longer wants earthly food.)*

There were once upon a time two sisters, one of whom had no children and was rich, and the other had five and was a widow, and so poor that she no longer had food enough to satisfy herself and her children. In her need, therefore, she went to her sister, and said, "My children and I are suffering the greatest hunger; thou art rich, give me a mouthful of bread." The very rich sister was as hard as a stone, and said, "I myself have nothing in the house," and drove away the poor creature with harsh words. After some time the husband of the rich sister came home, and was just going to cut himself a piece of bread, but when he made the first cut into the loaf, out flowed red blood. When the woman saw that she was terrified and told him what had occurred. He hurried away to help the widow and her children, but when he entered her room, he found her praying. She had her two youngest children in her arms, and the three eldest were lying dead. He offered her food, but she answered, "For earthly food have we no longer any desire. God has already satisfied the hunger of three of us, and he will hearken

to our supplications likewise." Scarcely had she uttered these words than the two little ones drew their last breath, whereupon her heart broke, and she sank down dead.

## 6.—THE THREE GREEN TWIGS.

*("The Three Green Twigs" is the sixth of ten Children's Legends in the appendix to the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (KHM 206 or KL 6). Grimm's annotation localises the text in the "Paderborn region" (i.e. it is from the Haxthausen family). [The description of the hermit watering the birds and being fed by the angel alludes to the prophet Elijah (1 Kings 17:4; The Grand Bible p. 232).]*

*Contents: A hermit lives godly on a mountain and brings water up every evening for animals and plants, and an angel accompanies him. Once, when he is old, a sinner is hanged, and he thinks he is served right. The angel cannot think of that anymore. He fasts and prays until he learns from a bird that God is angry with him because he alone can judge. He has to move around begging with a dry branch as a pillow until three green twigs sprout from it. So he once comes to an old woman in a cave who does not want to let him in at first because of her three thieving sons. They are angry too when they see him. But when they hear his story, they are shocked at their own lives and repent. The hermit is found dead in the morning, and the branch bears three green twigs.)*

There was once on a time a hermit who lived in a forest at the foot of a mountain, and passed his time in prayer and good works, and every evening he carried, to the glory of God, two pails of water up the mountain. Many a beast drank of it, and many a plant was refreshed by it, for on the heights above, a strong wind blew continually, which dried the air and the ground, and the wild birds which dread mankind wheel about there, and with their sharp eyes search for a drink. And because the hermit was so pious, an angel of God, visible to his eyes, went up with him, counted his steps, and when the work was completed, brought him his food, even as the prophet of old was by God's command fed by the raven. When the hermit in his piety had already reached a great age, it happened that he once saw from afar a poor sinner being taken to the gallows. He said carelessly to himself, "There, that one is getting his deserts!" In the evening, when he was carrying the water up the mountain, the angel who usually accompanied him did not appear, and also brought him no food. Then he was terrified, and searched his heart, and tried to think how he could have sinned, as God was so angry, but he did not discover it. Then he neither ate nor drank, threw himself down on the ground, and prayed day and night. And as he was one day thus bitterly weeping in the forest, he heard a little bird singing beautifully and delightfully, and then he was still more troubled and said, "How joyously thou singest, the Lord is not angry with thee. Ah, if thou couldst but tell me how I can have offended him, that I might do penance, and then my heart also would be glad again." Then the bird began to speak and said, "Thou hast done injustice, in that thou hast condemned a poor sinner who was being led to the gallows, and for that the Lord is angry with thee. He alone sits in judgment. However, if thou wilt do penance and repent thy sins, he will forgive thee." Then the angel stood beside him with a dry branch in his hand and said, "Thou shalt carry this dry branch until three green twigs sprout out of it, but at night when thou wilt sleep, thou shalt lay it under thy head. Thou shalt beg thy

bread from door to door, and not tarry more than one night in the same house. That is the penance which the Lord lays on thee."

Then the hermit took the piece of wood, and went back into the world, which he had not seen for so long. He ate and drank nothing but what was given him at the doors; many petitions were, however, not listened to, and many doors remained shut to him, so that he often did not get a crumb of bread.

Once when he had gone from door to door from morning till night, and no one had given him anything, and no one would shelter him for the night, he went forth into a forest, and at last found a cave which some one had made, and an old woman was sitting in it. Then said he, "Good woman, keep me with you in your house for this night;" but she said, "No, I dare not, even if I wished, I have three sons who are wicked and wild, if they come home from their robbing expedition, and find you, they would kill us both." The hermit said, "Let me stay, they will do no injury either to you or to me," and the woman was compassionate, and let herself be persuaded. Then the man lay down beneath the stairs, and put the bit of wood under his head. When the old woman saw him do that, she asked the reason of it, on which he told her that he carried the bit of wood about with him for a penance, and used it at night for a pillow, and that he had offended the Lord, because, when he had seen a poor sinner on the way to the gallows, he had said he was getting his deserts. Then the woman began to weep and cried, "If the Lord thus punishes one single word, how will it fare with my sons when they appear before him in judgment?"

At midnight the robbers came home and blustered and stormed. They made a fire, and when it had lighted up the cave and they saw a man lying under the stairs, they fell in a rage and cried to their mother, "Who is the man? Have we not forbidden any one whatsoever to be taken in?" Then said the mother, "Let him alone, it is a poor sinner who is expiating his crime." The robbers asked, "What has he done?" "Old man," cried they, "tell us thy sins." The old man raised himself and told them how he, by one single word, had so sinned that God was angry with him, and how he was now expiating this crime. The robbers were so powerfully touched in their hearts by this story, that they were shocked with their life up to this time, reflected, and began with hearty repentance to do penance for it. The hermit, after he had converted the three sinners, lay down to sleep again under the stairs. In the morning, however, they found him dead, and out of the dry wood on which his head lay, three green twigs had grown up on high. Thus the Lord had once more received him into his favour.

## 7.—OUR LADY'S LITTLE GLASS.

(*"Our Lady's Little Glass"* is the title of the seventh Children's Legend in the appendix to the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (KHM 207 or KL 7). There the title Mother God's Glass was written. Grimm's note localises the text in the "Paderborn region" (i.e. it is from the Haxthausen family). The legend explains the colloquial name of the field bindweed (*Convolvulus arvensis*, a plant from the *convolvulus* family [*Convolvulaceae*] that is widespread in Europe.)

*Contents: A carter is stuck with his heavy wine cart. Then the Mother of God comes and offers her help - for a glass of wine, because she is tired and thirsty. The carter is happy to give it to her. But because he has no glass at hand, the Mother of God uses a cup-shaped flower called bindweed to drink. Since then, the field bindweed has been popularly called "Mother of God's glass".)*

Once upon a time a waggoner's cart which was heavily laden with wine had stuck so fast that in spite of all that he could do, he could not get it to move again. Then it chanced that Our Lady just happened to come by that way, and when she perceived the poor man's distress, she said to him, "I am tired and thirsty, give me a glass of wine, and I will set thy cart free for thee." "Willingly," answered the waggoner, "but I have no glass in which I can give thee the wine." Then Our Lady plucked a little white flower with red stripes, called field bindweed, which looks very like a glass, and gave it to the waggoner. He filled it with wine, and then Our Lady drank it, and in the self-same instant the cart was set free, and the waggoner could drive onwards. The little flower is still always called Our Lady's Little Glass.

## 8.—THE AGED MOTHER.

(*"The Old Mother"* is the eighth of ten Children's Legends appended to the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales (KHM 208 or KL 8). Grimm's note locates the text in "Hesse" (i.e. it is probably from Grimm's own family).

*Contents: A lonely old woman accuses God because her sons and all their friends are dead. She hears the bell ring and finds the church full of dead relatives, and her seat is taken too. An aunt shows her her sons who, if they had not died young, would have been hanged and wheeled. She goes home, thanks God, and dies.)*

In a large town there was an old woman who sat in the evening alone in her room thinking how she had lost first her husband, then both her children, then one by one all her relations, and at length, that very day, her last friend, and now she was quite alone and desolate. She was very sad at heart, and heaviest of all her losses to her was that of her sons; and in her pain she blamed God for it. She was still sitting lost in thought, when all at once she heard the bells ringing for early prayer. She was surprised that she had thus in her sorrow watched through the whole night, and lighted her lantern and went to church. It was already lighted up when she arrived, but not as it usually was with wax candles, but with a dim light. It was also crowded already with people, and all the seats were filled; and when the old woman got to her usual place it also was not empty, but the whole bench was entirely full. And when she looked at the people, they were none other than her dead relations who were sitting there in their old-fashioned garments, but with pale faces. They neither spoke nor sang; but a soft humming and whispering was heard all over the church. Then an aunt of hers stood up, stepped forward, and said to the poor old woman, "Look there beside the altar, and thou wilt see thy sons." The old woman looked there, and saw her two children, one hanging on the gallows, the other bound to the wheel. Then said the aunt, "Behold, so would it have been with them if they had lived, and if the good God had not taken them to himself when they were innocent children." The old woman went trembling home, and on her knees thanked God for having dealt with her more kindly than she had been able to understand, and on the third day she lay down and died.

## 9.—THE HEAVENLY WEDDING.

(*"The Heavenly Wedding"* is the ninth of ten Children's Legends in the appendix to the Children's and Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 209 or KL 9). The Grimms noted "From Mecklenburg, but also known in Münsterland."

*Contents: A poor farm boy hears a sermon that the way to heaven always leads straight ahead. He goes and comes to the service in a large city church, thinks he is in heaven and cannot be sent away. He sees people praying in front of Mary with the baby Jesus and thinks it is God. He shares his food with him and the picture thickens. When he was bedridden for eight days, he went there and apologised for the picture. That invites him to the wedding next Sunday. The pastor who watched him isn't allowed to go with him, but he gives him communion on Sundays and the boy falls dead.)*

A poor peasant-boy one day heard the priest say in church that whosoever desired to enter into the kingdom of heaven must always go straight onward. So he set out, and walked continually straight onwards over hill and valley without ever turning aside. At length his way led him into a great town, and into the midst of a church, where just at that time God's service was being performed. Now when he beheld all the magnificence of this, he thought he had reached heaven, sat down, and rejoiced with his whole heart. When the service was over, and the clerk bade him go out, he replied, "No, I will not go out again, I am glad to be in heaven at last." So the clerk went to the priest, and told him that there was a child in the church who would not go out again, because he believed he was in heaven. The priest said, "If he believes that, we will leave him inside." So he went to him, and asked if he had any inclination to work. "Yes," the little fellow replied, "I am accustomed to work, but I will not go out of heaven again." So he stayed in the church, and when he saw how the people came and knelt and prayed to Our Lady with the blessed child Jesus which was carved in wood, he thought "that is the good God," and said, "Dear God, how thin you are! The people must certainly let you starve; but every day I will give you half my dinner." From this time forth, he every day took half his dinner to the image, and the image began to enjoy the food. When a few weeks had gone by, people remarked that the image was growing larger and stout and strong, and wondered much. The priest also could not understand it, but stayed in the church, and followed the little boy about, and then he saw how he shared his food with the Virgin Mary, and how she accepted it.

After some time the boy became ill, and for eight days could not leave his bed; but as soon as he could get up again, the first thing he did was to take his food to Our Lady. The priest followed him, and heard him say, "Dear God, do not take it amiss that I have not brought you anything for such a long time, for I have been ill and could not get up." Then the image answered him and said, "I have seen thy good-will, and that is enough for me. Next Sunday thou shalt go with me to the wedding." The boy rejoiced at this, and repeated it to the priest, who begged him to go and ask the image if he, too, might be permitted to go. "No," answered the image, "thou alone." The priest wished to prepare him first, and give him the holy communion and the child was willing, and next Sunday, when the host came to him, he fell down and died, and was at the eternal wedding.

#### 10.—THE HAZEL-BRANCH. (Englisch / Engels / English)

*("The Hazel Branch" is the last of the ten Children's Legends in the appendix to the Children's and Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 210 or KL 10) and comes from Franz Josef Vonbun's "Volkssagen aus Vorarlberg" (Switzerland) from*

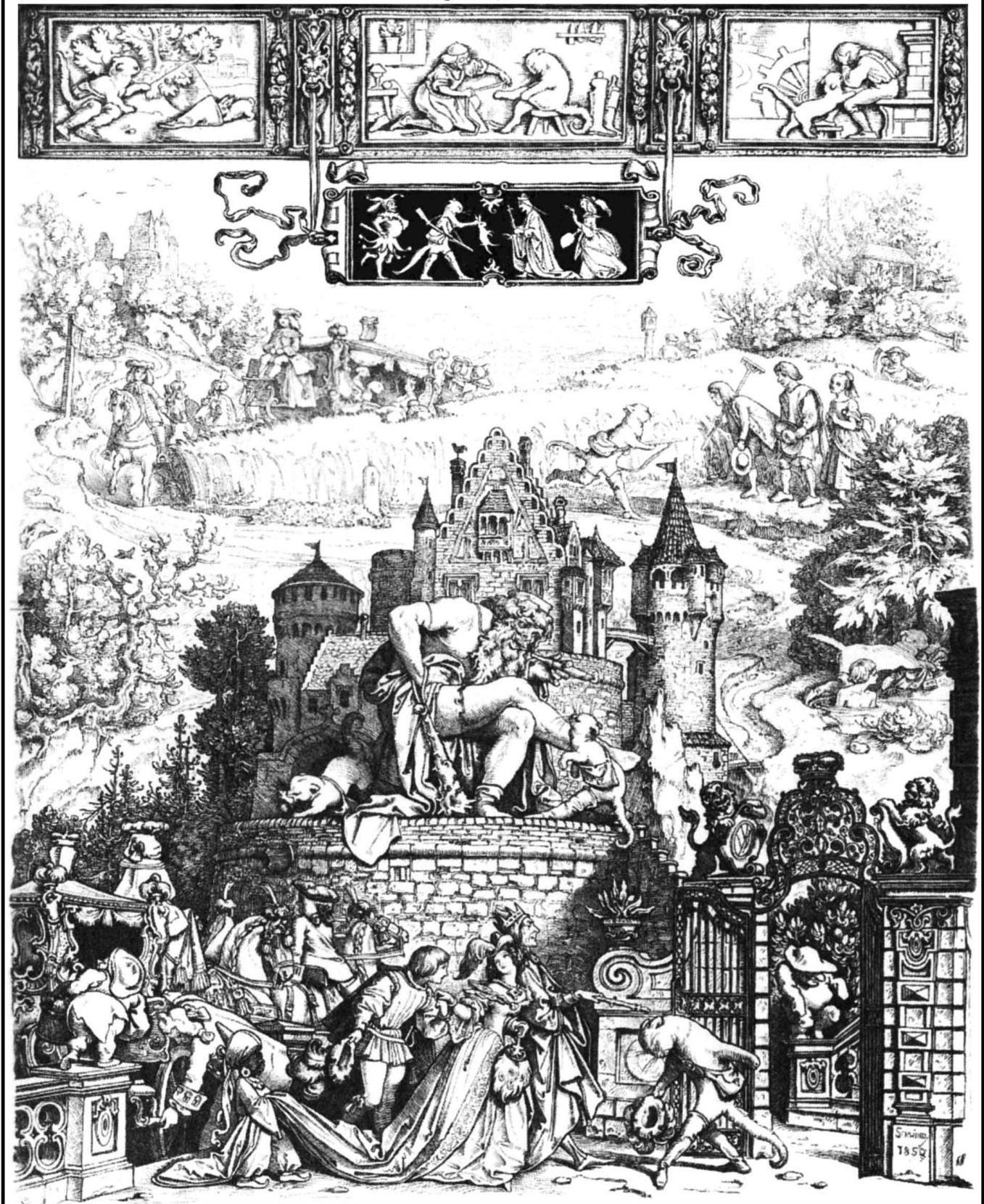
*1847 (No. 7: "D'hasluetha", later "Die Muttergottes und die Natter" (Our Lady and the Adder).*

*Contents: Mary fetches strawberries from the forest for her sleeping baby Jesus. As she bends down for the bush, a snake comes and pursues her. Maria hides behind a hazel bush, then she gets the strawberries and decides that since then hazel branches protect against earth animals.)*

One afternoon the Christ-child had laid himself in his cradle-bed and had fallen asleep. Then his mother came to him, looked at him full of gladness, and said, "Hast thou laid thyself down to sleep, my child? Sleep sweetly, and in the meantime I will go into the wood, and fetch thee a handful of strawberries, for I know that thou wilt be pleased with them when thou awakest." In the wood outside, she found a spot with the most beautiful strawberries; but as she was stooping down to gather one, an adder sprang up out of the grass. She was alarmed, left the strawberries where they were, and hastened away. The adder darted after her; but Our Lady, as you can readily understand, knew what it was best to do. She hid herself behind a hazel-bush, and stood there until the adder had crept away again. Then she gathered the strawberries, and as she set out on her way home she said, "As the hazel-bush has been my protection this time, it shall in future protect others also." Therefore, from the most remote times, a green hazel-branch has been the safest protection against adders, snakes, and everything else which creeps on the earth.

**ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM**





*Artist of the drawing: Anonymus.*

*Restoration: Lord Henfield. 2019.*

## PUSS IN BOOTS

Published in Münchener Bilderbogen No 48, c.1855



Restoration: Lord Henfield. 2019.

Ludwig Emil Grimm fec. Cassel. 1819.

**THIRD PART (DERDE DEEL)**  
Engraving by Ludwig Emil Grimm 1819



## PART 3

## TALES REMOVED FROM PART 1 (VOLUME 1)

The Brothers Grimm started their collections of fairy tales "as a project", as we would say it today. In the first edition of their Kinder- und Hausmärchen, the Grimms published 156 fairy tales. That was 86 stories in volume 1 (1812), and another 70 stories (with 10 stories of the Children's Legends in addition) in volume 2 (1815). That happened right at the time when Emperor Napoleon had brought all German states, and other states in Europe, under his control by invasion. Public pressure against the spreading of French texts grew. Therefore, most of the foreign fairy tales were removed and replaced by others. Some of the deleted fairy tales were re-released by other publishers because they found a positive response from readers, such as Puss in Boots, for example, which even enjoyed great success on the theatre stage. Most of these fairy tales only exist in their original German version. I have therefore translated these texts into Dutch and English. L.H.

## 1812 KHM 6. OF THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE SLOW WORM.

*("Of the Nightingale and the Slow Worm" was an animal fairy tale in the 1st edition of 1812 in place 6 (KHM 6) of the Brothers Grimm's Children's and Household Tales. It comes from Thomas-Philippe Légier's Traditions et usages de la Sologne (Traditions and customs of the Sologne) in Mémoires de l'Académie celtique 2 from 1808. Jacob Grimm translated the text from the French and reproduces the original verse in the annotation: "je ferai mon nid si haut, si haut! si bas! que tu ne le trouveras pas!"*

*Contents: Nightingale and Slowworm lived together in harmony with only one eye each. Once the nightingale borrowed that of the slowworm to go to a wedding. Then she didn't give it back. The slowworm swore revenge. The nightingale sang: "I am building my nest on those linden trees, so high, so high, so high, so high, you may never find it again! Since then, slowworms have had no eyes. They live in the bush under the nightingales' nests and try to find their eggs to suck them out.)*

Once upon a time there were a nightingale and a slow worm, they each had only one eye and lived together in a house for a long time in peace and unity. But one day the nightingale was asked to a wedding, so she said to the slowworm: "I've been asked to a wedding and wouldn't like to go with one eye like that, be so good and lend me yours too, I bring you back tomorrow." And the slow worm did it as a favour.

But the next day, when the nightingale came home, she liked it so much that she had two eyes in her head and could see on both sides that she did not want to give the poor slowworm her borrowed eye back. Then the slowworm swore she wanted revenge on her, on her children and grandchildren. "Just go, said the nightingale, and look:

I build my nest on those linden trees  
so high, so high, so high, so high  
you may never find it there again!"

Since that time, all nightingales have two eyes and all slowworms have no eyes. But where the nightingale builds, there lives a slow worm down in the bush, and it always tries to crawl up, bore holes in its enemy's eggs or drink them out.

## 1812 KHM 8. THE HAND WITH THE KNIFE.

*("The hand with the knife" was a Scottish fairy tale or folk song in the Brothers Grimm's Children's and Household Tales only in the 1st edition of 1812 at position 8 (KHM 8). It comes from Anne Grant of Laggans Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland from 1811 (vol. 1, pp. 285-286).*

*Contents: A girl is neglected by her mother to three brothers and has to cut peat every day with a blunt tool, but an elf loves her and gives her always a sharp knife out of the hill. The mother suspects that someone is helping her. She sends the brothers after her, who steal the knife, imitate her knocking sign and cut off the hand that was stretched out. The elf believes he has been betrayed and no longer shows himself. Compare the plot to KHM 130 One-Eye, Two-Eyes and Three-Eyes.)*

There was a little girl who had three brothers who were everything to her mother, and she was ignored everywhere, hit hard and had to go out early every morning to dig peat on the dry heathland, which she needed for cooking and burning. In addition, it was given an old and blunt implement with which to do the hard work.

But the little girl had a lover who was an elf and lived near her mother's house in a hill, and whenever she passed the hill he would put out his hand out of the rock, and held in it a very sharp knife, which was of special power and cut through everything. She soon cut out the peat with this knife, went home happily with the necessary load, and when she passed the rock she knocked twice on it, reached out her hand and took the knife.

But when the mother noticed how quickly and easily she always brought the peat home, she told the brothers that someone else would have to help her, otherwise it wouldn't be possible. So the brothers snuck after her and saw how she was getting the magic knife, caught up with her and forced it from her. Then they returned, struck at the rock as she was wont to do, and when the good elf put out his hand, they cut it off with his own knife. The bleeding arm withdrew, and as the elf believed his beloved had done it out of treason, he has never been seen since.

## 1812 KHM 16. HERR FIX UND FERTIG

*(The fairy tale "Herr Fix und Fertig" was in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm only in the first edition of 1812 at position 16 (KHM 16). It comes from Johann Friedrich Krause from Hoof (Northern Hesse).*

*Contents: Soldier Fix und Fertig is bored after the war, so he serves a master, he can and knows everything. As a test, he asks what his current desire is and is satisfied when he receives a pipe with tobacco. He tells him to fetch Princess Nomin. Fix und Fertig takes a huge court with him for this. They come to one Forest with singing birds, which he circles so as not to disturb them, a field with hungry ravens, for which he has a horse stabbed, and a water with a starving fish, which he puts in a river. He resides in the best inn and woos the princess. For this, the king has him collect sown poppy seeds, get a ring out of water, which the birds and fish do for him, and finally kill a unicorn. The ravens wait for it to lie asleep on its sick side and peck out its good eye, causing it to impale itself on a tree in anger. Fix und Fertig brings the head to the king and the princess to his lord. He becomes First Minister.)*

Fix und Fertig had been a soldier for a long time, but because the war was over and there was nothing more to do than the same thing every day, he took his leave and wanted to become a footman with a great gentleman. There were clothes trimmed with gold, a lot to do and always something new. So he set off and came to a strange court, where he saw a gentleman walking in the garden. Fix und Fertig didn't think twice, stepped up to him and said: "Sir, I'm looking for a great gentleman to work for, it's Yours. Your Majesty yourself, that's how I prefer it, I can and know everything that goes with it, short and long, as ordered." The Lord said: "That's right, my son, I'd like that, tell me what's mine now Desire?" Fix und Fertig without answering turned and ran hurriedly, bringing a pipe and tobacco. "That's right, my son, you're my servant, but now I'll give you the task of creating Princess Nominis for me, the most beautiful in the world, I want her for my wife." - "Well, said Fix und Fertig, that's me a small one, they should Ew. Maj. soon, give me only a chaise drawn by sixes, a coachman, Haiducken, runners, footmen, a cook and a complete state, but princely clothes for myself, and everyone must obey my orders." Well, they drove off, the servant sat in the carriage and we always went to the royal court where the beautiful princess was. When the road was over, they drove into the field and soon came to a large forest that was full of many thousands of birds, there was a cruel song, magnificent in the blue air. "Halt! halt!" shouted the Fix und Fertig, don't disturb the birds! they praise their creator and want to serve me once again, turn left!" so the coachman had to turn around and drive around the forest. After that it wasn't long before they came to a large field where about a thousand million ravens were sitting, crying loudly for food.

"Halt! halt!" cried the gentleman Fix und Fertig: untie one of the horses in front, lead it to the field and stab it dead so that the ravens are fed, they shall not go hungry because of me." After the ravens were fed, the journey continued and they came to a There was a fish in the water, which wailed pitifully: "For God's sake! I have no food in this bad swamp, put me in running water, I want to serve you in return." Before he had finished speaking, Fix und Fertig had stopped! just! called: "Cook put him in your apron, coachman drive to running water." Fix und Fertig got out himself and put him in so that the fish wagged its tail with joy. Mr. Fix und Fertig said: "Now let the horses run quickly, so that we can still be there by evening." When he arrived at the royal residence he drove straight to the best inn, the innkeeper and all his people came out and received him in the best way and thought that a foreign king had arrived, and it was only a gentleman's servant. But Fix und Fertig immediately applied to the royal court, tried to make himself popular, and asked for the princess. "My son," said the king, "many suitors like that have already been turned away because nobody could do what I had asked them to do to win my daughter." "Well, said Fix und Fertig, give Ew. Majesty, please do something right for me." The king said: "I have had a quarter of the poppy seed sown, can you bring it back for me so that not a grain is missing, then you shall have the princess for your master." thought Fix und Fertig, that's a small one for me. Then he took a measure, sack and snow-white cloths, went out and spread the latter beside the sown field. It wasn't long before the birds, which had not been disturbed in their singing in the forest, came and picked up the seed, granule by granule, and carried it onto the white cloths. When they had all picked it up, Fix und Fertig poured it into the sack together, took the measure under his arm, went to the king and measured out the seeds he had sown again, now the princess thought it was his – but missed: "One

more thing, mine Son, said the king, my daughter once lost her golden ring, you must first get it back for me before you can get it." Fix und Fertig didn't worry: "Let Ew. Majesty, just show me the water and the bridge where the ring was lost, and it shall soon be brought back." When he was there, he looked down, and the fish that he had put in the river on his journey swam up, stretched his head up and said: "Wait a few moments, I'm going down, a whale has the ring under the raft spring, I'll get it there." He soon came back and threw it ashore. Fix und Fertig took him to the king, but he replied: "Now one more thing, in that forest there is a unicorn, it has already done a lot of damage, if you can kill it, then there will be nothing left." Fix und Fertig didn't worry too much here either, but went straight into the forest. There were the ravens, which he once fed and said: "Be patient for a little while, now the unicorn is lying and sleeping, but not on the squinting side, when it turns around we want it to have the one good eye it has.", peck out, then it is blind and will run against the trees in its rage and impale itself with its horn; then you can easily kill it." Soon the animal rolled over a few times in its sleep and lay on its other side, when the ravens flew down and pecked out its good eye. As soon as it felt the pain, it jumped up and ran madly about in the forest, and soon it had also run into a thick oak tree. Then Fix und Fertig sprang up, cut off his head, and brought it to the king. He could no longer deny his daughter, she was handed over to Fix und Fertig, who got into the carriage with her in full state, drove to his master and brought him the loving princess. There he was well received, and the wedding was held in all splendor; Fix und Fertig became first minister.

Everyone in the company where this was told also wished to be at the amusement, one wanted to be a maid, the other a cloakroom maid, in exchange one wanted to be a valet, the other a cook, etc.

#### 1812 KHM 22. HOW CHILDREN PLAYED BUTCHERING TOGETHER.

*(This scary fairy tale is also known as "Children's Butcher Game" or "How Children Played Butchering Together". It was only in the 1st edition of the Brothers Grimm's Children's and Household Tales in place 22 (KHM 22). There the title was written "How Children Played Slaughtering Together".)*

*Criticism: The author Achim von Arnim criticised the texts as being too cruel for children and tempting to imitate. Wilhelm Grimm defended his mother's fairy tale, saying that it had just made him cautious and anxious at games but he banned it from following editions. Cruelty is not just an issue in modern times and in computer games, it has always been an issue.*

*Contents: In Franeker, a town in the Dutch province of Friesland, five and six-year-old children play battles with divided roles: butcher, cook, pig, cook, undercook. The butcher pulls the sow down and cuts its throat, the undercook collects the blood in a bowl. A councilman sees this and takes the butcher with him. The council sits in court. On the advice of a wise old man, the judge holds out an apple and a guilder to the child. It takes the apple and is found innocent. Two children see their father slaughtering a pig. In the afternoon she wants to imitate one of the little brothers and stabs him in the neck with the knife. The mother hears the screams, pulls out the knife and, in anger, plunges it into the heart of the other child. Meanwhile, her little child drowns in the bathroom. She is heartbroken and hangs herself. The man comes home, sees it and shortly thereafter dies of grief.)*

*I.*

In a town called Franecker, located in West Friesland, it happened that young children, five and six years old, girls and boys, played together. And they ordered one boy to be the butcher, another boy to be the cook, and a third boy to be a sow. One girl, they ordered, should be the cook, and another should be the undercook; and the undercook should receive the blood of the sow in a little dish so that sausages can be made. The butcher, as agreed, came upon the little boy, who was supposed to be the sow, pulled him down and cut his throat open with a little knife, and the undercook received the blood in her little crockery. A councilman passing by sees this misery: he takes the butcher with him from that hour and leads him to the chief's house, who immediately had the whole council assembled. They sat all over this bargain and did not know how to do it, for they saw well that it was done in a childlike way. One of them, an old white man, gave the advice that the chief judge should take a beautiful red apple in one hand and a Rhenish guilder in the other, should call the child to him and stretch out both hands towards him: take it Apple, then it should be recognised as empty, but if you take the guilder, you should kill it. This is followed, but the child laughingly grasps the apple, so it is recognised as free of all punishment.

*II.*

Once upon a time a householder slaughtered a pig, his children saw it; When they wanted to play together in the afternoon, one child said to the other: "You shall be the little pig and I shall be the butcher;" he took a mere knife and thrust it into his little brother's neck. The mother, who was sitting upstairs in the room bathing her youngest child in a tub, heard her other child crying, ran downstairs at once, and when she saw what was happening, she pulled the knife out of the child's neck and plunged it in Anger in the heart of the other child who was the butcher. Then she immediately ran to the room and wanted to see what her child was doing in the bath tub, but in the meantime it had drowned in the bath; Because of this the woman became so full of anxiety that she got into despair and did not want to be comforted by her servants, but hanged herself. The man came from the field and when he saw all this, he became so sad that he died shortly afterwards.

## 1812 KHM 27. DEATH AND THE GOOSE SHEPHERD.

(*Death and the Goose Shepherd* was a parable in the 1st edition of 1812 in place 27 (KHM 27) of the Brothers Grimm's *Children's and Household Tales* and comes from Georg Philipp Harsdörffer's collection of 1663. The parable is literal reproduced. It contains the Christian conception of the compensatory justice of death.

*Contents: A goose herdsman meets Death at a large pool of water, who comes out of the water and wants to get out of the world by water. The goose herder wants to go, but Death says it's too soon and instead throws a miser into the water, who drowns with his dogs and cats following him. Days later, death comes to the happy goose herder. The geese become sheep and he becomes a king like Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.)*

There was a poor shepherd walking on the bank of a large and turbulent stream, tending a flock of white geese. Death came to him over water, and the shepherd asked him where he came from and where he was going? Death replied that he came from the water and wanted out of the world. Poor Gooseshirt also asked: how could one get out of the world? Death said that one had to

cross the water to the new world which lay beyond. The shepherd said he was tired of this life and begged Death to take it with him. Death said it wasn't time yet, and he had other things to do now. But not far from there was a miser who was lying on his bed at night, trying to find more money and possessions, but death led him to the great water and pushed him into it. But because he couldn't swim, he sank to the bottom before he could get to shore. His dogs and cats that ran after him drowned with him. A few days later, Death came to the Goose Goose, found him singing happily and said to him: "Do you want to come with me now?" He was willing and came over with his white geese, which were all changed into white sheep. The gooseneck looked at the beautiful land and heard that the shepherds of the places would become kings, and as he looked around properly, the shepherds Abraham, Isaac and Jacob came to meet him, put a royal crown on his head, and led him into the shepherd's castle, since he is yet to be found.

## 1812 KHM 33. PUSS IN BOOTS

(Source: *The Blue Fairy Book*, edited by Andrew Lang, Longmans, Green, and Co., pages 141–147, London: 1889.

The fairy tale "Puss in Boots" (Alternative title: *The Master Cat*; French: *Le Maître Chat ou le Chat botté*, "The Master Cat" or "The Cat in Boots") was in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm only in the 1st edition of 1812 as KHM 33. According to his note, Wilhelm Grimm apparently had heard the fairy tale from Jeanette Hassenpflug, daughter of a French-speaking Huguenot family.

*Contents: After the death of a miller, the mill falls to the eldest son, a donkey to the second, and a cat to the third, who apparently is only fit to make gloves out of his fur. However, the cat promises help if its new owner will instead have it made a pair of boots so that it can be seen among the people. That's how it happens. The cat now catches partridges in a sack, gives them to the king of the country as a gift from his master, the count, and is rewarded with gold. Later, the tomcat lets the alleged count swim "naked" in a lake that the king and his daughter pass on a drive and complains that a thief has stolen his master's clothes. The king has his own clothes fetched and the supposed count dressed and taken along in the carriage. The tomcat rushes ahead and gets workers in the fields and forests to answer the king, who later drives by, when he asks that the lands belong to the count. The tomcat seduces its real owner, a powerful magician, to demonstrate his power, that he can even turn into a little mouse; to eat him up and take possession of his castle for the miller's son.)*

There was a miller who left no more estate to the three sons he had than his mill, his ass, and his cat. The partition was soon made. Neither the scrivener nor attorney was sent for. They would soon have eaten up all the poor patrimony. The eldest had the mill, the second the ass, and the youngest nothing but the cat.

The poor young fellow was quite comfortless at having so poor a lot.

'My brothers,' said he, 'may get their living handsomely enough by joining their stocks together; but, for my part, when I have eaten up my cat, and made me a muff of his skin, I must die of hunger.'

The Cat, who heard all this, but made as if he did not, said to him with a grave and serious air:

'Do not thus afflict yourself, my good master; you have nothing else to do but to give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for

me, that I may scamper through the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you have not so bad a portion of me as you imagine.'

The Cat's master did not build very much upon what he said; he had, however, often seen him play a great many cunning tricks to catch rats and mice; as when he used to hang by the heels, or hide himself in the meal, and make as if he were dead; so that he did not altogether despair of his affording him some help in his miserable condition. When the Cat had what he asked for, he booted himself very gallantly, and, putting his bag about his neck, he held the strings of it in his two fore paws, and went into a warren where was great abundance of rabbits. He put bran and sow-thistle into his bag, and, stretching out at length, as if he had been dead, he waited for some young rabbits, not yet acquainted with the deceptions of the world, to come and rummage his bag for what he had put into it.

Scarce was he lain down but he had what he wanted: a rash and foolish young rabbit jumped into his bag, and Monsieur Puss, immediately drawing close the strings, took and killed him without pity. Proud of his prey, he went with it to the palace, and asked to speak with his Majesty. He was shown upstairs into the King's apartment, and, making a low reverence, said to him:

'I have brought you, sir, a rabbit of the warren, which my noble Lord, the Master of Carabas' (for that was the title which Puss was pleased to give his master) 'has commanded me to present to your Majesty from him.'

'Tell thy master,' said the King, 'that I thank him, and that he does me a great deal of pleasure.'

Another time he went and hid himself among some standing corn, holding still his bag open; and, when a brace of partridges ran into it, he drew the strings, and so caught them both. He went and made a present of these to the King, as he had done before of the rabbit which he took in the warren. The King, in like manner, received the partridges with great pleasure, and ordered him some money, to drink.

The Cat continued for two or three months thus to carry his Majesty, from time to time, game of his master's taking. One day in particular, when he knew for certain that he was to take the air along the river-side, with his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master:

'If you will follow my advice your fortune is made. You have nothing else to do but go and wash yourself in the river, in that part I shall show you, and leave the rest to me.'

The Marquis of Carabas did what the Cat advised him to, without knowing why or wherefore. While he was washing the King passed by, and the Cat began to cry out:

'Help! help! My Lord Marquis of Carabas is going to be drowned.'

At this noise the King put his head out of the coach-window, and, finding it was the Cat who had so often brought him such good game, he commanded his guards to run immediately to the assistance of his Lordship the Marquis of Carabas. While they were drawing the poor Marquis out of the river, the Cat came up to the coach and told the King that, while his master was washing, there came by some rogues, who went off with his clothes, though he had cried out: 'Thieves! thieves!' several times, as loud as he could.

This cunning Cat had hidden them under a great stone. The King immediately commanded the officers of his wardrobe to run and fetch one of his best suits for the Lord Marquis of Carabas.

The King caressed him after a very extraordinary manner, and as the fine clothes he had given him extremely set off his good mien

(for he was well made and very handsome in his person), the King's daughter took a secret inclination to him, and the Marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast two or three respectful and somewhat tender glances but she fell in love with him to distraction. The King would needs have him come into the coach and take part of the airing. The Cat, quite over-joyed to see his project begin to succeed, marched on before, and, meeting with some countrymen, who were mowing a meadow, he said to them:

'Good people, you who are mowing, if you do not tell the King that the meadow you mow belongs to my Lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as herbs for the pot.'

The King did not fail asking of the mowers to whom the meadow they were mowing belonged.

'To my Lord Marquis of Carabas,' answered they altogether, for the Cat's threats had made them terribly afraid.

'You see, sir,' said the Marquis, 'this is a meadow which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest every year.'

The Master Cat, who went still on before, met with some reapers, and said to them:

'Good people, you who are reaping, if you do not tell the King that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as herbs for the pot.'

The King, who passed by a moment after, would needs know to whom all that corn, which he then saw, did belong.

'To my Lord Marquis of Carabas,' replied the reapers, and the King was very well pleased with it, as well as the Marquis, whom he congratulated thereupon. The Master Cat, who went always before, said the same words to all he met, and the King was astonished at the vast estates of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

Monsieur Puss came at last to a stately castle, the master of which was an ogre, the richest had ever been known; for all the lands which the King had then gone over belonged to this castle. The Cat, who had taken care to inform himself who this ogre was and what he could do, asked to speak with him, saying he could not pass so near his castle without having the honour of paying his respects to him.

The ogre received him as civilly as an ogre could do, and made him sit down.

'I have been assured,' said the Cat, 'that you have the gift of being able to change yourself into all sorts of creatures you have a mind to; you can, for example, transform yourself into a lion, or elephant, and the like.'

'That is true,' answered the ogre very briskly; 'and to convince you, you shall see me now become a lion.'

Puss was so sadly terrified at the sight of a lion so near him that he immediately got into the gutter, not without abundance of trouble and danger, because of his boots, which were of no use at all to him in walking upon the tiles. A little while after, when Puss saw that the ogre had resumed his natural form, he came down, and owned he had been very much frightened.

'I have been moreover informed,' said the Cat, 'but I know not how to believe it, that you have also the power to take on you the shape of the smallest animals; for example, to change yourself into a rat or a mouse; but I must own to you I take this to be impossible.'

'Impossible!' cried the ogre; 'you shall see that presently.'

And at the same time he changed himself into a mouse, and began to run about the floor. Puss no sooner perceived this but he fell upon him and ate him up.

Meanwhile the King, who saw, as he passed, this fine castle of the ogre's, had a mind to go into it. Puss, who heard the noise of his

Majesty's coach running over the draw-bridge, ran out, and said to the King:

'Your Majesty is welcome to this castle of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.'

'What! my Lord Marquis,' cried the King, 'and does this castle also belong to you? There can be nothing finer than this court and all the stately buildings which surround it; let us go into it, if you please.'

The Marquis gave his hand to the Princess, and followed the King, who went first. They passed into a spacious hall, where they found a magnificent collation, which the ogre had prepared for his friends, who were that very day to visit him, but dared not to enter, knowing the King was there. His Majesty was perfectly charmed with the good qualities of my Lord Marquis of Carabas, as was his daughter, who had fallen violently in love with him, and, seeing the vast estate he possessed, said to him, after having drunk five or six glasses:

'It will be owing to yourself only, my Lord Marquis, if you are not my son-in-law.'

The Marquis, making several low bows, accepted the honour which his Majesty conferred upon him, and forthwith, that very same day, married the Princess.

Puss became a great lord, and never ran after mice any more but only for his diversion.

#### 1812 KHM 37. OF THE NAPKIN, THE KNAPSACK, THE CANNON SHELL, AND THE HORN.

(The fairy tale "Of the Napkin, the Knapsack, the Cannon Shell\*, and the Horn" was in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm in the 1st edition of 1812 at position 37 (1812 KHM 37). It is similar to "The Knapsack, the Hat, and the Horn" in the 2nd edition of 1819 at position 54 (KHM 54).

[\* Misinterpretation: Canon Shell (according to the German original "Kanonenhütlein" or "Kanonenhut"): meant is a top hat or a French shako, a tall, cylindrical military hat of the early 19th century, usually with a visor.]

Those two titles are rather odd when we compare the two originals. The old version had the German title "Von der Serviette, dem Tornister, dem Kanonenhütlein und dem Horn" (1812 KHM 37), the title of the new version is "Der Ranzen, das Hütlein und das Hörnlein". Both, the French word Serviette as well as the word Tornister (from Czech-Hungarian tanystra) meant 200 years ago the same as the word Ranzen (Middle High German, c. 1200 AD) in the new version of that story: It was a kind of army and schoolbag looking like a briefcase that was worn on the back like a rucksack. The word Serviette gained a second meaning at this time; that is why we find the word napkin or towel in translations. All of these things, including the shako, can be identified as typical French items. It does not take much imagination to assume that the French items were a mockery on the French whose Napoleonic armies occupied almost all German territories. The "Horn" or "Hörnlein" is the only item that is directed against the French and it originates from the Bible. That "the horn destroys city walls" should remind the readers of the Battle of Jericho and that the righteous ones will prevail, See: Joshua [Yehoshua, Greek: Iesous = 'Jesus', Moses' assistant] 6:1-27; in: Tanakh [Old Testament], The Nevi'im [Prophets], Grand Bible, Internet Archive.].)

Contents: Three poor brothers are looking for happiness. In a forest stands a mountain of silver. The eldest takes it and goes home, then the second at one made of gold. The youngest almost

starves to death in an even bigger forest. Even from a treetop he sees no end. Descending, he finds a set table. It's a wishing tablecloth. He meets three charcoal burners one after the other, who in return give him a soldier's satchel, a little hat and a little horn. If you tap on the satchel, three soldiers will appear, and he will have the cloth retrieved from them. At home, his rich brothers mock him for his shabby clothes. His soldiers beat them and also beat the king's troops. He sends more the next day, but the hero turns the hat on his head and cannons fire. He has the king's daughter given to him. She wants to get rid of him, takes his satchel and lets him chase him away, but he has the little hat. When she tries again and takes that from him, too, he blows the little horn. The falling walls kill the king and his daughter. He makes himself king.)

There were three brothers from Schwarzenfels, very poor by birth, who were traveling to Spain, when they came to a mountain that was completely surrounded by silver. The eldest brother paid his way, took as much as he could carry, and went home with his loot. The other two traveled further and came to a mountain where nothing but gold could be seen. Now one said to the other: "How shall we do it?" And the second also took as much gold as he could carry and went home; but the third wanted to try his luck even better and went further away. After three days he came to a huge forest, he was tired, hunger and thirst tormented him, and he could not get out of the forest. So he climbed up a tall tree and wanted to see if he might find the end of the forest, but he saw nothing but the tops of trees; then he wished only once more to feed his body and proceeded to climb down from the tree. When he came down, he saw under the tree a table set with all kinds of food, so he was happy, approached the table and ate his fill. And when he had finished eating, he took the napkin with him and went on, and when he was hungry and thirsty again, he uncovered the napkin and what he wanted was written on it. After a day's journey he came to a charcoal burner who burned coal and boiled potatoes. The charcoal burner asked him to be his guest, but he said: "I don't want to eat with you, but I want to ask you to be a guest." The charcoal burner asked: "How is that possible, I can't see that you have anything with you." - "That doesn't matter, just sit down" with that he uncovered his serviette, everything that could be wished for was there. The charcoal burner enjoyed the meal and was very pleased with the napkin, and when they had eaten he said: "Swap with me, I'll give you an old soldier's knapsack for the napkin if you tap it with your hand, a private and six men will come every time." Soldiers with upper and lower rifle out, they can't help me in the forest, but I'd love the napkin." The exchange went ahead, the charcoal burner kept the napkin, the Schwarzenfelsler took the knapsack with him. But he had hardly gone a piece of the way when he hit it when the war heroes came out: "What does my lord want?" - "You march there and get my serviette from the charcoal burner, which I left there." So they went back and brought him back the napkin. In the evening he came to another charcoal burner, who in turn invited him to supper and also had potatoes without fat. But Schwarzenfelsler uncovered his napkin and asked him to be his guest, and everything was as desired. When the meal was over, this charcoal burner also offered to exchange, he gave a hat in exchange for the napkin, if you turned it on your head, the guns went as if there were a battery on the spot. When Schwarzenfelsler was a little way away, he patted his old knapsack again, and the private with six men had to fetch his napkin again. Now it went further in the same forest and in the evening he came to the third charcoal burner,

who invited him, like the others, to unmelted potatoes, but received a tractament from him and exchanged his napkin for a croissant, if one blew on it, it fell all towns and villages, as well as all fortifications, overturned. But the charcoal burner did not keep the napkin any longer than the others, for the private with six men soon came and fetched it. When Schwarzenfels had everything together, he returned home and wanted to visit his two brothers. They were rich from their many gold and silver, and when he came wearing an old torn coat, they did not want to recognise him as their brother. Immediately he banged on his knapsack and had 150 men marched up, who had to give his brothers a good hump. The whole village came to their aid, but they did little; Then it was reported to the king, who sent a military commando to take these soldiers prisoner; but the Schwarzenfels hit his knapsack all at once and had infantry and cavalry march up, which drove the military command back to its place. The next day the king had many more people march out to put the old fellow in peace. But he banged on his knapsack until a whole army came out, he turned his hat a few times, then the guns went and the enemy was beaten and put to flight. Then peace was made, and he was made viceroy, and the princess was made his wife.

But the princess was constantly thinking that she must take such an old fellow as her husband, and wished nothing more than to be able to get rid of him again. She inquired daily into what advantages his power consisted, he was also so faithful and discovered everything to her. Then she talked his knapsack away from him and threw him out, and when soldiers marched against him, his people were lost, but he still had his hutgen\*, so he grabbed it and let the cannon go, so he defeated the enemy and became peace again made. After that, however, he let himself be deceived again, and the princess talked his little hat off of him. And when the enemy pressed on him, he had nothing but his horn, so he blew on it, and immediately villages, towns and all the fortifications collapsed. Then he was king alone and remained until he died. [\* This sentence is probably a phrase for "put on ones hat" i.e. take command.]

#### 1812 KHM 43. THE GRUESOME MEAL.

(*"The Gruesome Meal," was in the Grimm Brothers' Children's And Household Tales only up to the 2nd edition of 1819 in place 43 (KHM 43). The horror fairy tale probably comes from Amalie Hassenpflug.*

*Contents: A liver sausage visits a blood sausage (a black pudding) and sees strange things: Broom and shovel hitting each other, a monkey with a head wound. But the blood sausage doesn't respond and wants to see after the food. Someone warns the liver sausage that it's a murderer's cave. She runs out. The blood sausage threatens to throw a knife through the hole in the floor : "If I had you, I would want you!"*

For a time a blood sausage and a liver sausage lived together, and the blood sausage invited the liver sausage as a guest. When it was time to eat, the liver sausage went happily to the black pudding, but when she stepped through the front door she saw all sorts of strange things, on every flight of stairs, which were many, always something different, there was a broom and a shovel, fighting each other, then a monkey with a big wound on its head, and so on.

The liver sausage was quite shocked and dismayed by this, but she took heart and went into the room and was greeted in a

friendly manner by the blood sausage. The liver sausage began to inquire about the strange things that were happening outside on the stairs, but the blood sausage pretended not to hear, or as if it wasn't worth talking about, or she said about the shovel and broom: "It must have been my maid chatting with someone on the stairs," and brought the conversation to something else.

The blood sausage went out and said she had to go to the kitchen after the meal to make sure everything was done properly and not throw anything in the ashes. While the liver sausage was meanwhile pacing up and down the room, and always had the strange things on her mind, someone, I don't know who it was, came in and said: "I warn you, liverwurst, you are in a blood and murderer's cave hurry away, if you value your life." The liver sausage didn't think twice, crept out the door and ran as far as she could, she didn't stop until she was out of the house in the middle of the street. Then she looked around and saw the blood sausage standing in the hole in the ground with a long, long knife that shone as if it had been freshly sharpened, she threatened with it and called down:

"If I had you, I would want you!"

#### 1812 KHM 54. HANS DUMB.

(*"Hans Dumb" or "The Dull Hans" ws a fairy tale only in the 1st edition of 1812 in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm at position 54 (KHM 54). According to Grimm's note, the magic fairy tale comes from the Hassenpflug siblings. The annotation refers to Basile's Pentameron I,3 Peruonto and at Straparola III,1 Pietro pazzo.*

*Contents: The princess is having a child and no-one knows the father. The king orders that it should be the one who is handed a lemon in church. Only beautiful people are allowed in, but stupid, hunchbacked Hans Dumb pushes his way through and becomes her husband. The king puts them both in a barrel at sea. She accuses Hans Dumb, but he says she had the child because he wanted it. He desires food, then a fine ship, and a castle on land, and himself as a handsome prince. you live happily. Once the king comes to visit. He doesn't recognise her. When he left, the princess had a golden cup smuggled into his luggage and arrested for theft. When he justifies himself, she lectures him that no one should immediately be held guilty. Everyone is happy, and Hans Dumb later becomes king.)*

There was a king who lived happily with his daughter, who was his only child: but suddenly the princess gave birth to a child, and no one knew who the father was; For a long time the king didn't know what to do, in the end he ordered the princess to go to church with the child, he was to be given a lemon and whoever handed it to the child's father and be the princess' husband. This happened now, but the order had been given that no one but beautiful people should be admitted to the church. But there was a small, lopsided and hunchbacked fellow in town who wasn't very clever, and that's why his name was Hans Dumb. He pushed his way unseen among the others into the church, and when the child was supposed to hand out the lemon, he did it to Hans Dumb. The princess was frightened, the king was so upset that he had her and the child put in a barrel with the fool and put out to sea. The barrel soon swam away, and when they were alone at sea, the princess complained and said: "You nasty, hunchbacked, snobbish boy, you are to blame for my misfortune, why have you pushed yourself into church, the child didn't do anything to you - "Oh

yes," said Hans Dumb, that was probably my concern, because I once wished that you would have a child, and what I wish will come true." - "If that's true, then Do wish us something to eat here." – "I can do that too," said Hans Dumb, but wished for a bowl full of potatoes, the princess would have liked something better, but because she was so hungry she helped him eat potato After they were full, Hans Dumm said: "Now I want to wish us a nice ship!" And scarcely had he said that than they were sitting in a splendid ship, in which there was everything in abundance that one could ask for. The helmsman drove straight ashore, and when they got out, Hans Dumb said: "Now there should be a castle there!" There was a magnificent castle and servants in gold clothes came and led the princess and the child in, and when they were in the middle Hall were, said Hans Dumb: "Now I wish that I become a young and clever prince!" Then his hump lost, and he was handsome and straight and friendly, and the princess liked him very much and became her husband.

So they lived happily for a long time; once the old king rode out, got lost, and came to the castle. He was amazed because he had never seen it before and stopped off. The princess recognised her father at once, but he did not recognise her, he also thought that she had long since drowned in the sea. She entertained him splendidly, and when he wanted to go home again she secretly put a golden cup in his pocket. But after he had ridden away, she sent some horsemen to stop him and see if he had stolen the golden cup, and when they found it in his pocket they brought it back. He swore to the princess that he had not stolen it, and did not know how it got into his pocket, "therefore, she said, one must be careful not to think anyone guilty at once," and revealed himself as his daughter. Then the king was happy and they lived happily together, and after his death Hans Dumb became king.

#### 1812 KHM 59. PRINCE SWAN.

*("Prince Swan" was a fairy tale in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm that only appeared in the first edition of 1812 at position 59 (KHM 59). From the second edition, Prince Swan was only in the annotation to KHM 127 Der Eisenofen.)*

*Contents: A girl meets a swan in the forest with a ball of yarn to unwind while he flies to his kingdom to become his bride through night and wind to a small house. The old woman named Sun hides her from her husband, the man-eater. When he does find her, she obtains respite and sends the girl on in time with a spinning wheel. From the next one, Moon, she gets a spindle, from the third, Star, a reel. On her advice, she appeases a dragon and a lion with bread and bacon, and spins in front of the castle gate on the glass mountain, where her prince has already married. His queen grants her, for spinningwheel, spindle, and reel, each night outside his bedroom, but gives him a sleeping drink so that he does not hear their singing. The third time the girl asks the servants not to give him the sleeping drink but something else. The king recognises Juliana's voice and asks the queen whether to keep a found key or the newly made one. The queen replied that it was certainly the old one. The king then stated: "Then you can no longer be my wife, I have found my first bride again." The next morning the queen had to go home to her father again, and the king married his true bride Juliana, and they lived long and happily until they died.)*

There was a girl in the middle of a large forest when a swan came towards her with a ball of yarn and said to her: "I am not a swan,

but an enchanted prince, but thou canst redeem me if thou takest the ball, unwind the yarn that I fly away; but beware that thou dost not break the thread in two, otherwise I shall not come to my kingdom, and shall not be redeemed; but if thou unwindest the ball of yarn completely, then thou art my bride." The girl took the ball of yarn and the swan soared into the air, and the yarn unwound easily. She wound and wound all day, and in the evening the end of the thread was already visible when, unfortunately, it got caught on a thorn bush and broke off. The girl was very sad and wept, night was about to fall too, the wind was so loud in the forest that she was afraid and started to run as best she could. And when she had run a long way, she saw a little light, hurried to it, and found a house and knocked. A little old mother came out, who was surprised when she saw that a girl was in front of the door: "My child, where art thou coming from so late?" - "Give me a hostel tonight, the girl said, I have lost my way in the forest; also a little bread to eat." – "That is a difficult thing, said the old woman, I would gladly give it to thee, but my husband is a men-eater, if he finds thee he will eat thee up, there is no mercy; but if thou stayest outside, the wild beasts will eat thee, I will see if I can help thee through." So she let her in, and gave her a little bread to eat, and then hid her under the bed. But the men-eater always came home before midnight, when the sun had completely set, and left again in the morning before it rose. It was not long before he came in: "I smell, I smell human flesh!" he said and searched the room, finally he reached under the bed and pulled the girl out: "that's still a good bite!" But his wife begged and begged until he promised to let it live the rest of the night and not eat it until breakfast tomorrow. Before sunrise, however, the old woman woke the girl: "Hurry up, get away, before my husband wakes up, I shall give thee a little golden spinning wheel, which I hold dear. My name is Sun." The girl went away and came to a house in the evening, everything was the same as the previous evening, and the second old woman gave her a golden spindle as he parted and said: "My name is Moon."

And on the third evening a third house came, so the old woman gave him a golden reel and said: "My name is Star, and the Prince Swan, although the thread was not completely unwound, was already so far that he was able to reach his kingdom, he is king there and has already married, and lives in great splendour on the glass mountain; you will come tonight, but a dragon and a lion lie before it and guard it, so take the bread and bacon and appease them with it." So it happened. The girl threw the bread and bacon down the monsters' throats, so they let her through and she got as far as the castle gate, but the guards would not let her into the castle itself. Then she sat down in front of the gate and began to spin her little golden wheel; the queen looked on from above, she liked the beautiful little wheel, and she came down and wanted it. The girl said she should have it if she would allow it to spend a night near the king's bedroom. The queen agreed, and the girl was led upstairs, but what was said in the living room could all be heard in the bedroom. As night came and the king lay in bed, it sang:

"Does the King Swan think  
still of his promised bride Juliana?  
She went through Sun, Moon and Star,  
through lions and through dragons:  
Does the King Swan not want to wake up at all?"

But the king did not hear it, because the cunning queen was afraid of the girl and gave her a nightcap, so he slept so soundly and would not have heard the girl, even if she had stood in front of him. In the morning all was lost, and she had to go back to the

gate, so she sat down and spun her spindle, which pleased the queen too, and she gave it away on the same condition that she could spend a night next to the king's bedroom . Then it sang again:

"Does the King Swan think  
still of his promised bride Juliana?  
She went through Sun, Moon and Star,  
through lions and through dragons:  
Does the King Swan not want to wake up at all?"

But the king was fast asleep again from a sleeping potion, and the girl had lost her spindle too. On the third morning it sat down in front of the gate with its golden reel and reeled. The queen also wanted the treasure and promised the girl that she would stay next to the bedroom for one more night. But she noticed the deceit and asked the king's servant if he could give him something else to drink that evening. Then it sang again:

"Does the King Swan think  
still of his promised bride Juliana?  
She went through Sun, Moon and Star,  
through lions and through dragons:  
Does the King Swan not want to wake up at all?"

Then the king awoke; hearing her voice, he recognised it and asked the queen: "if you lose a key and find it again, do you keep the old one or the newly made one?" The queen said: "certainly the old one." - "Well, then you can no longer be my wife, I have found my first bride again." The next morning the queen had to go home to her father again, and the king married his real bride Juliana, and they lived happily until they died.

#### 1812 KHM 60. THE GOLDEN EGG.

(The magic fairy tale "The Golden Egg" in the Children's And Household Tales probably comes from Dortchen Wild. Wilhelm Grimm's handwriting from 1810 is almost identical, only there are two chimney sweep boys who have to get the brushwood for their brooms in the forest. From the 2nd edition the fragment is only in the Note on the similar The Two Brothers (KHM 60).

Contents: A couple of poor broom-maker boys fetch brushwood for brooms from the forest every day and the little sister sells them. Then the youngest finds a bird on a birch that lays a golden egg for them every morning, which they sell to the goldsmith. When the bird stops laying eggs, he lets himself be carried to the goldsmith, to whom he sings:

who eats my heart  
will soon be king;  
who eats my liver  
finds a bag of gold under the pillow every morning!

The goldsmith wants to marry his little sister and they should roast his bird on a spit for the wedding. Two pieces fall out, which cost them. When the goldsmith sees that the heart and liver are missing, he chases them all away.)

Once upon a time there were a few poor broom-maker boys who still had a little sister to feed, and they were all short and miserable. They had to go into the forest every day to fetch brushwood, and when the brooms were tied, the little sister sold them. Once they went into the forest, and the youngest climbed a birch tree and wanted to cut down the branches, when he found a nest, and in it sat a dark-coloured little bird with something shimmering through its wings, and because the little bird didn't fly away at all, and not being shy either, he picked up the wing and

found a golden egg, which he took and climbed down with it. They were delighted with their find and took it to the goldsmith, who said it was fine gold and gave them a lot of money for it. The next morning they went back into the forest and found another golden egg, and the little bird patiently let it be taken, just like before. That lasted for a while, every morning they fetched the gold egg and were soon rich: but one morning the bird said: "Now I won't lay any more eggs, but take me to the goldsmith, that will be your happiness." as it spoke and carried it to Goldschmidt, and when it was alone with him it sang:

"Who eats my little heart,  
will soon be king;  
who eats my liver  
finds a bag of gold under the pillow every morning!"

When the goldsmith heard that, he called the two boys and said: "Leave me the bird and I will marry your little sister." The two said yes, and then the wedding took place. But the goldsmith said, "I want to eat the bird at my wedding, you two, roast it on the spit and take care that it doesn't spoil, and bring it up when it's done;" but he thought he would then Remove and eat heart and liver. The two brothers stood by the spit and turned it around as they turn it around, and the bird is soon fried falls out a bit. "Oh, says one, I have to try that!" and ate it up. Soon afterwards another bit fell out: "That's for me," said the other, and savored it. But these were the hearts and livers that they had eaten, and they did not know how lucky they were.

After that the bird was roasted, and they carried it to the wedding table; the goldsmith cut it open and quickly wanted to eat the heart and liver, but both were gone. Then he became venomously angry and cried: "Who ate the heart and liver of the bird?" "We must have done that, they said, a few pieces fell out when we turned them over, we took them." - "You have hearts and eaten liver, you may also keep your sister!" and in his anger he drove them all away. –

(Fragment.)

#### 1812 KHM 61. OF THE TAILOR WHO SOON GOT RICH.

(This was a farce about the tailor who soon became rich in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm in the first edition of 1812 at position 61 (KHM 61). The farce came from the Hassenpflug family according to Jacob Grimm's handwritten notes from 1810. The second edition had it only in the annotation to KHM 61 Das Bürle, which is largely the same.

Contents: A tailor finds a frozen thrush on his way to his brother's. Through the window he sees his wife hiding the priest with the roast meat and wine when her husband comes. The tailor pretends that his thrush can divine that there is wine in the bed and roast meat in the oven, and sells them to him for the box in which the priest is sitting. He takes the box with him and sings that he wants to throw it into the water until the priest moves and offers him 50 thalers. He tells people who are amazed at his newfound wealth that he sold his cow's skin for so much. Everyone imitates it, but this pushes the prices down so much that they get almost nothing. They throw dirt in front of the tailor's house. He puts it in a box and gives it to an innkeeper for safekeeping. Later he comes back, checks and rages because he is full of dirt. The innkeeper gives him 100 talers. Enraged, the people then force the tailor into a box and set him on a river. He screams loudly that he doesn't want to do something until a shepherd approaches him. The tailor tells him that whoever comes down the river in this box

*should marry the king's daughter. The shepherd sits in the box and the tailor takes his flock. He tells the astonished farmers that he found the sheep under water. They also see the clouds reflected, interpret the clumsy Schulzen jumping in as coming and jumping after them. The village belongs to the tailor.)*

A poor tailor was walking across the field in wintertime and wanted to visit his brother. On the way he found a frozen thrush and said to himself: "Anything bigger than a louse the tailor will take home with him!" So he picked up the thrush and put it with him. When he got to his brother's house, he first looked in through the window to see if they were at home too, when he saw a fat priest sitting at his sister-in-law's in front of a table with a roast and a bottle of wine on it; Then there was a knock at the front door, and the man wanted to come in, when he saw the woman quickly shut the priest in a box, put the roast in the oven, and put the wine on the bed. The tailor then went into the house himself and welcomed his brother and sister-in-law, but sat down on the box in which the priest was. The man said: "Woman, I'm hungry, don't you have anything to eat?" - "No, I'm sorry, but there is nothing in the house today." - But the tailor pulled out his frozen choke, and his mouth spoke Brother: "My, what are you doing with the frozen thrush?" she is worth a lot of money, she can tell the truth!" - "Now let her tell her fortune." - The tailor held her to his ear and said: "The thrush says: there is a bowl full of roast meat in the oven." - The man went there and found the roast: "What does the thrush say?" - "There's a bottle of wine in the bed." He also found the wine: "Oh, I may have the thrush, sell it to me." - "You can get it if you give me the box I'm sitting on." The man wanted to do it right away, but the woman said: "No, that won't work, the box is too dear to me, I won't give it away;" but the man did said: "Don't be so stupid, what's the use of such an old box?" With that he gave his brother the box for the bird.

The tailor took the box on a wheelbarrow and carried it away: on the way he said: "I'll take the box and throw it into the water, I'll take the box and throw it into the water!" Finally the priest stirred inwardly and said: "you know a lot of what's in the box, let me out, I'll give you 50 thalers." - "Yes, I'll do it for that," let him out, and went home with the money. The people wondered where he got all that money from, but he said: "I want to tell you, the skins are so expensive, so I slaughtered my old cow and paid so much for the skin." The people in the village They also wanted to profit from it, came and cut off the necks of all their oxen, cows and sheep and carried the skins into the city, for which they paid very little, because so many were offered for sale at once. The peasants were angry about the damage and threw dirt and other bad stuff in front of the tailor's door. But he put everything in his box, went into town with it to an inn and asked the innkeeper if he could take the box for him , in which the greatest treasures would be kept for a while, they would not be safe with him? The innkeeper was quite happy to say so, and took the box with him. Some time later the tailor came, asked for it back, and opened it to see if everything was still in it. But now that he was covered in dirt, he raged abominably, insulted the innkeeper and threatened to sue him, so that the innkeeper, who shunned attention and feared for his credit, gladly gave him a hundred thalers. The peasants were angry again that everything they did to the tailor turned it into a profit, they took the box, put it in by force, put it on the water and let it flow away. The tailor was silent for a while, until he had flown away a corner, then he cried out loud: "No, I'm not like that! and I thus not! and if the whole world wanted it." A shepherd heard the shouting and asked: "What don't you want to do?" -

"Oh, said the tailor, there is a king who has the foolish whim and insists whoever comes swimming down the stream in this box should marry his only beautiful daughter, but I put my head on it once, and so not, and if the whole world wants it." - "Listen, it's not possible that someone else puts in the box and gets the king's daughter?" - "Oh yes, that works too." - "I want to put myself in your place." Then the tailor got out, the shepherd got in; the tailor closed the box and the shepherd soon went under. But the tailor took all the shepherd's flock and drove them home.

But the peasants wondered how it was possible that he would come back, and on top of that he would have so many sheep. The tailor said: "I had sunk, deep, deep! I found the whole herd on the ground and took them out with me." The farmers also wanted to get sheep there and went out to the water together; That day the sky was completely blue with little white clouds, so they called out: "We can already see the lambs on the ground below!" I call you." As he tumbled in, there was a rustling in the water: clumsy! so they thought he called to them: come! and all rushed after him. Then the whole village belonged to the tailor.

#### 1812 KHM 62. BLUEBEARD.

("Bluebeard" (French original: *La barbe bleue*), is a fairy tale. It is in Charles Perrault's *Histoires ou contes du temps passé, avec des moralités: contes de ma Mère l'Oye* ("Tales or fairy tales from the past including morals: fairy tales of my mother goose") from 1697. Passed on orally via the Hassenpflug family, Bluebeard made it into the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm, but only in the 1st edition of 1812 Position 62 (KHM 62).

Contents: A rich man with all sorts of possessions in town and country would like to marry one of the two charming daughters of a neighbor who is of good standing. He leaves it up to the woman and her daughters to marry him, but neither of them wants to marry him because they find his blue beard so ugly. Also, it scares them that no one knows what happened to their previous wives. However, after he has invited his mother, her daughters and friends to lavish parties and all kinds of entertainment in the country, the younger daughter decides to marry Bluebeard, since his beard is not really that blue and he is a very decent man. Soon after the wedding, Bluebeard tells his young wife that he has to go to the country for six weeks on important business. He hands her a bunch of keys and tells her to roam the house and to enjoy herself while he's gone. Under no circumstances should she use a certain small key to unlock the associated chamber on the ground floor, unless she wanted to expose herself to his most terrible wrath. As soon as Bluebeard has left, the wife's friends rush to Bluebeard's house, marvel at the various treasures in the various rooms and envy the young woman. However, she is too restless to be happy about the compliments and secretly and driven by curiosity hurries down the stairs to the small chamber so quickly that she almost breaks her neck. She hesitates briefly as to whether she shouldn't rather observe the ban and provoke Bluebeard's anger, but then, trembling, she unlocks the door. In the chamber, she finds Bluebeard's previous wives murdered. Horrified, she drops the key into a pool of blood, picks it up and locks the chamber again. Your attempts to clean the key from the blood stains fail because it is an enchanted key. Bluebeard returns unexpectedly quickly because he has been informed in a letter that the journey is no longer necessary and immediately notices that his prohibition has been disregarded because of the traces of blood on the key. He becomes very angry and sentences his wife to immediate death so

*that she can keep the corpses in the chamber company. The woman manages to gain time and send her sister Anne up the tower so that she can signal her two brothers to hurry up as soon as they arrive riding on their announced visit. At the very last moment, before Bluebeard can behead his wife with a knife, the armed brothers appear and kill Bluebeard. The young widow inherits all of Bluebeard's fortunes, getting her brothers commissions, helping her sister to marry a long-loved man, and happily marrying an honorable man herself, soon forgetting Bluebeard.)*

In a forest lived a man who had three sons and a beautiful daughter. Once a golden chariot with six horses and a crowd of servants drew up, stopped in front of the house, and a king got out and begged the man to give him his daughter to wife. The man was glad that his daughter was so fortunate and immediately said yes; there was nothing wrong with the suitor, except that he had a very blue beard, so that one got a little fright every time one looked at him. The girl was frightened at first and hesitated to marry him, but at the persuasion of her father she finally consented. But because it felt so afraid, it first went to its three brothers, took them alone and said: "Dear brothers, if you hear me screaming, wherever you are, drop everything and come to my aid." The brothers promised him that and kissed him, "Farewell, dear sister, when we hear your voice, we'll jump on our horses and be with you soon." Then he got into the carriage with Bluebeard and went with him away. When it came to his palace everything was splendid, and whatever the queen wished was done, and they would have been quite happy if she could only get used to the king's blue beard, but whenever she saw it, scared her inside. After that allowed some time, he said: "I have to make a long journey, there you have the key to the whole lock, you can unlock it everywhere and see everything, only the room to which this little golden key belongs I forbid you ; if you unlock it, your life is forfeited." She took the key, promised to obey him, and when he was gone, she unlocked the doors one after the other, and saw so many riches and glories that she thought from all over world they would be brought together here. There was nothing left now but the forbidden chamber, the key was made of gold, then she thought, in this perhaps the most precious thing is locked; curiosity was beginning to plague her, and she would rather not have seen all the rest if she only knew what was in this one. For a while she resisted the desire, but at last it became so powerful that she took the key and went to the chamber: "Who will see that I open it," she said to herself, "I just want to take a look inside ." Then she unlocked it, and when the door opened, a stream of blood flowed towards her, and she saw dead women hanging on the walls, and of some only the skeletons were left. She was so frightened that she immediately slammed the door shut again, but the key jumped out and fell on the blood. Quickly she picked it up and wanted to wipe the blood away, but it was in vain, if she wiped it on one side, it came out on the other; she sat down all day and rubbed it, and tried everything she could, but it didn't help, the bloodstains couldn't be removed; Finally in the evening she put him in the hay, that should draw out the blood during the night. The next day Bluebeard came back, and the first thing he did was to ask her for the keys; her heart was beating, she brought the others and hoped he wouldn't notice that the golden one was missing. But he counted them all, and when he had finished he said: "Where is the one for the secret room?" and he looked her in the face. She turned blood red and answered: "He's lying upstairs, I've misplaced him, I'll look for him tomorrow." - "Better go straight away, dear wife, I'll need him today." - "Oh, I just want to tell you,

I lost it in the hay, I have to look for it first." - "You haven't lost it, said Bluebeard angrily, you put it there so that the bloodstains can pull out, because you disobeyed my command and are in the room But now you're supposed to go in, even if you don't want to." Then she had to get the key, it was still covered in bloodstains: "Now prepare yourself to die, you're supposed to die today," said Bluebeard, getting his big knife and led them to the heads of the house. "Just let me say my prayer before I die," she said; "So go, but hurry, because I don't have time to wait." So she ran up the stairs and called out the window as loud as she could: "Brothers, my dear brothers, come, help me!" Brothers were sitting in the forest with a cool glass of wine when the youngest said: "I feel as if I had heard our sister's voice; on! we must hurry to her aid!" so they jumped on their horses and rode as if they were the storm wind. But her sister was on her knees in fear; then Bluebeard called from below: "Well, are you almost finished?" while she heard him sharpening his knife on the bottom step; She looked out, but she saw nothing but dust in the distance, as if a herd were coming. Then she cried out again: "Brothers, my dear brothers! come, help me!" and her fear grew bigger and bigger. But Bluebeard called out: "If you don't come soon, I'll get you, my knife is sharpened!" Then she looked out again and saw her three brothers riding through the field as if they were flying like birds in the air when they screamed she for the third time in the greatest need and with all her strength: "Brothers, my dear brothers! come, help me!" and the youngest was already so close that she heard his voice: "comfort yourself, dear sister, just a moment, and we'll be with you!" I don't want to wait any longer, if you don't come, I'll get you!" "Oh! only for my three dear brothers, let me pray." – "But he didn't listen, came up the stairs and pulled her down, and he had just grabbed her by the hair and was about to stab her in the heart with the knife, and there was a beating The three brothers went to the front door, broke in and snatched it from his hand, then drew their sabers and cut him down. So he was hung up in the blood chamber with the other women whom he had killed, but the brothers took their dearest sister home with them, and all the riches of Bluebeard were hers."

#### 1812 KHM 64. OF THE SIMPLER.

*("The white dove" in the Children's And Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm was only in the 1st edition of 1812 together with "The Queen Bee", "The Three Feathers" and "The Golden Goose" under the surtitle "Of the Simpler" an Position 64 (KHM 64) Later it was only in the annotation to KHM 57 The golden bird, while the other three remained in positions 62, 63 and 64. According to his note, Wilhelm Grimm heard the fairy tale in 1808 from Margarete Marianne Wild. The printed version is linguistically improved compared to his manuscript of 1810.*

*Contents: The ripe pears disappear from the king's tree every year. The brothers keep watch one year at a time, but fall asleep on the last night until it's Simpleton's turn. He follows a white dove up a mountain into a rock and rescues a little gray man and a king's daughter.)*

/

*The white dove.*

In front of a king's palace stood a magnificent pear tree, which bore the most beautiful fruit every year, but when they were ripe they were all taken away in one night, and no one knew who had done it. But the king had three sons, the youngest of whom was

considered simple, and was called Simpleton; so he ordered the eldest to keep watch under the pear tree every night for a year so that the thief would be discovered one day. He did that too and kept watch all night, the tree blossomed and was full of fruit, and when they began to ripen, he kept watch even more diligently, and finally they were quite ripe and were to be broken off the next day; but last night sleep overcame him, and he fell asleep, and when he woke up all the fruit was gone and only the leaves remained. Then the king commanded the second son to keep watch for a year, he was no better off than the first; he couldn't help sleeping last night, and by morning the pears were all broken off. At last the king ordered Simpleton to keep watch for a year, and all who were at the king's court laughed at that. But Simpleton was awake, and last night he resisted sleep, when he saw a white dove come flying, peck off one pear after the other and carry it away. And when she flew away with the last one, Simpleton got up and went after her; but the dove flew up a high mountain and suddenly disappeared into a crack in the rock. Simpleton looked around, there was a little gray man standing next to him, to whom he said: "God bless you!" - "God has blessed me at this moment through these words of yours, the little man answered, because they have redeemed me, you climb down into the rock, there you will find your happiness." Simpleton stepped into the rock, many steps led him down, and when he got there he saw the white dove completely entangled and woven with cobwebs. But when she saw him she broke through, and when she tore the last thread, a beautiful princess stood before him, whom he had also redeemed, and she became his wife and he a rich king, and ruled his country with wisdom.

*II.**The Queen Bee.*

Two King's sons went out on adventures and got into a wild, wasteful life, so that they never came home again. The youngest, Simpleton, went out looking for his brothers; When he found them, they mocked him for wanting to make his way through the world with his simplicity, since the two of them couldn't make it and were much wiser. So they went away together and came to an anthill, the two eldest wanted to stir it up and see how the little ants crawled about in fear and carried away their eggs; but Simpleton said, "Leave the animals alone, I'm sorry you don't bother them." Then they went on and came to a lake on which many, many ducks were swimming; The two brothers wanted to catch a few and roast them, but Simpleton said again, "Leave the animals alone, I'm sorry you're killing them." trunk ran down; the two wanted to set fire under the tree so that the bees would suffocate and they could take away the honey. But Dumpling stopped them again and said: "Leave the animals alone, I'm sorry you're going to burn them." Then the three brothers came to a castle where there were nothing but stone horses in the stables, and there wasn't anyone there to see, and they went through all the rooms, until they came to a door at the very end, in front of which hung three locks; but there was a little shutter in the middle of the door, through which one could see into the room. Then they saw a little gray man sitting at a table, they called him once, twice, but he didn't hear; Finally they called out for the third time, and then it got up and came out. It spoke not a word, but took hold of them and led them to a richly set table, and when they had eaten it led each one into his own bedchamber. The next morning it came to the eldest, waved to him and brought him to a stone tablet on which were written the three tasks by which the castle could be redeemed. The first was: in the forest under the moss lay the king's daughter's thousand pearls, which had to be sought out, and

before sunset not a single one could be missing, otherwise whoever undertook it would turn to stone. The prince went and searched all day, but when the day was over he had only found a hundred and was turned into a stone. The following day the second brother undertook the adventure; but he was turned to stone like the eldest, because he was not found more than two hundred. At last it was Simpleton's turn, he was searching in the moss, but it was so difficult to find the pearls and he walked so slowly that he sat down on a stone and wept. And as he sat there came the ant king, whom he had once received with five thousand ants, and it wasn't long before they found the pearls together and carried them in a heap. But the second task was to fetch the key to the princess' bedroom from the sea. When Simpleton came to sea, the ducks he had once rescued swam up, dived, and fetched the key from the depths. The third task, however, was the most difficult: the youngest and the dearest were to be selected from the three sleeping daughters of the king, but they were completely alike and differed in nothing other than that the eldest had a piece of sugar, the second syrup, the youngest had eaten a spoonful of honey, and it could only be recognised by the breath that ate the honey. But then came the queen bee of the bees, which Simpleton protected from the fire, and tried the mouths of all three, finally she stayed on the mouth, the honey eaten, and so the prince recognised the right one, and there was all the magic over, all was awakened from sleep, and whoever was of stone regained his human form, and Simpleton married the youngest and dearest, and became king after her father's death; but his two brothers with the other two sisters.

*III.**The three feathers.*

Once upon a time there was a king who sent his three sons into the world, and whichever of them brought the finest linen yarn with him was to have the kingdom after his death. And so that they would know where they were going, he stood in front of his castle and blew three feathers into the air, so that they could fly according to their flight. One flew west, followed by the eldest, the other east, followed by the second, but the third fell on a stone not far from the palace, so the third prince, Simpleton, had to stay behind, and the others laughed him and said he should look for the linen yarn by the stone. But Simpleton sat down on the stone and wept, and as he tottered to and fro, the stone pushed away, and beneath it lay a marble slab with a ring. Simpleton picked her up, and there was a staircase that led down, then he went away and came into a subterranean vault, where a girl sat and spun flax. She asked him why his eyes were so weeping, so he complained to him about his sorrow, that he should look for the finest linen and yet he wasn't allowed to go out after it, then the girl unwound his thread, it was the very finest linen thread and called him bring that up to his father. When he came up, he had been away a long time, and his brothers had just returned, and no doubt thought they had brought the finest with them. But when each one showed his own, Simpleton had something so fine again, and the empire would have been his; but the other two were not satisfied, and asked the father to make one more condition. The king now demanded the most beautiful carpet, and blew the three feathers up again, and the third fell again on the stone, and Simpleton was not allowed to go any further, but the others went east and west. He picked up the stone and went down again, and found the girl busy weaving a beautiful carpet of the most burning colours, and when it was finished she said: "It was made for you, carry it up, no one on it The world will have one so splendid." He outstripped his

father in this, and again surpassed his brothers, who had brought together the finest carpets from every country, but these persuaded the king to make the new condition as to who would inherit the kingdom wanted to bring home the most beautiful woman. The feathers are blown again, and Dumpling's rests on the stone. Then he went downstairs and complained to the girl what his father had done for him again, but the girl said she would help him, he should just go further into the vault, there he would find the most beautiful one in the world. Simpleton went and came to a room in which everything shimmered and shimmered with gold and jewels, but instead of a beautiful woman, there sat a nasty frog in the middle. The frog called out to him: "Embrace me and sink!" But he didn't want to, so the frog cried for the second and third time: "Embrace me and sink!" So Simpleton grabbed the frog and carried him up to a pond, and jumped in with him, but no sooner had the water touched her than he held the most beautiful maiden in his arms. And they got out, and he led her before his father, there she was a thousand times more beautiful than the women that the other princes had brought with them. Now the kingdom would have been for Simpleton again, but the two clamored and demanded that the one whose wife could jump up to a ring that hung in the middle of the room should have priority; the king finally consented to it. But the wife of the eldest could scarcely climb half as high, the wife of the second got a little higher, but the wife of the third jumped right into the ring; then they finally had to admit that Dumpling should inherit the kingdom after their father's death, and when he died he became king and reigned in wisdom for a long time.

## IV

*The golden goose.*

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons, but the youngest was a simpleton. One day the eldest said: "Father, I want to go into the forest to cut wood." - "Don't do that," answered the father, otherwise you'll come home with a bandaged arm." But the son didn't pay attention, he thought knew how to be careful, put a cake in his pocket and went out. In the forest he met a gray old man who said: "Give me a piece of the cake you have in your pocket, I'm so hungry." But the wise son said: "Why should I give you my cake? Then I've got nothing myself, get on your way!" and went away with his ax and began to hew down a tree, but not for long before he made a mistake, the ax hit his arm and he had to go home and get connected. But that had come from the old gray man.

Then the second son went into the forest, where the little man asked him for a piece of cake. But he refused him too, and cut his leg for it, so that he had to be carried home. At last Simpleton went out, the little man asked him, like the others, for a piece of cake. "There you have it all," said Simpleton, and gave it up. Then the little man said: "Cut down this tree and you will find something." Simpleton cut it, and when the tree fell down, a golden goose sat under it. He took them with him and went to an inn and wanted to spend the night there, but did not stay in the large room, but had one given to him alone, so he put his goose in the middle. The innkeeper's daughters saw the goose and were curious, and would have loved to have had a feather from her. Then the eldest said, "I want to go up there, and if I don't come back soon, follow me." Then she went to the goose, but as soon as she touched the feather, she got caught on it; because she didn't come down again, the second followed her, and when she sees the goose, she can't resist the urge to pull out a feather; the eldest advises her what she can, but none of that helps, she grabs the goose and gets caught by the feather. The third daughter, after

waiting a long time downstairs, finally went upstairs too, the others call out to her, for heaven's sake, she shouldn't go near the goose, but she doesn't listen at all, thinks she must have a feather, and she stays depend on it. The next morning Simpleton took the goose in his arms and went away, the three girls were stuck and had to follow him. The pastor meets them in the field: "Ugh, you nasty girls, why are you running after the young fellow so publicly, shame on yourselves!" With that he grabs one by the hand and wants to pull it back, but when he touches it he stays also clinging to her, and now has to run behind it himself. It wasn't long before the sexton came: "Eh! Pastor, where do you go so quickly? Today is another child's baptism!" he runs towards him, grabs his sleeve, but also gets stuck. As the five are marching one after the other, two farmers come out of the field with their hoes, the pastor calls out to them to untie them, but they have hardly touched the sexton before they get stuck, and there were now seven of them ran after the simpleton with the goose. Then he came to a city where a king reigned who had a daughter who was so serious that no one could make her laugh. The king had given a law whoever could make her laugh should marry her. Simpleton, when he heard this, went in front of the king's daughter with his goose and her followers; when she saw the elevator, she started laughing out loud and didn't want to stop. He now asked her to be his bride, but the king made all sorts of objections and said he must first bring him a man who could drink a cellar full of wine. So he went into the forest, and on the spot where he had cut down the tree he saw a man sitting, who made a very sad face, who asked Simpleton what he was taking so much to heart? "Egg! I'm so thirsty and can't get enough to drink, I've emptied a barrel of wine, but what's a drop on a hot stone?" ----- "I can help you there," said Simpleton, just come with me, you shall have enough." He led him into the king's cellar, the man poured himself over the large casks, drank and drank until his hips hurt, and before the day was out he had drunk the whole cellar. Simpleton now demanded his bride, but the king was annoyed that a bad fellow, whom everyone called simpleton, should carry his daughter away, and made new conditions: he must first find him a man who could eat a mountain full of bread. Simpleton went back into the forest, and there sat a man in the place of the tree, who tied his waist with a strap, made a morose face and said: "I ate a whole oven full of raspbread, but of what use is that to mine I'm very hungry, I don't feel any of it in my body and I just have to tie my ties if I don't want to starve to death." When Simpleton heard that, he was happy and said: "Climb up and go with me, you should eat your fill. He led him to the king, who had collected all the flour from all over the kingdom and had an enormous mountain baked from it, but the man from the forest stood in front of it, and in one day and one night the whole mountain was gone. Simpleton demanded his bride again, but the king again sought evasion and demanded a ship that could go on land as well as on water; but if he manages to do that, then he should have the princess right away. Simpleton went into the forest once more, and there sat the little old gray man who had been given his cake and said: "I drank and ate for you, I want to give you the ship too, I'm doing all this because you showed mercy to me." So he gave him the ship that sailed on land and sea, and when the king saw this, he had to give him his daughter. Then the marriage was celebrated, and he inherited the kingdom, and lived happily with his wife for a long time.

## 1812 KHM 66. HURLEBURLEBUTZ.

*("Hurleburlebutz" was a fairy tale published in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm only in the first edition of 1812 at position 66 (KHM 66). The magic or redemption fairy tale came from Johanna Hassenpflug. It was later only in the annotation to the similar KHM 127 The Iron Stove.)*

*Contents: The king promises his youngest daughter to a white man who will show him the way out of the forest. After eight days a fox comes into the castle, but they disguise him as a cowherd's daughter and the second time a goose herder's daughter. He carries her "Hurleburlebutz!" into the woods, but realises the deceit in her speech when he lets himself be cheated. He threatens the king, gets the princess, and lives with her in his hut as a white man. Once he has to leave to return as the middle of three white doves, which the princess decapitates at his request. There he is a redeemed young prince, and they inherit the kingdom.)*

A king lost his way while hunting when a little white man stepped in front of him: "Lord King, if you want to give me your youngest daughter, I will lead you out of the forest again." The king agreed in his fear, the male took him on his way, then said goodbye and called after him: "In a week I'll come and fetch my bride." At home, however, the king was sad about his promise, because he loved his youngest daughter best; The princesses saw that in his eyes and wanted to know what was causing him trouble. Then he finally had to admit that he had promised the youngest of them to a little white forest dwarf, and that she would come and fetch her in a week. They said, however, that he should be of good courage, they wanted to lead the male. After that, when the day came, they dressed a cowherd's daughter in their clothes, put her in her room, and commanded her, "If anyone comes and wants to fetch you, you go with them." But they all went out of the house themselves. They were hardly gone when a fox came into the castle and said to the girl: "Sit on my rough tail, Hurleburlebutz! out into the forest!" The girl sat on the fox's tail, and so he carried her out into the forest; but when they came to a beautiful green place, where the sun shone quite bright and warm, the fox said: "Get off and pet me!" The girl obeyed, the fox laid his head on her lap and was petted; At work the girl said: "Yesterday at that time it was nicer in the forest!" - "How did you get to the forest?" asked the fox. - "Oh, I used to look after the cows with my father." - "So you're not the princess! sit on my rough cock, hurleburlebutz! back to the castle!" The fox carried her back and said to the king: "You have cheated me, she is a cowherd's daughter, in a week I'll come back and get yours." On the eighth day, however, the princesses dressed a gooseherd's daughter splendidly up, they sat down and went away. Then the fox came back and said: "Sit on my rough tail, Hurleburlebutz! out into the woods!" When they got to the sunny spot in the woods, the fox said again: "get off and sniff me." And when the girl was spying on the fox, she sighed and said: "where can my geese be now!" - "What do you know about geese?" - "Oh, my father and I used to drive them out into the meadows every day." - "So you're not the king's daughter! sit on my rough cock, hurleburlebutz! back to the castle!" The fox carried her back and said to the king: "You have betrayed me again, that is a goose-herd's daughter, I will come again in a week, and if you then do not give me your daughter, it shall be yours go." The king was afraid, and when the fox came back, he gave him the princess. "Sit on my rough cock, Hurleburlebutz! out into the woods." So she had to ride out on the fox's tail, and when they came to the square in the sunshine, he also said to her: "Get off

and piss me off!" but laying his head on her lap , the princess began to cry and said: "I am a king's daughter and am supposed to stalk a fox, if I sat in my room at home now, I could see my flowers in the garden!" Then the fox heard that he was the right bride turned into the little white man, and that was her husband now, with him she had to live in a small hut, cook and sew for him, and it took a good while. But the male did everything for her love.

Once the male said to her: "I have to go, but soon three white doves will come flying, they will roam very low over the earth, catch the middle one, and when you have it, cut off its head right away, beware." ' But you, that you take no other than the middle one, otherwise a great misfortune will result from it.' The male went away; It wasn't long before three white doves came flying. The princess took heed, took the middle one, took a knife and cut off her head. But no sooner was he lying on the ground than a handsome young prince stood in front of her and said: "A fairy has bewitched me, I shall lose my shape for seven years, and then fly past my wife as a dove, between two others, there she has to catch me and cut off my head, and if she doesn't catch me, or a wrong one, and I've flown past once, then everything is over and redemption is no longer possible: that's why I asked you to be careful, because I I am the little gray man and you are my wife." The princess was happy, and they went together to her father, and when he died they inherited the kingdom.

## 1812 KHM 68. OF THE SUMMER AND WINTER GARDEN.

*(The Brothers Grimm got this version from Ferdinand Siebert. It was also included in "The Singing, Soaring Lark," which is included from the second part of the 1st edition (there No. 2) as the 88th fairy tale (KHM 88), and is there in the annotation abridged as "from the Schwalmgebiet." Grimm's annotation to the Summer and Winter Gardens states that it is about "Amor and Psyche", which is even clearer in other versions, and narrates Beauty and the Dragon from The Young American Woman (Ulm, 1765) (like Jacob Grimm's manuscript from 1810), and the seventh fairy tale from The Book of Morals for My Neighbours (Leipzig, 1799). In the fine arts of antiquity, the depiction of Cupid (Eros) and Psyche was already popular in the Hellenistic era (Greek civilisation), long before the time of Apuleius. The paintings of the French painter William Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905) are particularly outstanding. Their realism bears a certain resemblance to the "academic art" found in the works of the Dutch-English painter Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema .*

*Contents: A merchant brings presents to his three daughters. He's only laughed at because of the rose in winter for the youngest. He finds her in a palace garden where it is half summer and half winter. But a black animal follows him and wants the daughter in return. Contrary to expectations, it also brings her into his castle. It only eats what she gives it and she grows fond of it. When she sees her father and sisters mourning in a magic mirror, she has to go there, but promises to stay only eight days. In grief over her father's death, she misses the deadline and finds everything dead in the castle. When she finds the animal under rotten cabbage and revives it with water, it is a king's son and they marry happily.)*

A merchant wanted to go to the fair when he asked his three daughters what he should bring them. The eldest said: "A beautiful dress;" the second: "A pair of pretty shoes;" the third: "A rose." was the prettiest and she was enjoying the flowers so

much, the father said he would see if he could get them and make an effort to get them.

When the merchant was on his way back, he had a gorgeous dress for the eldest and a pair of beautiful shoes for the second, but he couldn't get the rose for the third when he went into a garden and looked for roses. When asked, people laughed at him: "Doesn't he think that roses grow in snow?" But he was really sorry about that, and when he thought about whether he couldn't bring anything for his dearest child, it occurred to him Castle, and next to it was a garden in which it was half summer and half winter, and on one side the most beautiful flowers were blooming, large and small, and on the other everything was bare and there was deep snow. The man dismounted, and when he saw a whole hedge of roses on the summer side, he was glad, went and broke one, then rode away again. He had already ridden a little way when he heard something running behind him and panting, he turned around and saw a large black animal that called out: "You give me my rose back, or I'll kill you, you give me." "my rose back, or I'll kill you!" Then the man said: "I beg you, leave me the rose, I should bring it to my daughter, she is the most beautiful in the world." - "Okay, but give it to me beautiful daughter for the wife?" The man, to get rid of the animal, says yes, and thinks it won't come after all and she will demand it, but the animal called out behind him: "I'll come and get mine in a week Bride."

The merchant now brought for each daughter what they had wished; they were all happy about it too, but the youngest was most happy about the rose. After eight days the three sisters were sitting together at the table when something came up the stairs with a heavy step and came to the door and called out: "Open up!" "Open it up!" So they opened it, but they were quite frightened when a large black animal entered: "Because my bride hasn't come and the time is up, I want to get her myself." With that, the youngest daughter was approached and grabbed her. She started screaming, but none of that helped, she had to go with us, and when the father came home his dearest child had been kidnapped. But the black animal carried the beautiful maiden into his castle, it was wonderful and beautiful there, and there were musicians playing, and downstairs the garden was half summer and half winter, and the animal did everything for her love she could only tell by her eyes. They ate together, and she had to scoop it up, otherwise it wouldn't eat, so she became fond of the animal, and finally she really loved it. Once she said to him: "I'm so scared, I don't really know why, but I feel as if my father were ill, or one of my sisters, if only I could see them once!" Then she led the animal to one mirror and said, "Look in there," and when she looked in, it was just as if she were at home; She saw her room and her father, who was really ill with heartache because he blamed himself for his dearest child being kidnapped by a wild animal and even eaten by it, if he had known how well he was doing, he would have done so had he not grieved; she also saw her two sisters sitting by the bed, crying. Her heart was very heavy from all this, and she begged the animal to let her go home for just a few days. The animal didn't want to for a long time, but finally, when she was lamenting, it took pity on her and said: "Go to your father, but promise me that you'll be back in a week." when she left, she called out: "But don't stay away for more than eight days."

When she came home, her father was happy to see her again, but the sickness and suffering had already taken such a toll on his heart that he could not recover, and in a few days he died. She couldn't think of anything else because of sadness, and afterwards her father was buried, so she went to the corpse, and then the sisters cried together and consoled each other, and when she

finally thought of her dear animal again, they were already there eight days around. Then she got really scared, and she felt as if that were sick too, and she got up straight away and went back to his castle. But when she came back, it was very quiet and sad in there, the musicians weren't playing, and everything was hung with black gauze; but the garden was all winter and covered with snow. And when she was looking for the animal herself, it was gone, and she looked everywhere, but she could not find it. She was doubly sad and didn't know how to console herself, and once she was walking so sadly in the garden and saw a bunch of cabbage heads, they were already old and rotten at the top, so she put them around and when she had turned a few over, she saw her dear animal, which lay beneath it and was dead. She quickly fetched water and kept pouring it over it, when it jumped up and was suddenly transformed, and a handsome prince. Then the wedding was celebrated and the musicians played again immediately, the summer side of the garden came out magnificently, and the black veil was torn off, and they lived happily ever after.

### 1812 KHM 70. THE OKERLO.

*("The Okerlo" was a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm in the 1st edition of 1812 in place 70 (KHM 70a). The Brothers Grimm got the magic fairy tale from Johanna Hassenpflug, the final verses from communications from Wilhelm Engelhardt's family. However, the origin seems to go back to Marie-Catherine d'Aulnoy's fairy tale The Orange Tree and the Bee (L'Orangier et l'abeille)).*

*Etymology: An ogre is a humanoid fiend in fairy tales, sagas, fantastical or similar tales. The Italian huorco, the French ogre, mumbo-jumbo. The word today denotes a fictional, human-like but misshapen being, which is usually characterised by enormous body size and strength. "Ogres" appear ugly and shy away from human contact. They are usually portrayed as violent, aggressive and rather stupid. They are also credited with a fondness for human meat, preferably for children. In English, such creatures are also called orc (or ork) or goblin. Orcs were made famous by J.R.R. Tolkien, especially The Lord of the Rings. We also know them as Troll in Scandinavian languages, Jinn in Arabic, Humbaba in the ancient cultures of Mesopotamia, and Cyclops in the Greco-Roman languages.*

*Contents: A queen abandons her daughter in a golden cradle at sea. The cradle swims to a man-eater island. The cannibal raises the girl as a bride for her son. When she catches the girl, who has grown up in the meantime, with a prince who has swum by, he is to be roasted for the wedding. Her husband, the Okerlo, gets hungry at night and wants to eat the prince right away. The girl who is sleeping in a room with the prince and the Okerlo children hears this and puts the crown of an Okerlo child on the prince. In the dark, the cannibal mistakes the prince for her own child, who is devoured instead. The girl then flees with the prince, taking with her a seven-league boot, a dowsing rod and a cake with a bean. The bean warns them of the ogre that is pursuing them. With the help of the dowsing rod, the girl transforms herself and the prince into a swan and a lake, into a cloud of dust and into a rose bush and a bee, whereupon the cannibal leaves without having achieved anything. As a rose bush and a bee, the two can no longer transform back because the magic rod is too far away. But the rose bush is in the garden of the girl's mother. She wants to break the rose and is stung by the bee. The rose stalk is already a little torn and the mother notices blood in it. She then has the*

*(rose bush and bee redeemed by a fairy and is happy to see her daughter again. The girl and the prince are now celebrating a lavish wedding party.)*

A queen put her child on the sea in a golden cradle and let it swim away; but it did not sink, but swam to an island where all the cannibals lived. As the cradle came floating, the ogre's wife was standing on the bank, and when she saw the child, which was a beautiful girl, she resolved to raise her up for her son, who would one day have her as his wife. But she found it very difficult to hide it carefully from her husband, old Okerlo, for if he had seen it, it would have been eaten whole and skin.

When the girl had grown up, she was supposed to be married to young Okerlo, but she didn't like him at all and cried all day. Once when she was sitting on the shore, a handsome young prince came swimming, he liked him and he liked it too, and they made a promise to each other; But just then the old cannibal came, who became so angry that she found the prince at her son's bride, and got hold of him at once: "Wait now, you shall be roasted at my son's wedding!"

But the young prince, the girl and Okerlo's three children all slept together in one room, and as night fell, old Okerlo got a craving for human flesh and said: "Woman, I don't feel like waiting until the wedding, just give me the prince right away!" But the girl heard everything through the wall, got up quickly, took the golden crown from one of Okerlo's children, which she wore on her head, and put it on the prince. The old ogre came walking, and because it was dark she felt the heads, and that which wore no crown she brought to the man, who ate it up immediately. Meanwhile the girl was scared of heaven, she thought: "when the day comes, everything will come out, and it will go badly for us." Then she got up secretly and got a mile boot, a dowsing rod and a cake with a bean on everything gave answer.

Now she went away with the prince, they wore the mile boot, and with every step they covered a mile. Sometimes they asked the bean:

"Bean, are you there too?"

"Yes," said the bean, "there I am, but hurry, for the old ogre is coming after her in the other mile boot that stayed there!" Then the girl took the dowsing rod and turned into a swan, the prince into one pond on which the swan swims. The ogre came and lured the swan to the bank, but she did not succeed and went home in a huff. The girl and the prince continued on their way:

"Bean, are you there?"

"Yes," said the bean, "here I am, but the old woman will be back. The cannibal told her why she let herself be led." Then the girl took the staff and turned herself and the prince into a cloud of dust, through which Mrs. Okerlo cannot penetrate, so she turned back without having achieved anything, and so did the others continued on their way.

"Bean, are you there?"

"Yes, here I am, but I see Mrs. Okerlo coming again, and she takes mighty steps." The girl took the divining wand for the third time and turned into a rose bush and the prince into a bee, then came the old ogre, did not recognise her in this transformation and went home again.

But now the two could not assume their human form again, because the last time the girl, in fear, threw away the wand too far; but they had already gone so far that the rose bush was in a garden that belonged to the girl's mother. The bee sat on the rose and stung those who wanted to break it off with its sting. Once it happened that the queen herself went into her garden and saw the

beautiful flower, which amazed her so much that she wanted to cut it off. But Bee came and poked her hand so hard that she had to let go of the rose, but it had already torn a little. Then she saw that blood was spurting from the stalk, and sent for a fairy to disenchant the flower. Then the queen recognised her daughter and was heartily glad and content. But a great wedding was held, a large number of guests were invited, who came in splendid clothes, a thousand lights flickered in the hall, and there was playing and dancing until broad daylight.

"Did you also go to the wedding?" - "Yes, I was there:  
my headdress was made of butter, so I came out in the sun and it melted off me;  
my dress was of cobwebs, and I came through thorns that tore it off;  
My slippers were made of glass, so I stepped on a stone and they split in two."

#### 1812 KHM 71. PRINCESS MOUSE SKIN.

*("Princess Mouse Skin" was only in the 1st edition of 1812 in the Brothers Grimm's Children's and Household Tales in place 71 (KHM 71). Wilhelm Grimm's manuscript from 1810 is not significantly different from this text. The servant's offer to go is missing. There is a gap as far as the ring appears. The final dialogue is shorter. According to his notes, the fairy tale is from Johanna Hassenpflug. It is related to the Slovak fairy tale Salt is More Valuable than Gold by Bozena Nemcova.*

*Contents: A king wants to find out which of his daughters he likes best. Each daughter should therefore tell the king what her love is like: the eldest says that she loves him as all the kingdom does, and the second claims that she loves him as all jewels do and precious stones in the world. But the youngest daughter says she loves him like salt. For this answer, a servant of the king is supposed to kill her in the forest. But he is loyal to her and offers to flee with her. The daughter refuses and only asks for a mouse skin dress. In doing so, she pretends to be a man and enters the service of the neighboring king. But if she takes off his boots, he throws them at her head. When he later asks which country she comes from, she replies: "From the country where you don't throw your boots on people's heads." When a servant finds an expensive ring on her, she finally has to reveal herself. She steps before the king and takes off the mouse skin. When the king sees her golden hair and her beauty, he wants to marry her. Her father also comes to the wedding, but he doesn't recognise her and she only allows unsalted food to be served to him. He then becomes angry and says: "I would rather not live than eat such food!" Then his daughter reveals herself and he realises how she meant her declaration of love. He begs her forgiveness, and he prefers her to anything else.)*

A king had three daughters; so he wanted to know which one he would like best, let her come to him and asked her. The eldest said she loved him more than the whole kingdom; the second, than all the precious stones and pearls in the world; but the third said she preferred him to salt. The king, enraged that she should compare her love for him to so small a thing, handed her over to a servant, and commanded that he should lead her into the forest and kill her. When they got into the forest, the princess begged the servant for her life; he was loyal to her, and would not have killed her, he also said he wanted to go with her and do according to her orders. But the princess asked nothing but a mouse-skin dress, and when he fetched it for her, she wrapped herself in it and went away. She

went straight to the court of a neighboring king, pretended to be a man, and begged the king to take her into his service. The king said yes, and she should wait on him: in the evening she had to take off his boots, which he always threw at her head. Once he asked where she was from? – "From the country where people don't throw their boots around their heads." The king became attentive, finally the other servants brought him a ring; Mausehaut lost it, it was too valuable, he must have stolen it. The king let mouse skin come before him and asked where the ring came from? then mouse skin could no longer hide itself, she unwound herself from the mouse skin, her golden hair spurted out, and she stepped out so beautiful, but also so beautiful that the king immediately took the crown off his head and put it on her, and she declared for his wife.

The father of the mouse skin was also invited to the wedding; he thought his daughter had long been dead and did not recognise her. At the table, however, all the food that was set before him was unsalted, so he got angry and said: "I would rather not live than eat such food!" I can't live without salt, and yet you once wanted to kill me because I said I would rather have you than salt!" Then he recognised his daughter and kissed her and begged her forgiveness, and he preferred it to his kingdom, and all the jewels of the world, that he may find them again.

#### 1812 KHM 72. THE PEAR WILL NOT FALL.

(*"The Little Pear will not fall"* is a pun [chain fairy tale] in verse form. It is based on the typical Swiss diminutive ending "-li" [-lein; -ly]. The pun was in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm only in the first edition of 1812 (KHM 72). Grimm's note noted orally from Switzerland. The fairy tale tells in eight stanzas that the Lord wants to shake a pear tree [Birnli] so that the little pear [Birnli] hanging to it, falls down. He sends the cock [jockey, rooster], as he does not shake the tree - the dog, as he does not bite the cock - the club [truncheon], as he does not hit the dog, etc. [fire, water, calf, butcher, executioner].)

The master wants to shake the little pear tree,  
the little pear does not want to fall:  
the master sends the little cock out  
it shall shake the little pear tree:  
the little cock does not shake the pear tree,  
the little pear does not want to fall.

Then the master sends the little dog out,  
it shall bite the little cock:  
the little dog does not bite the little cock,  
the little cock does not shake the little pear tree,  
the little pear does not want to fall.

Then the master sends out the little stick,  
it shall hit the little dog:  
the little stick does not hit the little dog,  
the little dog does not bite the little cock,  
the little cock does not shake the little pear tree,  
the little pear does not want to fall.

Then the master sends out the little fire,  
it shall burn the little stick:  
the little fire does not burn the little stick,  
the little stick does not hit the little dog,

the little dog does not bite the little cock,  
the little cock does not shake the little pear tree,  
the little pear does not want to fall.

Then the master sends out the little water,  
it shall put out the little fire:  
the little water does not put out the little fire,  
the little fire does not burn the little stick,  
the little stick does not hit the little dog,  
the little dog does not bite the little cock,  
the little cock does not shake the little pear tree,  
the little pear does not want to fall.

Then the master sends the calf out,  
it shall drink the little water  
the little calf does not drink the little water,  
the little water does not extinguish the little fire,  
the little fire does not burn the little stick,  
the little stick does not hit the little dog,  
the little dog does not bite the little cock,  
the little cock does not shake the little pear tree,  
the little pear does not want to fall.

Then the master sends the butcher out,  
he shall slaughter the little calf:  
the butcher does not slaughter the calf,  
the little calf does not drink the little water,  
the little water does not extinguish the little fire,  
the little fire does not burn the little stick,  
the little stick does not hit the little dog,  
the little dog does not bite the little cock,  
the little cock does not shake the little pear tree,  
the little pear does not want to fall.

Then the master sends the hangman out  
he shall hang the butcher:  
the hangman wants to hang the butcher,  
the butcher wants to slaughter the little calf,  
the little calf wants to drink the little water,  
the little water wants to put out the little fire,  
the little fire wants to burn the little stick,  
the little stick wants to hit the little dog,  
the little dog wants to bite the little cock,  
the little cock wants to shake the little pear tree,  
the little pear wants to fall.

#### 72. Grammar Experiment: THE PEARLY WILL NOT FALL by Lord Henfield

(It is always said that English has no diminutive suffix such as the Swiss *-li*, the Dutch *-je* or *-tje*, the German *-lein* or *-chen*, but is that really true? Do we not also say "Maggie" for little Margaret, "Richie" for little Richard, "Tommy" for little Tom, "piggy" for a little pig, "doggie" for a little dog?

We can make a verse experiment. We use *-ie*, *-y*, or *-ly* as diminutive suffix. For the proper English sentence "the little dog does not bite the cock" we say "the doggie bites the cockie not" instead. So we just omit the auxiliary "does not" or "doesn't" and shift "not" towards the end of the sentence. It looks and sounds like Geoffrey Chaucer's English and is quite fun.)

The master wants to shake the pear tree,  
the pearly want to fall:  
the master sends the cockie out  
it shall shake the peary tree:  
the cockie shakes the peary tree not,  
the peary wants not to fall.

Then the master sends the doggie out,  
it shall bite the cockie:  
the doggie bites the cockie not,  
the cockie shakes the peary tree not,  
the peary wants not to fall.

Then the master sends out the stickly,  
it shall hit the doggie:  
the stickly hits the doggie not,  
the doggie bites the cockie not,  
the cockie shakes the peary tree not,  
the peary wants not to fall.

Then the master sends out the fire,  
it shall burn the stickly:  
the firely burns the stickly not,  
the stickly hits the doggie not,  
the doggie bites the cockie not,  
the cockie shakes the pearly tree not,  
the pearly wants not to fall.

Then the master sends out the waternly,  
it shall puts out the firely:  
the waternly puts out the firely not,  
the firely burns the stickly not,  
the stickly hits the doggie not,  
the doggie bites the cockie not,  
the cockie shakes the peary tree not,  
the peary wants not to fall.

Then the master sends the calfly out,  
it shall drink the waternly  
the calfly drinks the waternly not,  
the waternly puts out the firely not,  
the firely burns the stickly not,  
the stickly hits the doggie not,  
the doggie bites the cockie not,  
the cockie shakes the peary tree not,  
the peary wants not to fall.

Then the master sends the butcher out,  
he shall slaughter the calfly:  
the butcher slaughters the calfly not,  
the calfly drinks the waternly not,  
the waternly puts out the firely not,  
the firely burns the stickly not,  
the stickly hits the doggie not,  
the doggie bites the cockie not,  
the cockie shakes the peary tree not,  
the peary wants not to fall.

Then the master sends the hangman out  
he shall hang the butcher:  
the hangman wants to hang the butcher,  
the butcher wants to slaughter the calfly,  
the calfly wants to drink the waternly,

the waterly wants to put out the firely,  
the firely wants to burn the stickly,  
the stickly wants to hit the doggie,  
the doggie wants to bite the cockie,  
the cockie wants to shake the peary tree,  
the peary wants to fall.

#### 1812 KHM 73. THE MURDER CASTLE.

*("The Murder Castle" was a fairy tale that was only included in the children's and household tales of the Brothers Grimm in the first edition of 1812 (KHM 73). The Brothers Grimm had the fairy tale orally from the Dutchwoman de Kinsky. It is very similar to Charles Perrault's "Bluebeard," which is why they replaced it with the animal fairy tale The Wolf and the Fox from the second edition.*

*Contents: A shoemaker's daughter lets a well-dressed gentleman take her to his castle while her father is away. When he has to go on a business trip the next day, he gives her all the keys so that she can look around the castle. On her tour, she finally meets an old woman in the basement who is processing human intestines. The shoemaker's daughter is frightened and falls the cellar key into a basin of blood, which makes her suspicious to the lord of the castle. The old woman then helps her to escape on a hay wagon. In this way she gets to another castle, where she is well received and can entrust her discovery to the lord of the castle there. At a festival that the righteous lord of the castle gives a little later, the lord of the murder castle can finally be convicted with the help of the shoemaker's daughter and goes to prison. The shoemaker's daughter gets his property transferred and marries the son of the good lord of the castle.)*

Once upon a time there was a shoemaker who had three daughters; At a time when the shoemaker was out, there came a gentleman who was very well dressed, and who had a splendid carriage, so that he was thought to be very rich, and fell in love with one of the beautiful daughters, who thought her happiness having made with such a rich gentleman, and so made no difficulty in riding with him. When evening came while they were on their way, he asked them:

"The moon is shining so bright  
my little horses run so fast  
sweet love, don't you regret it too?"

"No, why should I regret it? I'm always safe with you," since she was inwardly afraid. When they were in a big forest, she asked if they would be there soon? "Yes," he said, "do you see the light in the distance, that's my castle." Finally they got there, and everything was very beautiful.

The next day he said to her that he must leave her for a few days because he had important affairs that would be necessary, but that he would leave her all the keys so that she could see the whole castle, of which riches she was a master . When he was gone she went through the whole house, finding everything so beautiful that she was quite content with it, until at last she came to a cellar where an old woman was sitting scraping intestines. "Mother, what is she doing there?" - "I'm scraping intestines, my child, tomorrow I'll scrape yours too!" What frightened her so much that she dropped the key that was in her hand into a basin with blood. which was not easy to wash off again: "Now your death is certain, said the old woman, because my lord can see that you were in the room where no one but him and me is allowed to come."

(One must know, however, that the two previous sisters perished in the same way.)

As a cart with hay drove away from the castle at that moment, the old woman said that the only way to save your life was to hide under the hay and then drive away with it; which she did. Since the gentleman came home in the meantime, he asked where the maid was! "Oh," said the old woman, since I had no more work and she had to do it tomorrow, I've already killed her, and here is a lock of her hair, and the heart, as well as some warm blood, have the rest the dogs all eaten, and I scrape the intestines." The Lord was so calm that she was dead.

In the meantime she comes with the hay wagon to a nearby castle where the hay was sold, and she comes out of the hay and tells the whole thing, and is asked to stay there for a while. After a while, the lord of this castle forces all the nobles who live nearby to a big party, and the face and clothes of the strange maid are so changed that she could not be recognised, because the lord of the murderer-Castell was invited.

Since they were all there, everyone had to tell something, when it was the turn of the maid, she told the conscious story, whereby the so-called Herr Count felt so anxious that he wanted to leave by force, but the good gentleman of him meanwhile the noble house had taken care that the court took our beautiful Count in prison, eradicated his castle, and gave all his goods to the maid, who after the hand married the son of the house where she was so well received and lived for many years.

#### 1812 KHM 74. OF JOHANNES WASSERPRUNG AND CASPAR WASSERPRUNG.

*("Of Johannes Wassersprung and Caspar Wassersprung" was a fairy tale in the children's and house fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm only in the 1st edition of 1812 at position 74 (KHM 74). Origin: The fairy tale comes from Friederike Mannel from Allendorf (1808). The surviving transcript of the Brothers Grimm by a different hand is more concise than the printed version, but identical in content. It is later only mentioned in the annotation to the very similar but more detailed "The two Brothers" (KHM 60) as "fourth Hessian story".)*

*Contents: A king lets his daughter live alone in the forest, only with virgins. There she drinks from a spring and then gives birth to Johannes Wassersprung and Caspar Wassersprung, which are completely alike. The king leaves the two boys hunters. They take with them a silver star, a horse and a dog, and meet two rabbits and two bears, who follow them as a reward for their mercy. When the brothers part, they stab two knives in a tree. Johann Wassersprung defeats a dragon with the help of the animals, but a coachman stabs him as he rests from the fight, taking the dragon's heads as a symbol and is supposed to get the princess in return. The animals see ants smearing their dead with oak sap, and in the same way bring their master back to life. The princess gives the animals roast meat and wine and has her servants lead them to him so that he can be invited to the wedding. There he proves his entitlement with the help of the cut out tongues of the dragon and becomes her husband. While hunting, he tracks a stag with silver antlers to an old woman who turns it to stone. Caspar Wassersprung sees the knife, comes to the city where he is mistaken for his brother, finds him and redeems him. The bride keeps Johann Wassersprung because she hugs him first.)*

A king insisted that his daughter should not marry, and had a house built for her in a forest in the greatest solitude, in which she had to live with her maidens, and never saw anyone else. But near the forest house was a spring with wonderful properties, from which the princess drank, and the result was that she gave birth to two princes, who were then named Johannes Wassersprung and Caspar Wassersprung, and one of whom was exactly like the other. Her grandfather, the old king, taught her to hunt, and they grew up, tall and beautiful. Then came the time when they had to go out into the world; each of them received a silver star, a horse and a dog to take with them on the trip. They came first into a forest and saw two hares at the same time and wanted to shoot at them, but the hares begged for mercy and said they could take them into their service, they could be useful to them and help them in every danger. The two brothers were moved and took her along as servants; Not long after that two bears came as they aimed at them, they also called for mercy and promised to serve faithfully: so the entourage was also increased with it. Now they came to a crossroads, where they said: "We must separate, and one should go on to the right, the other to the left!" but each stuck a knife into a tree at the crossroads, and they wanted to know by its rust what it was go to the other, and whether he is still alive; then they took leave, kissed each other, and rode away.

Johannes Wassersprung came to a town where everything was quiet and sad, because the princess was to be sacrificed to a dragon that was ravaging the whole country, and nothing else could be appeased. It was announced that anyone who wanted to risk his life and slay the dragon should have the princess as his wife, but no one was found; They also wanted to deceive the monster and sent the princess's maid out, but she recognised it immediately and didn't want to. Johannes Wassersprung thought: you must try your luck, maybe you'll succeed and set off with his companion towards the dragon's nest. The fight was fierce: the dragon spat fire and flames, and set fire to the grass all around, so that John's water-jump would certainly have been suffocated if rabbit, dog, and bear had not stamped out and quenched the fire; But finally the dragon had to succumb, and Johannes Wassersprung cut off its seven heads, then cut out the tongues and stuck them to himself; but now he was so tired that he lay down on the spot and fell asleep. While he was sleeping the princess' coachman came, and when he saw the man lying there and the seven scorpionfish next to him, he thought, you must make use of that, killed the Johannes water jump and took the seven scorpionfish with him. With that he went to the king, said he had killed the monster, he was bringing the seven heads as a symbol, and the princess became his bride.

Meanwhile the animals of the Johannes water jump, which after the fight had lain down nearby and also slept, came back and found their master dead. Then they saw how the ants, whose mound had been trampled underfoot in the battle, were smearing their dead with the sap of a nearby oak, from which they immediately came to life again. The bear went and got some of the juice and smeared the John's water jump, from which he recovered and before long he was fresh and healthy. He now thought of the princess he had fought for and hurried into town, just as the wedding was being celebrated with the coachman, and the people said he had killed the seven-headed dragon. Dog and bear ran into the castle, where the princess tied roast meat and wine around their necks, and ordered her servants to go after the animals, and invited the man to whom they belonged to the wedding. So Johannes Wassersprung came to the wedding, and the bowl with the seven dragon heads, which the coachman had brought, was

just being served. Johannes Wassersprung pulled out the seven tongues and put them there, then he was recognised as the true dragon slayer, the coachman chased away, and he the princess's husband.

Not long after he went hunting, and pursued a stag with silver antlers, he chased after it for a long time, but could not catch it, and finally came to an old woman, and she turned him, his dog, horse, and bear into stone. Meanwhile Caspar Wassersprung came to the tree in which the two knives were standing and saw that his brother's knife was rusty; Immediately deciding to seek him out, he rode away and came to the city where his brother's wife lived. But because he looked so like him, she took him for her real husband, rejoiced at his return, and insisted that he should stay with her. Only Caspar Wassersprung moved on, found his brother petrified with his companion, and forced the woman to break the spell. Thereupon the two brothers rode home, and on the way they agreed that the husband of the princess should be the one whose arms she would embrace first, and that happened to the Johannes Wassersprung.

#### 1812 KHM 75. BIRD PHOENIX.

*("The Phoenix Bird" was a fairy tale in the Children's And Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm only in the 1st edition of 1812 in place of 75 (KHM 75). The Brothers Grimm received the text from Marie Hassenpflug in 1812. Later he is only mentioned in the annotation to the similar KHM 29 The devil with the three golden hairs as another story from the Main area.*

*Contents: A rich man finds a child in a box in the river and raises him, but his steward abandons him in a boat. So the boy comes to the miller. When the manager finds him there, he sends him a letter to his wife telling her to have him killed immediately. On the way he meets an old man who turns the letter over to say that his daughter is now his wife. But the administrator first lets him get three feathers from the phoenix bird. The youth meets the old man again, who lets him go on to two doves in a tree. One tells him where a gate is, the other that the golden key to it is buried under the tree. Behind the gate, one of two men tells him the way to the castle behind the mountain. A mother hides him under the table and rips three feathers off the man-eating phoenix while combing it, so he gets his bride.)*

One day a rich man went for a walk to the river, and a small box came swimming, he took this box and opened the lid, there was a small child in it, which he took home and had it opened. The steward, however, did not like the child, and once he took him with him in a boat onto the river, and when he was in the middle, he quickly jumped out onto land and left the child alone in the boat. And the boat kept going as far as the mill, when the miller saw the child and took pity on him, took him out and brought him up in his house. Once, however, the steward came to the same mill by accident, recognised the child and took him with him. Soon after, he gave the young man a letter to carry to his wife, which said: "You are to kill the person who brought this letter." On the way, however, the young man met an old man in the forest, who said: Tell me once the letter you're carrying in your hand! So he took it, just turned it around once and gave it back, now it said: You are to give our daughter to the bearer in marriage immediately! So it happened, and when the steward heard this, he got angry and said: "Hey, it can't be that quick. Before I let you

have my daughter, you should first bring me three feathers from the phoenix bird."

The youth set off after the phoenix bird, and in the same place in the forest the same old man met him again and said: Go on all day long, in the evening you will come to a tree on which two doves are sitting, they will give you say more! When he came to the tree in the evening, two pigeons were sitting on it. One dove said: whoever wants to see the phoenix bird has to go all day, so in the evening he will come to a gate that is locked. The other dove said: Under this tree lies a golden key that unlocks the gate. Then he found the key and unlocked the gate with it; Behind the gate sat two men, one man said: Whoever is looking for the phoenix bird must make a long way over the high mountain, and then he will finally come to the castle.

On the evening of the third day he finally got to the castle, there sat a white maid and said: What do you want here? – Oh, I would like to get three feathers from the phoenix bird [350]. She said: Your life is in danger, because if the phoenix bird saw you, it would eat you up skin and hair, but I want to see how I can help you to get the three feathers, it comes here every day, so I have to find it comb with a narrow comb; Quickly under the table here, it was covered with cloth all around.

Meanwhile the phoenix bird came home, sat on the top of the table and said: I scent, scent human flesh! - "What? you can see that nobody is here" – comb my hair now, said the phoenix bird.

The white maid combed his hair, and he fell asleep over it; when he was fast asleep, she grabbed a feather, drew it out, and threw it under the table. Then he woke up: "Why are you pulling me like that? I dreamed that a man would come and pull a feather from me." But she satisfied him, and so it went the other time and the third time. When the young man had the three feathers, he went home with them and got his bride.

#### 1812 KHM 77. BY CARPENTER AND TURNER.

*("By Carpenter And Turner" was a fairy tale only in the 1st edition of 1812 in the children's and house fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm at position 77 (KHM 77). The version is based on a manuscript by an unknown hand, which was only formulated slightly for printing.*

*Content: A carpenter makes a master piece of a floating table, a turner a grand piano. Because people like the table better, the turner flies to another country and lends the wings to a prince. He flies to another kingdom with a brightly lit tower, where the world's most beautiful princess lives. He gets caught with her. They are to be burned, but he flies them home on his wings and becomes king. Her father promises half his kingdom to anyone who brings her back. There comes the prince with her and an army, so that he must keep his promise.)*

A carpenter and a turner should make their masterpiece. The carpenter made a table that could float by itself, the wood turner made wings with which one could fly. And everyone said that the carpenter could have done his trick better, so the turner took his wings, put them on, and flew away from the country, from morning to evening at one and the same time.

There was a young prince in the country who saw him flying and begged him to lend him his pair of wings, he would reward him well. So the prince got his wings and flew until he came to another kingdom, there was a tower lit up with many lights, and he lowered himself to the ground, asked why, and heard that the

most beautiful princess in the world lived here. Now he became extremely curious, and when evening came he flew into an open window; but when they had not been together long, the matter was betrayed, and the prince and princess were to be burned at the stake.

The prince, meanwhile, took his wings up with him, and when the flame was already rising towards them, he tied his wings on and fled with the princess to his fatherland, where he settled down, and because everyone was saddened by his absence, so he revealed himself and was elected king.

After a while, however, the father of the kidnapped princess let it be known that whoever brought his daughter back to him should get half the kingdom. The prince finds out about this, equips an army and brings the princess himself to her father, whom he forces to fulfill his promise to him.

#### 1812 KHM 81. THE SMITH AND THE DEVIL.

*(“The Blacksmith and the Devil” was a fairy tale only in the first edition of the 1812 Children’s And Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm (KHM 81). The Brothers Grimm heard the fairy tale from Marie Hassenpflug in Kassel on December 1, 1812. From the second edition onwards it was replaced by Brother merry as No. 81 and was retained along with many other variants in the annotation text to No. 82. The Gambling Hansel.)*

*Contents: The lively and argumentative blacksmith is broke and wants to hang himself in the forest, the devil offers him endless riches. In return, the blacksmith should belong to the devil after ten years. The blacksmith accepts and additionally receives a sack from the devil from which no one escapes. When the devil wants to pick up the blacksmith ten years later, he demands that the devil first transform himself into a fir tree and then into a mouse, as proof of his identity, just like when he first met him led puts the mouse in the sack and beats the transformed devil until he agrees to the cancellation of the pact. Now the blacksmith lives undisturbed, and when he dies of natural causes, he has a hammer and two nails put in his coffin. When he is not granted admission to either heaven or hell, he makes a fuss until two little devils look out of hell. He nails it to the gate with nails. The devil then causes the blacksmith to be admitted to heaven.)*

Once upon a time there was a blacksmith who lived in good spirits, spent his money, processed a lot and when a few years had passed he didn't have a penny left in his purse. How long should I torture myself in the world, he thought, went out into the forest and wanted to hang himself on a tree there. As he was putting his neck in the noose, a man came out from behind the tree with a long white beard and a large book in his hand. "Listen, blacksmith, he said, write your name in the big book, and you shall be well for ten years, but after that you will be mine, I'll get you." - "Who are you?" said the smith - "I am the devil." – "What can you do?" – "I can make myself as big as a fir tree and as small as a mouse" – "So once that I see it," said the blacksmith, then the devil made himself like that tall as a fir tree and as small as a mouse. "It's fine said the blacksmith, give me the book, I want to write myself in it" - When he signed himself, the devil said: Just go home, you'll find boxes and cases full, and because you didn't bother too long, so I want to visit you sometime during that time too. The blacksmith went home, all the pockets, chests and cases were full of ducats, and he could take as much of it as he wanted, it wasn't all, and not less either; then he began his merry life all over again,

invited his comrades, and was the happiest fellow in the world. A few years later the devil talked to him when he had been promised, watched how the house was doing, and gave him a leather sack when he left. Anyone who jumped into it could not get out again until the blacksmith himself took it out again fetched so he drove his fun. After ten years, however, the devil came and said to the Schmidt, "The time is up, now you're mine, get ready to travel." "It's fine," said the smith, hung his leather sack around his back and went with the devil away; When they came to the place where he wanted to hang himself in the forest, he said to the devil: "I must also know for certain that you are the devil, first make yourself as big as a fir tree and as small as a mouse. 'The devil was ready and that's it, and when he had turned into a mouse the blacksmith grabbed him and put him in the sack, then he cut a stick from the nearest tree, threw down the sack and started beating the devil . The devil screamed pitifully, ran back and forth in his pocket, but in vain, he couldn't get out. Finally the blacksmith said I will let you go if you give me back the page from your big book on which I wrote my name. The devil didn't want to, but finally he had to, so the page was torn out and the devil went home to hell, angry that he had been cheated and beaten on top of that.

The blacksmith went back to his smithy and lived happily on as long as God willed, finally he fell ill and when he realised he was dead, he ordered only two good, long, pointed nails and a hammer to be put in his coffin give. That happened too. When he was dead and came to the door of heaven, he knocked, but the apostle Peter would not open it for him, because he had been living in covenant with the devil. When the smith heard that, he turned around and went to hell. But the devil did not want to let him in either, he did not want him in hell, he was only starting a spectacle there. The smith got angry and started making noise in front of the Hell Gate, a little devil got curious and wanted to see what the smith was doing, so he opened the gate a little, looked out, but the smith quickly grabbed him by the nose and nailed it fastened it to the gate of hell with the one nail he had with him. The little devil began to screech like a herb lion, then another one was lured to the gate, it also stuck its head out, but the blacksmith was not lazy, got it by the ear and nailed it with it next to the first one. Then both of them started such a horrible screaming that the old devil himself came running, and when he saw the two little devils nailed down, he became so angry that he began to weep with malice, jumped around, ran to heaven to God, and said he must take the smith to heaven, come what may, he would nail all the devils up his nose and ears, and he would no longer be master in hell. If the good Lord and the apostle Peter wanted to get rid of the devil, they had to take the smith to heaven, where he now sits in good rest, but I don't know how the two little devils got rid of him.

#### 1812 KHM 82. THE THREE SISTERS.

*(“The three sisters” was a story in the Children’s And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm only in the 1st edition of 1812 (KHM 82). It originates from Johann Karl August Musäus' "Die Bücher der Chronika der drey Schwestern" von 1782. Grimm's text is an oral retelling. Wilhelm Grimm shortened Musäus' text by about 80%, simplified the sentences and removed satirical allusions.)*

*Contents: A king wasted his immense wealth until he found himself in a forest castle of Potatoes. Once he wants to hunt a rabbit in the forest, where terrible animals are said to be. Just as*

*he is about to eat potatoes, a bear comes who wants to eat him because he is sitting by his honey tree. Only in exchange for the king's eldest daughter , which the bear wants to fetch after seven days, he even gives him a hundredweight of gold. The king plans to deceive him, but early in the morning a handsome prince with a magnificent carriage, six horses and golden riders comes and leads the Toc into the enchanted forest so that the father can only call out: "Adel! You young lady dare / Go there, you bear bride!" In return he finds a hundredweight of gold, with which he begins his former life again until everything is used up and he has to return to the forest castle. He promises his second daughter to an eagle while hunting with a falcon and the third to a whale while fishing, which they will fetch after seven weeks and seven months respectively. He is so saddened by the loss of the youngest that this time he is being frugal. The queen gives birth to a son, Reinald, the child prodigy. When he is sixteen he goes to look for his sisters and finds the first in a bear's den, the second in an eagle's nest and the third in a crystal palace in the lake. Their husbands would eat him if they didn't hide him, they are human only every seventh day, week or month and give him three bear hairs, three eagle feathers and three fish scales as a farewell if he were in need. He wanders seven more days and comes to a castle with a steel gate, in front of which is a black steel bull on which his sword and spear are broken. He takes his miraculous gifts; then a bear conquers the bull, from which a bird flies up, an eagle beats it, but it drops an egg into a lake, which a fish spews onto land. Inside is a key, with which he opens the gate and finds a sleeping maiden in the back room. She awakens as he breaks a black slate. It is the sister of his three brothers-in-law. They were all transformed by an evil magician because the princess had refused to love him. The brothers come home and Reinald marries the redeemed princess.)*

Once upon a time there was a rich king who was so rich that he believed his wealth could not be exhausted his wealth diminished and after that he mortgaged one town and one castle after the other, and finally nothing was left but an old castle in the forest. He went there with the queen and the three princesses and they had to keep themselves poor and had nothing but potatoes, which came on the table every day. Once the king wanted to go hunting to see if he could shoot a hare, so he packed his pocket full of potatoes and went out. But there was a large forest nearby, into which no one dared, because terrible things were told about what one encountered in it: bears that devoured people, eagles that pecked out their eyes, wolves, lions and all cruel animals. But the king was not a bit afraid and went straight in. At first he saw nothing at all, there were big, mighty trees, but everything was quiet underneath; After walking around for a while and getting hungry, he sat down under a tree and wanted to eat his potatoes, when suddenly a bear came out of the thicket, trotted straight towards him and growled: "How dare you by my honey tree to sit? you shall pay dearly for that!" the king was frightened, gave the bear his potatoes and wanted to appease him with them. But the bear began to speak and said, "I don't like your potatoes, I want to eat you myself, and the only way you can save yourself from that is to give me your eldest daughter, but if you do that, I'll give you one." a centner of gold as well." The king, afraid of being eaten, said, you shall have it, just leave me in peace. Then the bear showed him the way and growled afterwards: "In seven days I'll come and get my bride."

But the king went home confidently and thought, the bear can't crawl through a keyhole after all, and nothing else should be left open. So he had all the gates closed, the drawbridges raised, and

told his daughter to be of good cheer, but so that she was quite safe from the bear groom, he gave her a little room high under the battlement, in which she was to remain hidden until the seven days were over would be. On the seventh morning, however, very early, while everyone was still asleep, a magnificent carriage drawn by six horses and surrounded by many gold-clad horsemen drove to the castle, and as it was in front of it, the drawbridges lowered of their own accord and the locks sprang open without a key on. Then the carriage drove into the courtyard and a handsome young prince got out, and when the king woke up from the noise and looked out of the window, he saw how the prince had already taken his eldest daughter out of the locked little room and into the carriage and he could only call after her:

"Adel! you dare miss

Go there, you bear bride!"

She waved him out of the carriage with her little white handkerchief, and then we went on, as if the wind were pretensioned, always into the enchanted forest. But the king's heart was heavy because he had given his daughter to a bear, and wept three days with the queen, he was so sad. On the fourth day, however, when he had cried himself out, he thought, what has happened can't be changed, climbed down into the yard, there was an ebony box and it was extremely difficult to lift, and immediately he remembered what the bear had told him had promised, and opened it, there was a hundredweight of gold in it, shimmering and shimmering.

When the king saw the gold, he was comforted and redeemed his cities and his empire, and began the former prosperity from the beginning. This lasted as long as the Centner Gold lasted, after which he had to pluck everything again and retreat to the forest castle and eat potatoes. The king still had a falcon, which he took a tag with out on the field and wanted to hunt with him, so that he could eat something better. The falcon rose, and flew to the dark magic forest, in which the king no longer trusted, but he was hardly there, so an eagle shot forward and pursued the falcon, which flew to the king. The king wanted to stop the eagle with his spear, but the eagle grabbed the spear and broke it like a reed, then he crushed the falcon with a claw, the others but he chopped the king in the shoulder and shouted: "why are you disturbing my Rich in air, for that you should die or you would give me your second daughter for a wife! "The king said:" yes you should have them, but what did you give me for that?" I, and took her off; "then he let him go and flew away into the woods.

The king was saddened that he had also sold his second daughter to a wild animal and did not dare to tell her anything about it. Six weeks were around, in the seventh the princess went out to a lawn in front of the castle and wanted to eat her canvas, then suddenly came a magnificent train of beautiful knights and first of all rode the most beautiful, who jumped off and cried:

"Swing, swing up, you lady dare,  
Come on, you beautiful eagle bread! "

and eh she could answer him, he had already raised her to the ground and hunted with her into the woods as if a bird flew: Adel Ade !!

In the castle they waited a long time for the princess but she did not come and did not come, then the king finally discovered that he had once promised them an eagle in the Noth and they would have taken it. But when the king's sadness was a little out of place, he felt the promise of the eagle and he went down, and found on the lawn two golden eggs, each a centenarian heavy. Whoever has gold is pious enough, he thought, and all hard thoughts got out of hand! Then the hilarious life began anew, and lasted until the two

cents of gold were also spent, then the king returned to the forest castle, and the princess, who was still left, had to sow the potatoes.

The king did not want to chase rabbits in the forest or birds in the air anymore, but he liked to eat a fish. Then the princess had to knit a net, so he went to a pond not far from the forest. Because it was a nightmare, he sat down and threw the net, then he caught on a train a lot of beautiful red-spotted trout. But as he wanted to land with it, Nachen stood firm and he could not get rid of him, he could stand as he wanted. Then suddenly a mighty whale came snorting: "What are you taking away from me, my subjects? That should cost you your life." When the king saw the terrible revenge, he lost all courage, then he felt his third daughter and he cried: "give me life and you should have my youngest daughter" - geben; I do not have gold, that is too bad for me, but the ground of my sea is plastered with number pearls, of which I want to give you three sacks full: in the seventh moon I come and take my bride. "Then he dived under.

The king now drove ashore and brought his trout home, but when they were baked he did not want to eat any of them, and when he saw his daughter, the only one left to him and the most beautiful and dearest of all, he was, as cut a thousand knives his heart. So six months passed, the queen and the princess did not know what was missing from the king, who did not make a happy mind at all. In the seventh moon, the princess was standing in front of a tube well in the courtyard, letting a glass run full, then a carriage with six white horses and all-silver people approached, and a prince rose from the carriage, so beautiful that she could not beautify her life. had seen, and asked her for a glass of water. And when she had given him all that she had in her hand, he took her, and took her in the chariot, and went out again to Thor, across the field to the pond.

Ade, you lady's trust,  
go there, you beautiful whale bread!

The queen stood at the window and saw the carriage still in the distance, and when she did not see her daughter, she felt heavy in her heart, and she cried and looked for her all alone; but she had nothing to hear or see. Then it was known and she began to weep and the king now discovered her: they would have taken a whale, which he had to promise them, and that is why he would always have been so sad; he also wanted to comfort her, and told her of the great wealth she would receive for it, but the Queen wanted to know nothing of it and said her only child would be dearer to her than all the treasures of the world. While the whale prince had robbed the princess, his servants had carried three mighty sacks in the castle, which the king found standing at the door, and when he opened them, they were full of beautiful large pearls, as large as the thickest peas. Then he was at once richer and richer than he had ever been; he redeemed his cities and castles, but he did not resume his prosperous life, but was quiet and frugal, and when he thought of what his three dear daughters might have done to the wild beasts they might have already eaten, he forgot them. all Lust.

The queen, however, did not want to be comforted at all and wept more tears for her daughter than the wallfish pearls had given for it. Finally she became a little quieter, and after a while she was again completely satisfied, because she brought a beautiful boy into the world and because God had given the child so unexpectedly, it was called Reinald, the prodigy. The boy grew big and strong, and the queen often told him about his three sisters who had been captured in the magic forest by three animals. When he was sixteen years old he demanded armor and sword from the king, and when he got it now, he wanted to go on adventures, blessed his parents, and left.

But he went straight to the Magic Forest and had nothing else to do but look for his sisters. At first he wandered for a long time in the great forest, without meeting a man or an animal. After three days, however, he saw a young woman sitting in front of a cave and playing with a young bear: another, very young, had she been lying on her lap: Reinald thought that must be my oldest sister, left his horse behind, and went to her: "Dear sister, I am your brother Reinald and I have come to visit you." hurry and run away, what do you know, if you love your life, my husband, the bear, will come to your house and find you, so he will eat you without mercy. "Reinald, however, spoke: you until I know how it is about you. When the princess saw that he was unable to move, she led him to her cave, which was window and like a bear dwelling; on one side lay a heap of leaves and hay, on which the old man and his boys slept, but on the other side stood a magnificent bed, of red cloth with gold, which belonged to the princess. She made him crawl under the bed and gave him something to eat. It did not take long for the bear to come home: "I wittre, wittre menschenfleisch" and wanted to put his thick head under the bed. But the princess shouted: "Be quiet, who is to come in here!" again under the bed. Then she gave him a footstep in the body, that he made a brush tree, went to his camp, took the paws in his mouth and fell asleep.

Every seven days the bear was in its natural form and a handsome prince, and its caves a magnificent castle and the animals in the forest, were its servants. On such a day he had taken the princess; beautiful young women came to meet her before the castle, it was a glorious feast and she slept in joys, but when she awoke, she lay in a dark bear cave and her marriage had become a bear and hummed at her feet, only the bed and everything she had touched remained unchanged in its natural state. So she lived six days in pain but on the seventh she was comforted, and since she was not old and was only counted one day, she was satisfied with her life. She had given birth to her husband two princes, who were also six days long bears and the seventh in human form. She always stuffed her bed straw full of the most delicious food cakes and fruits, of which she lived all week, and the bear was also obedient to her and that which she wanted.

When Reinald woke up, he was lying in a silk bed, servants came to wait for him and gave him the richest clothes, because it was just the seventh day. His sister with two beautiful princes and his brother-in-law bear enter, and rejoice in his arrival. There everything was in splendor and glory and the whole day was full of pleasure and joy; in the evening, however, the princess said: "Dear brother, now make sure you get away, with the start of the day my wife takes on the shape of a bear again, and if he finds you here tomorrow, he can not resist his nature and eats you up." the prince beared and gave him three bear hairs, and said: "If you're in need, so rub it in, and I want to come to your aid." They kissed and said goodbye, and Reinald got into a car with six raps strapped and drove away. So went over stock and stone, mountain up, mountain down, through deserts and forests, Horst and hedges, without rest and rest, until about morning, when the sky began to turn gray, then Reinald lay on once on earth and soot and Carriage had disappeared, and at Morgenroth he saw six ants galloping there and pulling a nutshell.

Reinald saw that he was still in the magic forest, and wanted to look for his second sister. Again three days he wandered in vain in solitude, but on the fourth he heard a great eagle roaring down on a nest. Reinald stood in the bush and waited until he flew away again, after seven hours he also rose again. Then Reinald came forward, stepped in front of the tree and shouted: "Dear sister, you are there, so let me hear your voice, I am Reinald your brother,

and I have come to visit you!" Then he heard him shout, "are you Reinald my dearest brother, whom I have not yet seen, so come up to me. "Reinald wanted to climb up but the trunk was too thick and smooth, tried three times, but in vain soon to the eagle's nest, which was strong and solid, like a balcony on a linden tree. His sister was sitting under a throne sky of rose-coloured silk, and on her lap lay an eagle, which kept her warm and wanted to break it out. They kissed and rejoiced, but after a while the princess said: he turned to your servant who was looking for you in the woods. "Reinald said," no I will stay here until your marriage is transformed "- This only happens in six weeks, but if you can endure it, stick to the tree, which is internally hollow, I want to give you food all day long. Reinald crawled into the tree, the princess let him down every day, and when the eagle flew away, he came up to her. After six weeks of conversion, Reinald awoke again in a bed, as with his brother-in-law, only that everything was even more magnificent, and he lived seven days with the eagle prince in all joy. And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they said goodbye, and the eagle gave him three feathers, and said, If thou be in distress, rub it, and I will help thee. the morning came, they were suddenly gone, and Reinald alone in a terrible wilderness on a high rock wall.

Reinald looked around and in the distance he saw the mirror of a large sea on which the first rays of the sun were just shining. He thought of his third sister and that she would be there. Then he began to descend, and worked his way through the bushes and between the rocks; he spent three days there, often losing sight of the lake, but on the fourth morning he got there. He stood on the bank and called out: "Dearest sister you are in it, so let me hear your voice, I am Reinald your brother and I have come to visit you;" but no one answered and everything was very quiet. He crumbled breadcrumbs into the water and said to the fish: "You dear fish, go to my sister and tell her that Reinald the child prodigy is here and wants to go to her." But the red-spotted trout snapped up the bread and didn't stop his words. Then he saw a boat, immediately threw off his armor and kept only his naked sword in his hand, jumped into the ship and rowed away. He had been swimming for a long time when he saw a clear crystal chimney rising above the water, from which a pleasant smell rose. Reinald rowed towards it and thought, my sister must live down there, then he sat down in the chimney and slid down. The princess was quite frightened when she suddenly saw a few human legs wriggling in the chimney, soon a whole man came down and revealed himself as her brother. She was heartily happy, but then she became sad and said: "The whale heard that you wanted to visit me and complained that if you came and he was a whale, he could not resist his desire to eat you. and would break my crystal house, and then I would also perish in the floods." - "Can't you hide me until the time comes when the magic is over." - "Oh no, how could that work, you see the walls are not all made of crystal and completely transparent," but she thought and thought, finally she remembered the wooden chamber, so she placed the wood so artificially that nothing could be seen from the outside and she hid the child prodigy inside. Presently the whale came and the princess was trembling like a leaf, he swam around the crystal house a couple of times and when he saw a bit of Reinald's dress sticking out of the wood he flicked his tail and snorted violently and if he saw more he certainly would have hit the house. Every day he came and swam around it until finally in the seventh month the magic ended. There Reinald was in a castle that even surpassed his eagle's in splendour, and stood in the middle of a beautiful island; Now he lived a whole month with his sister and brother-in-law happily,

but when that was over, the whale gave him three scales and said: "If you are in trouble, rub them and I will come to your aid". and let him drive back to shore, where he still found his armour.

The prodigy then traveled seven days in the wilderness and seven nights he slept under the open sky, when he saw a castle with a steel gate and a mighty lock on it. In front, however, went a black bull with sparkling eyes and guarded the entrance. Reinald lunged at him and gave him a mighty blow on the neck, but the neck was made of steel and the sword broke on it as if it were glass. He wanted to use his spear, but it was broken like a straw, and the bull caught it in its horns and threw it in the air so that it got caught on the branches of a tree. Then Reinald remembered the three bear hairs, rubbed them in his hand and at that moment a bear trotted along, fought with the bull and tore it to pieces. But out of the bull's belly a duckling flew up and hastened on; Then Reinald rubbed the three eagle feathers, immediately a mighty eagle came through the air and pursued the bird, which was fleeing to a pond, shot down at it and mauled it; but Reinald had seen him drop another golden egg into the water. Then he rubbed the three fish scales in his hand, and immediately a whale came swimming, swallowed the egg and spat it onto land. Reinald took it and broke it open with a stone, there was a small key in it, and that was the key that opened the steel door. And as soon as he touched her with it, she jumped up of her own accord, and he stepped in, and the bolts in front of the other doors were pushed back by themselves, and through seven of them he entered seven magnificent, brightly lit chambers, and in the last chamber lay a virgin on a bed and slept. But the maiden was so beautiful that he was completely blinded by it, he wanted to wake her up, but that was in vain, she slept soundly as if she were dead. Then in his anger he struck a black board that was standing by the bed; At that moment the maiden awoke, but immediately fell back to sleep, so he took the tablet and threw it on the stone floor, so that it shattered into a thousand pieces. No sooner had that happened than the maiden opened her eyes brightly and the magic was broken. She was, however, the sister of Reinald's three brothers-in-law, and because she refused her love to a godless sorcerer, he had put her into the sleep of death, and turned her brothers into beasts, and this was to last as long as the black tablet remained intact. Reinald led the maiden out, and when he came to the gate, his brothers-in-law rode up from three sides and were now redeemed, and with them their wives and children, and the eagle bride had hatched the egg and a beautiful young lady in her arms; so they all went to live with the old king and queen, and the child prodigy brought his three sisters home with her, and soon married the beautiful maiden; there was joy and lust in every corner; and the cat runs home, my little fairy tale is over.

#### 1812 KHM 84. THE MOTHER-IN-LAW. (Fragment)

*("The mother-in-law" is a fragment of a fairy tale. It was only in the 1st edition of the Brothers Grimm in the 1st edition of 1812 at position 84 (KHM 84). [See the shorter version from the Annotation Volume under "Fragments" No. 5, "The evil mother-in-law."] According to Wilhelm Grimm's handwritten note of April 18, 1811, the text "comes from the Hassenpflugs". This fragment agrees with part of Perrault's *la belle au bois dormant*. - In Pentamerone v. 5 (sole, luna etalia) a jealous woman just about summons the cook to cook her rival and her children. The But here the entrance is from the dangerous spindle, as in Sleeping*

*Beauty, and the transition between the two stories is particularly beautiful and new.*

*Content: The evil mother-in-law has the queen and her two sons locked in the cellar when the king is at war. She sends the servant, to cook her one child in brown sauce, then the other in white. The queen lets him take a pig and a piglet. The mother-in-law also wants to eat the queen. [The progression is indicated in brackets: This time a hind is slaughtered, then the children scream and must not be heard.]*

There was a king and a queen who had a very angry mother-in-law. Once the king went into the field, the old queen had her laws locked up in a musty cellar downstairs, and her two little sons with her. One day she said to herself: I would like to eat one of the children, called her cook and told him to come down and take the one son, kill it and prepare it.

"With what broth?" asked the cook. With a brown one, said the old queen.

Then the cook went into the cellar and said: "Oh, Madam Queen, the old Madam Queen wants it, I am to slaughter and cook your son tonight." Take the little pig, cook it the way you want it, and say it was my child.

The cook did so, and served the little pig in brown broth, "Here is the child," and she ate it up with great appetite.

Soon after, the old woman thought: I liked the children's meat so tenderly, you want to eat the second one too, called the cook and told him to go down into the cellar and slaughter the second son.

"With what kind of broth shall I cook it?" "Oh, with a white one," said the old queen.

The cook went downstairs and said: Oh, the old lady queen told me that I should now also slaughter and cook your second little son. The young queen said: Take a suckling pig and cook it as she likes.

The cook did this and put it in front of the old woman in a white broth, and she ate it with even greater appetite.

At last the old woman thought: now the children are in my womb, you want to eat the young queen too, called the cook and ordered him to cook the young queen. --

*(Fragment: the third time the cook slaughters a hind. But now the young queen has to keep her children from crying so that the old woman does not hear that they are still alive etc.)*

#### 1812 KHM 85 FRAGMENTS.

*(The Fragments (KHM 85) from the 1st edition.*

- A) Snow Flower, Snow Flower
- B) Princess with the louse
- C) The good rag, fragment The good rag
- D) From Prince Johannes, Fragment Of Prince Johannes

*On the fragments. No. 85. a) A French Folk tales, perceneige, (spring flower, snowdrop, primrose recently intertwined in a poem: Thibaut ou la naissance du comte de champagne. Paris 1811. pag. 97. 98. b) Reminiscent of a variant of Thrushelbart. The whole in full in Pentamerone I, 5. la polece. c) Karl Grass remembers hearing this fairy tale told in his childhood in Liefland by a German wet nurse whose name was Marie. He turned it into a poem in 12 cantos, which will hardly come close to the fairy tale. S. Amusements 1812. Piece 5, 391-393. d) In the 1001st of the copper lamp, which is also given out of stupidity in return for a*

*new one. Somewhat related is the fable of the sparrowhawk, which the daughter buys while the mother is at church.)*

#### A) SNOWFLOWER.

*("Snowflower" was a fragment of a fairy tale only in the first edition of 1812 in the Brothers Grimm's Children's and Household Tales together with three others under the main title Fragmente in place 85 (KHM 85a).*

*Contents: A king's daughter is called Snowflower because she so white and born in winter. When she is looking for medicinal herbs for her sick mother, bees come out of a tree and cover her all over. They do nothing to her but bring honey and she shines with beauty.)*

A young king's daughter was called Snowflower because she knows what snow was like and was born in winter. One day her mother became ill and she went into the forest and wanted to pick medicinal herbs, when she passed a large tree, a swarm of bees flew out and covered her whole body from head to foot. But they did not sting her or hurt her, but put honey on her lips, and her whole body was radiant with beauty. . . . .

#### B-1) PRINCESS WITH THE LOUSE.

*("Princess with the louse" was a fragment of a fairy tale in the Children's And Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm. It was only in the 1st edition of 1812 together with three others under the overall title Fragmente in place 85 (KHM 85b), later in the annotation volume as a fragment Die Laus. Reminds of a variant of Droßelbart. Origin: The Brothers Grimm probably had the farcical fairy tale from Marie Hassenpflug. Your annotation compares KHM 52 King Drosselbart and in Giambattista Basile's Pentameron I, 5 The Flea. Compare also KHM 22 The Riddle, KHM 71 Sixes come through the whole world, KHM 114 The Clever Little Tailor, KHM 134 The Six Servants, KHM 181 The Little Mermaid*

*Contents: A princess is so extremely clean that a louse is miraculously raised on her head to the size of a calf. When the louse dies, the princess has the fur made into a dress and asks each suitor what it is made of. (The text ends with the suggestion that one finally finds out.)*

Once upon a time there was a princess who was so clean, certainly the cleanest in the whole world, you never saw the tiniest dirt or stain on her. Once, however, a louse was found sitting on her head, which was considered a true miracle, and therefore one did not want to kill the louse, but decided to feed it large with milk. This happened, the louse grew more and more until it was finally as big as a calf. When this louse died, the princess had her fur removed and a dress made of it. When a suitor came and asked for her, she asked him to advise what animal the skin was from which she wore the dress. Since no one could guess this, they all had to withdraw. Finally a handsome prince figured it out in the following way. . . . .

## B-2.) THE LOUSE.

*("The Louse" was a fragment of a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm. It was only available in the 1st edition of 1812 under the title "Princess with the Louse" [page 267-268; 3rd edition; Date of publication: 1856], together with three others under the supertitle Fragmente at position 85 (KHM 85b), later in the annotation volume as a slightly modified fragment.)*

Once upon a time there was a king's daughter who was so clean that there was certainly no cleaner in the world: she didn't tolerate the slightest dirt or stain on herself. But in spite of her cleanliness, at one time a louse was found on her head. Everyone cried out, "This is a great miracle, the louse must not be killed, it must be fed large amounts of milk"; so it was taken down with care. From the good food it grew and became much bigger than a louse would normally be, in the end it was as big as a calf. When she died, the king's daughter had her fur skinned, tanned and prepared, and made a dress out of it. When a suitor came, she asked him to guess what animal the skin was from which she was wearing her dress. But since no one was fortunate enough to bring it out, they had to withdraw one after the other. But finally someone discovered the secret.

## C) OF PRINCE JOHANNES.

*("From Prince Johannes," the tiny fragment of a fairy tale in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales was only in the first edition of 1812 together with three others under the overall title Fragmente in place 85 (KHM 85c). It came from Karl Graß' Erheiterungen magazine from 1812. Grimm's note gave the source: Karl Grass claims to have heard it as a child (in Livonia) from his German wet nurse and made a poem out of it.)*

Of his wanderings in yearning and melancholy, of his flight with the apparition, of the red castle, of the many heart-moving trials, until he was granted the only sight of the beautiful sun princess.

## D-1) THE GOOD PLASTER.

*("The Good Plaster" was a small fragment of a fairy tale only in the first edition of 1812 in the Brothers Grimm's Children's and Household Tales together with three others under the overall title Fragments in place 85 (KHM 85d). Origin: Jacob Grimm's manuscript with the title The Good Plaster noted orally (perhaps the Hassenpflug family). The printed version, which was unchanged in spirit, initially had the same title. It was subsequently changed again slightly (gold instead of money) and renamed "The good Piece of Cloth." The Note compares Aladdin from Arabian Nights, where a lamp is foolishly exchanged for a new one)*

Contents: Two closer sisters have inherited a rag that turns everything into gold. When the clever older one comes home from church, the stupid one has it with a Jew, who probably knew what was going on, was exchanged for a new one and beat the dog to death. Nowadays one would describe this fragment as anti-Semitic, or more precisely as anti-Jewish. Stereotypes of this kind were "normal" in all societies and all states at that time, which also includes prejudices among Christian groups. We must not ignore

*this, we have to point it out again and again. The totalitarian requirement to believe in only one particular God and to follow only one particular religious school and organisation in Judaism, Christianity, and especially Islam, has certainly contributed to such hostile sentiments over the past two millennia; [see: The Grand Bible, Foreword, Introduction.] As researchers, the Brothers Grimm were not impressed by such texts. Jacob Grimm made a handwritten note: "Is not worth much. ")*

Two sewing girls had inherited nothing but a good old plaster that made money and on which they lived apart from their sewing earnings. One sister was very clever, the other very stupid. One day, when the oldest was going to church, a Jew came up to the stupid one: "Nice, new plaster to sell, or to exchange for old, nothing to trade?" So the stupid woman went and got the old plaster for the Jew for a new piece, and the Jew well knew what virtue the old had. When the eldest came home, she said: Our sewing income is going badly, I have to get us some money, where is our band-aid? - the better, said the silly woman, I also traded a new and fresh piece for the old one while you were out. . . . (Afterwards the Jew becomes a dog, the two girls become chickens, but the chickens finally become people and beat the dog up Deaths.)

## D-2) THE GOOD PIECE OF CLOTH\*.

*(\* The replacement sheet in the Appendix Volume 2 contains the fairy tale "The Fox and the Geese", which the printer has forgotten, as well as a slightly modified version of "The Good Plaster". The Good Piece of Cloth (first published as The Good Plaster) is a fragment of a Fairy Tales. It was in Volume 2 of the Brothers Grimm's Children's and Household Tales only in the first edition of 1815 together with three others under the overall title Fragments in place 85 (1815 KHM 85d).)*

Two sewing girls had inherited nothing but a good old rag that turned everything you wrapped into gold, with that they had enough and still sewed for a small income. One sister was very clever, the other very stupid. One day, the eldest had gone to church when a Jew came down the street and called out: "Nice ones, new rags for sale or to exchange for old ones, nothing to trade?" When the stupid woman heard that, she ran over and exchanged clothes her good old rag for a new one; That's exactly what the Jew wanted, for he knew very well the virtue of the old man. When the eldest came home, she said: "The sewing wages are bad, I have to get us some money, where is our rag?" and fresh ones were traded for the old one. . . . (Afterwards the Jew becomes a dog, the two girls become chickens, but the chickens finally become people and beat the dog to death.)

## TALES REMOVED FROM PART 2 (VOLUME 2)

## 1815 KHM 99. THE FROG PRINCE (PRINCE FROG).

(*"The frog prince"* was a fairy tale in the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* by the Brothers Grimm only in the second part of the first edition of 1815 (there No. 13) in place 99 (KHM 99). Origin: Grimm's note noted, that the fairy tale comes from Hesse (by Marie Hassenpflug), and assigns it together with KHM 1 *The Frog King or Iron Henry* to the basic idea of Cupid and Psyche, like KHM 88 *The singing jumping little lion* and KHM 68 *Of the summer and winter garden*. From the second edition it is only in the annotation to *The Frog King or Iron Henry*, namely the daughter fetches the water for the sick father (cf. KHM 97 *Das Wasser des Lebens*), the frog poem is longer:

*Contents: Three daughters are leaving one by one to the well to draw water, but it is cloudy. When one of the sisters came, there was a frog on the edge of the well and said to her: "when you want to be my darling, I will give you bright, bright little water." Frog follows her home and asked to be let into her room. The following day in her room "there stood before her a handsome young prince, who said that he had been the enchanted frog, and that she had redeemed him because she had promised to be his sweetheart."*

Once upon a time there was a king who had three daughters, but in his courtyard there was a well with beautiful, clear water. On a hot summer day the eldest went down and scooped out a glass full, but looking at it and holding it up to the sun she saw that it was cloudy. That seemed very unusual to her and she wanted to pour it back in when a frog stirred in the water, stretched his head up and finally jumped onto the edge of the fountain, when he said to her:

"whenever you want to be my darling,

I want to give you bright, bright little water."

"Oh, who wants to be the darling of a nasty frog," cried the princess, and ran away. She told her sisters what a strange frog that was making the water cloudy down there at the well. Then the second became curious, went downstairs and also filled up a glass, which was just so cloudy that she didn't want to drink it. But the frog was also on the edge again and said:

"whenever you want to be my darling,

I want to give you bright, bright little water."

"I'd like that," said the princess, and ran away. Finally the third one came and also drew, but she was no better and the frog also said to her:

"whenever you want to be my darling,

I want to give you bright, bright little water."

"Yes, but! I want to be your darling, said the princess, just get me clean water," but she thought: what harm is that in you, you can easily speak like that to please him, a stupid frog can never be my darling. But the frog had jumped into the water again, and when she drew the water for the second time, the water was so clear that the sun twinkled in it with joy. She drank her fill and brought her sisters upstairs: "How simple you were and were afraid of the frog."

After that the princess thought no more of it and went to bed happily in the evening. As she lay there for a while and had not yet fallen asleep, she suddenly heard something crawling at the door, and then she was singing:

"Open me! open me!

king's daughter, youngest,

don't you know how you said  
as I sat in the fountain  
you wanted to be my darling too  
I would give you bright, bright little water."

"Egg! There's my darling, the frog, said the princess, now that I've promised him I'll open it for him." So she got up, opened the door a little for him and lay down again. The frog hopped after her and finally hopped down into the bed at her feet and stayed there, and when the night was over and morning dawned, he jumped down again and out the door. The next evening, when the princess was in bed again, she crawled again and sang at the door. The princess opened the door and the frog lay down at her feet again until daybreak. On the third evening he came, as on the previous ones. "But that's the last time I'll open it for you," said the princess, "it won't happen again in the future." Then the frog jumped under her pillow and the princess fell asleep. When she woke up in the morning and thought that the frog should hop away again, there stood before her a handsome young prince, who said that he had been the enchanted frog, and that she had redeemed him because she had promised to be his treasure. So they both went to the king, who gave them his blessing, and there the wedding took place. But the other two sisters were angry that they had not treasured the frog.

## 1815 KHM 104. THE FAITHFUL ANIMALS.

(*"The Faithful Animals"* was a Mongolian fairy tale in the *Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm*. It was there from the 1st to the 6th edition of 1850 at position 104 (KHM 104). It comes from the Mongolian collection *Siddhi Kur* or *Ssidi Kur* (No. 13; see: *Quarterly review* 1819. XL. p. 99.).

*Contents: A man on the move buys a mouse, a monkey and a bear in loose from three villages, which are tormented there by boys. He wants to borrow something from the king's treasury, but is caught and set on the river as a thief with water and bread in a box. The animals free him. When they don't know what to do, comes a white, egg-shaped miracle stone floated, with it the man wishes for a castle with a garden and stables. Later merchants come and he exchanges the stone for nice goods. There he sits again in the box on the river. This time the animals cannot enter the castle open. Since the merchants still live in the castle, the mouse goes in and nibbles the hair of the sleeper, and he chases away his cats. So the following night, unnoticed, she bites off the red thread on which the stone is hanging and drags it to the door. The monkey gets him out. The bear carries the monkey, which carries the stone in its mouth, and the mouse through the water. On the way he chats and threatens the monkey because he doesn't answer, whereupon the stone falls into the water. They tell the frogs and toads that an enemy is coming and that they must collect all the stones for a wall. When the stone is there, they bring it to the man who has already eaten the water and bread and is starving. He wishes he was back in the castle.)*

Once upon a time there was a man who didn't have much money, and with what little he had left he went out into the wide world. Then he came to a village where the boys were running together, shouting and making noise. "What are you up to, you boys?" asked the man. "Oh," they answered, "here we have a mouse, it has to dance for us, look what fun it is, how it is tripping around!" But the man felt sorry for the poor little animal and he said, "Let the mouse run, you Boys, I will give you money too." So he gave

them money, and they let go of the mouse, and the poor animal ran as hard as it could into a hole. The man went away and came to another village, where the boys had a monkey that had to dance and do somersaults, and they laughed about it and gave the animal no rest. So the man gave them money to let go of the monkey. Then the man came to a third village, where the boys had a bear on a chain, it had to sit up and dance, and if it growled, they were fine with it. So the man bought him free, and the bear was glad that he got on his four legs again and trotted away.

But the man had now spent what little money he had left and didn't have a penny left in his pocket. Then he said to himself, "The king has so much in his treasury that he doesn't need: You can't die of hunger, you want to take something, and when you get some money again, you can put it back in." So he made his way over to the treasury and took a little of it, but as he was sneaking out he was caught by the king's people. They said he was a thief, and brought him before the court, and because he had done wrong he was sentenced to be thrown in a box on the water. The lid of the box was full of holes so that air could get in: also a jug of water and a loaf of bread were put in it. As he swam on the water and was really scared, he heard something crawling on the lock, gnawing and snorting: suddenly the lock springs open and the cover lifts up, and there are mouse, monkey and bear, the had done because he had helped them, they wanted to help him again. But now they did not know what to do next, and took counsel together. Just then a white stone came rolling in the water, it looked like a round egg. Then the bear said it will come at the right time, it is a miracle stone: whoever owns it can wish for whatever he feels like." Then the man picked up the stone and, holding it in his hand, he wished himself a palace with a garden and stables, and he had scarcely expressed his wish when he sat in the palace with the garden and stables, and everything was so beautiful and magnificent that he could not be amazed enough.

After a time, merchants passed the way. "Look," they cried, "what a glorious castle stands there, and the last time we passed there was bad sand." Being curious now, they went in and inquired of the man like himself everything could have been built so quickly. Then he said, "I didn't do that, it was my miracle stone." "What kind of stone is that?" they asked. So he went and fetched it and showed it to the merchants. They were very keen and asked if he could be bargained for, and they offered him all their beautiful goods in return. The goods stung the man's eyes, and because the heart is unstable and longs for new things, he let himself be deceived and thought the beautiful goods were worth more than his miracle stone and gave it up. But no sooner had he let him out of his hands than all happiness was gone, and he suddenly sat in the locked box on the river again and had nothing but a jug of water and a loaf of bread. The faithful animals, mouse, monkey, and bear, as they saw his misfortune, came again and wanted to help him, but they could not even force open the lock, because it was much stronger than the first time. Then the bear said, "We must get the miracle stone back, or it will all be in vain." Because the merchants had stayed in the castle and lived there, the animals went there together, and as they came close, he said Bear "Mouse, look through the keyhole and see what to start; you're small, no one notices you." The mouse was willing, but came back and said, "It doesn't work, I looked in, the stone is hanging under the mirror on a red ribbon, and here and there a couple of big cats are sitting with it fiery eyes that shall watch over him." Then the others said, "just go back in and wait until the master lies in bed and sleeps, then sneak in through a hole and crawl on the bed and pinch his nose and bite his own Hair off."

The mouse crept back in and did as the others said. The gentleman woke up, rubbed his nose, was angry, and said, "The cats are no good, they let in the mice, which bite the hair off my head," and chased them both away. Since the mouse had won the game.

When the master fell asleep again the next night, the mouse got into it, nibbled and gnawed at the red ribbon to which the stone was attached until it broke in two and the stone fell off: then she dragged it to the front door. But that made the poor little mouse very angry, and she said to the monkey, which was already lying in wait, "Pull it out completely with your paw." That was easy for the monkey, he took the stone in his hand, and they went with each other to the river. Then the monkey said, "How are we supposed to get to the box now?" The bear replied, "That's about to happen, I'll go into the water and swim: Monkey, sit on my back, but hold on tight with your hands and take it Put a stone in your mouth: Little mouse, you can sit in my right ear." So they did and swam down the river. After a while things got too quiet for the bear, he started chattering and said, "Listen, monkey, we're good comrades, don't you think?" But the monkey didn't answer and was silent. 'Is that manner?' said the bear, 'won't you answer your comrade? a bad guy who doesn't answer!' The monkey couldn't hold back any longer, he dropped the stone into the water and called out, "Stupid guy, how could I answer you with the stone in my mouth? now he's lost, and it's your fault." "Don't quarrel," said the bear, "we'll think of something." So they conferred and called together the tree frogs, toads, and all creatures that live in the water and said, "A mighty enemy will come upon you, gather as many stones as you can, and we will build you a wall that will protect you." The animals got frightened and finally brought stones from all sides a fat old quack frog came rowing up from the bottom and had the red ribbon with the miracle stone in its mouth. Then the bear was happy, took the frog's load, said everything was fine, they could go home again, and said goodbye briefly. Then the three went down the river to the man in the chest, broke the lid with the help of the stone, and had come at the right time, for he had already eaten the bread and drunk the water, and was already half faint. But when he got his hands on the miracle stone again, he wished himself good health and went to his beautiful castle with the garden and royal stables; he lived happily, and the three animals stayed with him and had a good life.

### 1815 KHM 107. THE CROWS.

*(The magic fairy tale "The Crows" was in the Grimm Brothers' Children's and Household Tales from the second part of the first edition, which appeared in 1815, to the fourth edition of 1840 as No. 107 (or No. 21 of the second part). It came from a letter sent by August von Haxthausen and is reminiscent of "Die wahrsagenden Vögel in Feen-Mährchen" (Braunschweig, 1801). From the fifth edition of 1843, it was replaced by the longer and more varied "The Two Wanderers".)*

*Contents: Two evil comrades rob a good soldier of his savings, gouge his eyes out and tie him to a gallows. At night he overhears two crows talking about a toad, whose ashes can heal the sick king's daughter with water, about the dew under the gallows that makes the blind see again, and about a spring under the market square. The soldier regains his sight and heals the king's daughter. Because he looks poor, the king, contrary to his promise, only gives her to him in marriage when he gets water for the city. When the happily married meets his two comrades again and graciously*

*receives them, they also hope to hear something from under the gallows. The crows, realising they were being overheard, peck out their eyes and beat them with their beaks until they die.)*

A decent soldier had earned some money and saved up because he was industrious and couldn't get by in the inns like the others. Now there were two of his comrades who actually had the wrong heart and wanted to cheat him out of his money, but on the outside they behaved quite amicably. At one point they said to him, "Listen, why should we lie here in the city, we are locked in there as if we were prisoners, and even someone like you could earn something decent at home and live happily." They pestered him with such speeches until he finally agreed and wanted to run away with them; but the other two had nothing else in mind than taking his money from him outside. When they had gone a little way, the two said, "We have to turn right there if we want to get to the border." "What, you want to make a fool of yourself?" cried the two, rushing at him, beating him until he fell down, and taking his money from his pockets; but that was not enough, they gouged out his eyes, dragged him to the gallows, and tied him to it. So they left him and went back to town with the stolen money.

The poor blind man did not know what a bad place he was in, felt about himself and realised that he was sitting under a beam of wood. Then he thought it was a cross, said, "It is good of you that you have at least tied me under a cross, God is with me," and began to pray to God properly. As night fell he heard something flapping; but there were three crows that alighted on the beam. After that, he heard one saying, "Sister, what good do you bring? yes, if people knew what we know! the king's daughter is ill and the old king has promised her to the one who will heal her; but no one can do that, because it will only be healed if the toad is burned to ashes in the pond over there and it drinks the ashes with water." Then the second said, "yes, if people knew what we know! Tonight a dew falls from heaven, so wonderful and healing, whoever is blind and wipes his eyes with it, he regains his face." Then the third said, "Yes, if people knew what we know! The toad only helps one, and the dew only helps a few, but there is great need in the city, all the wells have dried up, and nobody knows that the large square stone in the market place has to be taken away and dug under it, the most beautiful water springs up there ." As the three crows had said it, he heard it flapping again, and they flew away. Gradually he freed himself from his bonds, and then he stooped and broke off some weeds, and wiped his eyes with the dew that had fallen on them. Immediately he saw again, and there were moon and stars in the sky, and he saw that he was standing by the gallows. After that he sought shards, and gathered of the precious dew as much as he could get together, and when that was done he went to the pond, dug the water from it, took out the toad, and burned it to ashes. He took the ashes to the king's court and had the king's daughter taken by them, and when she was healthy he asked her to be his wife, as had been promised. But the king didn't like him because he was wearing such bad clothes, and he said whoever wanted his daughter had to get water for the city first, and hoped that would get rid of him. But he went and told the people to lift up the square stone in the market place and dig under it for water. They had scarcely begun to dig when they came to a spring from which a mighty stream of water sprang. The king could no longer refuse him his daughter, he was married to her, and they lived a happy marriage.

At one point, when he was walking through the fields, he met his two former comrades, who had treated him so treacherously. They didn't know him, but he recognised them straight away, went up

to them and said, "Look, that's your former comrade, whose eyes you put out so shamefully, but fortunately the good Lord let it thrive on me." Then they fell at his feet, and begged for mercy, and being kind-hearted, he took pity on them, and took them with him, and also gave them food and clothing. He then told them how he had fared and how he had gotten this honor. When the two heard that, they couldn't rest and wanted to sit under the gallows for the night, to see if they might hear something good too. As they sat under the gallows, something soon fluttered over their heads, and the three crows came. One said to the other, "Listen, sisters, someone must have been listening to us, for the king's daughter is healthy, the toad has gone out of the pond, a blind man has seen, and in the city they have dug a fresh well, come, let us look for the eavesdropper and punish him." So they fluttered down and found the two, and before they could help themselves, the ravens sat on their heads and pecked out their eyes, and continued to peck at their faces for so long until they were quite dead. There they remained lying under the gallows. When they didn't come back for a couple of days, their former comrade thought, "Where can those two be wandering about?" and went out to look for them. But there he found nothing more than her bones, which he carried away from the gallows and laid them in a grave.

#### 1815 KHM 119. THE LAZY AND THE DILIGENT.

(*"The Lazy and the Diligent" was a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm in the second part of the 1st edition of 1815 (there No. 33) at position 119 (KHM 119a). The Grimms noted "From the Schwalmgebiet" (probably from Ferdinand Siebert from Treysa), and that redemption through a kiss often occurs in sagas.*

*Content: Two tradesmen always want to stay together, but one becomes busy and lazy , the other industrious. One evening the industrious sees the lazy one lying under a gallows at night. He covers him with his cloak and stays with it. He hears two ravens. One says "God nourishes", the other "thu afterwards". The first falls here off, the second takes care of him. The craftsmen take the ravens with them. The daughter of her landlord falls in love with the always dressed raven and kisses him, whereupon he becomes a man. He says they both insulted their father, who transformed them. Nobody kisses the other raven until it dies. That's a lesson for the lazy fellow.)*

Once upon a time there were two journeyman craftsmen who traveled together and promised to stay with each other. But when they came to a large city, one of them became a loose brother, forgot his word, left the other, and went on alone, to and fro; he liked best where things were going best. The other endured his time, worked diligently, and then wandered on. Then he passed the gallows in the night without knowing it, but on the ground he saw someone lying and sleeping, who was poor and bare, and because it was starry, he recognised his former journeyman. So he lay down beside him, covered his cloak over him, and fell asleep. But it didn't take long before he was woken up by two voices, they were talking to each other, they were two ravens sitting on top of the gallows. One said: "God nourishes!" the other: "do afterwards!" and after the words one fell down to the ground, the other stayed with him and waited until daybreak, when he fetched some worms and water, refreshed himself with it and raised him from the dead. When the two tradesmen saw this, they were amazed and asked one raven why the other was so miserable and ill, the sick one said: "Because I didn't want to do anything and

believed that the food came from heaven." The two took the ravens with him to the next village, one was lively and looked for his food, he bathed himself every morning and cleaned his beak, but the other crouched around in the corners, was morose and always looked shaggy. After a time, the daughter of the master of the house, who was a beautiful girl, became very fond of the industrious raven, picked him up from the ground, stroked him with her hand, finally pressed his face once and kissed him with pleasure. The bird fell to the ground, rolled and fluttered, and became a beautiful young man. Then he said the other raven was his brother and they had both insulted their father, who had cursed them for it and said: "Fly around as a raven until a beautiful girl kisses you voluntarily." So one was saved, but nobody wanted to kiss the other lazy one and he died as a raven. – Brother Sloppy took that as a lesson, became diligent and orderly and stayed with his journeyman.

## 1815 KHM 122 THE LONG NOSE.

*(The magic fairy tale "The Long Nose" was contributed by Dorothea Viehmann. From the second edition it was replaced by "Donkey Cabbages" (KHM 122), where it is still reproduced in the annotation [Note 36th in Edition 2, 1819].*

*Contents: Three poor, discharged soldiers get lost in a large forest. In three nights one has to keep watch and is visited by a red man who gives them a wish coat, a bag that always contains money and a horn, which they are only allowed to show in the morning. The one with the coat wishes her to go to an inn, and the one with the purse pays. You want a lock. Then they go to a strange castle with a daughter. She plays cards with them and finds out that one of them has a wish bag, gives him a sleeping potion and swaps the bag. When they notice, the one with the coat wishes to come into her room, but she screams so loudly that he has to flee and leaves the coat behind. The one with the horn blows troops and threatens the king, but the princess goes to her camp and sings beautifully while her maid steals the horn from the tent. One soldier finds apples in the forest, from which the nose grows miles long, and pears, from which it falls off again. He goes to the castle as a gardener and sells the princess some of the apples. Then he comes as a doctor and alternately gives her apple and pear powder until she gives out the miracle things.)*

There were three old, discharged soldiers, who were so old that they could no longer bite Libermilch, so the king sent them away, gave them no pension, they had nothing to live on and had to go begging. There they traveled through a great forest and could not find the end of it; When evening came, two went to bed, and the third had to keep watch over them, so that they would not be torn to pieces by the wild beasts. When the two had fallen asleep and one was standing by and keeping watch, a little man in a red dress came and called out: Who is it? "Good friend," said the soldier. "What kind of good friend?" - "Three old soldiers who have been discharged and who have nothing to live for." Then the little man said he should come to him, he wanted to give him something, if he took care of that, he should have had enough of his life to have. So he went up and they gave him an old cloak, if he put it on, whatever he wished, it all came true, but he was not to tell his comrades until daybreak. When it was day and they woke up, he told them what had happened, and they traveled on until the second evening, and when they lay down to sleep, the second had to keep watch and stand guard with them. Then came the little red

man and called who? "Good friend." - "What kind of friend?" - "Three old retired soldiers." Then the little man gave him an old little bag that never ran out of money, no matter how much money was taken out; but he should only tell his comrades during the day. Then they went through the forest for the third day, and at night the third soldier had to stand guard. The little red man came to him too and called who there? "Good friend!" - "What good friend?" - "Three old retired soldiers." Then the little red man gave him a horn, and when you blew on it, all the peoples came together. In the morning, when everyone had a present, the first one put on his cloak and wished they were out of the forest, when they were right outside. They went to an inn and asked for food and drink, the best the innkeeper could muster; when they were done, the one with the bag paid for everything and didn't deduct a penny from the innkeeper.

Now they were tired of traveling when the one with the bag said to the one with the coat: "I wanted you to wish us a castle there, we have enough money, we could live like princes." So he wished for a castle and it was there right away and all the accessories were there. When they had lived there for a while he wanted a carriage with three white horses, they wanted to go to another kingdom and pretend to be three king's sons. So they drove off with a large company of lackeys, so that it looked quite princely. They went to a king who had only one princess, and when they arrived they were reported and asked to go to table and sleep there that night. There was a good time, and when they had eaten and drunk they began to play cards, which the princess loved to do. She played with the one who had the purse, and no matter how much she won from him, she still saw that his purse was not empty, and realised that it must be something to wish for. Then she said to him that he was so warm from playing that he should have a drink and poured it out for him, but she put a sleeping draft in the wine. And as soon as he had drunk it, he fell asleep, so she took his bag, went into her room and sewed another one that looked the same, put a little money in it and put it in the place of the old one. The next morning the three traveled on, and when one of them had spent what little money was left in the bag and now put his hand in it again, it was empty and stayed empty. Then he exclaimed: "My purse was exchanged for me by the wrong princess, now we are poor people!" But the one with the cloak said: "Don't let your hair grow gray, I want to have it done again soon." There hung he put on his cloak and wished himself in the princess's chamber; he'll be there in a moment, and she sits there and counts the money that she keeps taking out of her purse. When she sees him, she screams that there is a robber, and screams so loudly that the whole court comes running and wants to catch him. Then he jumps out of the window in haste and lets his coat hang, and that too is lost. When the three got together again, they had nothing but the horn, so the one who owned it said, "I'll help, we want to start the war," and blew so many hussars and cavalry together that they couldn't all be counted. Then he sent to the king and told him that if he did not hand over the purse and cloak, not a stone should be left unturned in his castle. Then the king persuaded his daughter to give it back before they brought so much misfortune upon themselves, but she would not listen and said she wanted to try something first. So she dressed like a poor girl, put a basket on her arm and went out into the camp to sell all kinds of drinks, and her maid had to go with her. When she was in the middle of the camp, she began to sing so beautifully that the whole army came out of the tents, and the one who had the horn ran out and listened. and when she sees him, she signals to her maid, who sneaks into his tent, takes the horn, and runs into the castle with him. Then she went

home again and now had everything and the three comrades had to go begging again.

So they went away, then the one who had had the bag said: "You know what, we can't always be together, you go out there, I want to go out here." So he went alone and came into a forest, and because he was tired, he lay down under a tree to sleep a little. When he woke up and saw above him there was a beautiful apple tree under which he had slept and magnificent apples were hanging from it. Being hungry, he took one, ate it, and then another. Then his nose begins to grow and grows and becomes so long that he can no longer get up; and grows through the forest and out sixty miles. But his comrades also went around the world looking for him because it was better in company, but they could not find him. Suddenly someone bumped into something and stepped on something soft, egg! what's that supposed to be, he thought, then it stirred and it was a nose. Then they said we want to follow our noses and finally came into the forest to their comrade, who was lying there, unable to move or move. So they took a stick and wrapped his nose around it and wanted to lift it up and carry him away, but it was too heavy. So they looked for a donkey in the forest, put it and its long nose on two sticks and carried it away, and when they had pulled a little further it was so heavy that they had to rest. As they were resting, they saw a tree standing near them, with beautiful pears hanging from it; and the little red man came out from behind the tree and told the long-nosed one to eat one of the pears, so his nose fell off. So he ate a pear and immediately his long nose fell off and he didn't keep any more than he had before. Then the little man said, "Pear off the apples and pears and make powder out of everyone; to whom you give the apple powder, his nose will grow, and when you then give the pear powder, it will fall off again; and then travel as a doctor and give the princess some of the apples and then some of the powder too, her nose will grow twenty times longer than yours; but hold on tight." So he took some of the apples, went to the king's court and pretended to be a gardener's boy, and said he had a kind of apple such as none grew in the country. But when the princess heard about it, she asked her father to buy her some of these apples; the king said, "Buy as much as you want." So she bought and ate one, which tasted so good to her that she thought she had never eaten so good in her life, and then ate another one; when that happened, the doctor went away. Then her nose began to grow and grew so much that she couldn't get up from the chair and fell over. Then the nose grew sixty cubits around the table, sixty around her cupboard, and then through the window a hundred cubits around the castle, and still twenty miles out of town. There she lay, unable to stir or move, and no doctor knew how to help her. The old king issued a decree that if any stranger could be found who could help his daughter with anything, he should have a lot of money. The old soldier had been waiting for it, and reported as a doctor: "If it were God's will, he would want to help her." Then he gave her powder from the apples, and her nose started to grow again and was even bigger; in the evening he gave her powder from the pears, and she got a little smaller, but not much. The next day he gave her apple powder again to frighten and punish her, and she grew again, much more than she had lost yesterday. Finally he said: "Most gracious Princess, you must have stolen something once, if you don't give it up no advice will help." Then she said: "I don't know anything about it." and if you don't give it up, you'll die of the long nose." Then the old king said: "Give back the purse, the cloak and the horn, you stole them after all, otherwise your nose can never get any smaller." There the maid had to get all three pieces and put them down and he gave

her powder from the pears, then her nose fell off and 250 men had to come and cut her to pieces. And he went away with the purse, the cloak, and the horn to his comrades, and they made a wish to go back to their castle; there they will probably still sit and keep house.

### 1815 KHM 129 THE LION AND THE FROG.

*("The Lion and the Frog" was a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm. It only appeared in the second part of the 1st edition of 1815 (there No. 43) at position 129 (KHM 129). The magic fairy tale comes from by Ludovica des Bordes, who wrote it down for the Brothers Grimm on May 31, 1814, with the comment that she heard it from her mother when she was five or six years old and didn't remember it all anymore.*

*Contents: The son and daughter of a royal couple love each other very much. When the son does not come home from hunting, the daughter looks for him and, exhausted, meets a friendly lion, who carries her through a dark cave into a garden with a palace. She is supposed to serve the lion in order to get her brother back. As once walking sadly in the garden, she sees a tree frog with a rose petal on his head on an island in a pond, who promises to help her. When the lion asks for a mosquito cake, the frog bakes one. She is to give the sleeping lion n cut off the head. When she does, her brother and his lover, who was the frog, are saved.)*

There was a king and a queen who had a son and a daughter who loved each other dearly. The prince often went hunting and sometimes stayed out in the forest for a long time, but once he never came back. His sister wept almost blindly over this, and finally, unable to bear it any longer, she went away into the forest to look for her brother. When she had gone a long way, she could not go on because of tiredness, and when she looked around, there was a lion standing next to her, who acted very friendly and looked so good. So she sat down on his back and the lion carried her away, stroking her with his tail and cooling her cheeks. When he had run away a good distance, they came to a cave, and the lion carried her in, and she was not afraid and did not want to jump down, because the lion was so friendly. So they went through the cave, which was getting darker and finally completely pitch black, and when it had lasted a while, they came out into the daylight again in a beautiful garden. Everything was so fresh and shone in the sun, and in the middle stood a magnificent palace. When they came to the gate, the lion stopped and the princess got down from his back. Then the lion began to speak and said: "You shall live in the beautiful house and serve me, and if you fulfill everything I ask, you will see your brother again."

Then the princess served the lion and obeyed him in everything. Once she went for a walk in the garden, it was so beautiful in there and yet she was sad because she was so alone and deserted from everyone. As she walked up and down she became aware of a pond and in the middle of the pond was a small island with a tent. Then she saw that a grass-green tree frog was sitting under the tent and had a rose petal on its head instead of a hood. The frog looked at her and said: "Why are you so sad?" "Oh, she said, why shouldn't I be sad?" , just come to me, and I will give you a hand with words and deeds." "But how am I supposed to repay you for that?" "You don't have to repay me anything, said the quack frog, just bring me a fresh rose petal every day To the bonnet." Then the princess went back and was a little comforted, and whenever the lion asked for something, she ran to the pond, where the frog jumped over

and over and soon got her what she needed. At one point the lion said: "Tonight I would like to eat a mosquito pie, but it must be well prepared." Then the princess thought, how can I get it, that's quite impossible for me, ran out and complained to her frog. But the frog said, "Don't worry, I'll get some mosquito pie." Then he sat down, opened his mouth left and right, snapped and caught as many mosquitoes as he needed. Then he jumped back and forth, collected wood chips and blew on a fire. As it burned, he kneaded the pie and set it over coals, and in less than two hours it was ready and as good as anyone could wish for. Then he said to the girl, "But you won't get the pie until you promise me that as soon as the lion falls asleep, you'll cut off its head with a sword that's hidden behind its bed." "No," she said, I don't do that, the lion has always been good to me." Then the frog said: "If you don't do that, you'll never see your brother again, and you won't do the lion himself any harm either." There she plucked up courage, took the pie and brought it to the lion. "It looks pretty good," said the lion, sniffed it and immediately began to bite, eating it up whole. When he was finished, he felt tired and wanted to sleep a little; So he said to the princess: "Come and sit next to me and scratch my ears a bit until I fall asleep." Then she sits next to him, scratches him with her left hand and searches for the sword with her right hand lies behind his bed. Now that he has fallen asleep, she pulls it out, shuts her eyes and cuts off the lion's head with one stroke. But when she looks again, the lion had disappeared and her dear brother was standing next to her, who kissed her warmly and said: "You have redeemed me, for I was the lion and was cursed to remain so long until a girl's hand was gone Love for me would cut off the lion's head." Then they went together into the garden and wanted to thank the frog, but when they got there they saw him hopping around in all directions, looking for small shavings, and making a fire. When it was burning really brightly, he hopped in himself and it burned a little longer and then the fire went out and there was a beautiful girl who had also been cursed and was the prince's lover. Then they go home together to the old king and the queen and a big wedding is held and whoever was there didn't go home hungry.

#### 1815 KHM 130 THE SOLDIER AND THE CARPENTER.

*("The Soldier And The Carpenter" was a fairy tale in the Children's and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm. It was there only in the second part of the first edition of 1815 (there No. 44) at position 130 (KHM 130). The Grimms noted "from the Münsterland" (probably from the von Haxthausen family). Some of it was good, but the overall composition had apparently suffered. Jacob Grimm wrote to his brother after it was published that he wished it gone, probably because of the confused plot.*

*Contents: The sons of two carpenters are always together and remain so as adults, with the brave becoming a soldier and the timid carpenter Wherever the carpenter finds work, the soldier remains as a servant, but is quickly dismissed because of his laziness, whereupon the carpenter goes with him. The same goes in a big city. Then they come to a forest, and because the brave one is not afraid, he goes too the other with. They get lost, then they see a light and come to a bright castle, with a black dog and a red swan on the pond. It's deserted, but a gray cat is cooking in the kitchen, and there's food in one room. After that they go to sleep, the timid one finds a crucifix and two prayer books. In the morning both get a bump. They leave breakfast and go down into the cellars. In front of the first is an old woman, in front of the*

*second a fourteen-year-old and in front of the third a twelve-year-old who, on the way back, ask if the swan, the dog and the cat are still there. then they couldn't come up with me. In a chamber, they find a bow and arrow, a sword, and pincers that say they can use them to kill the swan, the dog, and the cat. You can also find armor, but it's too heavy. A dove comes through a barred window and becomes a youth. The three of them kill the three animals, then the storming old woman with her children. A murmur rises. They bury the bodies. When they return, the castle that the witch had petrified is redeemed. The three animals had been other sorcerers whom she had only been able to turn into animals.)*

There lived in a town two carpenters whose houses adjoined each other and each had a son; the children were always together, played together and were therefore called Little Knife and Little Fork, which are always placed next to each other on the table. When they were both grown up, they did not want to leave each other either, but one was brave and the other fearful, so one became a soldier, the other learned the trade. When the time came that he had to go on a journey, the soldier did not want to leave him and they went out together. They now came to a town where the carpenter went to work for a master craftsman, the soldier wanted to stay there too and hired himself out to the same master as a house boy. That would have been good, but the soldier didn't feel like working, he was lying on his back and it wasn't long before the master sent him away; the diligent one did not want to leave him alone out of loyalty, told the master and moved on with him. But that is how it always went on; If they had work, it did not take long, because the soldier was lazy and was sent away, but the other did not want to stay without him. Once they came to a big city, but because the soldier didn't want to move a hand, he was dismissed in the evening and they had to go out again the same night. The path led them to an unknown, large forest; the timid one said: "I'm not going in, witches and ghosts are jumping around in there." But the soldier answered: "Oh, what! I'm not afraid of that yet!" went ahead, and the timid man, because he didn't want to let go of him, went with him. In a short time they had lost their way and wandered through the trees in the darkness, finally they saw a light. They sought it out and came to a beautiful castle that was brightly lit, and outside lay a black dog and on a pond nearby sat a red swan; but when they went in, they saw no one anywhere, until they came into the kitchen, there was a gray cat sitting by a pot by the fire and cooking. They went further and found many splendid rooms, all of which were empty, but in one a table was plentifully occupied with food and drink. Because they were now very hungry, they set about it and enjoyed it. Then the soldier said: "when you have eaten and are full, you should go to bed!" opened a room, in which were two nice beds. They lay down, but just as they were about to fall asleep, the timid one remembered that they hadn't prayed yet, so he got up and saw a cupboard in the wall, which he unlocked and there was a crucifix with two prayer books. Immediately he woke the soldier up so that he had to get up, and they both knelt down and said their prayers; after that they fell asleep peacefully. The next morning the soldier was so violently pushed that he jumped up: "You, why are you hitting me?" he called out to the other, who had also received a push and said: "Why are you hitting me, I'm going to hit you." not!" Then the soldier said: "It must be a sign that we should come out." When they came out, breakfast was already on the table, but the timid man said: "Before we touch it, let's first looking for someone." "Yes, said the soldier, I always think the cat cooked it and broke it in, so I lose all desire."

So they went through the castle again from bottom to top, but found no soul, finally the soldier said: "We also want to go down into the cellar." When they were down the stairs, they saw an old woman sitting in front of the first cellar; they spoke to her and said, "Hello! did she cook us the good food?" – "Yes, children, did you like it?" So they went further and came to the second cellar, in front of it sat a youth of 14 years, they also greeted him, but he gave them no answer. Finally they came to the third cellar, in front of it sat a girl of twelve who did not answer their greeting either. They went further through all the cellars, but found no one else. When they came back again, the girl had gotten up from her seat, so they said to her: "Do you want to go up with us?" But she said: "Is the red swan still up on the pond?" - "Yes, we have saw him at the entrance." - "That's sad, I can't go with you like that." The youth had also got up and when they came to him, they asked him: "Do you want to go up with us?" But he said: "Is the black dog still in the yard?" – "Yes, we saw him at the entrance." – "That's sad, I can't go with you like this." When they came to the old woman, she had also straightened up: "Mother, they said, do you want to go up with us?" - "Is the gray cat still upstairs in the kitchen?" - "Yes, she's sitting on the stove by a pot and cooking." - "That's sad, you guys If we don't kill the red swan, the black dog and the gray cat, we can't get out of the cellar."

When the two journeymen came back upstairs into the kitchen, they wanted to pet the cat, but it made fiery eyes and looked very wild. Now there was a small chamber left, which they had not been in, when they opened it it was completely empty, only a bow and arrow, a sword and iron tongs against the wall. Above the bow and arrow were the words: "that kills the red swan," above the sword: "that cuts off the head of the black dog," and above the pincers: "that pinches the gray cat's head off." said the timid one, we want to get away from here," but the soldier: "no, we want to look for the animals." They took their weapons from the wall and went into the kitchen, where the three animals stood, the swan, the dog and the cat together as if they were up to something bad. When the timid man saw this, he ran away again; the soldier spoke a heart to him, but he first wanted to eat something; when he had eaten he said: "I saw armor in a room, I want to put one on first." When he was in the room he wanted to help himself and said: "It is better if we climb to the window outside, what do we care about the animals!" But when he stepped to the window, there was a strong iron grating in front of it. Now he couldn't argue it any longer, went to the armour and wanted to put one on, but they were all too heavy. Then the soldier said: "Well, let's go as we are." "Yes," said the other, if there were three of us left." As he spoke the words, a white dove fluttered to the outside of the window and bumped into it , the soldier opened the door for her and when she came in, a handsome young man was standing in front of them, who said: "I want to be with you and help you" and took bow and arrow. The timid one said to him that he had it best with the bow and arrow, after the shot it would be good and he could go where he liked, but they had to get closer to the magic beasts with their weapons. So the youth gave him the bow and arrow and took the sword.

Then all three went to the kitchen, where the animals were still standing together, and the youth cut off the head of the black dog, and the soldier seized the gray cat with his tongs, and the timid one stood behind and shot the red swan dead. And just as the three animals fell, the old woman and her two children came running out of the cellar with a loud cry: "You have killed my dearest friends, you are traitors," pressed on them and wanted to murder them. But the three overpowered them and killed them with their

weapons, and when they were dead a strange murmuring began all around and came from every corner. The timid man said, "We want to bury the three bodies, they were Christians, we saw that on the crucifix." So they carried them out into the courtyard, dug three graves and put them in them. But while they were working, the murmuring in the castle kept getting louder and louder, and when they were finished, they heard a good deal of voices in it and someone called out: "Where are they? where are they?" And because the beautiful young man was no longer there, they were afraid and ran away. When they had gone a little, the soldier said: "Well, that's wrong that we ran away like that, we want to turn around and see what's there." "No," said the other, I don't want anything to do with the magic creature and seek my honest living in the city." But the soldier would not let him rest until he went back with him. When they got to the castle everything was full of life, horses were jumping through the yard and servants were running to and fro. So they pretended to be two poor artisans and asked for a little food. One of the crowd said: "Yes, just come in, today good things are being done for everyone." They were led into a beautiful room and given food and wine. After this they were asked if they had seen two young people coming from the castle. "No," they said. But when someone saw that they had blood on their hands, he asked where the blood came from? Then the soldier said: "I cut my finger." But the servant told the gentleman, who came himself and wanted to see it, but it was the beautiful youth who had stood by them and how he saw them with his eyes , he cried: "They are the ones who have saved the castle!" He welcomed them with joy and told how it had happened: "In the castle there was a housekeeper with her two children who was a secret witch and when she once was scolded by the rulers, she fell into malice and turned everything that had life in the castle to stones, only over three other evil court servants who also knew magic, she had no real power and could only turn them into animals, which now up in the castle, she was afraid of them and fled to the cellar with her children. She only had enough power over me to turn me into a white dove outside the castle. When you two came into the castle you were supposed to kill the animals so that she would be free and as a reward she wanted to kill you again, but God did it better, the castle was redeemed and the stones came to life again the moment when the wicked witch was slain with her children, and the murmuring that belongs to her were the first words that those who were free spoke." Then he led the two companions to the master of the house, who had two beautiful daughters, who were given to them and they lived happily all their lives, as great knights.

#### 1815 KHM 136. THE WILD MAN .

*("The wild Man" is a fairy tale in Low German. The fairy tale was in the second part of the Children's and Household Tales (there No. 50). It was in the first edition from 1815 to the 5th edition from 1843 (KHM 136) The Grimms noted "from the Münsterland" (by Jenny von Droste-Hülshoff) and noted that a male Cinderella or Allerleirauh appears here.*

*[\* The currency "ducats" is mentioned in the text: The ducat is a gold coin that circulated throughout Europe until the early 20th century. It has a fineness of 986/1000 and weighs about 3.49 g (fine weight about 3.44 g). During the reign of the East Roman Emperor Constantine X (1006-1067 AD) from the Ducas dynasty, the East Roman gold coins were stamped with his Greek family name "doukas". Around 1140, the word appears on the coins*

struck by Roger II of Sicily. It was then reinterpreted as Middle Latin "ducatus" ("duchy").]

*Contents: A wild man devastates the farmers' harvest. A hunter catches him with liquor, wine and beer. The lord put him on display in a cage in the castle. Once a ball falls into a boy. The wild man lets him unlock the cage and runs away. Because the boy screams that he is about to be beaten, the wild man takes him into the wilderness and sends him to the emperor's gardener's service. Every morning he makes him wash and comb his hair and makes the garden beautiful for him. The princess lets the handsome apprentice come to her, gives him more money each time and secretly marries him. For this, her parents let her spin and he is a kitchen hand. When war comes, he wants to go too, but only gets a lame horse. On the way the wild man comes towards him: A mountain opens up with army and armor and he wins everything. The Emperor is grateful, but he doesn't want to say who he is. After that, no one believes he fought. It goes like this twice more, when he receives a wound on his arm, which the emperor binds up. When he is about to get a beating for bragging again, he shows the wound. The emperor repents and gives him everything. There the wild man is redeemed as an old king and the mountain is his castle.)*

Once upon a time there was a wild man who was under a magic spell, and he went into the farmers' gardens and wheat fields and destroyed everything. The farmers complained to their landlord and told him that they could no longer pay their rent. So the landlord called all the hunters together and announced that whoever caught the wild beast would receive a great reward. Then an old hunter came and said he would like to catch the animal. You would only have to give him a bottle of booze, a bottle of wine and a bottle of beer to place on the bank where the animal washed every day. After that, the hunter hid behind a tree. Soon the animal came and drank up all the bottles. It licked its mouth and looked around to make sure everything was alright. Being drunk, he lay down and fell asleep. The hunter went to him and tied his hands and feet. Then he woke the savage and said: "You savage, come with me and you shall have something like this to drink every day." The hunter brought the wild man to the noble castle, and there they put him in a cage. The squire then visited them other nobles and invited them to see what kind of animal he had caught. Meanwhile one of the young gentlemen was playing with a ball and dropped it in the cage. "Wild man," said the child, "throw the ball again out to me." "You'll have to get the ball back yourself," said the savage. "Yes," said the child, "but I don't have the key." "Then see that you get it out of your mother's pocket steal." So the child unlocked the cage and the wild man ran out. "Oh, wild man!" Then the child began to cry. "Stay here, otherwise I'll get beaten!" Then the wild man took the child piggybacked and ran off into the wilderness with it, the wild man was gone and the child was lost. The wild man put a bad smock on the child and sent it to the gardener at the emperor's court, where he was to ask if they needed a gardener's assistant there. The gardener said yes, but the boy was so scruffy that the others didn't want to sleep near him. The boy replied that he would sleep on the straw. Then he went into the garden early every morning, and then the wild man came towards him and said: "Now wash yourself and comb your hair. And the wild man has made the garden so beautiful that even the gardener could not do better. The princess saw the pretty boy every morning and told the gardener to have his little helper bring him a bunch of flowers. When the boy came she asked him what his parentage was,

and he answered that he did not know her. Then she gave him a roast chicken full of ducats.\* When he came back to the gardener, he gave him the money and said: "What should I do with it? Nobody needs that!" He was later ordered to bring another bouquet of flowers to the princess and she gave him a duck full of ducats, which he also gave to the gardener. A third time she gave him a goose full of ducats, which the young man passed on to the gardener. The princess thought he had money, and yet he had nothing. They got married secretly and her parents got angry and forced her to work in a brewery and she had to feed herself by spiders too. The young man would go into the kitchen and help the cook prepare the roast, and sometimes he would steal a piece of meat and bring it to his wife.

Before long there was a mighty war in England, and the Emperor and all the great armies had to travel there. The young man said he was going there too and asked if they had a horse in the stable for him. They told him they had one on three legs that would be good enough for him. So he got on the horse, the horse that went limp-hops limp-hops. Then the wild man comes towards him, and there opens up such a large mountain in which a regiment of a thousand soldiers and officers stood. The young man put on beautiful clothes and was given a magnificent horse. Then he went to war in England with all his men. The emperor greeted him kindly and asked for his support. The young man defeated everyone and won the battle, after which the emperor thanked him and asked where his army came from. "You don't ask me that," he replied. "I can't tell you that." Then he rode off with his army and left England. Then the wild man met him again and led all the men back into the mountain. The young man mounted the three-legged horse and went home. "Here comes our limp-foot again with his three-legged horse!" shouted the people and asked: "Did you lie behind the hedge and slept?" "Well," said he, "if I had not been in England, the Emperor would not have fared well!" "Boy," they said, "shut up, otherwise the army will give you something to kill!" The second time everything was as before, and the third time the young man won the whole battle, but he was wounded in the arm. The emperor took his cloth and bandaged his wounds. He tried to force the boy to stay there again. "No, I won't stay with you. It's none of your business who I am." Then the wild man came towards him again and led all his men back into the mountain. The young man once more mounted his three-legged horse and returned home. People started laughing and saying. "Here comes our limp foot again. Where did you sleep this time?" "In fact, I didn't sleep," he said. "England is totally defeated and at last there is peace."

Then the emperor talked about the handsome knight who was helping him, and the young man said to the emperor, "If I hadn't been with you, it wouldn't have turned out so well." The Emperor really wanted to beat him up, but the young man said, "You there! If you don't believe me, let me show you my arm." When he showed his arm and the emperor saw the wound, he was amazed and said, "Perhaps you are the Lord God himself or an angel that God sent to me", and he begged pardon for having treated him so cruelly, and gave him his whole empire. Then the wild man was released from the magic spell and stood there as a great king and told his whole story. The mountain now turned into a whole royal castle and the young man moved there with his wife and they lived happily in the castle to the end of their days.

## 1815 KHM 143 THE CHILDREN IN FAMINE.

*(“The children in famine” was a legend in the Children’s And Household Tales by the Brothers Grimm only in the second part of the 1st edition of 1815 (there No. 57) in place 143 (KHM 143) and comes from Johannes Praetorius’ collection “Der abentheuerliche Glückstopf” from 1669 (page 191).*

*Contents: A woman wants to slaughter her older daughter because she is starving. She asks for mercy and fetches a piece of bread “without begging”. Then it’s the turn of the younger one. She fetches two pieces of bread. They persuade the mother to sleep until Judgment Day. No one can wake them up, but the mother is gone. This story may reflect memories of the Thirty Years’ War (1618-1648) that ended with the First World War known as the cruellest of all European wars, resulting in tens of millions of dead, many of whom died of starvation.)*

Once upon a time a woman and her two daughters fell into such poverty that they no longer had a bit of bread to put in their mouths. When their hunger became so great that the mother became completely beside herself and in despair, she said to the eldest: "I must kill you so that I have something to eat." The daughter said: "Oh, dear mother, spare me, I want to go out and see that I can get something to eat without begging." So she went out and came back, and had brought a piece of bread, which they ate together, but it was not enough to satisfy the hunger breastfeed. So the mother started to the other daughter: "You have to do it." But she answered: "Oh, dear mother, spare me, I want to go and bring something to eat somewhere else without being noticed." So she went, came back and had brought in two pieces of bread; they ate it together, but it was not enough to satisfy their hunger. Therefore, after a few hours, the mother spoke to them again: "You must die, otherwise we must languish." To which they replied: "Dear mother, we want to lie down and sleep and not get up again until the last day is coming." So they lay down and slept a deep sleep from which no one could wake them, but the mother has gone away and no one knows where she is.

## 1815 KHM 152 THE HOLY FRAU KUMMERNIS.

*(“The holy Frau Kummernis” was a legend in the Children’s and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm. It was only in the second part of the 1st edition of 1815 (there No. 66) at position 152 (KHM 152). Wilhelm Grimm took over the legend of Andreas Strobl’s Ovum paschal or Newly Coloured Easter Ayr from 1700.*

*Contents: A virgin does not want to marry out of piety. Her father wants to force her. She asks God for a beard. She is crucified and a saint. As a minstrel kneels in front of her picture, she drops a gold shoe. He is accused of stealing, but is allowed to see her again. As soon as he fiddles, the second shoe falls too. He is innocent.)*

Once upon a time there was a pious virgin who vowed to God not to marry, and was so beautiful that her father would not admit it, and was willing to force her into marriage. In this distress she begged God that he should let her grow a beard, which happened immediately; but the king was angry and had her crucified, and she became a saint.

Now it happened that a very poor minstrel came into the church where her portrait stood, knelt down in front of it, and the saint was pleased that he was the first to acknowledge her innocence,

and the portrait, which was dressed in golden slippers, let one let loose from it and fall down, that it might benefit the pilgrim. He bowed gratefully and took the gift.

Soon, however, the gold slipper was missing from the church and was a question everywhere, until it was finally found with the poor little violinist, who too was condemned as a wicked thief and taken out to be hanged. On the way, however, the procession passed the church where the statue stood, and the minstrel asked to be allowed to go in, so that at last he could lament the distress of his heart with his little fiddle and his benefactor. He was now allowed to do so. But no sooner had he drawn the first line than the image let the other golden slipper fall down, showing that he was innocent of theft. So the fiddler got rid of his iron and gangs, happily wandered his streets that were safe. But maiden was called sorrow.

## 1840 KHM 175 THE MISFORTUNE.

*(The Misfortune is a parable in the Children’s and Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm. It was only in the 4th edition (1840), the 5th edition (1843) and the 6th edition (1850) at position 175 (KHM 175) and is from Hans Wilhelm Kirchhof’s Wendunmuth (Von ein der ins holtz gieng, Nr. 178) Your 1856 note states that it derives from a text in the oriental Bidpai, which is why it was replaced by Der Mond in 1857. A surviving letter dated February 29, 1836 shows that Jacob Grimm had already researched the original source.*

*Contents: In the first sentence, the narrator explains that one cannot escape misfortune when it is looking for one. A poor man does not even have one more firewood, and all the trees in the forest are too big to cut down. When he finally finds it, wolves come. He tries to escape over a bridge, but it collapses. He jumps. Fishermen get him out and lean him against a wall. Yes when he comes to, the wall collapses and e beats him.)*

Whom misfortune visits may crawl from one corner to the other, or flee into the wide field, but it still knows how to find him. Once upon a time a man had become so poor that he had no more logs to keep the fire on his hearth. Then he went out into the forest and wanted to cut down a tree, but they were all too big and strong: he went deeper and deeper into it, and at last he found one that he could probably conquer. As he picked up the axe, he saw a flock of wolves break out of the thicket and howl at him. He threw down the ax and fled, reaching a bridge. But the deep water had undermined the bridge, and just as he was about to step on it, it cracked and collapsed. what should he do? If he stopped and waited for the wolves, they tore him to pieces. In need he dared to jump into the water, but as he could not swim he sank down. A couple of fishermen sitting on the opposite bank saw the man fall into the water, swam over, and brought him to shore. They leaned him against an old wall for him to warm up in the sun and regain his strength. But when he woke up from unconsciousness and wanted to thank the fishermen and tell them his fate, the walls fell over him and killed him.

## 1843 KHM 182. THE PEAS SAMPLE.

*(“The Peas Sample,” is a well-known fairy tale by the Danish writer Hans Christian Andersen, which is entitled “Prinsessen på ærten” in the Danish original. It was written in the style of satire*

and was published on April 7, 1837 in an issue of the series *Fairy Tales, for Children tells (Danish Eventyr fortalte for Børn)* It was also known as *The Pea Test in Grimm's Fairy Tales* (KHM 182, only in the 5th edition of 1843. The fairy tale was [more detailed than Andersen's] in the 5th edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales as "The test of peas", however, was ruled out there again. The annotation to *The Gifts of the Little People*, which was included instead, gives the reason that it "probably comes from Andersen (p. 42)", it also occurs in *Cavallius* "p. 222". The 14-year-old son Herman Grimm contributed it, his father and uncle probably did not notice the origin right away.

*Contents: The fairy tale is about a prince who has unsuccessfully traveled all over the world to find a real princess to marry. One evening, during a storm, a rain-soaked young lady appears at the city gate, claiming to be a real princess. To find out if this is the truth, the old queen secretly puts a pea on the bottom of the bedstead, and on it twenty mattresses and twenty eiderdown comforters. When the princess complains the next morning that she slept badly because she was on something hard, the proof is there. Because only a real princess can be so sensitive. The prince then takes her to wife.)*

Once upon a time there was a king who had an only son who wanted to marry him and asked his father for a wife. 'Your wish shall be granted, my son,' said the king, 'but it is not fitting that you should take any other than a princess, and one is just about to be had. In the meantime, I want to make it known, maybe someone from afar will get in touch.' So an open letter went out, and it wasn't long before enough princesses got in touch. Almost every day one came, but when her birth and descent were asked, it turned out that she wasn't a princess, and she had to go away without having accomplished anything. "If it goes on like this," said the prince, "I shall end up having no wife at all." happiness is often at the door, one need only open it." It was really as the queen had said.

Soon afterwards, on a stormy evening, when the wind and rain were beating on the window, there was a violent knocking at the gate of the royal palace. The servants opened the door, and a beautiful maiden entered, who asked to be brought at once before the king. The king wondered about the late visit and asked her where she came from, who she was and what she wanted. "I come from afar," she answered, "and am the daughter of a mighty king. When your acquaintance with the image of your son came into my father's kingdom, I felt a fierce love for him, and set out at once with the intention of becoming his wife." That strikes me as a little worrying,' said the latter King, "you don't even look like a princess to me. Since when does a princess travel alone, with no entourage, and in such bad clothes?" The entourage would only have held me up,' she replied; 'the colour on my clothes has faded in the sun, and the rain has washed it out completely. If you don't think I'm a princess, just send a message to my father.' That's too far for me,' said the king; 'an embassy can't travel as fast as you. People must have the time to do it to have; it would be years before they would come back. If you can't prove in some other way that you're a princess, your honey won't flourish here, and you'd do better the sooner the better to get back on your way." "Just let her stay," said the Queen, "I want to put her to the test, and soon I want to know if she is a princess."

The queen herself went up the tower and had a bed made up in a splendid room. When the mattress was brought, she put three peas on it, one on top, one in the middle, and one below, then six soft mattresses were spread over them, linen cloths, and a covering of

eiderdown. When everything was ready, she led the girl upstairs to the bedroom. "You'll be tired after the long journey, my child," she said. "Sleep well: we'll talk more tomorrow."

The day had scarcely broken when the queen climbed up the tower into the chamber. She thought she found the girl still sound asleep, but she was awake. "How did you sleep, my daughter?" she asked. "It's pathetic," answered the princess, "I haven't slept all night." "Why? My child, wasn't the bed good?" "I've never lain in a bed like that in my life, hard from head to toe; it was as if I were lying on nothing but peas." "I see," said the Queen, "you are a real princess. I will send you royal clothes, pearls and precious stones: adorn yourself like a bride. We want to celebrate the wedding today."

#### 1843 KHM 191 THE ROBBER AND HIS SONS.

*("The robber and his sons" was a fairy tale only in the 5th edition (1843) and the 6th edition (1850) in the Children's And Household Tales of the Brothers Grimm in place of 191 (KHM 191). It comes from Moriz Haupt's periodical Altdeutsche Blätter from 1836 (1836, vol. 1, 119-128) In the 7th edition (1857) they left out the magic fairy tale again.*

*Contents: An old robber regrets his trade and improves himself. His three sons want to become robbers again. He advises them not to. But they steal the queen's horse by hiding the youngest in a bundle of grass, which they sell to the stable master. You will be caught. Because they are beautiful, the queen asks the father if he wants to untie them. When he says they're not worth it, she just wants to hear the weirdest story of his life as a robber.)*

Once upon a time there was a robber who lived in a large forest and lived with his companions in ravines and caves in the rocks, and when princes, lords and rich merchants roamed the country roads, he would lie in wait for them and rob them of their money and property. When he came of age he no longer liked the trade and regretted that he had done so much evil. So he began to lead a better life, lived honestly and did good deeds where he could. The people marveled that he had converted so quickly, but they rejoiced. He had three sons, when they were grown he called them before him and said, "Dear children, tell me what kind of trade do you want to choose that you can earn an honest living with?" The sons discussed with each other and gave him then to the answer "the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, we want to feed ourselves as you fed yourselves: we want to become robbers. We don't like a trade in which we work ourselves from morning to night, and yet have little profit and a hard life." "Ah, dear children," answered the father, "why don't you want to live quietly and be content with little be. Honesty is the best. Robbery is an evil and godless thing that leads to a bad end: you have no joy in the wealth you amass: I know how I felt about it. I tell you it ends badly. The jar goes to water until it breaks: you will be caught at last and hanged on the gallows." But the sons ignored his admonitions and stuck to their resolution.

Now the three young men wanted to make their test piece right away. They knew that the queen had a fine horse in her stable, which was of great value, and they wanted to steal it from her. They also knew that the horse ate no other fodder than a lush grass that grew alone in a damp forest. So they went out, cut the grass, and made a big bundle of it, in which the two eldest put the youngest and smallest so that he could not be seen. They carried the bundle to the market, where the queen's equerry bought it, had

it carried to the horse in the stable, and laid down. When it was midnight and everyone was asleep, the little boy got out of the bundle of grass, untied the horse, bridled it with the gold bridle, and put the gold-embroidered riding gear on it, and stopped the bells that hung on it with wax, so that they would not make a sound. Then he opened the locked gate, and hurriedly rode away on horseback to the place where his brothers had sent him. But the watchmen in the city, noticing the thief, rushed after him, and when they found him outside with his brothers, they arrested all three and led them to prison.

The next morning they were brought before the queen, and when she saw that they were three beautiful youths, she inquired about their origins, and learned that they were the sons of the old robber, who had changed his way of life and lived as an obedient subject. So she had them taken back to prison and asked the father if he wanted to release his sons. The old man came and said, "My sons are not worth my ransom with a penny." Then the queen said to him, "You have been a well-known, notorious robber. Tell me the strangest adventure from your life as a robber, and I will tell you reflect your children."

When the old man heard this, he began, "Mrs. Queen, hear my speech, I want to tell you an event that frightened me more than fire and water. I found out that in a wild forest gorge between two mountains, twenty miles away from the people, lived a giant who had a great treasure, many thousands of marks of silver and gold. So I chose so many of my companions that there were a hundred of us, and we went. It was a long, arduous journey between rocks and chasms. We did not find the giant at home, were glad about it, and took as much of the gold and silver as we could carry. When we were about to set off on our way home and thought we were quite safe, the giant unexpectedly came along with ten other giants and captured us all. They divided us among themselves: each received ten from us, and I and nine of my companions fell to the giant from whom we had taken his treasure. He tied our hands behind our backs and drove us like sheep into his cave in the rocks. We were ready to part with money and property, but he replied, "I don't need your treasures, I want to keep you and eat your flesh, I prefer that." Then he felt us all, chose one, and said, "That's the fattest one, I'll start with that one." and when it was boiled, he kept his meal. So he ate one of us every day, and as I was the skinniest, I was to be the last. When my nine companions were exhausted and it was my turn, I thought of a ruse. "I can see well that you have bad eyes," I said to him, "and that your face is suffering: I am a doctor and am well experienced in my art, I will heal your eyes if you want to let me live." He promised me my life if I could. He gave me everything I asked for. I put oil in a cauldron, and mixed in it sulphur, pitch, salt, arsenic, and other perishable things, and put the cauldron over the fire as if preparing a plaster for his eyes. As soon as the oil was boiling, the giant had to lie down, and I poured everything that was in the cauldron on his eyes, neck and body, so that he lost his face completely and the skin burned all over his body and shrank. He jumped up with a horrible howl, threw himself on the ground again, rolled about and shrieked and roared like a lion or an ox. Then he jumped up in a rage, grabbed a big club, and running about the house he hit the ground and the wall, thinking he'd hit me. I could not escape, for the house was surrounded by high walls and the doors were locked with iron bolts. I jumped from one corner to the other, finally I didn't know what else to do, I climbed a ladder up to the roof and hung onto the rooster's beam with both hands. There I hung a day and a night, but when I could stand it no longer, I descended again and mingled with the sheep. I

had to be quick and always run through with the animals between his legs without him noticing me. At last I found the skin of a ram lying in a corner among the sheep, I slipped into it and managed to do it in such a way that the animal's horns stood straight on my head. The giant was in the habit of letting the sheep run through his legs before they went out to pasture. Then he counted them, and whichever was the fattest he seized, cooked, and with it kept his meal. I would have liked to run away on that occasion, and pushed myself through his legs like sheep do, but when he grabbed me and noticed that I was heavy, he said, "You are fat, you shall fill my belly today. I leaped out of his hands, but he grabbed me again. I escaped again, but he grabbed me again, and so it went seven times. Then he got angry and said, "Run, let the wolves eat you, you've fooled me enough." When I was outside, I threw off the skin, called out to him mockingly that I had escaped from him after all, and taunted him. He pulled a ring from his finger and said, "Take this golden ring as a gift from me, you have well earned it. It is not fitting that a man so crafty and nimble should leave me without a gift." I took the ring and put it on my finger, but I did not know that there was magic in it. From the moment it was on my finger, I couldn't stop shouting, "Here I am! here I am!" I might like it or not. Since the giant could see where I was, he ran after me into the forest. Because he was blind, he ran every moment against a branch or a trunk and fell down like a mighty tree, but he quickly got up again and since he had long legs and could take long strides, he always came for me again, and was already very close to me, because I kept calling out "Here I am! here I am." I realised that the ring was the cause of my crying, and I wanted to pull it off, but I could not. I had no choice but to bite my finger off with my teeth. At that moment I stopped shouting and happily escaped from the giant. Although I lost my finger, I kept my life."

"Madam Queen," said the robber, "I told you this story in order to free one of my sons; now, in order to free the second, I will tell you what happened next. When I escaped from the hands of the giant, I strayed in the wilderness, knowing not where to turn. I climbed the tallest firs and the peaks of the mountains, but wherever I looked there was not a house far and wide, not a field, not a trace of human existence, everywhere nothing but a terrible wilderness. I descended from sky-high mountains into valleys, but they were like the deepest abysses. I encountered lions, bears, buffaloes, forest donkeys, poisonous snakes and horrid worms; I saw wild, hairy forest people, people with horns and beaks, so horrible that I still shudder when I think of it. I went on and on, hunger and thirst tormented me, and I was afraid every moment I would collapse from exhaustion. Finally, just as the sun was about to set, I came to a high mountain and saw smoke rising from a desolate valley, as if from a lit oven. I ran down the mountain for the smoke as fast as I could, when I got to the bottom I saw three dead men hanging from the branch of a tree. I was frightened, thinking I was about to be captured by another giant, and worried for my life. But I plucked up courage, went on, and found a little house whose door was wide open: and by the hearth fire there sat a woman with her child. I went in, greeted her, and asked why she was sitting here all alone and where her husband was; I also asked if it was still far to where people lived. She answered me that the land where people lived was far away, and told me with tears in her eyes that wild forest monsters had come last night and stolen her and the child from her husband's side and brought them into this wilderness. Then they went out again in the morning and ordered her to kill and cook the child because they wanted to eat it when they came back. When I heard that, I felt great pity for the

woman and the child, and resolved to put them out of their misery. I ran to the tree from which the three thieves were hanging, took down the middle one, who was healthy, and carried him into the house. I cut it into pieces and told the woman to give it to the giants to eat. But I took the child and hid it in a hollow tree, then I hid myself behind the house, so that I could see where the wild people were coming from and whether it was necessary to rush to the woman's aid herself. As the sun was about to set, I saw the monsters running down from the mountain, they were hideous and terrible to behold, like apes in shape. They were dragging a dead body behind them, but I couldn't see who it was. When they came into the house, they kindled a great fire, tore the bloody body with their teeth, and ate it. After this they took the cauldron in which the thief's flesh was boiling, and divided the pieces among themselves for supper. When they were done, one who appeared to be their chief asked the woman if what they had eaten was the flesh of her child. The woman said, "Yes." Then the monster said, "I think you hid your child and cooked us one of the thieves hanging from the branch." He told three of his companions to run there and him from each of the three thieves bring a piece of meat that he might see that they were all still there. When I heard that, I quickly ran ahead and hung my hands between the two thieves on the rope from which I had taken the third one. When the monsters came, they cut off a piece of meat from each of their loins. They also cut a piece out of me, but I endured it without making a sound. I still have the scar on my body as a testimony."

Here the robber was silent for a moment and then said, "Mrs. Queen, I have told you this adventure for my second son, now I want to tell you the end of the story for the third. When the wild people ran away with the three pieces of meat, I lowered myself again and bandaged my wound with strips from my shirt as best I could, but the blood could not be stopped, but streamed down on me. But I didn't pay attention to it, just thinking how to keep my promise to the woman and save her and the child. So I hurried back to the house, hid myself, and listened to what was happening, but I could barely stand up: the wound hurt and I was exhausted from hunger and thirst. Meanwhile the giant tasted the three pieces of meat that had been brought to him, and when he had tasted what was cut from me and was still bloody, he said, "Run and bring me the meanest thief, his flesh is still fresh and agreeable to me." Hearing this, I rushed back to the gallows, and again hung myself on the rope between the two dead men. Presently the monsters came and took me down from the gallows, and dragged me over thorns and thistles to the house, where they laid me on the ground. They sharpened their teeth, sharpened their knives on me, and prepared to slaughter and eat me. They were just about to lend a hand when suddenly such a storm arose with lightning, thunder and wind that the monsters themselves were frightened and rushed out through the windows, doors and roof with horrid screams and left me lying on the ground. After three hours it was day, and the clear sun rose. I set out with the wife and child, we wandered for forty days in the wilderness, and had no food but roots, berries, and herbs that grow in the forest. At last I was among people again and brought the woman with the child back to her husband: everyone can easily imagine how great his joy was."

That was the end of the robber's story. "By freeing the wife and child you have made amends for much of the evil you have done," said the queen to him, "I set your three sons free."

1856 FRAGMENTS (from the Annotations, i.e. Volume 3).

#### 1. THE MAN FROM THE GALLOWS.

(from: Children's and Household Tales; large edition. vol. 3, p. 267; Edition: 3rd edition; Release date: 1856.)

An old woman receives guests late in the evening and has nothing left to eat, does not know what to cook them, goes to the gallows where a dead man is hanging, cuts out his liver and roasts it for the strangers who eat it.

At midnight there is a knock at the hut, the woman opens, there is a dead man with a bald head, without eyes and with a wound in his body.

"Where is your hair?"

"The wind blew them away from me."

"Where are your eyes?"

"They hacked the ravens out of me."

"Where's your liver?"

"You ate them."

#### 3. THE STRONG HANS.

(From: Children's and Household Tales. Big edition. vol. 3, p. 268; Edition: 3rd edition; Release date: 1856. Compare the German legend no. 52.)

Strong Hans goes to the devil in hell and wants to serve him when he sees the pots standing by the fire, in which the souls are stuck. Compassionately he lifts the lids and redeems them; whereupon the devil chases him away.

#### 4. PUSS IN BOOTS.

(From: Children's and Household Tales. Upper German, large edition. vol. 3, pp. 268-269; Edition: 3rd edition; Release date: 1856. The fairy tale is usually told according to Perrault's French version, but the Transylvanian Saxons have received a unique and good tradition (in Haltrich's handwritten collection no. 13) of it, the Feather King. Also, in an Austrian folk song (in Schottky and Zischka, p 12) the idea before: )

hop, hop, rabbit man,  
our cat has boots on,  
runs with it to Hollabrunn,  
finds a child in the sun.  
What should it be called?  
Tickl (victim) or scourge.

#### 5. THE EVIL MOTHER-IN-LAW.

(From: Children's and Household Tales. Large edition. vol. 3, p. 269; Edition: 3rd edition; Release date: 1856. The Italian and French fairy tale of the Sleeping Beauty in Perrault and Basile (Pentamerone 5, 5) agree with this in their conclusion, which is missing in the German. See the longer version 1812 KHM 84 "The mother-in-law.")

It was an evil old queen who had her in-laws locked in a cellar with her two children while her son was off to war. Then one day she said to the cook, "Go and slaughter one of the children and prepare it for me, I want to eat it". "With what kind of broth?" "With a brown one," said the evil woman. The cook could not

bring himself to kill the beautiful child, and the mother begged so fervently: so he took a little pig and prepared it, and the old woman ate the food with greed. Not long afterwards she called the cook again and said, "The children's meat tastes so tender, prepare the other boys for me too." "With what kind of broth?" "With a white one," said the woman. But the cook did the same as the first time and put a suckling pig in front of her, which she ate with even greater delight. Finally, the old woman also wants to eat the young queen, so the cook slaughters a hind. Now the young queen has to keep the children from crying, so that the old woman does not hear that they are still alive.

*6. FAIRYTALE FRAGMENTS IN FOLK SONGS.  
(From: Children's and Household Tales. Big edition. vol. 3,  
p. 270; Edition: 3rd edition; Release date: 1856.)*

baby wipes, alarm clocks,  
want to eat with me?  
bring me a knife  
baby wipes, alarm clocks,  
run over the fields,  
has more legs than my dog has none.  
(Fisharts Gargantua in game directory cap. 25.)

the fingers crack,  
the men keep watch.  
(There.)

Maths, come in! Pilate, get out!  
there's a poor soul out there.  
Poor soul, where are you from?  
from rain and wind,  
from the fiery ring.  
(Andr. Gryphius poems p. 768.)

THE END

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

Grimm, Albert Ludwig (no relation to the Brothers Grimm),  
A. L. Grimm's Works

- Grimm, Albert Ludwig; mit A. L. Danquart (Hrsg.): Persephone, ein Jahrbuch auf 1806. Mohr, Frankfurt am Main 1806.
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, Kindermährchen. Mohr und Zimmer, Heidelberg [1808].
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, Davids Erhöhung. ein Schauspiel in fünf Akten. Macklots Hofbuchhandlung, Karlsruhe 1811.
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, Lina's Märchenbuch. Eine Weyhnachtsgabe. 2 Bände. Gebrüder Wilmans, Frankfurt am Main 1816.
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, Geschichten aus der heiligen Schrift, für Knaben und Mädchen erzählt. Joseph Engelmann, Heidelberg 1817.
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, Mährchen-Bibliothek für Kinder. Aus den Märchen aller Zeiten und Völker ausgewählt und erzählt. 7 Bände. Gebrüder Wilmans, Frankfurt am Main 1820–26.
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, Vorzeit und Gegenwart an der Bergstrasse, dem Neckar und im Odenwald. Erinnerungsblätter für Freunde dieser Gegenden. C. W. Leske, Darmstadt, [1822].
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, Die malerischen und romantischen Stellen der Bergstrasse, des Odenwaldes und der Neckar Gegenden, in ihrer Vorzeit und Gegenwart. Carl Wilhelm Leske, Darmstadt 1840–1843.
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, Deutsche Sagen und Märchen für die Jugend bearbeitet. J. M. Gebhardt's Verlag, Leipzig 1867.
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, Musäus' Volksmärchen der Deutschen. Für die Jugend ausgewählt und erzählt. J. M. Gebhardt's Verlag, Leipzig 1868.
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, Hauff's Märchen für die Jugend durchgesehen. J. M. Gebhardt's Verlag, Leipzig 1870.
- Grimm, Albert Ludwig, A. L. Grimm's Märchenbuch. Eine Weihnachtsgabe für die Jugend. J. M. Gebhardt's, Verlag, Leipzig 1871.

## The Works of the Brothers Grimm in Deutsch

- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Realschulbuchhandlung, 1. Auflage, Band 1, Berlin, 1812.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Realschulbuchhandlung, 1. Auflage, Band 2, Berlin, 1815.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Gedruckt und verlegt bei G. Reimer, 2. Auflage, Band 1, Berlin, 1819.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Gedruckt und verlegt bei G. Reimer, 2. Auflage, Band 2, Berlin, 1819.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Gedruckt und verlegt bei G. Reimer, 2. Auflage, Band 3 (Anmerkungsband), Berlin, 1822.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 3. Auflage, Band 1, Göttingen, 1837.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 3. Auflage, Band 2, Göttingen, 1837.

- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 4. Auflage, Grosse Ausgabe, Band 1, Göttingen, 1840.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 4. Auflage, Grosse Ausgabe, Band 2, Göttingen, 1840.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 5. Auflage, Grosse Ausgabe, Band 1, Göttingen, 1843.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 5. Auflage, Grosse Ausgabe, Band 2, Göttingen, 1843.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 6. Auflage, Grosse Ausgabe, Band 1, Göttingen, 1850.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 6. Auflage, Grosse Ausgabe, Band 2, Göttingen, 1850.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 7. Auflage (Anmerkungsband), Band 2, Göttingen, 1856.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 7. Auflage, Grosse Ausgabe, Band 1, Göttingen, 1857.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Kinder- und Haus-Märchen, Gesammelt durch die Brüder Grimm; Druck und Verlag der Dieterichischen Buchhandlung, 7. Auflage, Grosse Ausgabe, Band 2, Göttingen, 1857.

## Gebroeder Grimm, Nederlandse vertalingen

- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Sprookjes-boek voor Kinderen. Uit de Nalatenschap van Moeder de Gans, bijeenverzameld en uitgegeven door de Gebroeders Grimm, 1820, Geillustreerde collectie van twintig sprookjes, vermoedelijk naar de tweede editie van 1819
- Aardige Sprookjes No.172, vrolijke fabels met mooie plaatjes, Adolph Engels, Berlin c.1890
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Volkssprookjes, 1866, Negeneenveertig sprookjes met zwart-witplaten
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, De sprookjes van Grimm, vertaald door M.M. de Vries-Vogel, 1942
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Sprookjes voor kind en gezin, 1974; Complete uitgave van de 200 sprookjes en 10 legenden uit de editie van 1857, met zwart-witprenten, aantekeningen en register, samengesteld door diverse vertalers, illustratoren en onderzoekers
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, De ongeschminkte Grimm, vertaald en toegelicht door Patricia van Reet, 1983; Editie van de 45 sprookjes uit het Ölenbergse handschrift, teruggevonden in 1920
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Alle sprookjes van Grimm, vertaald door M.M. de Vries-Vogel en Mariska Hammerstein, 2001, Selectie van 50 sprookjes uit de complete uitgave van 1942, overeenstemmend met de Kleine Uitgave. Vertaling van M.M. de

## ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Vries-Vogel bewerkt door Mariska Hammerstein en kleurenillustraties van Philip Hopman

- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm, Grimm. Volledige uitgave van de 200 sprookjes verzameld door de gebroeders Grimm, vertaald door Ria van Hengel, 2005, Complete uitgave van de 200 sprookjes uit de editie van 1857, zonder de 10 legenden, met kleurenillustraties van Charlotte Dematons

The Brothers Grimm, English Translations

- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm (1857), Hunt, Margaret, ed. Grimm's Household Tales, with Author's Notes, 2 vols (1884).
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm (1884). Grimm's Household Tales: With the Author's Notes. Vol. 1. Translated by Margaret Hunt. London: George Bell and Sons.; volume 2; vol. 1, vol. 2, Internet Archive
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm (1857), Household Stories by the Brothers Grimm, trans. Lucy Crane, illus. Walter Crane, first published by Macmillan and Company 1882.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm (1857), Manheim, Ralph, tr. (1977) Grimm's Tales for Young and Old: The Complete Stories. New York: Doubleday.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm (1857), Luke, David; McKay, Gilbert; Schofield, Philip tr. (1982) Brothers Grimm: Selected Tales.
- Grimm, Jacob and Wilhelm (1903). Grimm's Fairy Tales. Translated by Edna Henry Lee Turpin. New York: Maynard, Merrill, & Co.

Grimm, Ferdinand (Philipp), the unknown Grimm

- Jule Ana Herrmann: Ein Denkmal aus Papier und Tinte. Zum literarischen Einfluss Benedikte Nauberts auf das Werk Ferdinand Grimms. Ergon, Baden-Baden 2020, ISBN 978-3-95650-739-7 (Print), ISBN 978-3-95650-740-3 (PDF).
- Heiner Boehncke und Hans Sarkowicz: Der fremde Ferdinand. Märchen und Sagen des unbekannten Grimm-Bruders. Die Andere Bibliothek, Berlin 2020, ISBN 978-3-8477-0428-7.
- Doris Reimer: Passion & Kalkül. Der Verleger Georg Andreas Reimer (1776–1842). de Gruyter, Berlin/New York 1999, ISBN 978-3-11-016643-9, S. 397–406.
- Ludwig Denecke: Grimm, Ferdinand Philipp. In: Enzyklopädie des Märchens, Band 6. de Gruyter, Berlin/New York 1990, ISBN 978-3-11-011763-9, Sp. 169–171.

Andrew Lang's Fairy Books

- Lang, Andrew, The Blue Fairy Book (1889); Published by Longmans & Co, London, illustrated by H J Ford and G. P. Jacomb Hood, 8 plates and many text black & white illustrations.
- Lang, Andrew, The Red Fairy Book (1890); Longmans & Co, London, 1890. Illustrated in black & white by H.J. Ford and Lancelot Speed.
- Lang, Andrew, The Green Fairy Book (1892); Longmans, Green, and Co., 1892 Illustrated with 13 in black & white plates plus text illustrations by H.J. Ford.
- Lang, Andrew, The Yellow Fairy Book (1894); Longmans, Green, and Co. London. Full page frontispiece illustration ('The Swineherd takes the Ten Kisses'), and numerous illustrations in the text by H. J. Ford, plus many full page.
- Lang, Andrew, The Pink Fairy Book (1897); Longmans, Green and Co. With numerous illustrations by H. J. Ford.
- Lang, Andrew, The Grey Fairy Book (1900); Longmans, Green and Co. With numerous illustrations by H. J. Ford.

• Lang, Andrew, The Violet Fairy Book (1901); Longmans, Green, and Co., London. Illustrated by H J Ford: eight coloured plates, (the first to have these) 24 black & White full-page illustrations and 33 in-text.

- Lang, Andrew, The Crimson Fairy Book (1903); Longmans, Green, and Co., London. 8 colour plates and 35 full page steel engravings by H. J. Ford.

• Lang, Andrew, The Brown Fairy Book (1904); Longmans, Green, and Co. Eight Coloured Plates and 22 full page b/w illustrations plus 20 illustrations in text by H. J. Ford.

- Lang, Andrew, The Orange Fairy Book (1906); Longmans, Green, and Co., London, numerous illustrations throughout plus eight colour plates. Illustrated by H. J. Ford.

• Lang, Andrew, The Olive Fairy Book (1907); Longmans, Green, and Co., London, illustrated by H.J. Ford with eight colour plates, 20 black & White plates and 22 in-text illustrations.

- Lang, Andrew, The Lilac Fairy Book (1910); Longmans, Green, and Co., London, numerous illustrations throughout with six colour plates. Illustrated by H. J. Ford.

Andrew Lang, Relevant literature

• de Cocq, Antonius P. L. (1968) Andrew Lang: A nineteenth century anthropologist (Diss. Rijksuniversiteit Utrecht, The Netherlands). Tilburg: Zwijsen.

- Demoor, Marysa. (1983) Andrew Lang (1844-1912): late victorian humanist and journalistic critic with a descriptive checklist of the Lang letters. Vols. 1–2. RUG. Faculteit Letteren en Wijsbegeerte.

• Demoor, Marysa (1987). Andrew Lang's Letters to Edmund Gosse: The Record of a Fruitful Collaboration as Poets, Critics, and Biographers. The Review of English Studies, 38(152), 492–509.

- Lang, Andrew.(1989) "Friends over the Ocean: Andrew Lang's American Correspondents, 1881-1921." Edited by Marysa Demoor. Werken / Uitgegeven Door de Faculteit van de Letteren En Wijsbegeerte, Rijksuniversiteit. Gent: Universa.

• Lang, Andrew. (1990) Dear Stevenson: Letters from Andrew Lang to Robert Louis Stevenson with Five Letters from Stevenson to Lang. Edited by Marysa Demoor. Leuven: Peeters.

- Green, Roger Lancelyn. (1946) Andrew Lang: A critical biography with a short-title bibliography. Leicester: Ward.

• Lang, Andrew. 2015. The Edinburgh Critical Edition of the Selected Writings of Andrew Lang, Volume I. Edited by Andrew Teverson, Alexandra Warwick, and Leigh Wilson. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press. 456 pages. ISBN 9781474400213 (hard cover).

- Lang, Andrew. 2015. The Edinburgh Critical Edition of the Selected Writings of Andrew Lang, Volume II. Edited by Andrew Teverson, Alexandra Warwick, and Leigh Wilson. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press. 416 pages. ISBN 9781474400237 (hard cover).

General Bibliography

• Arend, Helga; Barz, André (Hrsg.): Märchen – Kunst oder Pädagogik? (= Schriftenreihe Ringvorlesungen der Märchen-Stiftung Walter Kahn. 9). Schneider Verlag Hohengehren, Baltmannsweiler 2009, ISBN 978-3-8340-0569-4.

- Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson: The Types of the Folktale: A Classification and Bibliography (Helsinki, 1961)

• Benedek Katalin. "Mese és fordítás idegen nyelvről magyarra és magyarról idegenre". In: Aranyhíd. Tanulmányok Keszeg Vilmos tiszteletére. BBTE Magyar Néprajz és Antropológia

## ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

- Intézet; Erdélyi Múzeum-Egyesület; Kriza János Néprajzi Társaság. 2017. pp. 1001–1013. ISBN 978-973-8439-92-4. (In Hungarian) [for collections of Hungarian folktales].
- Bettelheim, Bruno (1989). *The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales*, wonder tale, magic tale. New York: Vintage Books. pp. 25. ISBN 0-679-72393-5.
  - Bettelheim, Bruno: *Kinder brauchen Märchen*. (= dtv. Dialog und Praxis. 35028). 20. Auflage. Deutscher Taschenbuch-Verlag, Frankfurt am Main 1997, ISBN 3-423-35028-8.
  - Briggs, K.M.: *The Fairies in English Tradition and Literature*, University of Chicago Press, London, 1967.
  - Byatt, A. S.; « Introduction », dans Maria Tatar (éd.), *The Annotated Brothers Grimm*, W. W. Norton, Londres - New York, 2004 (ISBN 0-393-05848-4).
  - Carrassi, Vito; "Il fairy tale nella tradizione narrativa irlandese: Un itinerario storico e culturale", Adda, Bari 2008; English edition, "The Irish Fairy Tale: A Narrative Tradition from the Middle Ages to Yeats and Stephens", John Cabot University Press/University of Delaware Press, Roma-Lanham 2012.
  - Clute, John and Grant, John; *The Encyclopedia of Fantasy*. New York: St Martin's Press, 1997. ISBN 0-312-15897-1. (Hardcover)
  - Degh, Linda; "What Did the Grimm Brothers Give To and Take From the Folk?" James M. McGlathery, ed., *The Brothers Grimm and Folktale*, pp. 66–90. ISBN 0-252-01549-5.
  - Diederichs, Ulf: *Who's who im Märchen*, Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag GmbH & Co. KG., München 1995, ISBN 3-423-30503-7.
  - Diederichs, Ulf: *Who's who im Märchen*, CD-ROM, Directmedia, Berlin 2007, ISBN 978-3-89853-302-7.
  - d'Huy, Julien (1 June 2019). "Folk-Tale Networks: A Statistical Approach to Combinations of Tale Types". *Journal of Ethnology and Folkloristics*. 13 (1): 29–49. doi:10.2478/jef-2019-0003. S2CID 198317250.
  - Patrick Drazen, *Anime Explosion!: The What? Why? & Wow! of Japanese Animation*, ISBN 1-880656-72-8.
  - Fissenebert, Hannah: *Das Märchen im Drama: eine Studie zu deutschsprachigen Märchenbearbeitungen von 1797 bis 2017*. In: Christopher Balme (Hrsg.): *Forum Neues Theater*. 1. Auflage. Band 55. Narr Francke Attempto Verlag, Tübingen, ISBN 978-3-8233-8314-7.
  - García Carcedo, Pilar (2020): *Entre brujas y dragones. Travesía comparativa por los cuentos tradicionales del mundo*. Madrid: ed. Verbum. (Comparative study in Spanish about Fairy Tales in the world)
  - Goldberg, Christine. "Strength in Numbers: The Uses of Comparative Folktale Research". In: *Western Folklore* 69, no. 1 (2010): 19–34. Accessed September 5, 2021. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/25735282>.
  - Gray, Richard. "Fairy tales have ancient origin". *The Telegraph* 5 September 2009.
  - Heiner, Heidi Anne; "The Quest for the Earliest Fairy Tales: Searching for the Earliest Versions of European Fairy Tales with Commentary on English Translations"
  - Hetmann, Frederik: *Märchen und Märchendeutung. Erleben & Verstehen*. Königs Furt Verlag, Klein Königsförde/Krummwisch 1999, ISBN 3-933939-02-X.
  - Honti, Hans: *Märchenmorphologie und Märchentypologie*. In: *Folk-Liv.* Band 3, 1939, S. 307–318.
  - Knoch, Linde; Kühl, Ingo: *Kraft der Elemente auf Sylt. Bilder von Ingo Kühl und Märchen der Welt, erzählt von Linde Knoch*,
  - Ellert & Richter Verlag, Hamburg 2022, ISBN 978-3-8319-0805-9.
  - Küttner, Michael: *Vom Geist aus der Flasche. Psychedelische Handlungselemente in den Märchen der Brüder Grimm*. Pieper's MedienXperimente, Löhrbach 1999, ISBN 3-930442-42-6 (Edition RauschKunde), (Zugleich: Gießen, Univ., 1993: Psychedelische Handlungselemente in den Märchen der Brüder Grimm.).
  - Lange, Günter (Hrsg.): *Märchen – Märchenforschung – Märchendidaktik*. (= Schriftenreihe Ringvorlesungen der Märchen-Stiftung Walter Kahn. 2). 2. Auflage. Schneider Verlag Hohengehren, Baltmannsweiler 2007, ISBN 978-3-89676-939-8.
  - Le Marchand, Bérénice Virginie. "Reframing the Early French Fairy Tale: A Selected Bibliography". In: *Marvels & Tales* 19, no. 1 (2005): 86–122. Accessed 7 September 2020. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/41388737>.
  - Lüthi, Max: *Das europäische Volksmärchen. Form und Wesen*. (1947). 11. Auflage, UTB / Francke, Tübingen / Basel 1997, ISBN 978-3-8252-0312-2.
  - Lüthi, Max: *Märchen (Sammlung Metzler)*, Stuttgart 1962, bearbeitet von Heinz Rölleke, 10. Auflage. Metzler, Stuttgart 2004, ISBN 978-3-476-20016-7.
  - Maar, Michael: *Hexengewispe. Warum Märchen unsterblich sind*. Berenberg Verlag, Berlin 2012, ISBN 978-3-937834-53-5.
  - Martin, Philip; *The Writer's Guide of Fantasy Literature: From Dragon's Lair to Hero's Quest*, ISBN 978-0-87116-195-6
  - Martin, Gary. "Fairy-tale ending" – the meaning and origin of this phrase". Phrasefinder.
  - Meyer-Sickendiek, Burkhard: *Die Angst im Märchen*. In: Burkhard Meyer-Sickendiek: *Affektpoetik. Eine Kulturgeschichte literarischer Emotionen*. Königshausen & Neumann, Würzburg 2005, ISBN 3-8260-3065-6, S. 287–318.
  - Orenstein, Catherine; *Little Red Riding Hood Undressed*, ISBN 0-465-04125-6
  - Newell, W. W. "Theories of Diffusion of Folk-Tales". In: *The Journal of American Folklore* 8, no. 28 (1895): 7–18. <https://doi.org/10.2307/533078>.
  - Ó hÓgáin, Dáithí. "The Importance of Folklore within the European Heritage: Some Remarks". In: *Béaloideas* 68 (2000): 67–98. <https://doi.org/10.2307/20522558>.
  - Propp, Vladimir; *Morphology of the Folktale*, ISBN 0-292-78376-0.
  - Ranke, Kurt (Begründer), Brednich, Rolf Wilhelm u. a. (Hrsg.): *Enzyklopädie des Märchens. Handwörterbuch zur historischen und vergleichenden Erzählforschung*. de Gruyter, Berlin 1977–2015, 15 Bände, ISBN 3-11-005805-7.
  - Renger, Almut-Barbara: *Zwischen Märchen und Mythos. Die Abenteuer des Odysseus und andere Geschichten von Homer bis Walter Benjamin. Eine gattungstheoretische Studie*. Metzler, Stuttgart u. a. 2006, ISBN 3-476-01986-1. (Zugleich: Heidelberg, Univ., Diss., 2000)
  - Ross, Robert M.; Atkinson, Quentin D. "Folktale transmission in the Arctic provides evidence for high bandwidth social learning among hunter-gatherer groups". In: *Evolution and Human Behavior* Volume 37, Issue 1, January 2016, pages 47–53. DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1016/j.evolhumbehav.2015.08.001>
  - Ruf, Oskar: *Die esoterische Bedeutung der Märchen*. Knaur, München 1992, ISBN 3-426-86007-4.
  - Scherf, Walter: *Märchenlexikon*, Directmedia Publishing, Berlin 2004, CD-ROM, ISBN 978-3-89853-490-1.

## ALL 250 FAIRY TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

- Swann Jones, Steven; *The Fairy Tale: The Magic Mirror of Imagination*, Twayne Publishers, New York, 1995, ISBN 0-8057-0950-9.
- Swart, P. D. "The Diffusion of the Folktale: With Special Notes on Africa". In: *Midwest Folklore* 7, no. 2 (1957): 69–84. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/4317635>.
- Tatar, Maria, *The Hard Facts of the Grimm's Fairy Tales*, Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1987 (ISBN 0-691-06722-8).
- Tatar, Maria, *The Annotated Classic Fairy Tales*, W. W. Norton, Londres - New York, 2002 (ISBN 0-393-05163-3)
- Tatar, Maria. *The Annotated Classic Fairy Tales*. W.W. Norton & Company, 2002. ISBN 0-393-05163-3
- Tatar, Maria; *The Hard Facts of the Grimm's Fairy Tales*, ISBN 0-691-06722-8.
- THE GRAND BIBLE, Lord Henfield, Second Edition 2021, Guildford Scientific Press, Internet Archive
- Thompson, Stith. *The Folktale*. University of California Press. 1977. ISBN 0-520-03537-2.
- Thompson, Stith. *Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology & Legend*, 1972 s.v. "Fairy Tale"
- Tolkien, J.R.R., "On Fairy-Stories", *The Tolkien Reader*
- Tüpker, Rosemarie: *Musik im Märchen*, Reichert-Verlag, Wiesbaden 2011, ISBN 978-3-89500-839-9.
- Uther, Hans-Jörg (Hrsg.): *Handbuch zu den "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" der Brüder Grimm. Entstehung – Wirkung – Interpretation*. De Gruyter Verlag, Berlin 2013, ISBN 978-3-11-031743-5.
- Velten, Harry; "The Influences of Charles Perrault's *Contes de ma Mère L'oie* on German Folklore, Jack Zipes, ed., *The Great Fairy Tale Tradition: From Straparola and Basile to the Brothers Grimm*.
- Zaitsev, A. I. (1987). "On the Origin of the Wondertale". In: *Soviet Anthropology and Archeology*, 26:1, 30-40. doi:10.2753/AAE1061-1959260130.
- Zipes, Jack, *The Great Fairy Tale Tradition: From Straparola and Basile to the Brothers Grimm*, W. W. Norton, Londres - New York, 2000 (ISBN 0-393-97636-X).
- Zipes, Jack; (trad. de l'anglais par François Ruy-Vidal), *Les Contes de fées et l'art de la subversion : Étude de la civilisation des mœurs à travers un genre classique : la littérature pour la jeunesse*, Paris, Payot & Rivages, coll. « Petite bibliothèque Payot » (no 637), 2007 (1re éd. 1986, trad.), 363 p. (ISBN 978-2-228-90215-1, OCLC 224936973)

Other Useful Sources:

Internet Archive, Grimm's Fairy Tales  
Project Gutenberg, Grimm's Fairy Tales  
Wikipedia, Wikisource, Grimm, Kinder- und Hausmärchen  
[www.grimmlist.com/nl/grimmsprookjes/list](http://www.grimmlist.com/nl/grimmsprookjes/list)

Those readers who need further explanation and comparisons may take a look at The ATU Index (The Aarne–Thompson–Uther Index) which is a catalogue of folktale types used in folklore studies.

*English:*

<http://www.ruthenia.ru/folklore/thompson/index.htm>  
<https://sites.pitt.edu/~dash/folktexts.html>

*German:*

<http://www.maerchenlexikon.de/suheat.htm>

## THE AUTHOR

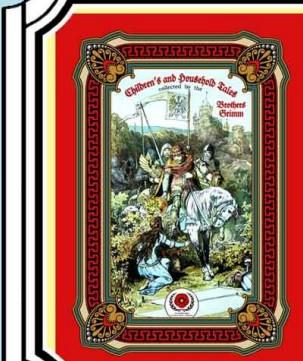
Lord Henfield (1958) is an English scholar and educator. He studied Archaeology, Ancient History and Linguistics. He focuses on art, photography, digital image design, weapons technology, space exploration, legal texts and historical documents.

Lord Henfield has published a number of artworks (playing card design and coloured photographs) and books. In 2018 he published "Lord Henfield's Handbook of Practical English" which introduces the reader to the history and some basics of the dualistic structured English language.

The Grand Bible (2021) is his most recent work on history. It is a compilation of monumental proportions, showing almost all religious and sacred documents, most of which are also legal texts and thus the basis of all our modern civilisations. Not knowing about those texts lead to the cultural disruptions and paradigm shifts we are all experiencing right now.



# IN-HOUSE ADVERTISING



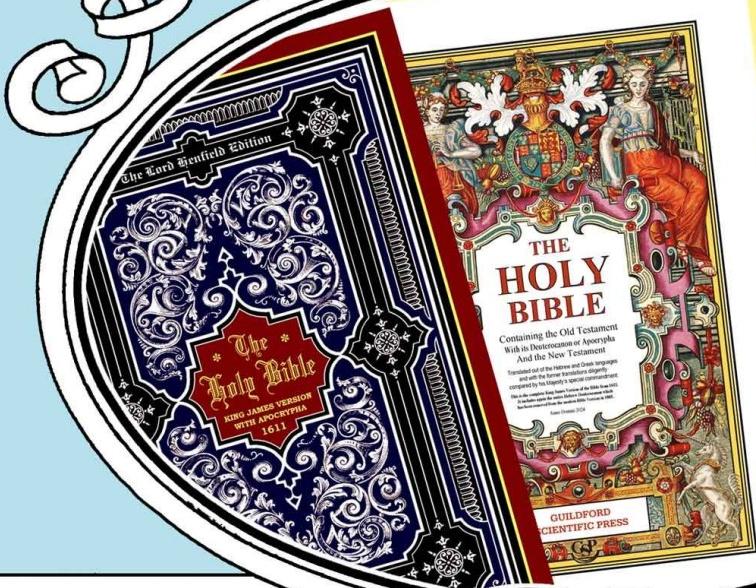
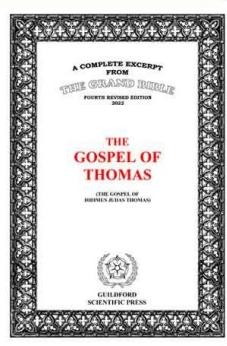
## GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Lord Henfield added all 40 tales that had formerly been removed over time from Grimm's authorized versions.

This is the largest and, with now over 250 stories, the most complete edition of the "Children's and Household Tales collected by the Brothers Grimm" that has ever been produced in one single volume in English. [Free download](#).

In 1945, archaeologists found a complete copy of THE GOSPEL OF THOMAS in Nag Hammadi, Egypt.

In 2017, Lord Henfield made a sensational discovery: The 114th paragraph of that book contains a quote from the Buddhist *Lotus Sutra*, one of the most sacred books of Buddhism. [Free Download](#).



## THE HOLY BIBLE

The complete King James Version with all the Apocrypha, as it used to be, before they were furtively removed in 1885.

With an Exploration on History, ca. 230 maps and other beautiful illustrations on 1845 pages. [Download for free!](#)

LORD HENFIELD

## THE KAABA CONUNDRUM

The Temple of Solomon Found In Archaeological Excavation Reports



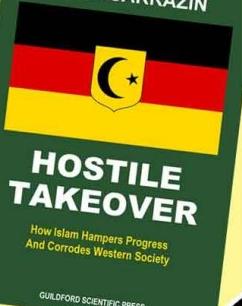
A Monograph  
UNITED NATIONS

DID YOU KNOW . . . that the Temple of Solomon still exists today? — The cube-shaped Temple of Jerusalem was copied over 20 times — and the Kaaba of Mecca is one of those copies! [Free Download](#)

## ISLAMIC NAZI-THUGS TRY TO SUBJUGATE EUROPE.

Ex-social democrat Thilo Sarrazin meticulously analyses how it could come so far. A shocking report. [Free Download](#)

THILO SARRAZIN



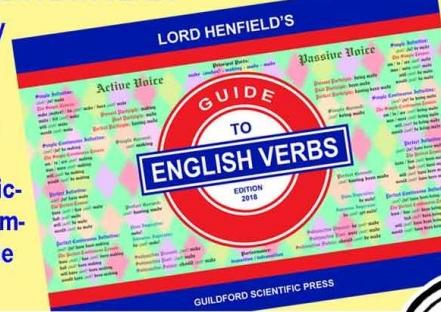
How Islam Hampers Progress And Corrodes Western Society

GUILDFORD SCIENTIFIC PRESS

## LORD HENFIELD'S GUIDE TO ENGLISH VERBS

FREE DOWNLOAD

The mainly dualistic structure of English grammar forms depicted in a comprehensible way !



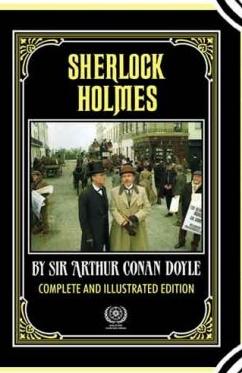
## SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE Complete and Illustrated Edition

All the 60 short and long stories with contemporary illustrations and photos from the Granada Sherlock Holmes television series

An Homage to Arthur Conan Doyle and Jeremy Brett

1459 pages [FREE DOWNLOAD](#)

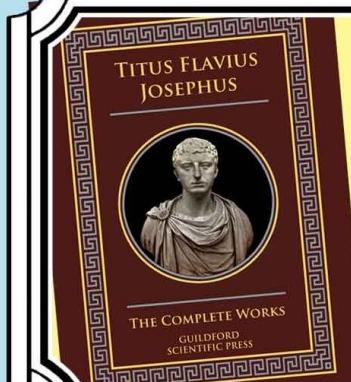


SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

COMPLETE AND ILLUSTRATED EDITION

Download from Internet Archive !

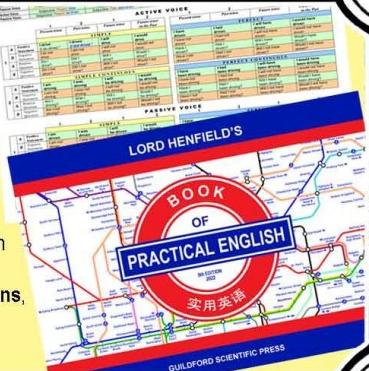


**TITUS  
FLAVIUS  
JOSEPHUS (JOSIPPON)  
THE  
COMPLETE  
WORKS**

Free Download

Lord Henfield's  
**HANDBOOK  
OF PRACTICAL  
ENGLISH**  
**Download  
now for free!**

A Powerful Manual And  
Compendium For English  
Teachers And Students.  
With Over 800 Illustrations,  
Diagrams, Tables And  
Lists, On 874 Pages.



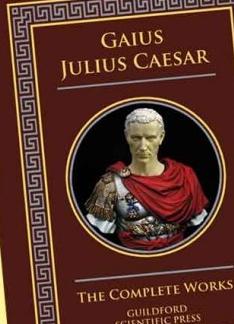
**THE  
HOLY  
BIBLE**

The complete  
**Douay-Rheims Version**  
with the Apocrypha  
of the Old Testament

With an Exploration on  
History, 230 maps and  
other beautiful illustra-  
tions on 1850 pages.

The whole document  
is searchable and  
printable !

**FREE  
DOWNLOAD**

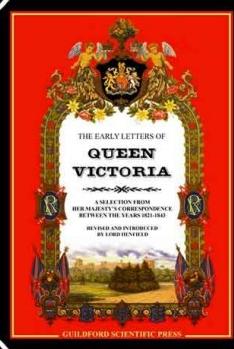
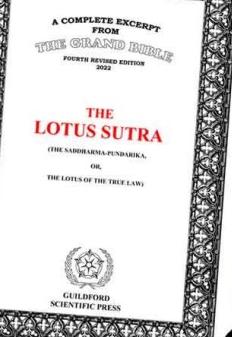


**FREE DOWNLOAD !**

**THE COMPLETE WORKS  
of Gaius Julius CAESAR**

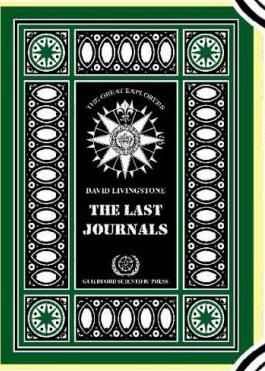
Caesar's Law On Agrarian  
Matters, Calendar Reform,  
Law on Municipalities,  
Gallic War, Civil Wars,  
Alexandrian War, African  
War, Spanish Wars, and  
an Introduction by  
Lord Henfield.

**THE  
LOTUS SUTRA**  
A Buddhist  
Book that seem  
to have  
connexions to  
the Gospel  
of Thomas  
**Free Download !**



**QUEEN  
VICTORIA'S  
Early Letters**  
447 pages,  
14 illustrations  
Free  
Download !

**David  
Livingston's  
Last  
Journals**  
Enthralling Read  
**Download now!**







## GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES

Grimms' Fairy Tales, originally known in German as "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," (English: Children's And Household Tales) is a collection project of fairy tales launched by the Grimm brothers or "Brothers Grimm," Jacob and Wilhelm, with its publication of volume 1 in 1812 and volume 2 in 1815. This first edition contained 156 stories, and by the seventh edition in 1857, the Grimm brothers personally had enlarged it to 211 fairy tales although 40 tales had been removed over time. We have added them back to the collection again. Some of the stories are controversial or cruel, others are exciting and adorable. Grimms' Fairy Tales are an important part of Western Civilisation and World Heritage and they are listed as such by UNESCO.

Andrew Lang on the significance of fairy tales: "In the old stories, despite the impossibility of the incidents, the interest is always real and human. The princes and princesses fall in love and marry. Nothing could be more human than that. Their lives and loves are crossed by human sorrows. The hero and heroine are persecuted or separated by cruel stepmothers or enchanters; they have wanderings and sorrows to suffer; they have adventures to achieve and difficulties to overcome; they must display courage, loyalty and address, courtesy, gentleness and gratitude. Thus they are living in a real human world, though it wears a mythical face, though there are giants and lions in the way. The old fairy tales which a silly sort of people disparage as too wicked and ferocious for the nursery, are really 'full of matter,' and unobtrusively teach the true lessons of our wayfaring in a world of perplexities and obstacles."

This is the largest and, with over 250 stories, the most complete edition of the "Children's and Household Tales collected by the Brothers Grimm" that has ever been produced in one single book. This document contains 50 large-size image plates from the Victorian Era and a concise introduction. The tales of the Brothers Grimm remain a treasure not only for linguists and folklorists but for everyone who loves reading to dive into a world of fantasy and fairy dreams.

Lord Henfield.